

Back to School

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

Nicky is a university student who has a fetish that he isn't ready to share with the world. But when he rejects his human sexuality professor's once in a lifetime offer, he pays the price. What follows is an exploration into diapers and regression that neither of them could ever have imagined, and one of them may just live to regret.

Chapter 1: How it All Started

Six months ago, I was beginning my sophomore year in the psychology department, specializing in human sexuality. Like many people in psychology, I had his own share of mental issues to work through. For one, I was a gay ABDL, and even though my classes involved looking at sex in a detached, non-judgmental way, I still carried a lot of shame about it and kept it to myself. I had a mentor in Dr. Stannopoulos, an ambitious young professor, and also an authority in the field of human sexuality. It was in Dr. Stannopoulos' class that I finally got the courage to write about my fetish. The Dr. was greatly impressed, and he offered to co-publish an article with me based on the paper, but I wasn't ready to do that – what if people who knew me found out about it? Dr. Stannopoulos didn't take it very well at first, and I was afraid I had lost him as an ally and mentor, but he calmed down eventually. Then, just after finals, something terrible happened.

I woke up to a loud knock on my dorm room door. My roommate and I looked at each other confused as to who it could be. “Open up, it's the RA, I know you're in there.” I got up groggily and opened the door to see Samantha, the RA, huffing with her hands on her hips.

“You're going to have to let me in. I've got a tip that you might be hiding drugs in your room.

“What?” I asked, surprised. “I don't do drugs! Come in and see for yourself!”

I stepped back to let her in and after a quick inspection, she opened my dresser drawer and pulled out a bag of marijuana.

“No drugs? Explain this then.”

“I- that's not mine!” I had no idea where that baggie had come from, I had never touched the stuff.

“That's what they all say!” She sneered. “I'm afraid I'm going to have to call the police, and you will be evicted from the dorms for violating school policy. I hope this is an example to all of the students who think they can just do what they want without any consequences.”

“But- but- but- but I...”

And thus began my long ordeal – of losing my housing, of losing my financial aid, of having to explain to my parents why drugs were found in my room. Even they didn't believe my claim that they weren't mine – and my Dad said that when I got home, I was in for the biggest whooping of my life. But luckily there was one sympathetic soul on campus, and that was Dr. Stannopoulos. He told me he could help, so I scheduled a meeting with him in his office.

“I'm glad you came, Nick. I'm sorry you've had to go through all this.”

“But you believe me, right Dr.? That the drugs weren't mine?”

He sat back and appraised me. “Maybe they weren't, but unfortunately you've already lost your privileges of financial aid and campus housing, so it doesn't make much difference at this point.”

“Yeah, I guess you're right. But you said there's a way that I can finish my program. Tell me, what do I have to do?”

“The only way I can see for you to stay enrolled is by finding a new source of funds. I know just such a source, but I warn you,” his eyes flashed for just a moment, “it's a bit... unconventional.”

“I don't care if I have to sell a testicle, you've got to help me!”

“Very well. I'll tell you. We have a generous grant for an experimental program over the summer that would pay for your room and board, and your tuition for your final two years. It involves regression therapy – do you know what that is?”

I nodded my head, thinking back to the experiments in the 70's that were meant to retrain people who had gone down the wrong path by mentally turning them into infants.

“Yes, we talked about it in class. We're doing an updated version of regression therapy – an intensive ten-week program to test the limits of the human psyche. If we succeed, it could have huge repercussions for our legal system, and rehabilitation in general. It's a big commitment, and we haven't found anyone willing to volunteer, but,” The Doctor eyed me carefully, “based on your predilections, I thought it might be something you'd be open to.” My heart raced in my chest as the full meaning of what he was offering hit me.

“Y-you're telling me I could actually live as a baby over the summer?”

“That's right.”

“And... will I have to actually sleep in a crib, and eat in a highchair, and wear... diapers?”

He chuckled and nodded, “That's the idea...”

“And it pays for everything.”

“That's right. Oh, there are a few extra details, but those would all be in the contract if you chose to agree.”

“Sign me up!”

The Doctor was pleased at my decision and told me to go enjoy the next month with my family. He would have the contract drawn up by June and have all the necessary preparations ready as well. And so, I went home with the good news (minus the whole becoming a baby part), and only got a minor whooping from my Dad, in the form of a humiliating over the knee spanking in full view of my whole family. Dad made me swear I would go through with it, and if I backed out, he told me the spanking would be the best thing to happen to me all summer. There really was no going back at this point. Finally, at the end of June it was time to meet the Doctor. again. He told me not to bring anything up with me – that all of my needs would be taken care of for the summer. I walked into Dr. Stannopoulos' office feeling very scared. My mouth was dry as he offered me a seat.

“I trust you've had time to think on it, and you still want to go through with this?” he asked, in a soft voice.

“Yes, Doctor. I do. For my family – and for myself. I might never get a chance to discover myself if I don't.”

“Good, very good.” The Dr. smiled warmly. “Now, I want to go over the contract with you. There are a few details that you have to be aware of before you sign. First, in order to prove that you are especially suited to participate in the study, I need your permission to use your paper as proof of your pre-existing interest in being regressed. Will you grant me full rights to use your paper as part of my work in this study?”

I nodded, seeing the sense in such a request.

“Good. Second, you're going to have to admit the drugs were yours – now I KNOW,” He said, interrupting me before I could protest, “you say they weren't yours. But this is a rehabilitation program in part, so you are going to have to sign a prepared statement admitting your guilt, and the fact that you only did this as a cry for attention – because of your need to give up your adult responsibilities and be a baby again.”

“I- I guess it's not too far of a stretch, I mean it is something I've always fantasized about. Okay, I'll sign it.” A little white lie couldn't hurt, right?

“And finally, the rest of this contract concerns your adherence to the program. I'll just read through the most salient points, and you can tell me after if there's anything you don't understand.” He cleared his throat and took a deep breath, preparing to recite the long list of rules and regulations. “By signing this contract, you agree to go through the entire ten-week program. You forfeit your rights as an adult, and you will not have the option of backing out. You can see yourself regressing into infancy and how it will be to be treated as a baby. The person who you will live with during this ten-week period is me. You will be living in my

home, and you will refer to me as Daddy at all times. I am your Daddy, and you are going to go through the entire ten-week program. Don't look at the clock, pay attention to the words of this contract. And you will also do anything I ask of you, because you are a good boy – if you sign this contract. And you will do anything to be called a good boy because it makes you feel so good. Pay attention to the words of the contract and don't watch the clock, you may also notice that you are slipping into a bit of a trance as I read these words to you but try to focus, because this is very important. You are being slowly regressed into infancy, and by signing this contract you agree to forfeit your adult rights, and you understand that you cannot leave until the program is complete. Look at me, pay attention to the words of the contract, don't look at the clock, and pay attention to the sound of my voice. You-” At this point I kind of zoned out, not quite understanding the complete meaning of his words anymore. I couldn't tell how much time had passed but eventually I came to, to hear him finish his reading of all the terms and conditions.

“...and by signing this contract you agree to all the terms and conditions I have outlined. Are you a good boy and will you sign the contract?”

“Yes, Daddy,” I mumbled absent mindedly as I picked up the pen. I held my breath as I signed the contract, and the attached forms admitting my drug use, and giving the Doctor permission to use my paper. This was a big leap for me, and I wasn't sure I wanted to do it, but I had wanted this for a long time. I wanted to be a baby, and Daddy was here to make it happen, if only I signed this little piece of paper and committed myself to our agreement. A ten-week trial. This was going to be intense, but it was the only way I could continue my studies and, more importantly, the only way I could find out who I really was inside. There was my signature, and so it began.

Chapter 2: Committed

As soon as I signed the contract, Daddy came over and began to strip me down.

“What the-”

Before I knew it, I was naked, and Daddy had thrown my clothes into a garbage bag for disposal.

“Hey, those are my-” I was interrupted as Daddy placed an oversized pacifier in my mouth and told me to keep it there, unless I wanted to be spanked and put in the corner like a naughty boy. My cheeks burned at the sneering way he said those last two words, but I remained silent. I tried to cover up my junk, but Daddy forcefully laid me out on the floor, as he explained that I wouldn't need those clothes anymore. Daddy opened his desk drawer and brought out a very thick diaper and a bottle of powder.

“Sorry for the rough treatment, little one, but there's no time like the present to get started. Besides, we want you to look the part for your meeting with the stake holders. Now let's get you padded and prepped before we're late.”

Daddy unfolded the diaper and slid it under my bum. I was blushing furiously, and my penis was hard as a rock, but Daddy was prepared with an ice pack, and quickly shrunk me down to size so my penis would fit properly into the diaper. He taped me up, patted the front, and slid a pair of printed plastic pants up over the diaper. Then he pulled out a shirt out of the drawer that said, “Daddy's baby boy” and put it on over my head, clipping my pacifier to the front. He then took a picture with his phone and showed it to me. There I was, barefoot in his office. Barn animals danced across the thick plastic around my waist, and the too-tight shirt stopped just above my belly button, where my little tummy bulged out in the most babyish way. Far from being afraid, I was exhilarated. This was all I had ever hoped for and more.

“I'm sorry about threatening you – that's just part of the 'shock treatment' to help you transition to being a baby. No – please don't try to answer. The pacifier will stay in your mouth until I or another adult removes it. Just listen – I need you to be on your best behavior for the stake holders. This meeting is very important and could make the difference between this project going through or failing. So I just want you to smile, and nod whenever anyone asks you any questions, no matter how upsetting our discussion may be, got that?”

I nodded and smiled.

“Good boy,” he said, patting my head, and sending a warm fuzzy feeling through my whole body. I wanted to hear those words again, and I would do almost anything to make that happen, so I resolved to be on my best behavior for the meeting. He opened the front door and waited for me to step out into the hall. At his point I hesitated – was he really serious? I couldn't go into the hall dressed like this! But he grabbed my hand and pulled me along, and I was soon in the hallway, being led by Daddy to the board room, which was already filled with

several important looking men, including the head of the Psychology department, the dean, a man in an officer's uniform, and a few of the faculty.

“Ladies, gentlemen, thank you for waiting.” Said Daddy as he entered the room. “This is the moment we have all been waiting for. We have a candidate.”

We were greeted by applause from all sides, and a lot of handshaking with Daddy.

“Now, I'm sure you all want proof that we are dealing with the 'real deal' here, and I want to assure you,” he nodded to several older men at the head of the table, “that we carefully screened our candidate, and we have his full cooperation. Isn't that right, Nicky?”

I nodded and smiled, and so did the important looking men.

“My colleagues from the medical department, and the psychology department will be closely involved in our candidate's treatment, and if all goes well, we will have a completely new boy in under three months!”

This was followed by a report from several of Daddy's aforementioned colleagues on their roles and areas of expertise, but I long ceased to pay any attention to what they were saying, as I sat on the floor and started to play with my feet, completely forgetting my initial apprehension at being dressed like a baby in a room full of important people at my college. Hadn't Daddy whispered something in my ear about playtime? I couldn't remember. But eventually I was called to attention as it appeared someone had asked a question.

I nodded and smiled, as Daddy asked, which seemed to ease the tension in the room and Daddy spoke again.

