

Babied by Billy

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

Jimmy begins his new life at college in the Alpha Beta Delta Lambda fraternity house. This isn't the typical college experience he expected, but at least he's not alone. Maybe Tank can help him learn to accept his new normal.

Chapter 26: A New Day

"Well, look what the cat dragged in!" said someone at the other end of the table, and we all turned to look. Sure enough, it was Billy, his clearly soaked and yellow diaper sagging and swinging between his legs with each step. He was flanked by Jason and the other two guys we had met in the bathroom the other day. Just as before, one of them held up his phone, clearly aiming to document Baby Billy's first public feeding for posterity.

"Found this guy looking mighty hangry in his crib... Looks like he had a big fit before I got him out," said the tall and muscular jock who was 'helping' Billy into the breakfast room.

"Leggo of me," growled Billy, struggling as he waddled forward.

"Or what?" asked the man, whose name was Bull.

"Or I'll... I'll..." Billy's face went red with effort. "I'll snuggle your tummy!"

"Awwwww!!!" Everyone in the room collectively melted. Baby Billy had just said the most sickeningly adorable words that had ever come out of his mouth and nothing Billy did could take it back. The flustered bully was covering his mouth in shock, not believing he had just said what he had said, but pretty soon he was strapped in his high chair and his arms were forced down so that he couldn't cover anything.. Now, his red face and his soggy yellow diaper was exposed in clear view for everyone to see.

"Can I help?" asked David, jumping up from his seat to join the feeding crew. He was clearly very eager to participate in the feeding.

"Sure you can," said Jason, smirking. "You have any experience feeding babies or babysitting?"

"No idea," said David, his smile never faltering. "Can you show me how?"

Jason puffed up his chest. It was amazing how only a couple of days watching me in math class was enough to make Jason feel like an expert. I watched him narrate his feeding for David, and hand the spoon over for David to practice next.

"You take a spoonful of oatmeal like this, and blow on it, see, to make sure it's not too hot for baby's mouth. It can help to take a little taste to show baby how nummy it is... Mmmmm nummy! Now you try."

"Mmmmm! Nummy!"

"No, no, more convincing, like this. MMMMM NUMMMYYYYYY!"

I watched as the two guys took turns eating the oatmeal and acting like it was really delicious while Billy fumed from his high chair, struggling and unable to get out from behind the big tray.

"We'd better not eat too much, though, since there's some special ingredients in this oatmeal."

"Ingredients? What ingredients?" asked Billy, looking wary, but Jason and David were completely ignoring him.

"So then you make a biiiig plane or train or motorboat noise and bring the food in... down the hatch! Oh, he's stubborn, well let me show you some tricks...."

The two men took turns shoveling oatmeal into Billy's mouth and practicing various methods of forcing him to open up for the choo choo.

"Heyyyymmpph! GULP! Knock if oomppphhh! GULP! Don't feed me that crap-mmmmmhhhhh!! GULP! Yuk!"

I guessed Billy wasn't an oatmeal person, but the boys didn't seem to mind the taste. They were laughing and talking over Billy's head like he wasn't even there, and even though they played it off like they couldn't understand the oversized tyke, I was sure they knew exactly what they were doing. I could especially tell with David because of the obvious erection he was sporting the whole time he was feeding the stubborn tyke. At least that's what I saw as I watched between bites of my own nummy num nums.

"Hey! No biting, Billy. If you want to keep those teeth, you'll be a good boy and let us feed you. Otherwise, I'm sure Dr. Windelmann would be happy to make sure you never bite again!"

Billy's face went white and he shook his head. He was a lot more cooperative after that, though no more happy about his meal.

"He's just being a grouch," said Tank, chuckling and patting me on the shoulder. "A little more training and he'll be happy as a clam being fed and babied all day every day."

"Really?" I asked, looking doubtful.

"Trust me," said Tank. "I know that you got to keep your adult faculties and thoughts, even if you *are* the cutest little guy on campus, but *this* one...." Tank cocked a thumb toward my ex-tormentor, "he's going straight to toddler town. Director's orders." Then, Tank lowered his voice to a whisper as he continued. "He knows too much to be allowed to think like an adult. Trade secrets and all that."

I raised an eyebrow and cocked my head. "Knows too much, huh? Does he know anything you don't?"

"Oh yeah! For one thing, I don't do hypnosis. I'm just a big cuddle bear who likes to help my little ones..."

"You can say that again." I blushed as I thought about just how much Tank had helped me these past few days - and how intimately. "So you think he might know about the shit that Dr. S gets up to?"

"Well, yeah, probably. He's part of the R&D team, believe it or not, so..."

"I see..."

I wondered if I should try and talk to Billy before his brain turned to mush. Not that I looked forward to spending any more time with the little terror than I had to. I shook off the involuntary shudder that came over me as I imagined sharing a playpen with the big brat, but then I looked down at the thick wet and squishy yellow diaper between my own legs and sighed. If there was anyone who could give me and Tank the valuable information we needed to get out of this mess, it was Billy. I blurted out a request to Tank before I could change my mind.

"I want to play with Billy after breakfast, please."

"You what?" asked Tank, nearly dropping his spoon. "Are you sure you're feeling well?"

"Of course I am," I told Tank, pushing his hand away from my forehead. I made a motion for him to bring his head down so I could whisper in his ear. Tank listened as I told him my plan. He looked at me and rubbed his chin a moment, and then finally said, "Well, okay. But I'm going to be in the room too. If he hurts you, I'm going to be right there to keep you safe."

"That's going to make things a little difficult, Tank, considering you two aren't on the best of terms... What about... I dunno, David?" I nodded over to my former Bestie who was practically creaming his pants over the spectacle of the big babied bully.

"Yeah, about David..." Tank needn't have said anything. David's ulterior interests were as plain as the growing stain on the front of his basketball shorts. "Yeah, I'm going to have to enact a few safety measures before I let him babysit either of you two..." I shrugged. It didn't matter to me what safety measures Tank chose, as long as he wasn't in the room when I spoke to Billy.

"Deal."

"Good, little man," said Tank, and we shook on it. "Looks like your oatmeal's all done, baby boy, so we're gonna give you a baba and then we have one more thing to do before playtime."

"Oh yeah? What's that?"

He poked the soggy squishy diaper that was forcing my legs apart and gave me a knowing smile.

"Diaper change."

I was shocked that I had forgotten about *that* little detail. I barely even noticed it was there until I looked down and realized that it had swollen to about twice the size it was when we came to breakfast. I looked back up at Tank, keenly aware of the thick wet diaper poofing out from my butt and crotch like a giant marshmallow.

"This isn't going to be another... *public* diaper change, is it?" I asked in a hushed voice so no one would overhear me. "I mean... with an audience?"

"It'll be in the changing room upstairs," Tank said, smiling brightly like it was completely natural for that to be the case. Tank was happy as a clam at the prospect of diapering me in front of an audience, but it was still a lot for me. I wondered if I would ever get used to this new life. At least I wasn't the house mascot, whatever difference that might make

"I'm sure the showers and bathrooms will be pretty busy, and you *are* pretty cute to watch, so you might get an audience. I can't help you there, buddy boy, that's up to you. If you don't want an audience you gotta stop bein so adorable!"

I rolled my eyes but still smiled to myself all the same. Tank was really sweet even if his humor was edging into dad territory.

Tank nodded over to Jason and David, who were finishing up with a dazed and very stuffed looking Billy. I watched as Billy's normally fit tummy bulged out over the tray. He groaned as the tray was removed, releasing the pressure on his full belly, which now bulged out over his wet and swollen diaper. Jason wiped Billy's messy face off with a warm wet washcloth and I sputtered in surprise as I felt something warm and wet cover my own face.

"Whoa! Sorry there, big guy," said Tank. "You made a bit of a mess there. I didn't mean to surprise you!"

I blushed. I hadn't realized my face was messy too. I kept forgetting how much of a baby I looked like, but Billy was the perfect illustration to help me imagine how I looked the past week. Soon I was up and out of the high chair, easily being carried by Daddy.

"Alright, gentlemen," announced Tank to the table. "We're going to go change the babies. Newbies, you should be getting the house ready for all the new arrivals coming. You all will find your assignments at the front of the house in the Foyer. Read up on your seniors and who their charges will be. Set-up and personalization of their spaces will be *your* responsibility. I know you can do a good job and make Alpha Beta proud. Remember, many of them are your friends, and you want to give them the best lives here at Alpha Beta Delta Lambda. I'm sure they would do the same for you!"

Once again, I was in awe. I was seeing a completely different side of Tank - an impressive leader who other people respected and whom I had the privilege of calling Daddy.

All the freshies seemed to take Tank's speech as a signal to stop eating immediately and clear their plates off of the table. The senior members of Alpha Beta sat back and sipped their coffees, juices, and mimosas. They were clearly living the high life, and as we passed them I picked up bits of conversation about just who each of them would be taking care of after C.A.B.S. processing was complete.

"I'm getting Daniel," said a chubbier guy with a kind face. "that cute guy who gave up after five hits with the paddle. He's pretty delicate, so he's perfect for me, cause I'm gentle and soft."

"Oh yeah! I remember that kid! He'll be great for you," said a beefy looking guy with an MMA logo on his tank top. "I got Rolo, that ripped fighter. He'll make a great pup! I can't believe he didn't make it, but I'm the guy to take him. We can have some good bonding time rolling around on the mats until I tucker him out for his nap in the kennel!"

I looked back and saw that Billy was listening to the conversations as well and looking positively sick to his stomach at the prospect of being babied or worse. Being considerably bigger than me, Billy didn't have the luxury of being carried by his caretaker. He was being marched along behind me by Jason and his camera crew, his diaper crinkling with each step. It was sagging and causing him to waddle in a very obvious way as he was herded to his next diaper change. David tagged along too, his bone waving in his shorts like a darn dowsing rod.

"Don't worry, sweet pea," said Bull, giving a naughty grin as he pinched Billy's cheek. "We will let bygones be bygones. Me and the other brothers will take care of you like any other baby. And you could forget all about your past status here at the frat house. You're just another one of the *babies* now, the *house* baby."

I smiled knowing that Billy would get the same treatment that I got now. Never taken seriously. Treated as an adorable little tyke. Any protest or resistance taken as fussiness and tantrums. I was glad that Billy was getting the baby treatment. It might not be right for everyone, but in his case I thought it was much needed.

When we got to the bathrooms, I was surprised to see the good doctor WIndelmann waiting for us.

"Ah, just in time, boys. I vant to check up on mein two favorite patients zis morning und vat better time than changing time?"

I sighed as we entered the bathrooms. Once again, our entourage was rapidly gaining members. We passed through the lockers, the showers, the baths, and finally to the rows of changing tables and with each space we crossed, people stopped what they were doing and came along. By the time we were brought to the changing stations, we must have had about 20 people watching at least. I was laid down next to Billy, looking over at him with a smug grin. However humiliating this experience might be, it was worth it to see that asshole squirm.

Dr. Windelmann mercifully went to Billy first.

"Goodness, vat a pouty boy! I think it must be nap time!"

"But I just got up!" whined Billy, as Dr. Windelmann untaped his diaper. And pulled it away. The doctor gingerly lifted the thick material from Billy's front but quickly brought it back up as an uncontrolled stream of urine erupted from Billy's now useless pee-pee.

"Can I help?" asked David, clearly excited to volunteer.

"Of course," said Dr. W, with a kind smile. "I can see from the look in your eye that you are as excited about caring for gut little boys as I am, are you not? Ah, a man after mein own heart. Nothing is better than turning big ones into the little ones they need to be. Let's take a look at vat ve haff here."

The two men were completely ignoring Billy as the Doctor pulled down the front of his diaper to reveal a completely hairless crotch with a massive stretching plug holding open his gaping anus. Billy's pee-pee was much smaller than I remembered and his penis head and pee-hole were grotesquely distended with some sort of huge metal contraption poking out the top.

"What the heck is that?" asked David, pointing to Billy's stretched penis.

"Zat, my boy, is a Prince Albert's Vand mit a special modification to make sure the pee pee goes to all parts of his diaper and not just in one place!" David's eyes were as big as saucers.

"Wow... can I touch it?"

"Sure, go ahead und explore, but put gloves on first! I'm going to take that vand out in a second und vee can stretch his peehole even more!"

The doctor then pulled a tray out from a drawer in the changing table to reveal a tray of wicked looking metal instruments ranging from insanely large to ludicrously large. It was clear where they were meant to go. David's jaw practically hit the floor. He was even more shocked when he learned just how much bigger the doctor planned to go this session.

"J-just how big are we going? Wow, r-really? If you stretch it that much, will it ever go back?"

"Definitely not," said the doctor with a barking laugh. "Just like when you put gauges in your ears. If you make them big enough, zey'll be big but floppy forever! But don't worry, it's vat Billy needs. It's all part of ze gut boy treatment, ja?"

David was practically creaming his pants, and I could see the front of his basketball shorts was already soaked with pre as he touched the metal monstrosity. Billy, of course, was not consulted at all. In fact, he had to be restrained when he started to put up too much of a fuss.

"Zat's better," said the doctor, who also had a pacifier gag installed so that Billy would stop throwing out - admittedly cutely censored - insults at the two.

"He's a lot cuter like this," remarked Tank, who was watching with amusement as I waited my turn to be changed and inspected by the good doctor.

"Yes he is a very cute little boy. But a naughty one," said the doctor. "He vill need *many* spankings, I think." The doctor chuckled as he removed the big metal wand, causing a sharp moan from Billy and leaving Billy's pee hole open, gaping and dribbling pee. With a fair helping of lube on his glove, the doctor began sliding his fat finger into the tip of Billy's abused penis, much like he had done with his own pup's pee pee the night before. It looked puffy and must have been extra sensitive after the heavy stretching it got in such a short amount of time. Billy moaned and squirmed as the doctor began fingerfucking his pee pee, only catching his breath long enough for David to give it a shot under the direction of the doctor.

David hesitated, his gloved hand at the tip of Billy's penis. "Do I just shove it in there?"

"Ja! Just like that. Go ahead, he's stretchier than you think!"

David pushed his finger in gingerly and was surprised when Billy's penis swallowed it up without a problem. My eyes bugged out at the sight. Billy's pee pee was almost certainly ruined forever. David bit his lip. "Whoa.... Oh man, this is so warm... and *tight*. I th-think I'm gonna.... I'm gonna... UHnnnnnghhhh!"

My eyes went wide as I saw white splooge squirt through the material of David's basketball shorts and splatter the side of the changing table. He turned around, to stare back at the doctor in shock, and I watched as the cum continued to pump out of him, sending a spray across the room, hitting several members of the audience including the good doctor himself.

"Ohhh g-gods... I'm so sorry," said David, hunching over and covering up his shame so that the last few spurts hit his gloved palms. The doctor just laughed as he wiped a big dollop of cum off of his white coat with a wet wipe.

"Not to worry, it happens all the time! Though I'm more used to it from my *patients*..." The doctor squinted at Jason. "Are you sure you don't need diapers too ven you are helping in the changing room?" David's face went red as a tomato and he held up his hands.

"N-no! No. I don't need those. I just... it's just very exciting to be helping, is all. I... uh..."

"Don't sweat it kid," said Tank. "That's what the drains in the floor are for. Actually, I think I know something that could help."

Tank walked over to the doctor and whispered in his ear. The doctor's eyebrows went up in surprise for a second before his face broke into a big friendly smile.

"Oh, zat is perfekt! Ja, und zis would be ze perfekt time to do it too, considering... Yes, ze perfekt time, ja."

David began to look nervous as the two men talked about him. "Uh, guys? W-what are you talking about over there?"

"Comm here, David," said Doctor W., beckoning the embarrassed man to his side. "I promise zis von't hurt a bit."

David whimpered as he approached the doctor, both excited and afraid by what he might do. He steeled himself for whatever the doctor might have up his sleeve, and readied himself to bolt if needed, but the moment he was within arm's reach of the doctor, he felt a sudden tug and his cummy basketball shorts were suddenly around his ankles.

"Whuh?" asked David, looking down to see Tank at his feet. He stared in shock. Tank *pantsed* him. David opened his mouth to say something when he felt another tug and heard a click. He turned back to see Dr. Windelmann dusting his hands and smiling, but David could still feel an inexplicable tightness around his genitals. David had been so distracted by the doctor, that he hadn't noticed Tank sneaking up behind him. Likewise, he had been so distracted by Tank's ridiculous pantsing that he failed to take note of the doctor's next move. He looked down in panic to see colorful plastic covering his junk.

He looked down and cried out. "W-w-what did you do?! What is this?" David looked conflicted as he tried to manipulate the cage with no success. "O-oh no... is this going to make me incontinent? Am I going to have to wear a diaper too?!" The doctor shook his head.

"No, it's-"

"Yes," said Tank, interrupting the doctor. "You'd better let us get you in a diaper right away before you make an even *bigger* mess, buddy."

The doctor started to speak but Tank smiled and gave him a wink, and the Doctor chuckled, taking the hint.

"Ohh... ja. Ja, it's state of ze art," began Dr. Windelmann, straightening his face into a serious doctorly visage. "It's a chastity cage and it uses *soundvaves* zat vill *definitely* make you diaper dependent for at *least* the next twenty four hours or so..."

"But I... I... I'm a big boy," whined David, blushing brightly. His cage was already bouncing despite him having just cum and he found his thumb making its way toward his mouth as he whined to himself.

The doctor and Tank looked at each other and raised their eyebrows as David began to suck his thumb, but Tank quickly recovered, picking up on David's state of mind.

"Ah, yeah. Well, you may be big enough to get a stiffy but *clearly* you're not big enough to control it. And that's exactly why you need this cage, buddy boy. Your little weinerschnitzel is just too eager for its own good so it's going to have to stay locked up nice and tight if you're going to help look after these big babies!"

"I-I'll be good, I promise," said David.

"Oh, ve know you vill, little von," said the doctor. "All boys are very gut ven zey have their little cages on. Now come. Onto the changing table mit you. It's time for your diaper!"

David looked around the room and realized he had no choice but to obey. That seemed to turn him on even more, and his cage was already dripping copious amounts of precum as Tank patted the next changing table.

"Come on, buddy. You heard the doctor. Take much longer and he might just decide to catheterize you to make a point!"

With a yelp, David scrambled on top of the changing table faster than you could say gullible crinklebutt. I had to stifle my own laughter as I watched David eagerly go along with the flimsy excuse to get him into a diaper. The chastity cage made plenty of sense given what a horndog he was, but the diaper on top of it was just hilarious. Though, seeing how leaky he was, he definitely needed *something* to soak up all that wetness.

"W-what about Billy?" David whimpered.

"Oh, don't worry, I'm sure the other brothers can help," said Tank. "Bull, can you and the boys finish stretching and diapering Billy boy? Oh, and don't forget the buttplugs."

"You got it, Tank!" Bull and several other, very vindictive looking men were smiling and surrounding Billy, making sure his restraints and gag were extra tight for what was coming.

As much as I wanted to watch Billy get his comeuppance, I was much more interested in what was happening to my ex-best friend. I watched in amusement as David got his very first diaper change. His eyes were as big as a puppy's and his face was a mix of embarrassment, excitement, and curiosity as he watched the two men prepare the supplies. He observed every moment as if he were trying to commit it to memory and the doctor and Tank made a big show of diapering up the new babysitter.

"This will be perfect for you, Davey. Who better to understand a big baby's needs than a diapered babysitter?"

"D-d-daipered babysitter?!"

"Ve're goink to need plenty of diaper oil for zis von, yes, he needs his skin vell protected for ze very thick diaper ve'll put him in!"

"One extra thick diaper, coming right up!" said Tank, fluffing a ridiculously large pizza patterned diaper with four smiling turtle-dudes on the front and being sure to show it off to David and everyone watching. I scoffed. Those diapers were *way* cooler than mine.

Tank grabbed both of David's ankles in one hand and lifted his butt to slide the diaper underneath. He lowered David back down until his butt sank into the thick padding like it was a giant cloud. David wiggled around, moaning and whimpering at all the crinkling he was making. I was beginning to think he was more excited by this treatment than he was letting on. Tank slathered oil all over David's bits with his massive

hands. David tensed up, squirting out a little pre as Tank rubbed his inner thighs with the protective oil.

"How about some powder, doc?"

"Ja, powder vill make him smell nice und fresh. Und it'll smell especially nice when mixed mit his horny boypiss... ja!"

David inhaled the scent of the baby powder, as did I. His eyes went hazy as the powder cloud poofed out around him, as if he were being transported to another time and place. The doctor's quick efficient gloved hands powdered every inch of David until he was as white as snow down there.

"Oh, but zis big boy hair vill not do! I haff just the thing!" The doctor brought out a foam that he rubbed all over David's diaper area before pulling up the diaper and taping it up.

"W-what was that?" asked David.

"Oh, just a little hair removing foam... don't worry. It von't hurt. It only destroys the hair follicles and does no damage to your skin vatsoever. It'll leave you baby smooth down zere."

"Damage?! B-but it's not permanent right?" asked David. The other two men smiled and patted him on the head. "Right?!"

David was let down and instructed not to touch his diaper while they finished up with the babies. Tank pulled up his basketball shorts, which barely covered the ridiculously thick bulk of the diaper.

Now it was my turn.

Chapter 27: David the Diapered Sitter

Jimmy wants some alone time with Billy to gather some intelligence, but Tank isn't taking any chances. David - Jimmy's horndog ex-bestie - is in charge, with his little soldier in chastity just to be safe. No Problem. This intelligence operation is completely secure. Or is it?

It was my turn to be changed in front of everyone. You might think I would have been used to public changes by now, but you'd be wrong. After all, it wasn't long ago that I was a big boy like any other guy my age.

"Okay, little von," said Dr. Windelmann, smiling down at me with his avuncular smile. "Let's take a look at how you are doink down below!"

Without further ado, the good doctor quickly undid my tapes and exposed my hairless nether region to everyone in the room: The other alpha beta members helping, everyone that had come to watch, and whoever was seeing the recording that was surely streaming from the cameras of the ever present frat camera crew of Jason and co. I blushed, staring down at the friendly faces of the diaper pals on the front of my thick soggy diaper, but my pamper packing pals soon disappeared from view as it was opened up.

"Very gut job, little von! Look at all that healthy yellow pee pee! You did such a gut job filling those diapers, mein little schnuckelschnecke." I blushed beet red as the doctor gushed over my 'accomplishment'. "I can't believe all that came out of that tiny little hairless pee pee! Vell, let's check how you are doink mit the stent und the anal stretching plug, hmmm?"

The doctor then proceeded to move and fondle my boy bits with his gloved hands. I gasped at the feeling of the gloves touching my hairless penis and balls. I was quite sensitive down there from being so pent up, and being hairless only enhanced that sensitivity as his gloved hands tickled my bits. As the doctor continued his examination, I could feel my heart rate quickening and only hoped he wouldn't make me cum in front of everyone. Being examined in front of all these people like this was embarrassing enough without me shooting gobs of baby batter everywhere.

"Oh, you are doink so gut, little von. I think you deserve a little reward..."

"Reward?" I asked, trying to keep my voice from cracking as I tamped down my pleasure.

"Ja! Vhy don't vee play mit a little hidden feature of your stent..." The doctor held up a small device with a screen and some buttons and showed it to me, and then the room. "You see... it has electrostimulating capabilities, und if I activate it mit zis magnetic tool here..."

At this moment, Doctor Windelmann pressed a button and held the device up to my taint. Suddenly I felt a sensation of stimulation tickling all up and down my urethra, and I began to moan from the pleasure, dripping pre out of my tiny shrunken pee pee.

"I think he likes it," commented Tank, smiling and ruffling my hair. He, too, was wearing gloves in the event that he could help as well.

"All gut boys deserve to feel good, ja?" asked the doctor. I didn't think it was a question meant to be answered, but I answered in a way with my moans of pleasure, my quickening breath, and the steady flow of pre-cum coming from my pee pee.

"That's a gut boy," said the Doctor. "Tank, vill you help me examine his butt hole und see how ve are doing mit that permanent gape vee are vorking on?"

Tank agreed to do so, and I was left to fight the daunting battle of trying to keep myself from cumming while they wrestled the stretching ring out of my hole. It was a difficult task for them, what with the big metal object not wanting to release, but with Tank's massive hands pulling my buttcheeks apart and the Doctor's efficient and gentle extraction technique, they were able to claim victory. I groaned as the plug came out with a loud pop.

"What do you think?" asked Tank, gazing into my gaping butthole. "How is he progressing down there?"

"He is doing remarkably vell!" said the doctor, pushing his hand into the hole and meeting little resistance. "I think ve can size up again! Why don't ve try the Giga-Gaper zis time?"

I gasped and groaned as I felt the doctor's gloved hand invading my insides. It felt so weird, but good. Was he really in all the way? I couldn't tell from my vantage point, and the two of them didn't allow me to sit all the way up to get a better look. I did, however, catch a glimpse of what was going inside me next. My eyes bulged out as a big metal stretching ring the size of a large grapefruit was selected. Unlike the last one it wasn't just a thin ring, but seemed to have petal-like protrusions meant to press deeper into me.

"Th-there's no way that thing will fit in me!" I said, sweating bullets as I attempted to clench around the doctor's hand in fear to little effect.

"Oh? Is zat a challenge?" asked the doctor.