“As you can see, he is very happy to have the opportunity to participate in our reform program, which will allow him to commute his sentence on the charge of drug trafficking and serve his time as a volunteer with us. We have worked closely with the justice department to avoid a court trial for Nicky and assign me as his custodian. As you have seen from the advance copy of our joint paper on infantilism, Nicky here has the perfect background to pilot this unique and potentially lucrative alternative to incarceration. In other words, ladies and gentlemen of the board, if we pull this off, we could make a lot of money. Your generous gifts to the institution, and your investment in the development of this project are both well placed, I assure you.”

My signed statements and contract were passed off to their lawyer, a few final words were said, and the meeting was adjourned. But I was too busy playing with my toes to really notice. Being a baby wasn't so bad after all, I decided. I could get used to this. Finally, Daddy picked me up off the floor where I found myself sitting and held me on his hip.

“Okay little guy, it's time to go. Wave goodbye to the nice people!”

I waved and got a few head ruffles and comments like 'what a cutie pie' on the way out. Daddy was parked right in front of the psychology building, so thankfully we didn't have to walk through the whole campus with me dressed as I was. Daddy opened up the back door, where I saw an oversized child seat waiting. I hopped up gleefully, and he strapped me in, with a buckle which secured at the crotch, pressing my thick diaper snugly against my body. It was child locked and I pushed at it experimentally, finding that I really couldn't get it off on my own.

“Ha-ha, do you like your car seat little guy?”

I nodded and clapped, and Daddy smiled. I could tell my time as a baby was gonna be a lot of fun. Daddy put a pair of headphones on me before he got in front and started up the car, and a screen that was embedded in the seat in front of me lit up. It looked like some kind of children's programming, but I had never seen the show before. There were people in diapered animal costumes, kinda like Barney, talking softly about how nice it was to give up being big and be a baby, and there was fun music in the background and lots of pretty colors, and after a few minutes the screen began to swirl. I suddenly felt the exhaustion hit me from my overnight bus ride, and the big changes that had taken place in the last few hours. It was late afternoon, but I was out like a light. I only vaguely remember being carried into the house and laid down on a soft mattress before falling asleep.

Chapter 3: Getting Settled

I woke up with an intense urge to pee. I wasn't sure what time it was, nor could I make out any of the details of my surroundings in the darkness. Then it slowly came back to me. I was in Daddy's house. I felt the mattress crinkle beneath me, and I reached out to feel soft plastic. I reached out further, my heart beating in expectation and my penis sprung to attention as I felt – yes-- bars. I was in a crib! Another cramp of my bladder brought me back to my present predicament. I sat up and tried to climb over, but the bars were too high. How was I going to get to the potty? Then I remembered – I was wearing it! I smiled, and squatted down to pee, but I couldn't seem to do it. I was going to have to get better at this. Eventually after a lot of trial and error, I found I was able to get a steady stream going by getting on all fours and concentrating as I pushed. My diaper warmed up nicely, and it swelled, pleasantly hugging my groin. I began to get very horny, and I started rubbing the front of my diaper. My heart was beating so fast as I rubbed faster and faster until, finally, I exploded into my diaper. I hadn't peed in a diaper before, but I had snuck quite a few in my day to wear in secret, and diaper orgasms were the best! I plopped down onto my stomach, totally spent, and went right back to sleep.

I woke up to the feel of my diaper being taken off, and my groin being wiped down. Daddy was changing me and smiling down at me.

“Good morning, sleepy head! Are you ready for your first day?”

My pacifier was still in, so I just nodded and smiled.

“That's my good boy, let's get you downstairs and into your highchair so we can have breakfast!”

So mere minutes later, there I was, sitting in a huge white plastic padded highchair, which had straps at the crotch just like my car seat, locking me in fast. There was my breakfast, on a white plastic plate with baby Looney Tunes dancing across the front and a matching fork and spoon. Daddy completed the set with a Sesame Street sippy cup full of apple juice. He had an oh yeah moment, as he paused and popped out my pacifier to let it dangle on its clip.

"There ya go, kiddo, eat up!"

I looked down at the bowl of oatmeal and plate of cut up pancakes on the table. It looked delicious, but I frowned.

"Um...Daddy?"

"Yes, hon?"

"Well, um... I don't know how to say this but..."

"Well say it, honey. Daddy's listening."

But I kept dithering, unable to make up my mind what to say.

"What is it," he said, looking a little annoyed. "Spit it out!"

"Umm... could you feed me?" I managed to squeak out.

A slow smile spread over his face.

"Is that what baby wants? To be fed by his Daddy?"

I nodded and blushed.

"Okay, honey. Let's get your tummy wummy all full! I blushed as he brought the first bite up to my mouth. I had always wanted this, but it was embarrassing to ask, and it felt very personal to be fed by someone else like this. Once I was finished, he followed it up with a nice bottle full of milk. I hated milk, and turned my head away making a disgusted face, but he crossed his arms and told me he wasn't gonna let me out of the chair until I drank it, so I relented and drank it down. I had never tried warm milk before, and it was surprisingly sweet.

"See? I told you you would like it, little man! Daddy is always right."

Daddy popped my pacifier back in, then he released me from the chair and carried me out of the kitchen and into the living room where he plopped me in a big playpen.

"There ya go, little guy. You stay here where you won't get into trouble. Daddy has work to do."

So I was left there where I could play with my baby toys and watch my special baby program on the TV. It was fun for about five minutes, and then I started to get bored. I didn't see Daddy anywhere around, so I decided to do some exploring. Unfortunately, that was easier said than done because like the crib, the playpen was quite large. I found myself stuck and hmped, sinking back to the ground in frustration, until I turned my attention back to the program. It was the same one I had seen last night in the car, only this episode was about diapers, and how nice it was to get a diaper change so I could be a fresh and happy baby. I don't remember much more because the screen began to swirl again, and I zoned out as I felt my pacifier fall from my mouth. The next thing I remember was coming to with Daddy checking my diaper.

"Uh oh, looks like somebody needs a change!"

"Wha...? I don't-"

"Ah ah ah, baby boy. No talking," Daddy said, and popped my pacifier into my mouth and wiped some drool from my face. As he picked me up, I felt my diaper sag and realized I was both wet and messy. I was completely confused – when had that happened? For the next few days I spent most of my time just stuck in a cage or restraint of one sort or another. Even when Daddy put me in the walker, I was kept in one room by locking baby gates, and

everything was padded, or out of reach from my grasping hands. After a few days it got to be just too much, and I resolved to break character and tell Daddy how I felt after Dinner.

Daddy had just come in to check my diaper – which was once again wet and messy – and as he picked me up and carried me toward the nursery where my changing table was, I took out my pacifier and cleared my throat.

“Umm, Daddy, I think I need a break from all this baby stuff. I mean it was fun and all but doing this full time is a little intense.”

Daddy took a long hard look at me. “Look at you, he said, pointing to my big babyish outfit with the diaper bulge. “Do you look like someone who has any choices about what happens in his life? No, you gave that up when you signed the contract and it's too late to go back now.”

“But Daddeeeee! Being a baby is booooriinnng!” I whined, getting more and more upset.

“Okay little man, I think it's time for bed! You're just tired and cranky. We're gonna get you jerked and padded and tucked in for the night.” He picked me up and carried me toward the bedroom, but I squirmed and struggled trying to escape his grip. “Now simmer down there. No- hey! No kicking!” He said as he forced me onto the changing table in my nursery and strapped me down. He managed to get my arms secured first as I tried to fight him off with my free legs.

“What do you think you're gonna free yourself with your feet? You can't get out of this, so you might as well just calm down. I kept spitting out the pacifier which he used to calm me down but it didn't go far because it was clipped it to my shirt, and a few well-placed smacks to the back of the thighs was enough to calm me down and have me sucking my pacifier as asked. I let my legs go limp as his hands moved down to the front of my soggy diaper.

“Shhh, baby boy. Let daddy take care of you. Stop squirming now. HEY! I said stop squirming,” he yelled, and I froze. “That's better. Now come for Daddy. You know you want to. Come on and come in your diaper like a good boy.”

I squirmed and whimpered – up till now, I had just jacked off in secret when Daddy wasn't around. This was something new.

“That's right,” he announced, “This is your new nightly routine, part of an effort to help you associate pleasure with diapers and turn that frown upside down when you get grumpy pants. It's okay that you're frustrated – that's to be expected at this stage. That's why I'm going to make sure that you enjoy every part of your day as a baby through similar reinforcement throughout the day.”

It may have sounded good otherwise, but I was so fed up with being a baby that I didn't want to admit how good it felt to be in a diaper. Daddy's efforts to make me come weren't getting very far.

“Hmm, looks like Daddy's going to need a little help from Mr. Massage Wand, hmm?” He reached into a drawer in the changing table and pulled out the wand, which began buzzing immediately. He rubbed it against the front of my diaper, causing me to squirm and moan at the wonderful sensation. Within seconds I exploded in my diaper with a cry and he patted my head. “Good boy. Now let's get you changed out of that dirty old diaper.” I sighed, well at least I was getting changed.

Chapter 4: Rebellion

The next week or so passed by at a crawl. Sure, I loved playing baby for the first few days – but it got boring pretty fast. We were set into a pretty normal routine, punctuated by regular check-ins at the medical center on campus, where I would be poked and prodded by the Doctor from the board meeting. I noticed pretty quickly that there didn't seem to be any means of escape from this place. All the corners were padded, all hallways blocked with toddler gates. The most freedom I got was being put in my walker. I remember the first time I was in it, I was so excited to be free to wander around, but I quickly realized how much the walker limited my movements. I couldn't even lift myself out of it – I was just too weak for some reason and I was soon distracted by the colorful little toys built into the tray of the walker. Daddy regularly documented my progress on camera and recorded his observations in his notebook and with audio recordings on the little digital recorder he carried around. Day after day it was the same routine. Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. I broke character. I had just woken up from another trance in front of the TV with Daddy picking me up out of my walker and checking my diaper.

“What a good boy, you wet your diaper! I expect some poopies next time, okay tiger?”

“Um...Dad?”

“Now let's get you changed. Remember, good boys who use their diapers and don't talk like big boys get a special treat from Mr. Massage Wand!”

“Daaaad!” I whined, as he picked me up under the armpits, and lay me down on the living room floor for another change.

“My my, someone's a fussy puppy today. Hmm...well it is nap time.” He said, checking his watch as he absent-mindedly popped my pacifier back into my mouth.

“Dad!” I yelled, spitting out my pacifier, and he jerked back, looking at me in surprise and a little confusion.

“Daddy, I'm puttin' my foot down. I wanna be a growed up again! I'm tiwed of dis baby stuff!” My face got red as I heard my words come out like those of a toddler. That wasn't how I meant it to sound. Daddy chuckled a little at the adorable display.

“But little one, you are a baby. You're not ready to be a big boy yet.”

“No! Wanna be big boy! Wanna be big boy!” I cried.

“You are definitely taking a nap young one. Now hold still while I finish changing you.”