I instantly regretted my words, because next thing I knew, Tank was again spreading my buttcheeks while the doctor was forcing the gigantic stretching plug into me. I groaned as I felt it going in. It was so intense, I felt like it was trying to push my bones apart. It didn't seem like there was enough room inside of my pelvis to accommodate the object, which seemed to press my flesh flat to the bone, giving me an intense feeling of fullness on the edge of pain. As always happened, I could feel it reaching its thickest point and knew the worst was almost over. In a moment, my body would suck it in, and it would cease to feel so intense. However, when my body did suck in the gargantuan behemoth, an intense feeling of fullness followed, with the toy mashing hard against my prostate. Further, I realized that this was still a ring and so it was meant to keep the widest point stretching me wide.

Then, as I squirmed, I realized something else. Those protrusions that pressed my prostate moved around as I squirmed, causing additional stimulation. I didn't stand a chance. Between the new anal invader and the electrostim tickling the inside of my peehole, I came *hard*. My eyes glazed over as I watched pearly ropes of cum shoot out from my hard little two-incher, glazing my soaked yellow padding with a coating of white semen as I gave up my pent up juices, much to the delight of onlookers.

"Wow! Look at all that cum!"

"Didn't know he had it in him!"

"Little guy sure likes his baby treatment, I reckon!"

. After dumping my load, I promptly collapsed on the changing table. I didn't have the energy to even react to the amazed comments from the peanut gallery. I was completely spent. For the rest of the change, I lay there, docile as a lamb while the men above me wiped me down and diapered me up in a brand new fresh and thick diaper. Luckily for me, the doctor deactivated the electrostim and handed the remote to tank, instructing him to turn it back on to a lower level whenever I recovered to keep me a happy little boy in my diapees.

The nursery and playroom was a sight to behold. There were rows upon rows of adult-sized cribs for the new babies, big changing tables, and of course the personal touch: the names of each baby or pup emblazoned on the headboard of their crib. Such a detail really drove home the sense that this change was permanent, or at least, it

wasn't a short-term thing. Even I felt a little flip flop in my tummy when I saw my name on a crib, though when I looked up at Tank, he kissed my head and said,

"Don't worry sweetie. You'll be sleeping with me every night, I can promise you that." I nodded, somewhat reassured. "Although, it would still be useful for your naps, since big boys like me don't take naps." He chuckled in his deep baritone when I gave him an annoyed look, and I just rolled my eyes. He really was having too much fun treating me like a little guy, but that was nothing new, and unlikely to change.

"H-hey is it true what I heard?" asked David, struggling to keep up as he waddled after us in his thick Pizza Turtles diaper.

"What did you hear, diaper butt?" asked Tank, as he looked down at David's exposed diaper, his shorts having been too soiled by cum to be of any use after his diaper change.

"H-heyyy..." muttered David, covering the front of his diaper, as if that helped in the least. "That's a low blow. I was just gonna ask about the viewing and the adoptions..." Tank sighed.

"Yes, Davey. Adoption is possible from here, but we don't need to talk about that right now. That's a ways off, and-"

"And what about Billy? And Jimmy?" David asked, looking over to the formerly cocky jock and then to myself. Tank's eyes widened, and he looked over to me as well. "Don't you worry about Jimmy. No one is adopting him but- I-I mean..." He looked over to me and then back to David and it was like I could read his thoughts.

"Oh, you called dibs, huh?" asked David, smirking.

"That's enough from you, diaper boy," said Bull, who was leading Billy by the hand right behind us. He smacked David upside the head with his free hand - lightly but it was enough to get the point across.

I looked over to Billy, whose face was a mask of jealousy and resentment. Nobody had voiced any interest in calling dibs on *him*, but then again who would want to? The doctor was right about one thing: That bad boy still needed a *lot* of training. But that shortcoming could become my advantage, or so I hoped.

"Okay, Davey. You're on diaper duty for the afternoon. I know you've babied lots of guys, so this should be a piece of cake for you. Just make sure everyone plays nice - and make sure they drink plenty of fluids - doctor's orders. We've programmed their stents to give them a very special reward for staying hydrated, which I'm sure they'll

love." Here, the other guys gave naughty grins at me and Billy and I just knew they had done something devious. "Oh and if you have to go potty, use the potty chair in the corner, Davey. You are not to leave this room while you're babysitting, got it?"

"Got it," said David, gulping and looking nervously at the potty chair.

"Good. Alright, Jimmy, you be good. You too, Billy," added Tank, glaring at Billy as Bull led Billy into the playpen alongside myself. Billy just glared right back, his mouth still gagged by the pacifier. Tank handed something that looked like a key fob to David and I heard him murmur, "Just in case."

Soon, Tank and Bull were off, leaving me and Billy with David. I looked at him as he addressed us, watching his hand instinctively creep to the front of his diaper and start to rub as he spoke.

"Hey, kiddos. Your uncle David is here so have no fear. Okay, you heard the man, time to get you both something to drink so you can piddle your pamps like good boys. Hrrk... darn, cage is really getting tight."

I fought the urge to roll my eyes at my horndog friend.

"Juuust a second," David said. I stood up and waddled to the bars of the playpen to try to get a better vantage point as he walked over toward an area off to the side. "Good thing they have snacks and a mini fridge in here. They thought of everything!"

He came back with what looked like a wine carrier holding six bottles of formula and a snack container that said 'baby puffs' on the front and had a big smiling baby on the front.

"What are those?" I asked, pointing to the snacks.

"Just baby snacks," he said, pouring out some on a little blankie he laid down in front of me and Billy. Billy just sat there with his arms crossed looking pouty as David began unbuckling Billy's gag.

"Hmm," I said, looking down at the so-called meal he offered me and frowning.

"Hmmm, what?" said David, smirking as I stared at the snacks and the bottle of formula.

"Who made this formula?"

"I dunno, it's just here," said David, sniffing the bottle.

"You don't even know. How do you expect us to eat that when you don't even know where it came from?"

"There's nothing wrong with the food," said David. "I promise."

"Then why don't you try it," I asked.

"Oh, come on," he said. "I can't drink this. It won't agree with my stomach, what with all the- I mean, uh... I'm just not used to drinking formula."

"Why are you talking so fast, David? Did you say something you weren't supposed to say? Are you going to be in trouble if I tell on you?"

"No," said David. "Don't be silly. Look, I'll prove it. I'll drink some." He took a sip, grimaced at the flavor of the formula, and then forced a smile. "See?"

"That's not enough," I said. "You should drink a whole bottle."

"Aww, come on. Billy likes it, right Billy? Why don't you show him what a good big bro you are and drink your ba ba?"

"Nah, he's right," said Billy, sneering. "You should drink a whole bottle. Or are you saying you don't trust the stuff you're feeding us? Because that would be pretty messed up. I don't think I could trust a babysitter who tried to feed me something bad, I don't know about you, Jimmy."

"No, I think you're right, Billy." I said. "You hit the nail on the head. He's clearly a bad babysitter, and we'll just have to tell the others when he gets back and he can explain to them why we didn't drink anything like we were supposed to. Maybe they'll demote him to house baby like he was supposed to be all along."

"No, guys, don't do that," said David, beginning to visibly sweat. "I'm a good babysitter, I promise! L-look, I'll drink it. But you guys have to drink yours too, okay?"

"Hmm... fine," I said, finally. Billy seemed satisfied with that too. And so, we each got two bottles and a pile of puffs to eat together.

"See? Nothing to it," said David, gagging as he finished the last of the bottle of formula.

"Don't worry, you'll get used to it," I said. David's eyes widened.

"I hope not."

"Oh, really? Because you sure seemed excited back in the bathroom earlier," I quipped back.

"Yeah, that's true," said Billy, smirking. "I think he secretly *wanted* to be put back in diapers."

"Did not!" said David, his face growing bright red. "I'm the babysitter, not the baby."

"Looks like you'll find out soon enough because clearly you're not far behind," said Billy, looking David up and down.

"What is that supposed to mean?" David asked.

"Isn't it obvious? It's clear that the doctor is tying up loose ends. First me, then who do you think is next?"

"You're crazy," said David, shaking his head. "I'm moving up in this house. I'm one of the big boys!"

"Yeah, so was I," said Billy. "All it takes is one fluff-up to change that, though, and you're not exactly a genius, kid. Just sayin'."

"Shut up," said David. "You were a loose cannon. It's not my fault you made everyone- I mean... you know what this conversation is over. You haven't learned anything."

"Yeah, it's almost like this whole stupid baby treatment doesn't work," I said, in a sarcastic tone.

"You know what, I think you two are getting cranky," David said, standing up and putting his hands on his hips. "I think it's time for a nap..."

Suddenly, David got a shocked expression on his face. He threw his hands over his crotch, his knees bending together crinkling around the green smiling faces of the Teenage Pizza Turtles.

"Oh shit... I g-gotta go..." he said, looking over at the training potty. "Oh geez..."

"What's the matter? Too good to go to the big boy potty?" snickered Billy. "Doesn't feel so good when it's you, does it?"

"Sh-shut up! You're such a hypocrite, Billy," said David, doing the potty dance.

"You can go use the bathroom," I said, finally. "We won't tell on you."

"You two better behave, I'll be right back! Don't you try any funny business while I'm gone!"

Davey was already running out of the nursery while he said that, and the two of us busted up laughing.

"Guess he can't handle his diuretics," Billy said, laughing before accidentally rolling back onto his butt, making his eyes go wide as he put pressure onto his anal plug. "Oof! Hnnng...." He moaned as his diaper turned yellow and at first I thought it was just because he had mashed his plug up against his prostate, but then I felt something too. I looked down at my own diaper and began moaning as waves of pleasure began shooting through my penis. I saw a yellow spot spreading across the front of my diaper and realized just what they had done: They had set the electrostim feature on our stents to activate whenever we flooded our diapers. Now, peeing felt almost as good as cumming.

"C-crud," Billy said. "I don't wanna get turned on by peeing my diapers..."

"Too late," I said, panting, as I rolled over onto my front and began humping. Billy started doing it too, humping the colorful foam alphabet letters under his tummy, but it was useless. With all the equipment shoved up his urethra, peeing himself or rocking on his plug were probably the only options he had for getting off now.

Finally, after a couple minutes of mindless wetting and humping, our streams subsided, and we could compose ourselves.

"So I guess it's just you and me now," said Billy, glaring at me and cracking his knuckles. "I could push your tummy and no one's here to stop me."

"Yeah, but you won't. You may think you have nothing to lose but you know what the doctors are capable of. Just hear me out instead. I can make it worth your while. I might even be able to help you."

Billy looked at me a good long while before Grunting and looking away. I figured that was about as close to a yes as I was going to get.

"What could you possibly do to help *me*?" asked Billy, sneering at the very notion.

"I know there's a trigger word that can reverse the effects of your regression, for one," I began. I paused for effect and then continued in a more excited tone. "Just think about it, Billy. If we work together, maybe we can *both* get out of here."

"Ha!" barked Billy. "Don't make me laugh!"

I was taken aback by his lack of interest in my offer, no, not just that, but the sheer derision in his voice. He continued.

"I can't *believe* you're so stupid. They're never going to let you go. Are you kidding me? You're too valuable."

"What are you talking about?" I said, gesturing to the cribs with all those names on them.. "They're coming back with dozens of new recruits, just look at this place. Why should they notice if there are a couple less of us tomorrow?"

"Have you already forgotten what Dr. S told you? You've got a *gift* for being hypnotized. Heck, you turned into a total baby and we didn't even have to try. That means you're the perfect test subject."

"T-t-test subject?" I asked, gulping.

"Yeah. Everything that works on you would work on others, but it would take ten times longer and be less obvious what worked. With you, we could test things in real time and see what happened right away. Develop better ways to baby others."

"But... I thought Dr. S. said it only worked on me because it's what I really wanted..."

"Dr. S is full of bull poopie. *I* made you a baby. *Me*. He knows how to spin a good story, but you shouldn't believe anything he says. Well, except that you're going to be his favorite test subject, whether you like it or not."

A chill ran down my spine. I should have known the good doctor was lying. What else was he lying about?

"You and Tank may think you're smarter than the doc, but whatever you have up your sleeves, I can guarantee you that neither you or I are going to see the light of day without a diaper on and plenty of restraints to keep us under control." I could feel my face getting red. I couldn't accept his answer. I just couldn't.

"Fine. Be that way. I'll find my own way out of here *without* you."

I stood up as if to leave, but then I remembered I was in a playpen and there was nowhere to go, so I kind of just walked a few feet off, plopping down facing away from him. It felt silly, but I thought I made my point.

"So, are we finished with your talk?" asked Billy, walking up behind me. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up, but it was too late. Billy grabbed me and put me in a headlock before I could move. "I may be censored now, but I still know how to wrestle, and I'm going to kick your bum bum."

"Billy stop," I choked out, as he began to squeeze harder.

"I'm going to make your life a living heccies," he growled in my ear. And then he yelped and fell backward, jamming his hands between his legs like he'd been kicked in the nuts...

"Stop! Bad baby." It was David, standing there with the little key fob style remote that Tank had given him. I sat up, grabbing at my throat. I looked in surprise at Billy clutching his groin and screwing his eyes shut.

"What was that?" I asked. "What did you do?"

"Electrostim can be for pleasure *or* for punishment. I'm sorry I had to do that, buddy," he said, walking up to the playpen and squatting down to Billy's level as he waved the key fob, "but you were being *very* bad."

"Fluff you," said Billy, his voice an octave higher than normal. David gave him another short zap and Billy yelped.

"That's enough talking back from you, kiddo," said David. "Don't forget that you're not the only one experienced at dealing with big babies."

"Thanks David," I said, looking back to my former best friend. "You really saved my- hey... uh... but... your diaper is looking a little wet there..."

He looked down and blushed.

"I, uh... I didn't quite make it to the potty..."

"Welcome to the club," I said, standing up and walking away from Billy toward the edge of the playpen. "Need a change?"

"Not yet. These turtles can hold a lot more, I'm sure. Hey! Stay down, Billy," he said, hitting the remote again and earning another yelp from Billy.

"What are we gonna do with him?" I asked.

"I don't know, but this is definitely going to get reported."

"But won't you get in trouble for not being there when it happened?"

"You said you wouldn't tell on me, right?" asked David.

I rolled my eyes, annoyed. I *had* promised that, and as much as I'd like David to get some punishment after throwing me to the wolves, I at least honored my promises

"Yeah, yeah. I won't tell."

"Thanks," he said, sitting down with a squish. "Don't worry, I won't leave you alone with him again. Let's play blocks until the boys get back."

Chapter 28: Daddy Time

Since puberty, David had been obsessed with his appearance. He kept his hair immaculate and wore only the most fashionable designer clothing. Now, looking at him with his messy hair, humping a stuffy with wild abandon, he couldn't look more different. How had this happened?

At first, David just had us sitting in a circle playing with blocks in the playpen and singing along to nursery music, pretty standard stuff, if you could call anything we did 'standard stuff' anymore. But then, the inevitable happened. All that formula that we were drinking continued to do its magic, making us wet more, which led to us getting more stimulation, which led to Billy and me being very squirmy in our diapers. David noticed our desperation and seemed to sympathize with us.

"Aww, we've got some needy boys. Does somebody need a hump plushie?"

If I had had any dignity left, I might've said no, but I was desperate to cum and couldn't help myself. I immediately blushed and covered my face.

"I-I want to make stickies in my diapers," I said, unable to stop myself.

"Awww, alright, kiddo," said David, setting down a medium-sized laying bear and patting its rump for me to mount. I immediately did so and wasted no time humping away.

Billy had a shit eating grin on his face as I debased myself, but he didn't last much longer.

"Um... can I have one too?"

"I don't know," said David. "You were a pretty bad boy and only good boys deserve treats..."

"Aw, c'mon, dude, don't make me beg..."

David just stood there with his hands on his hips, the sound of my moans and grunts in the background as he stared down at Billy.

"Okay, okay, please, man. Please! I need this!" Billy was whining now, and I clocked it as pretty pathetic even as I was humping my plushie with wild abandon. David smirked, clearly ready to take full advantage of his newfound power over Billy.

"Why don't you say it in a cute way like Jimmy did?"

"Are you serious, man? There's no way I'm... I..." Billy bit his lip as he gripped the front of his diaper evidently flooding it again. "Hnnf... okay, okay... I.... I want to m-make... stickies... in my diapers..." David smiled big, then winced and adjusted the front of his diaper, which seemed to ruin the moment for him a bit.

"Okay, fine, you can hump. But you have to call me Uncle David from now on... And you have to promise to keep your hands to yourself, and to do whatever I tell you when I tell you and no back talk..."

Billy pulled a face, but after holding out all of ten seconds, he nodded.

"Yeah, fine, whatever... Uncle... David..."

Satisfied, David selected a big white and pink smiling plush bunny and laid it on its back. It was wearing cute bunny diapers and had its arms open as if to give a big hug.

"There you go, you can look into your new boyfriend's face while you hump him in your diaper."

Billy blushed bright red, but his horniness won out and he mounted the bunny, attempting to close his eyes and, I assume, pretend he was anywhere else.

"No, no, little one. Open your eyes and look at your new boyfriend. Show him you really care as you rub your crinkles together."

Billy opened his eyes and looked at the bunny as he humped but I could tell from his face he was very embarrassed. It didn't really matter, however. Humping felt so good and the way we were constantly dribbling into our diapers only enhanced the stimulation thanks to our electro-stents. Davey pressed a button on his little controller and I felt a light stimulation start up in my prostate as if my plug was thrusting into me. The way Billy's butt jumped forward, I knew he felt it too.

David looked on as we filled the room with the sound of panting and crinkles. He started to take pictures as he rubbed the front of his diaper, but between panting and squinting my eyes in the search for stickies, I could see that he was becoming physically uncomfortable, wincing more and more as he talked himself up.

"Oh, yeah, that's it. Show everyone what big pamper humpers you are. You look great, Billy, like you really love, nnnff... g-giving it to your new b-bunny, urgh... b-boyfriend. J-jimmy, you're so cute. I've always imagined you... like this... F-fuhhh... Fuck. You guys are such babies. Such big babies humping your diapers to nursery music. Ow. This effing cage..." He gripped the front of his diaper and winced again,

clearly frustrated by his body's inability to complete an erection. What he was seeing in front of him was just too much to bear.

"Fuck it," he said, finally, throwing his phone down and grabbing a big purple dinosaur that he immediately mounted and started to hump. The nursery music in the background continued, only adding to the horniness of the situation for him, I was sure.

He began to suck his thumb and babble like a baby as he humped away at the big purple dino.

"You're gonna be in big baby diapers forever. You... nnnngg... wuv humping diapows... I... hhnnggh... I wuv humping dem too... I wuv Blarney. I... I wuv my diapees..." David was really getting into it, now. "I wanna be a diapow humping baby, too..."

"That can be arranged," came a deep voice from behind us.

David practically jumped off of the dinosaur, his face, bright red as he was caught red handed, and yellow pampered. It was Tank. Billy and I froze mid-hump.

"I see somebody is being a good little babysitter, teaching all the babies how to hump their diapers. Good job, kiddo."

David looked like he wanted to sink into the floor as he stood there with his hands folded behind his back, staring at the floor as Tank patted his diapered butt. Tank then looked down at Billy and smirked, walking over and squatting leaning down to speak in a quieter voice.

"I hope you're enjoying your diapers little Billy. Because that's the only thing your little baby dick is good for now." It was quite a blow for a braggart like Billy, and for once, he had nothing to say back.

"And how is my baby boy?" Tank asked as he crouched down by me.

"I'm OK, daddy," I said, blushing and looking down at my teddy. Tank looked at me and cocked his head. "Did you have... any interesting conversations while I was gone?"

I shook my head and hid my face in the bear, still too embarrassed about being caught humping to say anything more.

"Umm... Jimmy got bullied. Billy did it!" It came out sounding more childish than probably even David expected.

"Shut up, tattler!" growled Billy. Tank shot a withering glare at Billy, and my stomach flip-flopped by proxy at seeing Daddy's mean-face. He was clearly done with Billy mistreating me.

"I don't know what you expected kiddo, but I'm glad you're okay, unlike a certain bad boy in a moment. I'll deal with you next, Billy, but first..."

Tank grabbed Theodore, my teddy, and handed him to me. I immediately grabbed Theodore and gave him a big hug, inhaling Tank's scent from the plush fabric and flopping down on the bigger teddy that was still beneath me. I instantly felt so calm and relaxed. Tank then walked right up to Billy and grabbed him.

"What are you gonna do, spank me?" asked Billy, staring Tank in the eyes to show he wasn't afraid.

"No," said Tank. "We don't do that kind of punishment on my watch. You're going in the corner."

Billy scoffed as he was taken to stand in the corner and told to stay there. I was sure he was going to disobey as soon as Tank turned away from him, but Tank leaned forward and whispered something into Billy's ear as he stood there. Billy instantly went rigid as if he had been shocked and stood rooted to the spot.

"What did you do?" I asked Tank when he came back, smiling down at me as pleased as punch. "Did you shock him? Speak a trigger word?"

"No," Tank said. "I just told him that if he didn't like my punishment we could always let the doctors pick his punishment instead."

"Ohh... that's far worse," I said, shaking my head.

"We'll see how long that lasts," said Tank, glancing back at Billy. "I don't think he can stay out of trouble for long... he's got a long way to go before he's a good boy."

"Do we really have to use that language unironically?" I asked, giving Tank a sidelong glance.

"What? Aren't *you* a good boy?" he asked. I instantly melted, as he said the words 'good boy' in reference to me. That trigger was still working strongly, and I could tell by the warmth in my chest as well as the warmth in the front of my diaper as I couldn't help but smile at the endorphin rush Tank had just given me like a punch to the gut.

"N-no fair," I managed to mumble out before blissing out and snuggling into the big teddy beneath me.

"Um... sorry to interrupt but, I think I might need a little help," said David, his face crinkled up in an expression of embarrassment as he stood there with his soggy diaper sagging between his legs.

"Davey! Did you have an accident?" Tank's irrepressible smile told me he wasn't surprised in the least, but David didn't seem to notice it at all, such was his embarrassment. He was in his own little world, where he had completely failed and was this close to becoming a baby like me.

"I'm sowwy," he said, sticking his thumb in his mouth and sniffing. I was amazed that with a few well chosen words from Tank, I could see David going back into little boy mode before my very eyes.

"Aww, it's okay, sweetie," said Tank, gently taking Davey by the hand and leading him over to the changing table. "Little guys like you sometimes have accidents, but that's why Daddies like me are here to help! Just remember, it's okay to have accidents." Tank picked David up like he was nothing and plopped him down on the table. Then he leaned in and grinned as if telling a big secret. "Besides, everyone knows wet diapers feel better."

David sniffled and nodded, happily accepting a stuffed bunny to hug while Daddy Tank laid him back, opened his wet diaper, and wiped him down. I could see him relaxing and knew the exact feeling he was experiencing - that special relaxing feeling of being cared for and put into a fresh clean diaper.

"There we go baby boy, Daddy's got you. Now, now, don't feel too bad. You can still be the babysitter, honey, you'll just have to stay diapered, and don't you dare try to go off again and try to find a potty like a bad boy."

David's face went red as Tank smirked and tweaked his chastity cage.

"Y-you knew about that?"

"Daddy knows everything," said Tank with a wink as he fluffed up a fresh thick pizza turtle diaper and reached for a nice thick stuffer.

"This combo oughtta last plenty long since you won't be having any potty breaks for the rest of the day..."

"The rest of the day?!" asked David, practically choking as he eyed the thick diaper.

"Well, you *did* just break a big rule, little guy, and that can't come without consequences. Nothing too big. We all make mistakes, and you're just learning. Do it again, though, and you'll have corner time too, just like little Billy there.

David stuck his thumb in his mouth and I swear I saw his cage jump as he looked down and said, "Yes, Daddy." That's when I was absolutely certain that he was really enjoying this baby treatment after all was said and done.

After he changed David, Tank walked to the door of the nursery and called out,

"Alright guys. You can come on in and get things set up now."

Suddenly, freshman members of Alpha Beta Delta Lambda streamed into the room to set up. Next thing I knew, the room was abuzz with newbies personalizing and setting up the cribs, checking their notes from the seniors assigned to them to make everything ready for the new arrivals. Once again, I was reminded of just how much sway Tank had here. He was a leader, but I only knew him as daddy. Seeing him lead made me admire him all the more, even if I didn't quite agree with all that was happening here.

"Remember to do a good job both for your seniors, and for your friends who are now in the regression program."

One crib had the word, Daniel emblazoned on top. I could see that a freshie was making it extra soft with an adorable pastel bumper all along the bottom of the crib and matching fleece restraints.

My crib, much like Billy's, hadn't been modified too much. There were no restraints and the only unique feature, aside from my name, was a patterned mattress cover and matching pillowcase with the characters from my favorite show, *The Diaper Pals*, all over it. I smiled. Even though I didn't particularly want to be a baby, it felt good to have to see something that was made special just for me. Of course, part of me was starting to like it, as much as I hate to admit it.

Meanwhile, I could see that Billy's crib was being significantly beefed up with heavy restraints. I could tell that nobody really trusted him to be a good boy, but that was OK, because that's what the adults were there for. They would help us all be good. I shook my head. Where had that thought come from? It was a weird line of reasoning when I thought about it, but something told me it felt right. Was I being brainwashed?