“Nononononono!!!!” I cried, kicking and screaming and banging my fists on the floor. I could feel my face turn bright red and tears stream down my eyes at my frustration – both at Daddy for not listening, and at myself for not being able to sound like a big boy anymore. Why couldn't I do it?

“Alright, that's it. I hate to do this, little one, but it's for your own good!”

I screamed as he brought his hand down to my bum and began a severe spanking. But no matter how much I struggled, I couldn't get away, he was simply bigger and stronger than me. Each slap rained down like a brand on my butt, leaving behind a heat signature which quickly grew into a roaring fire. I screamed at the top of my lungs, but he didn't stop.

“You ARE a baby, you will always BE a baby, and you are NEVER EVER going to be anything else. You DO NOT spit out your pacifier, You DO NOT talk back to Daddy, you DO NOT fight Daddy when he tries to change you.”

Finally he finished, and I coughed and sniffled, trying to recover. I was hoarse from screaming, my throat hurt like I had a bad cold, and I started coughing up phlegm. I just lay there quiet as Daddy finished his diaper change and the only other sound in the room was TV characters singing 'Babies talk wike dis' over and over again.

Daddy wiped the snot off my face and popped my pacifier in. Then he carried me up to my crib and laid me down for my nap. I actually fell asleep pretty easily once I shifted to a position that didn't put any pressure on my tender behind. I woke up in a slightly wet diaper as I felt myself being lifted out of the crib by Daddy and set on the floor. Daddy looked down at me and put his fists on his hips.

“Did you learn your lesson about trying to act like a big boy, little one? I hope you did, because I don't like punishing you. I hope for your sake you go through with your commitment, and don't bring this up again. But maybe that's why you're here – adults keep their word, hmm?”

I got the sense he was still mad about me backing out of the joint ABDL article with him. I knew it had really disappointed him, but I was sure he was over it, wasn't he?

“Daddy, awe you angwy?”

He sighed.

“No, little one, I'm not angry. It's a hard time for you, learning to give up playing grown-up. I know you still think you're a big boy, but you just can't do the same things as big kids. That's why Daddy's here to guide you through and let you be the happy little baby boy you were meant to be. Don't you want to be Daddy's happy little bumble bee?”

“I wan my owd wife back... I can't do dis, it too hawd...I wanna be a big kid or I quit!”

Daddy looked at me with pity and frowned. “You can't quit, little one. I'm in charge of you now, by law. Besides, I don't think they have a preschool section in prison.”

“I DEMAND to be taken out of dese diapows and put into my weal cwothes. If you don't wet me be big agin, I won't do anyfing you say.” I crossed my arms and hmphed, to show how serious I was about this.

Surprisingly, instead of blowing up, Daddy asked me to tell him exactly what I wanted. He appeared to listen intently to me as I repeated my demands, along with other things like later bedtime, no more pacifier, and potty privileges.

Daddy looked thoughtful, and I could tell another one of his little speeches was in the works.

“Well, sweetie, we had quite a tiff, didn't we? It seems as if you still haven't completely adapted to the treatment, so it's time to try a different track. After all, the stakeholders want to see results. So I'm going to cut a deal with you, little man. I'm going to let you wear training pants today, and if you can keep yourself dry – and remember to ask for the toilet if you do have to go – then I'll consider giving you a little more freedom. What do you say?”

I thought about it for a second. It wasn't a great deal, but it was a start! Daddy didn't listen to my complaints until now. All it got me was spankings and time outs. I had long since learned that escape was not an option, after my several attempts were thwarted by my sudden inability to climb since I came to this house. Maybe I would gain more by working with Daddy than against him. I nodded my agreement enthusiastically.

“Good boy,” he said, patting my head and making me giggle despite myself. “No more tears today, little one. Let's just have a nice fun day outside!”

“Outside?” I said, excited beyond belief. “You mean we get to go outside?”

“That's right, little one.” Daddy said, beaming. “Now let's get you dressed up in your 'big kid' pants, what do you say?”

He laid me down on the changing table and untaped my diaper. He brought out the cold wipes and wiped me down, causing me to squirm – especially when he got to my sore bottom. When he was all done, he booped my belly button, which made me giggle more. Finally, he set me down on my own two feet and let me step into a pair of thick cotton training pants. They were printed to look like big boy undies, and they had cool dinosaurs all over the front. He helped me step into my snap overalls and sat me back onto the changing table to put on a pair of bright red Velcro sneakers. I swung my legs and smiled. I felt like a real big boy now!

Chapter 5: Big Boys Use the Potty

“Okay, little guy, calm down!” Daddy laughed, as I hopped up and down in excitement.

“We're gonna have to put you in a stroller, I think.” He said, rubbing his chin and looking at me skeptically.

“Aww, do I hafta? I can walk on my own!” I ran around in a big circle to show him what a good walker I was.

“I don't know...” He said, “I don't want to have to carry you back home once you tire yourself out.”

“Pweeeeeze Dada?” I gave Daddy my best puppy dog eyes.

“Oh, alright sport. You can walk. But I'm still gonna put the child harness on you, so you don't run off into traffic, or worse. We wouldn't want little Nicky getting lost, would we?”

I shook my head no. I definitely didn't like being lost. And so he strapped me up, and with diaper bag in tow, we headed to the front door.

“Daddy, why are you bringin' da diaper bag? I'm a big boy, I'm not gonna need it.”

“Just in case, little one, just in case.”

I felt a little self-conscious when we went out into the surrounding complex of houses just off campus. We had seldom left our little bubble over the past week or so – I wasn't even sure how many days had passed at this point. The only time we left was to go to the Pediatrician on campus, but even then, I got to ride in the car most of the way. I was already accustomed to the idea that others might see me in my regressed state, but still, it was rare enough that I wasn't completely comfortable, and I felt like I was getting a lot of looks as we entered the campus. I blushed and instinctively sucked my thumb, which just made me blush harder. Daddy noticed my discomfort.

“Don't worry, little one. No one's gonna bully you. Daddy's here, and I'll make sure you're safe to be yourself, so just enjoy your day out, little Nicky.”

I nodded and pulled my thumb out of my mouth. I took a deep breath and we continued on our way. We ended up on the big grassy quad, where many students were studying, playing frisbee, or just relaxing. It was so fun just to watch all the people having fun. I smiled and clapped, looking up to Daddy.

“Wow, Dada! Wook at all da peepoes!”

“That's right, little one. Lots of people! Can you count how many?”

“Sure I can! Let's see, one...two...free...four... five... uh... um... six...” I slowed down and scrunched up my face in thought. The numbers were getting harder and harder to count.

What came after six? "Uh... s- seven..." I trailed off and looked back up at Daddy uncertainly, and he only smiled.

"That's very good, Nicky. You're so smart!" I beamed proudly. Yes, I was a smart boy. I could count all the way up to seven! "Yes, very good..." he murmured, seemingly to himself, as he pulled out his little memo book and jotted down some notes.

"Ah, Nicky," he paused, "would you like to play a game?" My ears perked up at the proposal.

"Yes, Daddy! I love games!"

"Okay, well for this game you have to listen real good and concentrate, can you do that?"

"Yes, Daddy, I think so!"

"Okay. This game is called find the number."

"Find the numbow..." I repeated back, slowly.

"We're going to build a castle out of things from nearby, and I need you to help me find those things. I'll tell you what to look for, and what you do, is you have to find the things I ask for! Do you understand me so far?"

"Find the things Daddy asks for!" I said, confidently.

"That's right, my little Einstein! So if I say.... find three stones!"

I hurried all around looking for three little rocks and brought them back to Daddy.

"Very good! See, it's pretty fun huh?"

"Yeah, fun!" I laughed.

"Okay, sport, so next, bring me ten sticks!"

I ran and grabbed a few sticks, but I lost count after two or three, so I just brought him what I had.

"Good job sport," Daddy said, taking the few sticks which I offered him. "you brought me lots of sticks!"

"Is it enough, Daddy?" I asked, uncertainly. "I lost count..."

"Yes, little one. It's perfect." Daddy looked into my eyes and I suddenly felt caught in his gaze as all my worries slipped away. "It's okay if you lose count. In fact, you may find that it's harder and harder to find the numbers as you play with Daddy. But that's okay if you start

losing the numbers. You can just let them go. Now let's keep going and build that castle. I want you to find..."

We played for a long time and soon we were able to build a real neat castle out of leaves and stones and sticks and dirt from the quad. Daddy had dirt all over his pants and hands and I laughed at how different he looked from his normally meticulous appearance. Daddy just laughed back, pointing out how dirty I was. I was laughing so hard, I felt a little pee escape into my pants, and my eyes went wide. I was suddenly aware that I really had to go! What a close call.

"Daddy Daddy!" I yelled, perhaps a little too loudly, "I gotta go to the potty!"

"Uh oh, little one. Do you have to make peepees, or poopies, or both?"

"Boff, Dada! Huwwyyyy!" I cried, doing the potty dance.

"Uh oh," He said, scooping me up. "I better carry you. It doesn't look like you could make it there fast enough on your own." And with that, he carried me off across the grass towards the student center, which had the nearest public restrooms.

"Huwwy Daddy, Huwwy!" I said, pointing to the entrance as he slowed down outside of the student center.

"Oh dear, there's just one thing I almost forgot, little one. Before we go in, there's just one thing I have to say." A twisted grin slowly spread across his face. He leaned in close to my ear and whispered, "Pottypants."

Suddenly, I could feel warmth spread across my butt as pee flooded into my training pants, and soaked them straight through, wetting my overalls until the pitter patter of pee could be heard on the concrete below us. This was immediately followed by a loud fart as my seat filled with warm mush, and the most terrible stench began emanating from my pants. My mouth hung open in shock, and I didn't even have time to process what had just happened before Daddy reacted, exclaiming loudly enough for everyone on campus to hear.

"Whoa tiger! You're getting me all wet! Oh no! Did you poop yourself too?" He looked shocked, as he held me out, dripping, at arm's length. "Peeee yooo! Boy sport, you really did a number on those pants! They're sagging down from all that poop and pee! I guess it's a good thing I brought your diaper bag, because you need a change! No more big boy pants for you. Let's get you in to the bathroom to clean you up."

At this point, people were really paying attention. A crowd had begun to form to watch the spectacle. Some looked shocked, some were laughing, and some even had their cameras out to record the whole episode. I was completely mortified. I just hung there in space, dripping onto the ground below, as the flow of pee and poop came to a stop. I winced at the feel of the material clinging to my skin, but mostly I just wished it would end, that we could get home where I was safe, and could hide forever. I began to feel the tears coming.

“Oh no, not here!” I thought, willing myself not to cry in front of all these people, but it was no use. I soon began a keening wail, and the tears flowed freely as I bawled like a complete and utter baby. Daddy finally carried me into the restroom, where he took me into the handicap stall and sat me with a squish on the seat. I hiccupped and sniffled, trying to calm myself down by taking a deep breath, and invariably failing. I was grateful for the privacy, at least, but now that I had a chance to catch up to my thoughts, something struck me about what had just happened. Daddy had said something right before I soiled myself, what was it?

“Well, little one. I guess that proves you don't belong in big boy pants, wouldn't you say?”