I saw Jason and the camera crew stroll in and start recording everything that they could capture.

"Yo, check out all these personalized cribs. As you can see, the Freshies are hard at work making sure that everyone has their special setup just how they might like it. The upperclassmen are so excited to see their little ones come home - everyone gets one 'little bro' to take care of for the rest of their time on campus. And here's our little Jimmy, and Davey... Davey, are you getting in on the baby action too, or are you babysitting? It's kinda hard to tell right now..." David blushed and covered his face

"Not on camera, dude."

"Aww, he's shy," said Jason, winking at the camera. "But not our little Jimmy. He is our little social media star isn't he?"

I looked up at the camera, knowing full well that hiding my face was a lost cause at this point.

Tank intervened. "Our little Jimmy is a little tired right now. Why don't you go check in on Billy?"

Jason, grand and looked over. "Oh, is that our house baby Billy I see in the corner? I wonder what he did to get into trouble this time?"

"Come on," said Tank. "It's time for some daddy time. Just you and me." I smiled and nodded at him.

Tank took me out of the nursery, insisting on carrying me back to our room, where he jumped into the plush bed with me in his lap. He kicked off his shoes (I didn't have any shoes to kick off). Then, he cuddled me into his lap on the bed, sitting up with me between his crossed legs. He hugged me close with his two arms around my chest, then, he reached down and gave the front of my soggy diaper squeeze.

"My little man is going to need a change soon," he said, "but first, let's talk a bit. We can probably wait until your bath, kiddo."

I nodded and nestled into him relaxing. I had Tank and I had my Teddy. That was everything I needed at that moment.

"So what info did you get from Billy? Did he tell you anything revolutionary?"

"No," I said, shaking my head. "It was just more of the same negativity from him. He mocked me for even trying."

"I *told* you, baby boy."

"I know, I know. I just wanted to try *something*, you know? It just seems like everything I do is useless and hopeless. All I can do is fail." I could feel myself beginning to tear up and get the sniffles.

Tank bounced me a bit in his lap and hugged me gently in his powerful arms.

"Hey, hey, hey, it's all right. Now you *know* you're not a failure, pumpkin."

"I am too! I mean, look at me!" I looked down at the thick soaked diaper between my legs. "I failed at being a man. I failed to stand up for myself and avoid all this from happening. And... And..." I began to break out in sobs.

Tank hugged me and just rocked me back-and-forth and kissed me on the head, and kissed me on the cheek and hugged me some more.

"Don't you say that about my baby boy. Don't you *dare* say that about my baby boy. You are amazing and special, and I love you. And you know what else? Other people love you too. Look! Look at all the messages your friends have been leaving on your social media."

Tank pulled out his phone and showed me all the messages of love on my videos and pictures. Messages from people I knew, my friends, and people I didn't even know.

"Let's read them together," said Tank, and he proceeded to read each of them aloud.

You're looking so cute Jimmy.

You rock. Never stop being you.

Love you, Jimmy. Come visit sometime.

I'll babysit you 😊.

I could just eat you up, a little guy.

How come you never told me you were this cute behind closed doors?

I love you, Jimmy. So glad you found happiness.

You inspired me to be myself too. Thank you.

"But why?" I asked, unable to believe my eyes. "All I'm good at now is sucking down formula and pooping my diapers. Why the heck would anyone applaud that? Why the heck would anyone love me like this?"

"Because you're my amazing baby boy," said Tank, smiling down on me and looking me in the eyes. "There doesn't need to be any other reason than that."

I began sniffing again, feeling all warm and fuzzy despite my situation. And Tank showed me more, showed me all those comments of people who wanted to be like me, but didn't have the courage to accept that part of themselves until they saw me living my life. After reading all these comments with my own eyes, I began to understand that doing what I was doing was having a positive impact on the world in some strange and unexplainable way. I didn't understand it, but Tank put it like this.

"No matter what you do, baby boy, it's going to make a positive difference, because of who you are. You're a really good boy with a big heart. I've seen it. There's no denying it. You're nothing like Billy. You're sweet and caring and you care about *others*. That makes a huge difference and you don't even know it. I mean, it made a difference in *my* life," Tank added quietly. I turned to stare at Tank as he looked down and blushed. I hadn't really seen him like this before, being so adorable and vulnerable. My heart melted and I couldn't resist giving him the biggest hug.

"Oh, daddy. I love you!" Tank hugged me back and kissed me on the head.

"I love you, too, baby boy. I love you too." And that's when I noticed the fact that I was no longer sitting on Tank's leg. What I had *mistaken* for his leg with something very different. I looked down between my legs and blushed.

"Um, daddy? Is that... is that your, um... is it for *me*?"

Tank's face went even redder as he brought his hands down to, presumably, move me and cover himself up. I grabbed his arms and stopped him. Of course, he could've overpowered me, but he stopped cold and looked at me, uncertain of what I was about to do or say.

"It's OK, Daddy. I... like it." I looked down again. "That's... That's for me... Wow..."

"Oh, baby boy... I'm not sure, we're ready for..."

"It's OK, daddy. I'm not sure either. Let's just... cuddle and see what happens..."

I lowered myself down facing him and cuddled him, his erection pressing my diaper into my thick anal plug. I bet my lip as I held him tight and ground a bit on his bulge as he hugged me close.

"I love you, baby boy."

My heart rate began to pick up as I looked him in the eyes. I had never felt this way before with another person. This was more than just making stickies in my diaper. I wanted to kiss him. I brought my face closer to his to try and kiss him, but he kissed me on the head, denying me that adult expression of intimacy.

I moaned as electrical impulses tickled up and down my urethra while Tank's hard-on forced my plug against my prostate and more urine trickled out into my diaper. It felt so good to be close to him enjoying my diapers like this. It felt right.

"Oh, baby boy. You are r-really just g-grinding on me... Are you sure you really want to... I mean, do you consent to..."

"Daddy, I want you inside me," I said, cutting to the chase.

"Baby boy... I... don't think you are quite open enough back there for Daddy's..."

"Please, Daddy, I need humpies," I whined.

"Calm down, baby boy. You're not ready for that yet, and neither is Daddy. But... We can keep doing this... This feels nice..."

"Y-yes, daddy..."

I continued to rub up against him, his hard-on now clearly poking out over the top of his underwear. It was so big that I could straddle it like a log jam ride. And that's exactly what I did, humping against it. Then, a wild idea came to me and I leaned forward, putting my mouth to the tip of his thick cock head. He gasped and sat up in shock, but I didn't stop.

"Baby boy, what are you- HOOOOLLLLLY SHIIIIIT!" He immediately threw his head back into the pillow and began moaning loudly, gripping onto the sheets as I nursed on the tip of his cock head. It filled my mouth completely. I couldn't even get the whole thing in my mouth, but I got enough to make him feel great, flicking my tongue over the underside of his corona and frenulum.

"Oh, baby boy. You're making Daddy feel so *good*."

I moaned and nodded as I kept suckling. Daddy was panting hard. I could tell he was fighting to calm himself down, and I could feel the heat radiating off of his excited body, not least of all in my mouth. When he finally managed to utter out something coherent he said,

"Does baby Jimmy want Daddy's milkies?"

I suckled harder and nodded in the affirmative. Nothing was going to stop me from getting my milkies at this point.

"Oh, gods, baby boy. Daddy can't hold out much longer. I'm gonna... I'm g-gonna..."

Tank let out a loud howl as his gargantuan cock sprayed my throat down like a hose. I swallowed down the warm, savory goop like thick musky pudding, and it kept coming and it filled up my tummy so full that it was bulging out. It was so good, better than formula because it was coming from Daddy. It was so much cum so that I couldn't swallow it all down and it began to spray out from my bulging cheeks across my face, my nose, my lips, my chin, dripping down. And even though I managed to gulp down at least 80%, there was still so much that got all over me. Enough to make me wish I had worn a bib because it splattered me like I had just had a huge meal in the highchair.

I didn't realize that I was running low on air until he finally stopped cumming and I got my first gasp of breath. I felt lightheaded. How long had I been chugging down man chowder? I pulled my head back, stunned, my face dripping with cum. I looked down at myself. I was all over my chest and tummy, dripping down onto the front of my diaper, and I could see the droplets raining down from my chin as well. I looked back up at Tank, still shocked.

Tank was still recovering, running his hand through his hair with his eyes rolled back in pleasure, and it was a moment before they flickered and he finally was able to look at me and perceive just what his eruption had done to me. He immediately burst out laughing.

"Oh my gosh, baby, boy! You're a mess! We need to get into the bath, pronto!"

I looked around for a towel, suddenly wanting to wipe myself clean before stepping outside. Not finding one, I reached for the blanket.

"None of that, baby boy. I don't want you making a bigger mess in here. I'll just carry you out as is. Besides, I want *everyone* to see how much I love my baby boy." My face went bright red as I looked at the door.

"Daddyyyy! You're embarrassing me!"

"Good. That's what Daddies do best."

Chapter 29: A Sticky Situation

"Come on, kiddo," said Tank, picking me up and holding me out at arms length. Let's take you to the bathroom and get you in a bath." I began flailing. "Hey, now! Calm down, kiddo."

"Daddy, you can't be serious!" I whined.

"I'm always serious," said Tank. "Now you can fuss all you want, kiddo. It won't change anything except to draw more attention to the sticky little guy I'm carrying to the bathroom."

That shut me up. I didn't want to draw more attention to myself than was necessary. As we stepped into the hall, I knew that everyone could tell I was covered in Daddy's man milk, and there were plenty of fraternity members milling about to witness. The reaction was positive, to say the least. Tank got more than a few high-fives and congratulations as he carried me to the bathroom.

"Hey there, stud. Did you have fun?" asked Ace.

"Uh oh, looks like somebody's covered in baby batter!" said Bull.

"Way to go, bud. We were wondering how long you'd last before you finally creamed the cutie," said Jason, patting Tank on the shoulder. Tank blushed slightly at that final comment, but he was clearly pleased as he pumped out his chest a little bit more.

"I just wanted to make sure the little guy was ready before we did anything too... adulty..."

"Aw, was a little guy ready for some big boy fun?" asked Jason. I blushed and nodded. I didn't manage to squeak out an answer nor was I expected to.

After what felt like an eternity, we finally reached the bathroom and walked through to the baths. The bathtub was much larger than the one at the old house. Big enough to fit Tank and me both easily. The trade-off, however, was that it was quite public. All the tubs were right out in the open where anyone could see. Tank sat me, still dripping with cum, on the edge of the huge tub as he tested the water with his hand to make sure it was the right temperature. A freshman frat member stood at attention nearby.

"I drew it myself sir. It should be the perfect temperature for the baby. Not too hot and not too cold." Tank nodded, but I could see the hint of a frown tugging at his lips - only for a moment before returning to his regular cheery smile.

"Look, Jimmy! He even brought your favorite bath toys! Here's Henry the tugboat... and Wally the whale..."

"Willy," I corrected.

"Oh! Right, Willy," said Tank with a chuckle. "That was just a test. Let's see what adventures they get up to today. What do you say, champ?" I nodded, blushing. I was beginning to forget that I was covered in Tank's baby batter as he distracted me with my fun bath toys.

Tank lowered himself into the tub. Once comfortable, he gently removed my diaper and helped me in as well, sitting me right between his legs as the attending brother took my diaper and dropped it in the nearest diaper pail. I relaxed a bit more as the warm water enveloped me. I thought that maybe I could get used to this. That's when I pooped in the tub.

"Nooooo!" I cried, mortified. "Daddy, I didn't mean to!"

"Shhh, it's a good thing. It means you've truly given up all your potty control. Now let's wash you out and they'll clean out the tub." The two of us got a quick soapy rinse with a special fast shower that had a pull cord. "See, good as new?" said Tank.

I was beside myself. I couldn't even take a bath normally anymore! I had to be quieted with a pacifier as I was strapped down on my back for an enema. A big inflatable plug was brought between my legs and pumped until it made a complete seal with my anal stretching ring. My eyes bulged as I saw a couple of bathroom attendants hooking up a gigantic enema bag to the bottom of it.

"Don't worry kiddo. We'll get you all cleaned out. The plug will make extra sure there are no more accidents!"

"Nnngh!" I winced and whimpered at the warm water filling my bowels. I was once again made painfully aware that nothing in my life was normal now.

"Shhh, shhh," said Tank, petting my head to calm me as we watched my belly swell. "That's a good boy... just relax and let it happen. Soon you'll be in a nice warm comfy bath with Daddy and you'll get to play with Willy and Henry and all your bath buddies.

My whimpers quieted and the flow slowly decreased. Finally, one of the attendants put his finger over the button to deflate the bulb.

"Okay, we ready to pull this sucker out?" he asked. I shook my head no violently.

"Don't worry kiddo," said Tank, petting my hair still. "All you have to do is be a good boy and relax." I evidently didn't have a choice because as soon as Tank gave the nod, the guy deflated the bulb and pulled the plug out of me with a pop. A torrent of water came rushing out of me and right down the drain below. With the permanent stretching ring in place, there was no way for me to stop it. Then Tank started to rub my belly as he spoke softly.

"That's it, little guy. Get it allll out. All out for Daddy. You're doing so good." I was getting so blushy and squirmy with his encouragement. "You're Daddy's good little pooper, yes you are! So cute and helpless. That's okay, sweetie. The big boys will take care of everything."

A week ago I would have absolutely detested such talk, but now it felt good in a weird way. Why was I enjoying this odd mix of humiliation and praise?

"He looks good to go!" said the attendant in charge of the enema. "We'll just plug him up and he can have his fun bath! You may have to hold him down so he doesn't float, though. The plug needs a lot of air to stay in *this* hole."

I tried to angle to get a good look at my hole. How wide had they stretched it anyway?

As embarrassing as this whole *extremely* public episode was, I felt somewhat comforted knowing that there was nothing coming out of my behind until that plug came out.

"How about we take out the paci now, little guy?" asked Tank, pulling out my paci with a pop.

"Thanks, Daddy," I said, sniffing a bit.

"You're welcome, kiddo. I'm sorry, for letting that happen. I forgot that you really have no control now. I promise I won't let something like that happen again." I looked down and looked back at him.

"Does this mean I'll *never* have control over my poopies again?"

"No, kiddo, not at all. You'll be ready for potty training *some* day. Just not any day soon. For now, just enjoy it while it lasts. Not everyone gets a second chance at childhood."

While I was inclined to disagree on principle, I had to admit being cared for did feel good. Even after my big accident, I was taken care of quickly and I was cuddled and comforted. A gradual realization formed that being here was messing with my head. If I didn't get out soon, I might be truly lost to babyhood. The scary thing was, I wasn't completely sure I wanted to escape anymore.

Having little else to do at the moment, multiple freshies were now hovering over us once we sat in the freshly drawn bubble bath.

"Sir, you're soap sir."

"Sponge?"

"Hey guys. Why don't you take a break?" asked Tank. As I was sitting in his lap, I couldn't see Tank's expression, but the edge to his voice made it clear that this statement was more than just a friendly suggestion. It was now the attendants' turn to look like they were going to shit themselves.

"Oh, sorry sir."

"Right away, sir."

"Excuse me."

The freshies were practically tripping over each other as they all hurried away. Tank gave me a gentle squeeze.

"That's better, kiddo. It's just you and me now. Sort of."

I looked around. We were still in a very open area, and the fact that really, Billy and I were the only babies in residence at the moment meant that we were the main attraction for everyone in the area. Nevertheless, as Tank began to engage with me, it became easy to lose myself and let the world drop away. Soon, we were playing with Henry the tugboat, and Willy the whale in their next grand adventure voice by us.

"Gosh Henry, look at this huge ocean! This is pretty cool, huh?"

"Yeah! There's so much room to swim in. Oh, but we have to be careful. Because there can be whirlpools here."

"Oh, yes. We know all about the whirlpools, don't we?"

To my surprise, bubble jets suddenly came on in the tub, making a fun, massaging whirlpool around me and Tank and swirling the toys all around.

"Wheeeee!"

After our fair share of toy time, it was time for Tank to scrub me down with bubbles. I giggled and wiggled as Tank cleaned me off, getting the last of the sticky cum off of my tummy and face. I protested a bit and scrunched my nose up as he wiped my face clean with a washcloth, but he shushed me and told me to let Daddy do his job. When he was finally satisfied, it was time to drain the tub once again. After the refreshing scrub, my skin was positively glowing. Tank wrapped me up in a big towel and carried me in his arms over to the changing table.

"OK baby boy. Let's get you into a nice fresh diaper. We could take that big old plug out of you too! He popped the plug out, having me squat over the nearest drain just in case there was any water still hiding inside of me, and then dropped my tush onto a changing table, smack dab in the middle of a big cloth diaper.

"What's this?" I asked, looking in bewilderment at the fluffy cloth around me as Tank grabbed some adorable ducky pins.

"Just a little something for nap time. It's better for stopping leaks. Besides, we have the laundry facilities to use cloth now so it's not such a hassle." Tank held the pins in his mouth as he laid me on my back and pulled the cloth around my waist and between my legs. He secured it nice and snug with the pins on each side, and for the first time ever, I was pinned into bona-fide cloth diapers.

Securely pinned, they were soft and comfy, but certainly in no way were they discreet. The cloth bulged out around my crotch and butt, pushed my legs apart wider than ever before, and even bulged out on the sides. Tank held up a big pair of colorful baby print plastic pants and fed them over my legs. I thought I was used to thick diapers, but this was ridiculous. I felt like a cartoon character with just how ridiculously poofy my diaper was.

Tanke made sure to take me to the nearest mirror so I could fully appreciate my new look. Looking down at the carousel print covering my bright yellow plastic pants, I felt more embarrassed and babyish than ever. Daddy began to pick me up but I held out a hand, feeling a need to assert some measure of self-determination.

"I'm not a baby. I can walk back on my own." Tank stood back and crossed his arms with a smirk.

"You're welcome to try," he said. I soon found that, in fact, I couldn't walk at all. I could only unsteadily toddle, and I almost ended up falling down onto my hands and knees. Luckily, Tank caught me before I fell and picked me back up.

"Nice try, kiddo. You're lucky if you can even manage to crawl in that get up, and as clean as his bathroom is, I'm not letting my baby boy crawl on cold tile." He smiled and stuck a pacifier in my mouth, then tweaked my nose. "No more big boy for now." I blushed. Despite my best efforts, I felt like a bigger baby than ever.

Back in our room, Tank found me a cute little diaper shirt with a cute baby fox on the front and once again made sure to show me off to myself in the mirror.

"You're having way too much fun babying me," I said. "I could still be angry at you, you know."

"But I can't help it," he whined. "You're just so cute!"

I couldn't argue against Tank's puppy dog eyes, so I just huffed and looked away, blushing.

"Aww, it's okay to be grumpy, kiddo. It's getting close to your naptime after all."

"Aww, c'mon. *Naps?*"

"Little babies have nap times. That's just the rules. Besides, you still have a full day ahead of you and you'll need your rest! We have lunch, then naps, and then it'll be time for a visit to the C.A.B.S. labs. But first, maybe we can answer some of those comments on the social medias, huh? Your friends have been waiting."

"OK, I guess," I said, blushing as I remembered just how many people knew of my situation.

Despite the initial shock and embarrassment, It was actually empowering to answer everyone's comments on my content. It felt good to see all that positive feedback, even if I didn't ask for it. Tank didn't say that the comments were curated or anything, but knowing the resources C.A.B.S. had, I imagined that any negative comments were quickly filtered out or deleted by the social media team. Heck, for all I knew, anyone daring to raise a critical comment would be hunted down and turned into a baby themselves.

Then, I got curious.

"Hey, Tank. Could we check out some of the older posts?"

"You sure, kiddo? I mean it's a little late to answer those ones..."

"Yes, I'm just curious..." After a moment's hesitation, Tank went to the archived posts and I soon noticed that posts older than a day or so already had responses to all of the comments. Some of them were from the 'C.A.B.S. team', but some of them were ostensibly from me.

"Wait a second, I didn't answer these."

"The social media team answered a lot of these for you. I guess I didn't think to bring it up before, but they kind of treat it like a mascot account, you know? I'm sure they're doing the same for Billy's account right now too."

"They what?!" I was seeing red. "That meanie. I can't believe this. Dr. S has gone too far this time." The fact that someone else had been speaking for me hurt in a way that hadn't really hit me before. This was yet another aspect in which Dr. S had taken my agency. Reading through the comments, I could see that they were building a narrative of their own.

"It's all in your agreement, kiddo," said Tank. "I'm sorry."

"'I'm glad I finally get to be my true self? 'Thanks to C.A.B.S. for giving me the freedom to be who I always wanted to be'? What is this horsie doodie?" I asked, unable to properly curse. "Ooh, I'm so mad. I just want to... Ooh just let me answer some of these, Tank. Let me at 'em! I'll show them my true self, all right."

"Now, don't do anything hasty, baby boy. If you do that, we'll *both* be in trouble, and, well life could get a lot harder for both of us. I'd hate for them to take you away from me cause I let you misbehave online."

I hated that he was right, but I relented.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't want to upset you, kiddo. And there's nothing you can do about it anyway." I slumped back in defeat.

"You're right," I said, "but I still wish you had told me."

Even though Tank was on my side, I had to remember that he was working for the enemy. But what was I supposed to do? He was my only friend right now.

"Are you mad at me baby boy?" I sighed.

"There's no point in us turning against each other now. This is bigger than both of us. But... is there really nothing we can do?" Tank squeezed me and was quiet for a long time as he held me in a hug.

"You remember what Baby Billy told you?"

"He said that there was no way out of the program."

"No way... except for one," said Tank. "It's simple: you just need to complete the program."

"And what does that look like?" I said. "Will I even want to try and be a big boy after that?"

"Maybe not, but when the program is done, you'll have the option to try."

"Daddy, I'm scared. The longer I stay like this, the less I want to go back. This program is changing me."

"Well, that's sort of the point, sweetie. But listen. If we can just get through this, then you'll finish the program and you won't be under Dr. S's control anymore. At least, then you'll have the freedom to choose what you want, even if it is a life of diapers, and cuddles with daddy." He gave me a snuggle, and I melted a little despite the gloomy topic.

"I heard college is a time of self discovery, but I never expected this..."

Just then, there was a text on Tank's phone. Tank picked it up and looked.

"Lunch is ready, kiddo. Let's go." Tank carried me down in just my cute, ultra thick diaper, plastic pants, and baby T-shirt.

Downstairs, lunch was once again served in a highchair. I was fed some sort of green goop, which I assume was strained peas. It wasn't very good, but seeing baby Billy have to eat the same thing made me feel much better about it.

"Open up for the choo-choo train," said Tank, smiling and bringing the big spoon to my mouth. I blushed even though this wasn't my first feeding. Tank was really hamming it up. Being fed like this felt good in a weird way and also a little embarrassing

and also very intimate. It was a lot of feelings wrapped up in one and my little pee-pee was trying to get hard in my diaper.

Billy's pee-pee was larger and more noticeable as he got hard in his diaper during his own feeding, though certainly his prodigious dong had been shrunken to 'fun size' by whatever treatment Dr. Windelmann had given him. Bull and Ace made sure to tease him about it as they fed him.

"Aww, look at the little baby. So excited for his num nums!"

"Is that a tiny widdle chubby I see down there? Is the little man trying to get hard?"

Billy's squirming and blushing made my meal all the sweeter as I watched with glee, taking a few spoonfuls of peas to the cheek in the process.

Finally there was a third baby in a highchair with us for this meal. I was shocked when I saw that it was David sitting there being fed by a smiling Jason.

"Hey, buddy. I didn't know you were into this, but I am happy to help out." said Jason.

"I'm not really," mumbled David. "It's just... the chastity cage and the bottles of formula made me lose control for a little bit, that's all." I could see the David's Hero Turtles diaper was indeed pretty soggy. Jason chuckled and winked.

"Whatever you say, bro. No judgment here. Now, open up for the airplane!" David's face was 10 shades redder than either mine or Billy's as Jason moved the spoon toward his mouth. David's hands were strapped to the tray, but he didn't look like he was struggling. He was too caught up in the moment, drinking in every word and sensation. It was obviously all so new to him to be on this side of the tray.

"Yum! Isn't that tasty? Oh, I forgot to mention. You may have to be in diapers a bit longer after eating this," said Jason, as David swallowed down his peas.

"What?!" yelled David.

"Yeah, sorry. I forgot to mention. The num nums are full of special nutrients to help you be a good little baby. And you know that good little babies use their diapers, relax, and behave."

"Aw, geez," said David. Squirming in his seat and squeezing his legs together. "Erm, could we take the regression cage off already? I'm not babysitting anymore."

"No can-do, buddy. I don't have the key. Besides, I heard it helps babies be better."

"I'm not a baby," squeaked David, growing even redder. "I'm... I'm... hfffff..." I could see him, squirming even harder and from the way he was squeezing his legs together, I knew that he was loving every second of this treatment.

Tank leaned in and whispered to me.

"There's nothing in those peas he's eating. We're all just letting him *think* he's getting special regression supplements and accessories to see how far he'll take it."

"Are they going to make him a baby?" I asked Tank. Tank smirked.

"I think he's going to make *himself* a baby. But it's only fair. You know he was slated to become the house baby before you came into the picture. I think he was just delaying the inevitable."

"Yeah, and he had to drag me into it. Typical." I said, shaking my head. How many times had David roped me into his ridiculous shenanigans when we were in grade school? Too many to count.