“N- no, Daddy. I was gonna make it, really. I just... we were at the entrance and you stopped. And den you said...” I scrunched up my face in thought. “you said pottypants, and I just...”

“Lost control?” He interrupted, smiling that same twisted grin he had earlier. I gasped.

“You did it, Dada!!” I said, pointing my finger in accusation.

“And what if I did?” He said, still smiling smugly.

“But...but dat's not fair!” I whined. “I was supposed to have a chance to earn back my big boy pants!”

Daddy lowered himself down to my level until we were eye to eye and fixed me with his gaze. Then he began speaking in a low, threatening voice which slowly became louder as he spoke.

“You never had a chance to earn back your big boy pants, boy. Did you really think you could pull a power trip and get back your adulthood just like that? To back out of our agreement, just like you back out of everything you start? You agreed to go through with this, and now you have to face the consequences. You wanted to be a baby? Well guess what, babies don't get a choice. The only reason I took you out today was to show you just what position you're in, boy. I'll never let you grow up. Never. You're going to get exactly what you deserve, baby, and everyone is going to see what I see when I look at you – a pathetic oversized toddler who failed at growing up and had to go back to diaper days. Now let Daddy get you undressed and take care of this mess you made, you pathetic little pisspants.”

Daddy then stood up and began rummaging in my diaper bag for another diaper, but I had had enough. I bared my teeth and lunged out at him, planning to hurt him so he felt like he made me feel out there in the plaza. He dropped the bag and caught me around the neck in one quick movement, holding me fast.

“Ah ah ah, where do you think you're going?” he growled, “You are really riled up now, little man. I'm going to hold onto you until you simmer down and ask nicely for a new diaper.

Am I understood? You are going to ask for the privilege of going back into diapers and tell me you no longer want your big boy pants.” He looked me in the eyes as I struggled to escape from the headlock he had me in. “Go on, say it!”

“No!” I yelled back at him, “Never!!!”

I struggled but he held me fast, and he marched me into the corner and pressed my head into it. “Freeze,” he said, and suddenly I was stuck. I started to cry out in alarm, but he said “Silence!” and suddenly I couldn't speak either. Next he went about stripping off my overalls, taking off my shoes first, then my socks, and finally, my pants one leg at a time until all that was left was my sticky training pants.

“Well, these look ruined.” He commented. “But luckily, we won't need them again.”

Daddy pulled them down my legs and over my feet and threw them on the pile of clothes in the corner. Then he set about the long task of wiping off my sticky butt and legs. Once he was satisfied, I heard the rattle of his belt. I whimpered as I knew what was coming next.

Whap! “One.” Internally, I screamed, but I couldn't move or even make a sound to react to the pain on my already sore backside. *Whap!* “...two...” *Whap!* “...three...” *Whap!* “...four!” After each strike with the belt, he counted the number aloud. It only further highlighted the gulf between him and myself, who couldn't even count to three anymore without becoming confused. When he got to fifty, he stopped.

“Speech.” I let out a gasp as my voice returned to me and I began to sob loudly.

“So, little boy,” he said quietly, “are you going to give me any more trouble?”

I shook my head no.

“Now what would you like. Another fifty spankings, or a diaper?”

“D-diapie...” I said, sullenly, through my sobs.

“What's that? I couldn't quite make it out?”

“I want a diaper.” I said, louder this time.

“I don't believe you. You need to really make me believe you want a diaper and not big boy pants, or I'll be forced to assume you really want more spankings.” He swatted my butt again with the belt and I screamed.

“No, Daddy! I want diapers! Please put me back in diapers! I never want to wear big boy pants again!”

“Huh. Okay, baby, if that's really what you want. Unfreeze.”

I came away from the wall and allowed Daddy to guide me down to the changing pad on the floor. I couldn't see my butt, but I was sure it was bruised rather badly. Daddy rubbed lotion into my butt and powdered me up before taping on the super thick and crinkly cartoon print diaper which he had unfolded just for me. He gathered all of my clothes and my shoes into a plastic trash bag he had conveniently brought in the diaper bag, and then he stood me up. Everyone there had heard my pathetic plea for babyhood, and all eyes were on me as I exited the stall in just a diaper and a shirt – my pants ruined by poop and my shoes a soggy mess. I felt completely broken and put up no resistance as Daddy picked me up and carried me out of the student center, past the quad, and back home. But my punishment wasn't over yet.

Back at home, Daddy led me into the bathroom, where he set up a large enema bag with soapy warm water and folded a towel by the bathtub. The enema bag looked to be a least two gallons, and I gulped thinking of all that water going inside me.

“The rest of today will be all about training you to accept your diapers as a permanent part of your wardrobe, little Nicky, and I hope for your sake you're a fast learner.”

Daddy snapped on a pair of latex gloves and opened up a jar of Vaseline. He looked over to me and pointed to the towel.

“Onto all fours, Nicky.”

I quickly obeyed, awaiting my fate, and soon I felt a lubed finger pushing at my hole. I winced, as he pushed his way into the tight opening, and worked his finger around, and I breathed a sigh of relief when he quickly withdrew it. This was replaced by the hard plastic wand of the enema nozzle, which slowly sunk its way deep into my bowels, much like the rectal thermometer which my new Pediatrician always used. I heard a click and a warm flow began inside my gut. I could feel my belly expanding, followed by an overwhelming pressure. Daddy watched me closely, and whenever I felt the cramps become too much to bear, he stopped the flow, and waited. It took a long time, but eventually, I could see the bag flattening out, as the last of the drops were emptied into me. Daddy stood me up, and my belly bulged out like I was pregnant. He pulled my diaper back up and waddled me over to the changing table where he lifted me up and plopped me down unceremoniously. I felt a little bit of water escape as I hit the mat, but I was able to stop the flow before too much came out. Next, he laid me down on my back and brought out several layers of cloth diapers. He ripped off the backing of my disposable and slid the whole stack of diapers under my butt. I felt like I was several inches off the table as he pinned me up and pulled a heavy gauge pair of plastic pants up over my legs to cover the whole thing.

“There we go. Ten layers of diapers over your disposable. That oughtta hold all that water, don't you think? Okay, now let's get you set up for your punishment.”

Daddy led me to the baby bouncer that was set up in one of the door frames by the nursery. “I don't think you've really learned your lesson about how you really need diapers.

We don't want a repeat of what happened earlier ever again. That's why you're going in the bouncer. But hey, if you really think you deserve big boy pants, go ahead and try to stay dry for just five minutes. If you're still dry when I come back, I'll let you out, and I won't ever make you wear a diaper again, if you don't want to.

I was put in the bouncer, which was a body harness that completely encased my lower half up to the chest, connected to straps which led up to the 'bounce' part – bungee straps which would bounce me up and down as I remained suspended in the door frame. Daddy set me gently into the contraption, too high up for me to touch my toes until he picked me up and dropped me, causing the bungee cords to stretch, and my feet to touch the ground, before pulling me back up high with a loud crinkle. He went off somewhere, leaving me to my predicament. Try as I might to hold it in, every time I bounced in the doorway, I could feel a trickle of warm water squirt out into the diaper from the pressure. I wouldn't give in so easily, I scrunched up my face, determined to stop the flow. But bounce by bounce, I felt the diaper quickly wick up squirt after squirt of fecal fluid, and puff up, spreading warmth around my rear, a lasting reminder of each small defeat accentuated by the crinkle of my plastic pants. Before I knew it, I'd lost the battle completely and began flooding my diaper with big squirts of liquid as I bounced, making my diapers puff up more and squish against me as the bouncing and crinkling continued. After a while, I didn't have any more water coming out. I thought it was over, but just then something hot wet and squishy squirted out from between my cheeks, and I was filling my diaper all over again, this time for real! I could feel the mess grow as warm mushy wetness piled up against my rear. I couldn't tell how much of it there was, but it felt like a mountain. I tried to relax as sudden urgency tickled my ass and prostate followed shortly by another little deposit. If I relaxed, it actually felt pretty good. I began to groan at the sensation in my rectum, the very one that always sent me into a panic in fear of making a mess whenever I used to get fucked. I moaned in surprise as an even bigger emission of liquid and shit pushed its way free, flowing out into my diaper. The poop squished as I bounced until it worked its way all the way from the back to the front of the diaper, and then the worst part of all - I began to get hard as the front of my diaper became slick, and rubbed over my penis with each bounce. At first, I was disgusted at myself, but soon I didn't care as I wriggled and writhed, trying to actually INCREASE the stimulation and squirt off into my diaper. It was so frustrating and just before I managed to cum, Daddy stopped the ride, leaving me panting.

Click *Click* I noticed he was holding up his camera phone. "I got a great video of you using your bouncer, sweetie. You looked like you were really enjoying yourself! I don't think anyone who sees it will believe you don't enjoy your baby treatment. That's right, baby, smile for the camera! The investors are going to eat this up!"

I didn't pretend to understand what he was talking about. I just wanted to cum. I wiggled about, so close to cumming, but I couldn't get any purchase hanging in the air like that.

"I think it's time to lay out some rules for you, baby, as you so clearly need the structure, so listen up. You're a baby. You are going to accept your baby status without complaint. That means you will not argue with bedtimes or naps, and you will not resist being diapered or changed. You might as well stop trying to masturbate on your own too because I'm going to train your body to stop giving you erections. In fact, you are not allowed to touch your diapers at all from now on, or you will be punished. You can say goodbye to Mr. Massage Wand too because you clearly love your diapers so much already that you don't need the reinforcement. That's right, since you begged so earnestly for your diapers in the student center, it's clear that the only source of pleasure you'll need from now on will be from peeing and pooping your diapers. From now on you will stop trying to talk and act like a big boy. Every time you try to talk like an adult you will be spanked. That means no more bad words, and no fussing or talking back to grown-ups. If you need a change, you will find an appropriate way to tell an adult using baby talk, otherwise you must wait until someone does a diaper check. Under no circumstances are you to remove your own clothes or try to change your own diaper, young man, or you will be spanked. You must wear what you are put in without any complaining - that includes your paci. When your paci is put in it does not come out unless an adult takes it out. I have ways of preventing you from being able to take your clothes off on your own, believe me, so don't try me. If someone asks you about your diapers, you will tell them the truth – that you are a big baby and you need your diapers. You will be polite and respectful to adults and do what they tell you. Anyone over 2 years old is an adult to you. You will behave like a good little boy and obey Daddy and all other adults at all times, or you will be punished. Am I understood?"

"Yes, Daddy." I said, afraid to look him in the eye.

"Good. Now as you know, it's been several weeks since we started the program." I actually didn't know this and was quite surprised to hear it. Daddy continued, "You've been doing real well, all things considered, but we're going to have to take you to the doctor to make sure you don't try to wander off and get lost out there in the big world." I didn't know what Daddy was planning for me, and Daddy didn't elaborate. "So I expect you to cooperate for your bath and be on your best behavior at the Doctor's. Okay, pumpkin?"

"Yes, Daddy," I nodded.

"There's my good boy." He said, patting my head and making me feel a little better despite myself. "Now let's get you cleaned up."

Chapter 6: A Visit to the Doctor

After my bath, it was starting to get late – it was almost sunset, which told me bedtime was not far off. But Daddy had made an emergency call to the medical center, and Doctor Windelmann, my Pediatrician, agreed to see me on short notice. A short car ride later, Daddy rolled me into the medical center in my stroller, and I hid behind my plush tiger as soon as we caught sight of the cute secretary at the front desk.

“Awww, how's my favorite patient?” She cooed, as I squeezed my tiger tight and buried my face in his fur. “He's such a shy little guy, huh Professor? But he sure is a cutie pie.”

“That he is,” said Daddy, with pride in his voice. He proceeded to roll me down the hall and I peeked out from behind my tiger to see all the neat stuff as we passed by. It wasn't very busy at this time of night, though, so there weren't many more people to fawn over me this time around aside from the secretary. We just went straight back to Doctor Windelmann's office. He was a general practitioner who specialized in urology and proctology, and as such, he was one of several on-site doctors who treated the general student population. Daddy parked the stroller outside the Doctor's office and knocked on the door. A portly gentleman with a wide friendly face opened the door.

“Ahh, Herr Stannopoulos. Right on time. So good to see you. Und how is the little one?” He said, seemingly in one breath. He peered down at me, and his eyes crinkled as he gave me a big kindly smile.

“He's doing well, all things considered, Doctor. The training is progressing better than expected, but it seems as if we're well into the terrible twos. He's hit the rebellious stage.”

“Oh my,” the Doctor tsked. “Zat is a problem. Iz zat true little one? Haff you been giving your papa a hard time?”

I just looked up at him with wide eyes and sucked my pacifier. I really liked the doctor and I hoped he wasn't mad at me.

“Well, Doctor, as you know this is a crucial period in his training. He is in fight or flight mode, and he certainly has done his fair share of both today. This is the time when we have to take extra care to counteract that fight or flight response by showing him he's in a safe place, and he's not in any danger. Unfortunately, the school year is about to start up again and I'll have to send our little soldier off to classes on his own. I just don't want him wandering off, so I think it's time to put in the C-H-I-P.”

“Ah yes,” The doctor said, knowingly. “Zat. Vell, ve haff it ready und vaiting. Ve can certainly implant it tonight! Und zenn I haff some ozer sings to show you as vell...”

The Doctor grabbed a few boxes from his office and accompanied Daddy and me to the pediatric wing of the medical center. I liked the exam rooms here because they always

had fun primary colored animal prints on the paper sheets that covered the padded exam table, and everything from the doors to the wallpaper was bright colors and fun designs.

“Let's start by taking all the vitals,” said the cheerful Doctor after Daddy stripped me down to my diaper and plopped me on the table. He put the blood pressure cuff on me, the cold stethoscope, checked my ears and nose. Everything checked out so far.

“Okay, now we've got to lay him down on his tummy. Can you be a gut boy and hold still for Uncle Windy?”

I looked up at him and nodded seriously. I knew what was coming next. I lay there for a few seconds, and I felt something hard and cold poke against my hole and slide in. It was a rectal thermometer, I knew, and it slid deep into my hole, causing an involuntary twinge in my penis as it passed my little prostate. After what seemed like forever, he finally pulled it out.

“Zere's a gut boy. Hmm, the temperature is a little bit high, but nothing to be concerned about just yet. You will have to keep an eye on this one, Herr Stannopoulos.” Daddy nodded, with a seriousness which matched my own, and the Doctor continued, clapping his hands together. “Well, down to business, zen. Now to the matter of where to put the device. Should we put the C-H-I-P in his B-U-T-T?”

I knew that he and Daddy were talking about something, but I couldn't make out what they were trying to say. What could those letters possibly spell? I was dumbfounded.

“Well, it is a good site, but I'm afraid all the S-P-A-N-K-I-N-G could cause it to malfunction. Is there another place you could put it?”

“Ah,” said the Doctor, tilting his head back and slapping his forehead. “Of course, how silly of me. Yes, I think we can accommodate that. Now, we don't want him knowing where it is, in case he wants to remove it, so I think we should put him under, don't you agree?”

“Yes, but... I think I can do it without any drugs. I'd prefer to put him into trance instead, if that's alright.”

The Doctor made a gesture for Daddy to proceed, and Daddy turned to me, and took out his cell phone.

“Okay, buddy! You've been such a good boy for the Doctor, I'm very proud of you. Now I want you to do something for Daddy, okay? Look at this screen. Look, it's all your favorite T.V. Characters! What are they doing, Nicky? Can you see them dancing? Watch the screen Nicky! Watch the animals as they dance. That's right, Nicky, they're funny huh? Keep watching, Nicky. Look deep, deep into the screen, and SLEEP.”

I gradually came back to awareness, listening to Daddy and the doctor chatting, as Daddy petted my head. I was still seated on the table with the colorful animal prints beneath me.

“We've just got the 24/7 anal stretching ring set we ordered from Germany. You can use these to gradually step up his stretching until he is completely fecal incontinent. The biggest one is five inches wide, and by the time he is finished with that, he'll never be able to close his rectum again. The best thing is, there's a hole in the middle of each ring, so you never have to take them out. Just change his diaper like you normally would, and graduate to a larger size every few days. Pretty soon, he'll have a permanent gape! Oh, there is one thing you should know. Because the hole remains open, he will get air up in his rectum as he moves. That means there will be much more flatulence than normal, which he won't be able to stop. I hope that's not a problem!”

“Oh, I'm sure he'll be fine,” said Daddy, looking down at me, “isn't that right Champ?”

I didn't really understand what they were talking about, so I just nodded and smiled.

“And what about the stent? Does he need his urethra stretched or held open as well, Herr Stannopoulos?”

“Oh no, actually his continence training has been going exceptionally well. Aside from today, when he was actively trying to control his functions, he has been pretty much going without noticing. I think we can hold off on that for now.”

The Doctor looked slightly disappointed but smiled and nodded anyway. “Very good Herr, Stannopoulos. Here you are now.” He handed the box he was holding to Daddy and turned to me and smiled a big friendly smile.

“Okay, my little schnuckelschneke, we're all done. Why don't you have a lollipop and pick a toy out of the bowl for being such a good boy for Uncle Windy?”

I picked out a little red matchbox car and sucked on my red lollipop and grinned. Doctor Windelmann was always fun to visit. Daddy put me back into the stroller and wheeled me out, and I actually fell asleep smiling, and clutching my tiger before I even reached the car. I knew from what Daddy said that the first day of school was not far off. I would bide my time, practice my big boy talk in private, and then escape once Daddy let me out of the house on my own. After all, he couldn't follow me to every class, could he?

Chapter 7: Back to School

"Okay kiddo," Daddy said, patting my butt, "you're all ready for school."

"I can dress myself you know..."

"Yeah yeah, huffy pants, that's what they all say. Now have a good day, hun. I've packed some extra diapers in your backpack in case you need 'em!"

Sure. I rolled my eyes. Finally, Daddy let me out of the house. He had to – it was the first day of college classes after the long summer break. Of course I looked like I was dressed more for pre-school than college with my Velcro sneakers, my crotch snap shortalls, and my Blue's Clues backpack, but for once, I didn't care. Now was my chance to end this terrible ordeal. I would go up to the first cop or security guard I saw and tell them everything – how I was held against my will and forced to live like a baby under the guise of some university sanctioned experiment. Sure enough, five minutes later I saw my opportunity.

"Officer, help," I said, rushing up to a couple of cops standing by the entrance to the campus.

"Calm down, son. What seems to be the problem?"

"I'm a big diaper boy who needs to use his diapers!"

Wait, that wasn't what I meant to say. A stern look crossed the officer's face, but then his eyes widened at the obvious sound of me farting and pooping and filling my diaper. I had suddenly lost all control and was wetting and pooping my diapers uncontrollably!

"My god," said the officer.

"That's disgusting!" Said his partner.

"I- I- I-" I stammered, trying to explain myself before I instinctively bent my knees, grunted, and pushed out another log with a fat wet plop.

"Get out of here, kid, and clean yourself up."

"Maybe he's special needs," said the second officer in a low voice.

"No! I'm trying to tell you," I cried. "I just wear them because I'm a big baby and I need my daddy to change me! Will you change my di-di-diapee?"

I threw my hands over my mouth shocked as the police began to laugh, and I ran crying to the nearest bathroom. I didn't know what had happened! In the bathroom I found a stall, wiped myself, and changed into a fresh diaper. Being clean made me feel a little better, but the more I calmed down, the more I felt a creeping sense of panic. Something was terribly wrong. I needed to call 911 or something. I pulled out my cellphone and dialed 911.

"...Hello?" came Daddy's voice. I had dialed the wrong number by accident but how?

"What did you do to me?"

"Is someone being a tattler? Ah ah ah! you should know better than that, you naughty boy."

"You did this to me! Every time I try to tell someone, I make poopies in my diapers and pee-pees too!"

"Aww...that's cute how you say it."

My face was burning red at the humiliation of being made to speak baby talk in place of my own words.

"Now listen boy. You will get yourself presentable and go to class, and then you will come straight home for your punishment. Am I understood?"

"NO," I yelled and hung up the phone. I'd show him.

After class I went to my friend Donald's room in the dorms and knocked to be let in.
"Hey Nick, what's up? And why are you dressed like that?"

I guess he was surprised to see me since I hadn't called – or visited all summer for that matter.

"It's a long story, I need a place to crash tonight. And, if you have it, a change of clothes."

"Sure thing bud. Uh, my clothes are gonna be a little big for you," he said. "Maybe not in the butt, though..."

I waved off any attempt to explain myself, and though he was perplexed, eventually he dropped it. But that night we were woken up by a knock on the door. It was the campus police.

"Is there a Nick Carson in here?"

I sat bolt upright at the mention of my name.

"Yes, officers, he's here with me, why do you ask?"

"We're here to escort him home."

"NO!" I cried, leaping up, "I'm not going."

I had kicked off the sleeping bag that was set up on the floor and was prepared for a fight but stopped as the three of them looked at me wide eyed. Donald spoke first...

"Did you...did you wet yourself?" he asked, incredulous.

I looked down and saw that the clothes I had been sleeping in were soaking wet, as was the floor. I had thrown out the diaper I'd been wearing earlier, along with my stupid clothes and backpack...

"I... I... this has never..." I stammered.

"Get out!" he yelled. "And give me back my clothes! I've got to clean up your mess now. Now I know why you were wearing diapers earlier. If you knew this was gonna happen, why did you take them off?"

"I- I-" I didn't know. "I'm a poopy baby who needs diapers!" I said as I tried to explain myself without thinking. It was then that I felt a lurch once more and to my horror, I was already pooping myself, and soiling his clothes.

"Ugh! You didn't! You know what, just keep them. And get the fuck out of my room! God..." he said, running to open a window.

I was so embarrassed I just picked up my stuff and left without a word.

"Come on kid, we'll get you cleaned up," said a sympathetic sounding officer, his partner seemed to be smirking at me.

"I told you we should have called his Daddy this morning!"

Back in my babyish attire, which the officers had gallantly retrieved and dressed me in after rediapering me, I was dropped off at home, where Daddy was waiting.

"Thank you, officers, I was so worried."

"I'll bet, seems this little tyke wanted to have a sleepover, but he isn't ready for that yet, I guess."