For dessert, we all got stewed and strained prunes, which to be honest, I actually liked. Of course, I knew that they would come out explosively in the end, but it didn't make much difference anymore, given that I was completely incontinent. We finished up three huge bottles of formula each. It was admittedly a lot, but I had already gotten somewhat used to it, and my tummy was beginning to show it as well.

"Aww, your tummy is so soft and hairless now, kiddo," said Tank, rubbing the belly that bulged out between my diaper and baby tee as he fed me my warm formula. "Like a proper baby."

Finally we were all finished, and after a big burping, lunch was officially over. Billy, David, and I had our faces wiped with varying degrees of cooperation.

"OK, kiddo. It's nap time." Tank said. He pulled off the tray, picked me up, patted me on the thickly diaper rump, and said "Wave goodbye to your buddies."

I waved goodbye awkwardly as the other two were being helped out of their high chairs by Jason and Bull. I was quickly carried up to my room with Tank.

"I'm not sleepy," I said, looking up at my big Daddy as he sat on the bed with me. "I don't need naps."

"Just give it a minute or two till that food kicks in," said Tank, holding me close. While David's food may not have been laced, there was no such guarantee with my food, and sure enough, a wave of sleepiness hit me as I rested my head against Tank's big chest. It felt good to just rest on Daddy and let him cuddle me and hold me. I hoped I could fall asleep like this every day.

If I had any dreams, I didn't recall them. Perhaps it was the medication, or perhaps I was already in the most bizarre situation imaginable and there was nothing left to dream about. When I woke up, Tank was changing my diaper on the big changing table in our room.

"Wow baby boy, you're totally soaked. Good job!"

Being in a wet cloth diaper felt different. For one, I could feel it as soon as I wet. It didn't necessarily feel bad, but cloth didn't lock away moisture like a disposable diaper would. Second, it was *heavy*. The thick and strong ducky pins were really the only things that held it up in place, so I could see why they were so sturdy.

Tank changed me into a daytime diaper and after the cloth diaper it felt as thin as briefs. I moved my legs around, enjoying the freedom of movement these thinner daytime diapers gave my legs and Tank chuckled.

"What's so funny?"

"You look just like a baby kicking around like that," he said with a grin. I blushed, of course, not having meant to do something so babyish.

"I just like the fact that I could move my legs again." Tank smiled and ruffled my hair.

"Get used to thick diapers, kiddo. You're only in this thinner one because we're going to the C.A.B.S. labs, and you'll probably go through plenty of changes while we're there anyway.

"What's gonna happen at the labs, Daddy?" I asked. Tank's face lit up at my use of the word Daddy. He seemed to like the fact that I had started calling him Daddy in private, even though I didn't have to. Tank ruffled my hair again.

"It's research and development. They want to do some serious testing of hypnosis concepts and see where you are at. You haven't really been fully evaluated in terms of your hypnosis progress aside from observation of recorded video. They want to ask some questions and run a few specialized tests and suggestions. That's all."

"Oh, okay. So no invasive medical stuff then?"

"No, nothing like that. As much as Dr. W would like to have you back, he doesn't really have an excuse to see you again *yet*."

That made me feel a little bit better. I didn't really relish another visit with Dr. W. where I would lose more control of my body, and I definitely didn't want to visit Dr. S., who made my blood run cold every time I saw him. I imagined that this visit would be a piece of cake in comparison. Looking back, perhaps I was still a bit too naive.

Chapter 30: Research & Development

Once again, I found my stroller strolling into the lobby of the all too familiar Center for Adult Baby Studies (C.A.B.S. for short). The colorful sights and lively sounds meant to give off a sense of adventure and excitement just like going to a theme park on every visit. But the flip-flops in my tummy were not excitement. They signified dread. *This* was the place where my life had changed completely. Where I signed away my life. Where I underwent possibly permanent modifications to my body and mind. Every time I came here my life changed a little bit more, pushing me further and further into permanent babyhood. Who knew what was next to come?

At the front desk was a familiar mousy and energetic young woman who knew me on sight.

"Oh, hi cutie!" said Beth. The moment she saw me, she was already reaching into her pocket to pull out her little fox plush.

"Hi there, Jimmy!" said Foxy. "Is Theodore with you?"

I held up Theodore Teddy and Foxy got excited, falling all over himself to say hi to his friend. I felt kind of silly as I made Theodore say 'Hi' back, but I smiled all the same. I couldn't help myself. I liked Beth. And Foxy.

After a quick round of hellos, Tank wheeled me through the security gate and we went deeper into the gigantic building. Off to the right was the medical wing. Straight ahead was the atrium and the offices above, where Dr. S spent much of his time. But off to the left, there was the research hub, an area I had yet to explore.

The hub was where C.A.B.S. did all the research and development for their flagship *Fresh Start* program that rehabilitated even the most hardened of criminals into soft and pliable adult babies. It was where they filmed my favorite show, *The Diaper Pals* using state of the art AR, XR, and VR technology. It was also apparently where the C.A.B.S. labs were, where the 'white paper' research was conducted with hypnotists and neuroscientists and the like. We went down the hall, which was painted in dark blues and purples, accented by bright and colorful accents such as neon streaks, checkers, lightning bolts, neon handrails, and other touches straight out of a 90's science show.

Down the hall was a big metal door with a sign that said 'Staff Only' and black and yellow hazard stripes painted around the full frame. This marked the entrance to the C.A.B.S. research labs. Tank rapped on the heavy door with his big fist, and a bald man with thick glasses and a white lab coat peeked his head out to look at us.

"Oh! Is it time already? Well, come in." He spoke in a nasally voice as if his nose was plugged. "Hello Jimmy, hello Tank. Right this way."

"Does he know us?" I whispered to Tank.

"Everybody knows you," Tank whispered back. I blushed. He wasn't wrong. On this campus, everyone probably did.

"The name's Melvin in case you were wondering," said the man over his shoulder. "You coming?"

We followed the scientist and I soon discovered the floor was textured with bumpy rubber, which had the plug in my butt battering my prostate with each bump in the ground. With me in just a diaper and T-shirt, there was no hiding my reaction as I squirmed in sexual frustration. However, there was enough interesting stuff to see to distract me at least somewhat.

Instead of a boring office with a bunch of pencil pushers holding clipboards, the space was expansive. The far walls in the wide entryway were painted black, and this area had computer servers with many lights, as well as screens with graphs. A big black hallway led further into the facility lined with big windows of one-way glass to allow for the easy observation of what was happening inside.

I saw a person that I recognized from Friday's ceremony in a chair covered in electrodes as scientists measured the effect of various stimuli. Another trainee was in a big room floating in a huge fluid filled cylinder in a fetal position. It looked like some sort of submersion tank just like in the movies and there were several more lab coat people standing around and taking notes. In another room, someone sitting back in a reclining chair and relaxing with an eye mask on as a man in a lab coat spoke to him, reading from a clipboard. I could hear through the room speaker that they were doing hypnosis.

Finally, we reached an empty room that contained a padded seat with stirrups. That was the room for me, and I was quickly transferred and strapped into the chair, snug and comfy. Some helpful assistants got to work attaching electrodes all over with this weird goo stuff.

"Okay, kiddo," said Melvin. I'm just going to ask some questions, and then I'll ask some questions of your "Daddy". Sound good?"

I looked to Tank, who gave a reassuring smile and nod before turning back to Melvin and nodding my assent. Melvin smiled.

"Great! Now, let's get started. Jimmy... you're a *good boy*."

I smiled a bit despite myself. Melvin and the assistant all started scribbling notes in their notebooks as fast as they could.

"Excellent response to positive reinforcement... Jimmy... Do you like your diapers?"

"I wuv to make stickies in my thick wet diapees!" I said, beaming with enthusiasm. My eyes went wide and I covered my mouth at the sudden outburst. Where had that come from?

"Jimmy... why are you wearing your diapers?"

"I'm a big baby who can't control my pee pee and poopies!" I blurted out without thinking. "Wh- why am I?"

"Shhh... just relax, Jimmy. Relax. We were just testing out a few of your triggers... they're still intact, quite a surprise since they usually wear off pretty quickly for most people... I have a few more questions, Jimmy, and these *aren't* trigger questions, just regular ol' questions." Melvin pushed his glasses up on his nose in a way that was quite disarming, but I was still wary. "When did you realize you liked your diapers?"

"Um... a week or so ago... when, uh.... Billy hypnotized me..."

"Are you *sure* you didn't like diapers before? You've been such a *good boy* all this time, after all, and it's hard to imagine such a good boy didn't like his diapers..." The assistants were scribbling loudly and pointing and murmuring as they watched the readings from all the wires hooked up to my body. "Don't look at them. Do your best to just focus on my voice and answer my questions..." I paused.

"Well...I'm pretty sure... I mean... I never thought about diapers *before* Billy...uh..."

"Now, Jimmy, come on. You said you *needed* this treatment, remember? I'll bet you know just what it feels like to *need* something... comfort... diapers... Daddy... to be called a *good boy*... And it feels so *good*, doesn't it?"

"Y-yeah..." I said. "W-wait, wha?" My mind was a bit muddled... I was finding it harder and harder to follow him, as all but the last question seemed to fall from my mind. *Feels good, doesn't it? Feels good... doesn't it?*

"In fact, you were *always* a good boy, little one, weren't you? A good boy for your parents. A good boy when you came here to be taken care of by Daddy... that's why you are here, little one... because you're a good boy and you needed to be taken care of... isn't that right?"

Hold on, I thought... *That's not why I came to-*

"You're a good boy, aren't you?" said Melvin, instantly wiping away all my thoughts. I grinned like an idiot.

"Y-yeahhh.... I'ma good boy..."

"And you're so good at going into trance... and answering my questions.... Can you say a bad word for me?"

"F... frick..."

"Very *good*, Jimmy... and can you tell me what you need help with?"

"I need help... f... feeling little..."

"Excellent, Jimmy, you're doing so well... and what do you need to do sometimes in your diapers when you get all squirmy and funny in the tummy, little one?"

"I... huff... I need to make stickies in my diapees..." I began to rub the front of my diapers, but was stopped by Melvin, who grabbed my hands and gently returned them to their resting place.

"Yes, you do... Now, just relax... I'm going to ask your *Daddy* a few questions, and then we'll try some new suggestions..."

I lay there, relaxed and in trance but completely aware of the conversation happening beside me. I was aware, but I didn't care, because I was just enjoying a nice relaxing lie down... enjoying the nice trickle of warmth going into the front of my nice thick diaper, which began to feel even better as it swelled up around my bits. A pleasant tingle began as the electrostim activated in my stent, just enough to feel good but still leave me relaxed.

"Tank. How effective would you say the hypnosis has been for Jimmy?"

"Extremely effective, I'd say. More effective and faster acting than anyone in the program, at least since I've been here."

"Why do you think that is?"

"I don't really know. He seems to take on just about any role someone else assigns him. Maybe it's just empathy."

"I see... And is there anything you've noticed that he responds especially *well* to?"

"Well, positive reinforcement, as you can see. And direct commands. Those are two things he seems to really respond well to. The Diaper Pals immersive XR Experience seems to be super effective, too."

"What about specific types of suggestions? Any themes or categories that seem to work better than others?"

"Hmm... not really. Jimmy responds to everything pretty well, though I think the physical suggestions work best for him. I think he shows occasional resistance to more mental suggestions."

"Hmm... can you give me an example?"

"When Billy told Jimmy to get on the ground the first time we met, Jimmy literally slammed himself on the ground and hurt himself... I don't think he would have done that if he could help it. But for some other things... Like, I'm pretty sure Jimmy could curse if he *really* wanted to, but he's such a good boy, he won't."

"Of course. He's a *very* good boy. And he'll definitely listen better if he's reminded of that fact."

"Exactly."

I could feel hands petting me and a few more murmurings of '*good boy*'. I couldn't make out the rest because I was so relaxed I was positively melting thanks to all the praise and petting I was receiving.

"3...2...1... awake and alert..." *SNAP* *SNAP* *SNAP*

My eyes fluttered open and I looked around. I was still on the table. Tank and the scientist were smiling down at me. I felt pretty good.

"Aww, he's so adorable," said the Scientist.

"Yeah, and completely soaked," added Tank, reaching down to pat the front of my diaper. I looked down and blushed when I realized I didn't even notice it until Tank pointed it out. My diaper was incredibly swollen, warm, and squishy and it was completely yellow front to back. The scientist nodded.

"Let's get this little guy changed before we have our hypnotists test out their suggestions." The scientist reclined me so that I was lying completely flat in the exam

chair. He then opened a side drawer and brought out a plain medical looking diaper along with some wipes and powder.

"Do you have anything... cuter?" asked Tank. "I think it'll help with the suggestions." He said that, but I suspected he just wanted to see me in some more cute adult baby diapers.