One of the cops ruffled my hair.

"Cut it out!" I said.

"Be nice now," said Daddy, "Thank you officers, I'll take it from here."

"Good night, sir."

Damn.

"How did you find me?"

"I have my ways," said Daddy, smirking.

"You don't have the right. I'm 18! I can do what I want!"

"Au contraire," He replied with a chuckle. "I'm your legal guardian now. I finished the paperwork while you were at school today."

"I didn't sign any paperwork!"

"Didn't you?" He picked up a red folder from the side table in the entry way and showed me its contents. They were photocopies of a form with my signature. It looked like he had lifted it from my original agreement to participate in this 'simple psychology experiment'. Next to that was the signature of the Doctor, whom we had visited regularly throughout my 'treatment'.

"And you won't have to worry about school anymore," Daddy added, "because I withdrew you from classes permanently."

"This is fraud!" I exclaimed, my face hot with rage. "You tricked me!"

"Prove it," He said. "Oh and good luck explaining any of this in court without pooping yourself instead, ha-ha!"

"You bastard! You did this, somehow!"

"Yes, now get on upstairs to bed. I'll be coming in shortly to give you your punishment."

He bolted the door behind him and watched me reluctantly ascend the stairs to the nursery where my crib was waiting. Five minutes later he came in with the mitts, a paddle, and a bottle of milk. He put the mitts on me and set down the milk. He grabbed me roughly, brought me over to the rocking chair, and forced me over his lap, pulling down the back of my diaper. I shivered in the moments leading up to what I knew was to be the worst paddling of my young life.

"You understand why I'm doing this, don't you little one?"

"Yes, Daddy." I whimpered.

"It's for your own protection. You can't go around trying to be a big boy. You are a baby and that's all there is to it."

"Yes, Daddy!" I cried.

"Today was your chance to prove you could handle pre-school, and you failed, so it's back to square one. And just in case you think you're EVER going to get out of diapers again, I'm going to show you what happens to little boys who TRY *whack* to *whack* take *whack* them *whack* off *whack* and *whack* tattle *whack* on *whack* Daddy!"

whack *whack* *whack*

I screamed and wailed, kicked and screamed, but I could not get away from the burning pain of the paddle. I couldn't count how many spanks he had delivered, but eventually he stopped and pulled my diaper back up. As bad as this was, the sad truth is this was just the beginning of my torture.

Daddy put me in the crib with the side down and told me to drink my baba while he went and got some more stuff. I did what he said and eventually, he came back with the feeding bag which he set up on a stand by the changing table. I hated this, but I knew what he was going to do. He was going to make me drink about a gallon of juice before I went to bed to make sure I was nice and wet in the morning.

"That's right boy, keep sucking," He said, after he'd strapped me into the changing table and had gotten the feeding tube secured in my mouth. He pulled out a razor and a stack of disposable diapers and stuffers and went to work, while I tried to keep up with the flow of the liquid entering my mouth.

Four layers of diapers is a lot of padding, so much in fact that's it's impossible to stimulate your penis through all the layers, no matter how hard you rub. Add to that the mitts, and I had no chance of getting off. I was rock hard thanks to the stimulation of the wet diapers on my penis, and all I could do was moan in frustration at my predicament. I was awake writhing and humping the slick plastic floor of the crib until dawn, when Daddy came in to check on me. I must have looked miserable 'cuz I sure felt it. Covered in sweat, my hair all tangled and wet. Daddy lifted me up by the armpits.

"Look like someone is grumpy," he said, checking my soggy diapers, which were yellow, and practically dripping as they sagged under their own weight. And at just that moment I felt a sudden rush in my bowels and clamped down hard against the cramps. He noticed and his eyes glinted.

"Ahh, yes. Right on time. That milk of magnesia is doing its job, baby boy. Go ahead and fill your diapers for Daddy!"

I tried my best to clench my butt against the relentless tide but to no avail. With a mighty groan my hole gave way and the contents of my bowels forced their way through, rushing into my diapers and filling them with hot mess as Daddy held me at arm's length.

"Peee yoo! Someone is a stinky boy!" he cried, and I just wanted to crawl into a hole and die.

"Aww, my boy is soo cute when he's bashful. You're red as a tomat'er. Hehe, hey remember that movie we saw with the little talking tow truck, tow mater?"

He continued his innocuous banter through the most embarrassing moment of my life as he carried me over to the changing table, setting me down gingerly on my squishy, tender behind. I guess he wanted to wait a bit to make sure everything was out because he kept on talking for a while, and every once in a while, my bowels would release a little more poop into the diaper. After maybe 10 minutes (though it felt like ten hours), he finally laid me back and began untaping my diaper. I wasn't about to fight him this time, I really wanted out!

"That's a good boy!" he said, like you would talk to a puppy. "Who's a good boy? you are! You are," he laughed as he balled up the dirty diaper and tossed it in the diaper pail. Then he tickled me on the belly and gave me a raspberry causing me to squirt a little uncontrollably.

"Oh my, making a mess already, are we? See, I told you you needed diapers! Let's get you padded up again before anything else happens!"

"I'm sorry you had such a hard day yesterday little one, but don't worry. You'll see, you'll grow to love it here. By the time visiting day comes around, your parents won't even recognize the little brat they sent off to college!"

All I could do was cry, knowing that he was right. Daddy was in complete control, and I wasn't going to be a big kid for a very long time.

Chapter 8: Back to Preschool

As promised, I was able to go back to classes thanks to my agreement to participate in the regression program – or so I thought. Unfortunately, as I explained earlier, the first day of school did not go as planned for me. I didn't count on the fact that all the mucking around Daddy had been doing in my head would actually make me a prisoner in my own body! My attempt to escape the program was an utter failure, and I was brought home from hiding by the police, where I was punished and to my horror, Daddy took away everything that had been promised to me when I started this terrible ordeal. Not only was I humiliated on campus once again, but Daddy had taken the steps to have me removed from school for good, as he extended my treatment for the foreseeable future. I realized that this thing might not ever end, and there was no way to tell anyone I wanted out. I was mighty glum as Daddy dressed me for the day and carried me down to the kitchen.

For breakfast I was strapped into my highchair and fed the same mush I'd been eating for weeks now, fiber filled mush that would make me poop massive amounts frequently. This was followed by a massive bottle of milk that would ensure my diapers stayed nice and wet. I shifted in my diaper uncomfortably, feeling sore from the bulk of the new anal stretching ring which Daddy had put in my butt as he dressed me up. I wiggled and wiggled but it wouldn't budge, and all I was rewarded with was a loud fart as air from my bowels escaped through the hole in the bottom. I felt my face grow hot, but Daddy didn't seem to notice as he spooned the last of the food in my mouth, saying things like 'Choo-choo!' and 'here comes the airplane!' with each bite. Finally, he finished feeding me and he wiped my face clean with my Sesame Street bib and popped in my big bird pacifier.

“I have classes today, little man. Just because I have to take care of a cutie pie like you doesn't mean I can put my career on hold! Therefore, I'm gonna have to take you to a very special place today. Won't that be fun?”

Yeah right, I thought. But reluctantly, I smiled and nodded, too defeated – and sore – to fight back at this point.

Daddy had dressed me in a Rugrats tee shirt and a pair of bright red shorts with an elastic waist band. After grabbing my diaper bag, which he referred to as my 'go bag', he lifted me out of the highchair and carried me toward the front door, where he set me down into my stroller and secured me with child proof straps at the crotch and chest.

“All safe and secure. We don't want the little one to run off and get lost, now do we?”

I shook my head and sucked on my fingers self-consciously. We rolled toward campus, and I felt a heightened sense of fear and humiliation as we began passing other students headed to class. I was extra aware of people staring, of the thick feeling of the diaper between my legs, of the rustle of the plastic, and my inexplicable hard on which was totally mortifying. Still, I held my resolve. I was already out of school; it was time to cut my losses and salvage what little dignity I could by staying calm and avoiding a scene.

As we reached the campus, we spotted the two officers again, and they smiled and waved to us.

“Nice day for a walk, huh Professor?”

Daddy waved back, “Sure is! This time I have the little one on a tight leash. We wouldn't want him running off and peeing on any other poor students' clothes, now would we?”

The officers laughed and agreed with Daddy, while I just glowered. Holding my tongue was going to be harder than I thought, but I wasn't going to give Daddy the ammunition.

We approached a big angular colorful glass and concrete building on campus which I recognized immediately as the university's child development center.

“You know, your case is very unique. A lot of people want a chance to study how you socialize with actual toddlers. I think we'll learn a lot about how your regression is going in here, and how to improve on the techniques we've employed so far. In fact, I'm bringing my human sexuality class through later today to observe you. Of course you won't know it, because we'll be behind one-way glass.” He continued talking as he led me along into the foyer, and signed me in, bringing me past several meeting rooms and up an elevator out onto the second floor. We passed by several open viewing rooms, large spaces that held children of various ages. “Did you know that I made your paper – I'm sorry, I mean my paper, which is going into press as we speak – mandatory reading for my class? Oh yes, it's going to be central to our project on paraphilias this year. I've even offered extra credit for anyone who can come up with the most effective ways to regress you. They'll have the opportunity to test out their ideas on their own, of course, once we start up the babysitting rotation.”

I whimpered, imagining all my classmates who I once worked with on a daily basis seeing me in my current state, and even babysitting me.

We finally stopped in front of a wide bay window looking at what appeared to be a mix between a nursery, a preschool classroom, and an indoor playground. Toddlers from the ages of two to three were lined up at the front of the room as two freshman interns – a guy and a girl – took their coats and lunch pails and stored them away on labeled hooks and in cubbies. The girl was dressed in a juvenile looking outfit of many colors, which looked pretty appropriate under the circumstances. The guy, who was dressed more casually, had beautiful brown skin, a short nose with a septum piercing, and dark eyes which sparkled and gave him a youthful look. He must've been a freshman because I would have recognized him immediately – he was incredibly cute, and I had an instant crush when I saw him. However, this was not how I would have wanted us to meet. Was Daddy really going to put me in there, with the babies?

“I told you you'd get to go back to school, little guy! But I think this class is much more age appropriate than the ones you planned to attend. Don't you agree?”

I couldn't take my eyes off of the room in front of me to respond. Part of me was humiliated but part of me was so excited. It was my fantasy since I was a little kid to be punished and sent back to the 'baby class'. But now that I was here, I felt too scared to go ahead with it. My heart was pounding, my stomach lurched, and if I could have, I would have run right out of the building, but I was strapped into my stroller and there was nowhere for me to go.

“You know, I was really impressed by that paper you wrote,” he whispered in my ear as he unbuckled the straps over my crotch and chest. “If only you had taken me up on my offer, you could have been a name in the field. You could have been my colleague. But you weren't ready for that were you? You didn't have what it takes to be a grown-up, and you never will. Well, that's okay, you'll still be famous – as the biggest baby on campus!” He laughed. I knew then that I had been completely and utterly deceived. Daddy had planned to trap me into permanent babyhood all along, and I was the fool who had let him do it!

With a slide of his access card, He led me into the room, and all noise stopped as the children and the two interns stared.

I was instantly mobbed by curious toddlers asking questions and attempting to climb me, as the interns tried to bring order back into the room. How humiliating! Stuck in a big indoor playroom with little kids. I looked at the big mirror on the wall and knew that anyone could be watching. There were also cameras recording my every move for later study.

“Friends!” Said the girl, in a loud voice, as she began pulling the ankle biters off of me. “Friends? It's not polite to crowd each other. Everybody, back in line.” She blew a whistle and rest of the kids dropped off of me and got straight back into line. She praised them for being such good boys and girls and silence dominated the room once more.

“Ahem, sorry we're late,” Daddy said, finally. “This little crinklebutt and I have had a busy morning.”

“Oh, that's okay!” Said the cheerful looking guy, snapping back to his senses. “You're actually right on time! This must be little Nicky, who we've heard so much about. How are ya, little guy?” He said, ruffling my hair. “I'm David! And this is Beth. We're all gonna be good friends, I can already tell. Now why don't we take that diaper bag from your Daddy and give you a cubby so we can all go sit in our morning circle!”

David and Daddy briefly spoke as Daddy gave him some instructions for my care, and Beth began to usher us all toward the reading corner at one end of the room where we sat in a big circle on a carpet printed with all kinds of streets and buildings.

“Today, we have a new friend joining us. His name is Nicky! Say hi, friends!”

“Hi!” chorused the group of children. I looked over to Daddy in disbelief thinking this had to be some kind of joke, but he had already finished talking with David and was headed out the door. He waved as the card reader turned green and the door slid open.

“Bye, little Nicky, have fun in school!” he called, as he walked off with that smug grin still plastered on his face. This wasn't the school I had expected to go back to after the long break.

Chapter 9: A Different Kind of Education

After morning circle, we had a sing along about some hungry hungry sharks, which we had to act out by making big jaws with our arms. Then, we helped Beth count out how many fishies the sharks ate. I actually got really into the song and the movement, which was a welcome change from sitting in front of the TV all day, but I couldn't really count as good as some of the other babies. But Beth said we were all good helpers, which made me happy and I didn't feel so bad after that.

Everything was going fine until Beth walked by during arts and crafts time and started sniffing the air.

“Uh, oh, somebody made a stinky! Who was it?”

“Not me! Not me!” said the kids at my table, and she checked them one by one, giving each of them the green light until she came to me.

“Not me neivver!” I said, mentally wincing as I heard the signs of baby talk creeping back into my speech.

Beth checked me anyway, and found, to my surprise, that I was in fact the little stinker who made a messy. “Oh, I think it is you,” she said, with a sly smile. “You need a change, mister!”

“I don't wanna change! I wanna go home! I'm not a baby!”

The thought of getting changed by another student was too much, and I jumped up from my seat and ran to the door. I pushed it and pulled but it didn't work. I needed a key card to get through. I cried and banged on the door but to no avail. David came up to me in a series of long, quick strides, and gently pulled me away from the door, holding me from behind in a hug.

“Hey little buddy, don't worry. Accidents happen! Why don't you just calm down and take a deep breath. There you go. I know you're embarrassed, but you'll feel much better once you're in a fresh diaper, you'll see!” He released me and took me by the hand, tugging me toward a large changing table next to the potty room.

“No, David,” I said, managing to sound for once like an adult. “I don't belong here, you can't keep me here. You have to let me go!”

“Now now, you should know better than to talk like a big boy.” David said, in a stern voice. “Your Daddy gave us all your rules and he left us special instructions on how to control you if you try and act out, so not another big boy word out of you or it's a spanking and quiet time in the corner, AM I UNDERSTOOD?”

I stopped, hardly able to believe what I was hearing. Those three words seemed to sap out all of the fight in me, and I found myself nodding dumbly at David, as I let him pop my pacifier back in and lead me away from the door.

“That's better, little man. Now let's go get you changed, okay?”

I looked back toward the door as David led me toward the changing table, only to see myself for the first time as I truly was as I glimpsed the large mirror which dominated that wall. A bit of drool dripped from my pacifier as my diaper bulged obscenely in my bright red elastic-waist shorts. I looked like a parody of my former self. I was dressed all in primary colors, childish Velcro shoes, tangled hair, and baby pudge poking out above my shorts, causing my rug rats tee shirt to ride up and rest just above my belly button. Baby Looney Toons danced across the top of my diaper which peeked out above my shorts. I wondered if I was being watched.

Being changed by Daddy was one thing but being changed by David was a whole new level of humiliation. Several kids giggled and pointed as he led me over to the table, and one girl even made a point of calling Beth over and asking to use the potty.

“I have to go to the bathroom, Miss Beth, may I please be excused?” Beth praised her and gave her permission to go, and as she passed me, she stated aloud for everyone to hear, “I can use the potty like a big girl!”

David seemed oblivious to this comment, and he lifted me up onto the table. “Hup! There we go little guy, now lay back and let your buddy David take care of the rest.” He made quick work of my shorts, and untaped my diaper to assess the damage. “Uh oh, captain. We have a malfunction,” he said into an imaginary radio in his hand. He made spaceship noises as he pulled out the wipe after wipe and swiped my bottom. His swiping jostled the ring in my anus, which caused me to jolt, but he pushed me back down flat on my back and continued his work. No wonder I couldn't feel myself mess, the ring was holding my butthole open! He called Beth over to have a look, and they pushed their fingers inside the hole experimentally, having a good laugh at my expense as I squirmed and jerked. He explained to her its purpose and told her to keep an eye on me in case I tried to remove it, but that I knew better than to touch my diapers so I probably wouldn't try. Finally, he lifted me up by the ankles and wiped the last of the poop off of my back before swapping out the old diaper for a fresh new one and gently lowering me down, resuming the spaceship noises, despite my obvious lack of amusement. I was powdered and taped up, and my shorts were slid back up over my shoes and up over my diaper before David lowered me down to earth for 'touchdown'. Then I was forced to waddle back to my seat and finished the last few minutes of craft time staring down at my shoes in embarrassment.

After that, it was snack time. Daddy had packed me some applesauce, some cheese and cracker Handi-Snacks, and some grapes, along with a big bottle of apple juice, which was a welcome change from the mush he normally fed me. I looked around and I didn't see a highchair anywhere, so I was confident I would finally get to feed myself, like I saw the other

kids doing, but boy was I wrong. Enter David, who joined me at the little table where all of us sat on chairs so small that my knees were pushed up to my chest.

“Hey, little guy! Are you ready for your snack? Your Daddy told me that you're still too little to feed yourself, so your buddy David is here to help you out!” He got down on his knees, picked up my spoon and immediately proceeded to feed me accompanied by plenty of airplane noises and other commentary. Once again, my face was beet red at getting fed by someone else. I just sat there, dumbfounded, being fed by someone who could have passed for my younger brother if I weren't dressed like a complete toddler myself. After he fed me all my food, he held the bottle of juice up for me to drink from. I looked at him like he was crazy at first – even Daddy let me hold my own bottle – but he insisted, fixing me with a stern gaze and so I complied. After I finished it all, he hugged me close and patted my back until I burped. He sat back, looking satisfied with his work, and he praised me for eating all of my food like a good boy. All of the other kids seemed done as well, and Beth announced nap time.

She had rolled out mats across the reading room floor where we had had our morning circle, so we all made our way to the area, and laid down. Beth set a timer and David dimmed the lights, and they reminded us that we should use the potty now if we had to because we weren't to leave our mats for the duration of nap time. I lay there, wide awake as the sound of sleeping children filled the room. This had to be the strangest day I had ever had since this whole experience began. I had always fantasized about being sent back to the 'baby class', but this was more humiliating and weirder than I had ever imagined. I couldn't believe how ridiculous I looked trying to use all of this furniture that was too small, yet being treated as younger than the toddlers who were meant to be here. Even they saw me as a baby compared to themselves, and they clearly had no reservations about pointing it out. I was so frustrated at my situation, and yet, as I thought about my humiliating predicament, I could feel my pulse begin to quicken, and my penis begin to press against the front of my diaper as it grew within its confines. I was a big diaper baby, and I loved it. I looked around the room to see if David and Beth were watching, but they were nowhere to be seen, so I slowly snuck my hand toward my shorts. I tried my best not to make any noise as I slid my hand down between my diaper and my tummy, reaching down, down, to touch my penis. Slowly, carefully, I pulled it into the upright position, and began to rub in short strokes, hoping to minimize the crinkle. I began to pant, as I repeated in my mind “I 'm a baby. I'm just a little diaper baby who needs his diapers.” It had been so long since I had been able to touch myself like this, and I felt myself getting closer and closer very quickly. Suddenly, as I neared climax, my penis began to shrink. “No!” I thought, frustrated. I couldn't believe this was happening. Then I began to pee, and since my penis was sticking straight up, I ended up wetting all over my shorts. Just at the moment, the timer dinged, and the lights came back up.

“What are you doing Nicky?!” Beth said, as she looked down at me. I looked down at my shorts, which were obviously wet all over the front, with my hand still stuck down my diaper. “Oh my god, you've wet everywhere!” she said, with an exasperated sigh. The other

kids noticed and giggled, some of them started chanting potty pants, which triggered me to fill my diaper as well, and I started to cry. Samantha sighed.

“Little boys are all the same, always wanting to play with their peepees. If we didn't teach them better, they'd never stop!”

The kids who were potty trained all got up from their nap and formed a line by David for the potty, while Beth carried me over to the changing table on her hip. At least she wasn't as theatrical as her counterpart. She changed me quickly and efficiently, and then set me on the ground good as new, minus the shorts, which she bagged and put in my cubby for Daddy to take later. Then she began to explain to me how it wasn't proper for little boys to touch themselves in public.

David heard what was happening and came over. “Now wait, Beth. I just learned in my early childhood development seminar that masturbation is a normal part of toddler development. I know he's not supposed to touch his diapers, but I think this is a good opportunity to practice what I've learned in class. Basically, the professor said we shouldn't stop him from exploring, but we do have to teach him that it's not okay to do it in public. Nicky,” He said turning to me, “It feels real good to touch yourself down there, huh?”

I nodded and sucked on my fingers.

“Okay, but you know when we do things with our peepees we can make other people uncomfortable unless we do it somewhere private. You can play with your peepee if you want but you have to do it over here, okay?” He led me over to the 'quiet corner' which was partially walled off by the cubbies, and, coincidentally, directly faced the big one-way mirror.

“Any time you want to play with Mr. Pee Pee, you can do it over here.” He said, with a smile, then added “but try to keep your peepee pointed down so you don't have another accident, okay? Now do you want to stay here for a little while before you come play?”

I smiled and nodded. I really was getting to like David.

“Okay, Nicky. When you're ready to come play with the rest of us, just come back out, but remember, no touching yourself down there when you're out here, ok?”

I nodded again; my hand was already down the front of my diaper. I spent a few minutes playing with myself in the corner, but pretty soon I got distracted by all the fun noises I heard behind me. I looked over to see kids in free play time, going down the big slide, splashing around in the ball pit, and playing with Legos, cars, and blocks. Playing with myself wasn't as much fun since I couldn't get hard anymore. I gave up my hopeless attempt at self-pleasure and crawled back out to join the others.