"Oh, don't worry," said the scientist. "This is just the first layer. I'll grab the outer diaper next, and I'll make sure it's *extra* cute." Sure enough, the scientist brought out a diaper covered in adorable cartoon puppies. "See these, Jimmy? The puppies look so playful. Wouldn't *you* like to be a puppy?"

I blushed at the idea. I hadn't really considered it being a *puppy* before and it seemed kind of silly. After a moment's consideration, I shook my head. The scientist and Tank looked at each other, but I couldn't read their look, and Tank made no mention of it, instead switching to the task at hand.

"Alright, my good boy. It's change time, yes it is! I know a *good boy* like you loves his changes! We're gonna get you alllll changed so you can try out a few fun new suggestions without flooding the *whoole* research wing. "

Tank opened up my diaper, letting in a blast of cooler air that instantly had my already small pee pee shrinking. I looked down at the hairless wrinkled skin between my legs and felt that I really didn't look like a big boy down there at all anymore, if I ever did in the first place. The wipes were predictably cold as Tank's big warm hands ran them across my skin, but thankfully he didn't dwell on that part. In short order, he was grabbing my ankles in one hand and lifting to get at my butt, jostling the plug and causing me to gasp and moan. He barely paused at that, though, balling and handing off the dirty diaper only to replace it with two thick fresh clean diapers that the scientist had provided. My butt was then lowered onto the waiting padding with a *paff*. I sighed in relief at the familiar comfort of the soft inviting cushioning while Tank hummed a happy tune and sprinkled some cool powder over my bits. Next came the part where he rubbed it all in with his big warm hands, which was one of my favorite parts of changes. The powdery rubs felt so nice against my skin and made me feel so protected, just as the embrace of a nice thick diaper did. Tank lifted my legs again and continued the same treatment on my bum, giving it a few powdery pats at the end for good measure, before lowering me back down and pulling up the whole mass between my legs.

Immediately I could feel that this combo was going to force me into a prominent waddle. I could feel the thick padding pushing my thighs apart and preventing my legs from coming together before he even taped it up. There was no hiding such an

immensely thick diaper, even with the baggiest of clothing. But why would I want to hide it? I was a *good boy*. And *good boys* never hide their diapers.

Finally, Daddy taped up the diaper tapes and gave me a pat on the front to signal he was done. He nodded to the scientist, who smiled and called in the hypnotists-in-training.

"Alright, guys. This will be excellent training for you, and we can even make it a bit of a contest. The suggestion which sticks the longest will get you a little bonus from Dr. S." This statement seemed to cause a stir as the four hypnotists looked at each other and gave general murmurs of excitement. "The theme is puppy play," said the Scientist. *Now*, the doggy-themed diaper made sense. However, I wasn't into being a puppy, so I doubted their hypnosis would have much effect.

The first hypnotist, Alex, put me under with a quick countdown and then said, "Good puppy... yes, you're a good puppy... you know you're a good puppy because you love to be called a good boy. Good puppies love to be called a good boy. And you are a good boy, and a good puppy. You want to be a good puppy. Good puppies get called a good boy all the time. And you're a good puppy and a good boy... I can see you're smiling, and that means you feel good and accept my words as true because you're a good puppy..."

Right off the bat Alex was deluging me in praise, and he didn't let up for a moment. And indeed I did feel good and happy as he said these things. After a few minutes of making me melt like butter, he finally came to his point:

"...And for the next hour, you may feel a natural desire to bark... that's right... you might bark while you're talking... or just bark at something you see... or just bark because you want to... but for the next hour, you will probably feel a natural desire to bark... and it's okay to bark because you're a good puppy, and good puppies bark... Now I'm going to count you out of trance and let me know how you feel by barking like a good puppy... 3.. 2... 1... awake and alert. How do you feel?"

"I feel BARK pretty good! I'm a good boy BARK and that makes me happy BARK!" I could see everyone giggling as Alex gave a smug grin and crossed his arms. "What? What's so funny, BARK?"

"Nothing, nothing," said the Scientist, still chuckling a bit himself. "You're doing just fine. You're a good boy! Now just relax and listen to Jenny. Take it away, Jenny."

Jenny took me down in much the same way as Alex but she incorporated touch, putting pressure on my body in various places at key moments as she spoke... it felt like

she was pushing me deeper and deeper into trance as she did so, and it happened so quickly. Once I was under, Jenny proceeded to give me a very different but equally silly suggestion that I was sure was *not* going to work, even while in my hypnotized state.

"Such a good puppy. You already know you're a good puppy, and you know what good puppies do. And one thing that good puppies do is they get on all fours and squat when they go potty! And so do you! When I bring you out of trance and say "Time to go potty, puppy," you will get on all fours and squat, completely convinced that it's time to go potty! Give me a wag if you understand... good boy!" She praised me as I wagged my butt in response. "3... 2... 1.... Awake and alert. Time to go potty puppy!"

I immediately found myself on the floor on all fours smiling and getting pets from everyone in the room. I was being such a good boy, and I could feel my diaper getting warm and heavy, which meant I was doing a great job going potty. After potty time was finished, I was led back up to the chair and told to lay down for the last hypnotist, Juan.

"Okay, good boy, you're doing such a good job listening to these suggestions. You're such a fast learner! You already know how to *bark* and you know how to go *potty* when it's *time to go potty*. Now, it's time to learn how to *play* like a puppy." As he spoke, he seemed to look me in one eye and then the other... back and forth... emphasizing this word and that... and before I knew it I was completely out of it in trance. "Good puppies love to *play*. And *you* like to play... You love to wiggle and wag your *tail*. Can you show me how you do that?"

I wiggled my butt in the seat.

"Good puppy. And you love to get down on *all fours* and *bark* and *roll around*. Can you show me how you do that?"

I sat up and got on all fours and barked, and almost rolled onto the floor before Tank jumped in and caught me.

"Gooooood puppy! Very good! And you love to give *puppy kisses* and *licks* to everyone, because playful puppies are full of so much *love*. And you're a playful puppy, aren't you? Yes, that's right. You *are* a playful puppy. Be a good puppy and give me three barks to show you agree and understand! Very good. Such a good boy, such a good puppy! And you can be a playful puppy until I or another human says "Playtime is over." After a little more reinforcement, he brought me out of trance, and suddenly I was all over everyone in the room giving them licks and jumping up on them, and Daddy had to order me to 'sit' to calm things down.

"Well, you've all done quite well," said the scientist, "and it looks like we have a very happy puppy on our hands! We'll let you know who was the most successful after some deliberation."

"But be more careful next time. If this little puppy hurt himself because of one of your suggestions," here he looked pointedly at Juan, "you would not be walking out of here with-

"Now, now," said the scientist. "Let's not threaten the trainees. Thank you all for your participation."

Tank's gaze lingered on the hypnotists as they left. Juan in particular seemed to be in quite the hurry to get out of there, managing to outrun the speed of sound as his apology seemed to reach our ears from the hallway.

I whined in concern as I saw that Daddy was upset, he assured me I had been a good boy and that I would even get a good boy collar and leash as a reward. He talked to the scientist for a little while about how helpful this visit had been, and then they shook hands and he clipped on my puppy collar which had me beaming with pride. Despite the leash and collar, he still used the stroller to wheel me over to the puppy playroom, reasoning it was just *too far* to walk for such a *tiny* puppy.

The human puppy play area was like an indoor playground crossed with a puppy obstacle course. Aside from the ramps and tunnels and posts that you might see at a typical dog show, there was a trough with fresh running water where some pups were drinking, an area with comfy pillows where a few pups were dozing, and even a fire hydrant. I saw a trainer leading a thickly diapered pup to the fire hydrant on a leash.

"Leg up! Make peepees, puppy." The puppy lifted his leg automatically and I could see his diaper turning yellow and swelling. He was being such a good puppy!

The floor was all padded to keep puppy paws comfortable when walking on hands and knees. It was necessary, as everyone seemed to be wearing outfits that prevented them from standing up in one way or another, whether it be tight fitting rubber, spreader pants, or straight up restraints keeping arms and legs folded securely and neatly together. Completing the look were plenty of accessories such as mitts, puppy hoods, bone gags, and puppy-themed plastic pants. Those who weren't clad in lycra, rubber, leather, had big poofy diapers showing and tended to be topless, regardless of their gender. I cocked my head as I watched a woman walk by on her knees and elbows, her breasts swinging under her and her mouth muzzled. Was she a bad puppy?

A fit young man in a charcoal-gray spandex outfit came up to me and squatted down to my level, running his hand through my hair without a second thought as I waggled my butt in happiness.

"These puppies are going through puppy training! You probably recognize a lot of them from Alpha Beta house, huh? Dr. W's pup Spritzer is helping teach those rubberpups in yellow how to be waterdogs. Isn't that cool? Hey, I'll bet *you'd* be really good at teaching some of the newbies how to be good puppies too! What do you think?"

"Yeah BARK! I can teach them how to be good puppies!" I said, wagging my butt harder and panting in excitement.

"I'm Trainer. Welcome! Everyone will be so excited to see our new visitor today! But... it might be better if his *Daddy* watches from the wings. Just so we can see how the puppy behaves on his own. If that's okay with you, I mean," he added, looking at Tank. Tank smiled.

"Alright, sounds like you're in good hands, little puppy. I'm going to let you out of your stroller, and head out of the room, but Daddy will be right outside watching, and if you need me, just call out, okay, sweetheart?" I looked over at the mirror and back to Daddy.

"Okay, Daddy! BARK!" Daddy smiled, telling me what a smart pup I was for understanding, and with that he let me loose into the play area.

The moment I bounded over to an open area a gaggle of diapered human pups scampered my way, sniffing and licking me all over. I smiled and laughed as I was attacked by the affectionate puppies, knocking me over onto my back and tickling me all over with their curious sniffles and licks. Trainer came over to intervene before Spritzer and the water dogs managed to force their noses in under the leg bands of my diapers.

"Alright, alright, everyone, back up and give the newbie some room. That's better. Well, I can see you've *already* got a warm welcome from the other puppies." I giggled and nodded, wagging my butt. "I think what those curious sniffers were telling me was that somepuppy is due for a change. Is that right?"

I sat down with a squish and looked down between my legs and back up at Trainer, cocking my head.

"Aww, that's right. Puppies don't know any better, do they? That's okay, little guy. Just lay down and I'll give you changies...*lay*."

I immediately obeyed, and Trainer wasted no time getting my soaked diaper off and wiping me down only to replace it with a brand new thick and crinkly puppy diaper.

"See everyone? This is how a good puppy behaves when it's time for changies! Such a good puppy, *yes he is!* I bet you can all do just as good as little puppy Jimmy here if you try!" I beamed, feeling so proud that I was being a good boy. I was learning so much in college after all!

"Wow, that was a heavy diaper," said Trainer, hefting the completely soaked padding. "Just think how much faster you'll be in a fresh one!" I barked with happiness as I felt the fresh new diaper feeling so good and light. Trainer was right! I'd be able to play much better with a fresh diaper on!

Playing with the puppies was so much fun, that before I knew it, it was already time to go. When I saw Daddy walk in with the stroller, I whined in disappointment.

"Can't I play a little longer, Daddy? Bark!"

"Sorry, little one. We have to get going. But maybe we can come back later, okay?"

"You did so good today, Jimmy," said Trainer, making me feel so proud. "I know you're just a temporary pup for today, but if you ever want to play puppy again, you're welcome any time!"

"Bark! Thanks!" I said. And with that, Daddy lifted me up and plopped me into my stroller, making me giggle as he strapped me in counting. "One! Two! Three! Four! Click! Click! Click! Click!"

I giggled and clapped. Daddy knew how to make even the smallest moments fun and silly, and I loved him for that. As fun as this little trip turned out to be, the magic couldn't last forever, and as we left the research and development area, I could already feel my puppy mindset fading away.

"Unh... wh-what happened?" I asked, as we strolled out into the C.A.B.S. lobby.

"You just helped a little bit with the R&D for our new puppy program is all. You sure make a cute puppy, by the way."

"I-I did? I do?" I asked, feeling a little embarrassed. "Oh geez, I must have looked so silly. What does puppy play have to do with age regression therapy anyway?"

"It's just a new avenue of research based off of Dr. W's progress with his own puppy Spritzer and Spritzer's, uh... friends. All reformed bullies now. Those puppies you just met? Most of them came from Friday's ceremony, and they're going to join us at the Alpha Beta house soon along with the newbies who got sent to the regular regression program."

"Right. I noticed some of the pup stuff at the frat house, along with all the baby stuff. I still don't really get what puppy play has to do with 'Adult Baby Studies', though..."

"Puppy play has more in common with age regression than you think!" I instantly stiffened as I recognized Dr. Stannopoulis's familiar professorial tone behind me.