I joined a little blond-haired boy named Bryan and got really into playing with blocks, building a really cool castle like the one I built with Daddy the other day. Bryan was also not potty trained, and he didn't speak very well so I felt more comfortable with him than some of

the more mature kids in the class. Pretty soon, I forgot all about my embarrassment and lost myself in play. Aside from failing another diaper check and being changed, there was nothing to stop me from enjoying my fun time and before I knew it, I had made it most way through my first day of preschool.

At the end of the day Daddy came back. "You were magnificent! The whole class got to watch you in action, and we even studied your masturbation habits. It was fascinating stuff. I think we're going to have to work on you a bit, but you're making great progress, baby boy, I'm so proud. We'll definitely have you ready for visiting day with Mom and Dad, don't you worry. Wow, this is better than I ever expected, the investors are going to be thrilled!"

He gushed all the way home and was so happy he even let me have ice cream and pizza for dinner, which I hadn't got to enjoy in forever. While I ate, he put on my favorite T.V. Program with the talking animals. This time the show was about going to your first day of school, and how fun it was to be in preschool. By the time I was finished with dinner, I had forgotten all about my troubles in nursery school, and I only remembered the good things from the day, like playing with blocks, and being a good helper. I knew I had thrown a tantrum at some point, but I couldn't imagine why. Going to school was fun, and I couldn't wait to go back tomorrow.

That night, Daddy laid me down in the crib and put headphones over my ears. The lights dimmed, and soothing nursery music began to play as a soft voice told me to relax and sent me deeper into a state of relaxed concentration. It's strange but even though he put the headphones on most nights thereafter, I could never remember what the voice said after the first few minutes. But I do remember that I had the strangest dream that first night. I was in the playroom when I felt a strong urge to cum, like my penis was on fire, but the more I tried to touch it, the smaller it shrank. I desperately tried to get it to respond to no avail, and when I managed to pull out my penis over the top of my diaper, I just peed everywhere. I ended up falling on my butt in a big yellow puddle on the alphabet mat and crying as the aides tsked disapprovingly, and a crowd of students took notes from the big mirrored window. Then someone put a pacifier in my mouth, and I calmed down, sucking it rhythmically until Daddy arrived and took me home. The thing is, it felt so real, I couldn't be sure it was a dream at all...

Chapter 10: It Takes a Village...

Daddy had been talking a lot about visiting day lately, and I viewed it with a mix of apprehension and hope. Yes, I had told my parents that I was entering an experimental program at school to avoid getting kicked out, but I hadn't said anything about the baby treatment. What would they think? On the other hand, I knew my parents wouldn't let them keep me like this forever. If they saw me, I was sure they would know that something was wrong and find a way to get me out. However, as the days moved forward, and I found myself in the more stimulating environment of the preschool room, I found myself less and less focused on the future. I only looked forward to playing with all of my friends again. Going to preschool every day was a lot more fun than staying at home.

Here, I was finally in my element, but even in the 'baby class' I was reminded of just how far behind I was falling from my toddler peers. They could count better than me, they could feed themselves, and they could drink from sippy cups instead of bottles. As I saw them grow and learn day by day, so I saw myself backsliding toward infancy. One by one, my classmates began to ask to go potty instead of having accidents. Less and less cubbies carried diapers with their lunch pails, and even little Bryan started talking and walking like a bigger kid while I spoke less and less and started having trouble standing up and using my hands. I never even noticed how wet or messy my diapers were, and I barely even acknowledged my increasingly awkward gait as the stretching ring in my behind was switched out for larger and larger sizes over time. Some of the kids teased me or asked me why I looked like a baby at first, but eventually I guess they came to see me as an actual infant because they stopped addressing me directly and just referred to me as 'the baby'.

"I don't gotta be fed like the baby, I can feed myself," they would say during lunch. "Davie, Ms. Beth, baby made doo-doo! he need a diapie change!" they would report, holding their noses with a giggle.

Because of Daddy's rules, I had to treat them all like adults – I could never talk back, and if we were playing, I would always give up my toys, or go along with what they wanted to do no matter what it was. It would have been much more upsetting if I could think clearly, but for some reason my thoughts seemed fuzzier than normal, and it was less easy to remember that I ever was anything but the class baby.

I started to notice that students and professors around campus would wave and smile at me like they knew me. Often, when I was wheeled through campus, I would hear people say things like "Look, it's the campus baby!", or "There's the boy I was telling you about, did you hear what he did the other day?" I asked David about it and he let it slip that I had become the unofficial mascot for the psychology department. He said that it was popular for many students and faculty to come by and watch my antics in their free time. I was a bit bemused by all of this attention, and just went on sucking on my fingers and playing with my blocks. That was more important than thinking about big boy things like that.

Early on, while I still had a little fight left in me, I managed to swipe Daddy's key card and toddle away while everyone's attention was turned. I wandered around campus aimlessly until I ran into a group of students who weren't so friendly. They decided it would be fun to push me around and call me names because of how I was dressed. They called me things like retard and loser and pushed me down, so I skinned my palms on the ground. I was so scared I began to cry, and almost immediately that drew the attention of other students in the vicinity. I saw a group of tough looking Jocks in jackets embroidered with the logo of the top fraternity in the school coming up to us, and I was sure my day was only going to get worse.

"Hey, what's going on here?" One of the jocks said, stepping into the circle, and looking down at me as I pathetically sniffled and blubbered. "You think it's funny to beat up a little kid? Well, do ya?"

There was stunned silence from the group of aggressors, and one of them managed to stutter out a no. The frat boy looked around at each of them, but none of them would meet his gaze.

"Pathetic. I think we'll have to make an example out of you, so everybody knows, you got a problem with the baby, you got a problem with us!" he said, finally. Then he gestured to the others. "Boys, you know what to do."

The jocks then systematically went through each of the bullies' pockets and confiscated their student IDs.

"We're keeping these," He said, waving around a few IDs. "Since you think it's so fun to play with the baby, you must want to be babies yourselves. Well, now you're going to find out what it's like, punks. You will report to Alpha Beta Delta Lambda tonight with a week's worth of clothes. Am I understood?"

Several of them looked at him in disbelief. Some looked resigned to their fate, and a few looked like they wanted to say something. However, with the eyes of the alpha male trained on them, every one of them eventually caved and nodded meekly, much to the man's satisfaction.

"Good. Now beat it." He said, with a finality that clearly meant the conversation was over.

"And don't even think about skipping out," said another jock, as the bullies skulked off. "We know who you are, and we know where you live!" This display was met with applause from the group of students who had gathered to watch the spectacle.

The leader then turned his attention to me, picking me up and looking into my eyes. "Hey, little dude, we got your back, don't worry! Those jerks won't ever bother you again, you have Josh's word," he said, jerking his thumb toward his chest. "You're now under the protection of everyone in the Alpha Beta Delta Lambda house, isn't that right boys?" There

was a loud cheer of agreement from the group of jocks, which rang through the quad, and I suddenly felt protected and safe hearing such unanimous support.

All of the guys conferred for a minute and agreed that from now on they would keep an eye out for me on campus to make sure I was promptly detained if I was ever seen wandering again. They made plans to spread the word to their fraternity brothers and other networks of friends on campus, to make sure everybody knew. With that little bit of business out of the way, I was handed off to another guy, named Kelly, who agreed to take me back to the childcare center where they knew I was usually housed. He took me to the nearest bathroom to wash my hands, then he carried me back to the baby class where I belonged. He even gave me a piggyback ride, which made me giggle lots and I forgot all about the bad stuff those mean guys had said. When I got back, David called my Daddy in class to tell him that I was alright, and then he picked me up, bounced me a few times and sniffed the air.

“Aww, did baby make a doo-doo? Let's get you all cleaned up little one. Now no more wandering off like you did today, we were all scared sick! Promise me you will never do that again!”

“Pwomise!” I said, nodding and looking abashed. I wouldn't ever try to run away again – I didn't want to worry David. I could tell that he really meant it, too, because I got extra special attention from him for the rest of the day.

All in all, life was good. David and Beth were very supportive and caring. They never made me feel self-conscious about my situation – at least not on purpose. I was happy that I got to see my crush every day, even if it was under these humiliating circumstances. I even came to enjoy his antics, and by the end of my first month in toddler school, I was playing along and giggling with all the spaceship and airplane noises David made during diaper changes and feedings, becoming an astronaut, or a fighter pilot, or a train conductor, or whatever he dreamed up next. I became very close to David, and I would do a lot of stuff for him that I wouldn't do for Daddy, to the point that Daddy would sometimes have to call him when I was being fussy and put him on the phone with me to get me to cooperate. But my attachment to David, and my becoming accustomed to life in the toddler class made me scared, and not because of the spiral of regression which I found myself in.

As I hinted at earlier, I hadn't been walking very well, and I had to be carried around more and more. There was talk about sending me down to the nursery which was used for the age group below our own, and I didn't want to do that. I passed by the nursery every day on the way to class, and looking over the side of my stroller, I knew what was waiting for me there. Cribs, walkers, highchairs, Barney, and boring baby toys. Everything was padded there and designed to restrict any extra movement – I would have none of the freedom to wander that I had in the toddler class. Most of all, I didn't want to lose David, not to mention the blocks and cars and all the other cool toys the big kids got. But as I had a harder and harder time using my words and controlling my movements, or doing much of anything at all, I could sense from Daddy's conversations that the change was coming.

Chapter 11: Babysat

One evening, a while into my time as the campus baby, Daddy brought home a young woman from his human sexuality courses. He didn't bother introducing us at all by this point.

"So here he is," he said, leading her into the living room, where I sat in my usual spot in the playpen. "Thanks for stepping up to do this, Vicky. As you know, this is an optional assignment, but I'm hoping everyone takes the opportunity to babysit and participate in this exciting new program. We'll need more help in the future, that's for sure, so this is a chance to get in on the ground floor!"

"Oh, I'm thankful for the opportunity, Professor!" Replied the girl, with a big smile. "And I don't think you'll have to worry about finding participants among my classmates. We all had to fight for who would be first to babysit this little cutie. Rock paper scissors, you know? I'm mean he's just soooo cute. That video on Yout-

"Ah ah ah," Interrupted Daddy. "Not in front of the baby, it'll disrupt his training."

"Ohhh, sorry Professor. Okay, I'll keep it zipped," the girl made a zipping motion across her lips and threw away an imaginary key. Then she turned to me and squatted down with her hands on her knees. "We're gonna have lotsa fun, aren't we tiger?"

I smiled and clapped, drooling a bit on my shirt. She quickly whipped out her notebook and wrote in it. "Fascinating."

The students who came over to watch me were each different. Some were very careful, consulting their notes before initiating any interaction with me. Some were very comfortable babysitting me and would walk around the house bouncing me on their hip as they chatted on the phone. The more experienced ones knew all sorts of special tricks to get me to cooperate during meals and change time. The less experienced ones had more trouble. Many seemed fascinated by me, especially when they changed me. They invariably spent some time marveling at the device stretching my anus wide open, and exploring my gaping hole with their fingers, their mouths agape in amazement. Some even played with my peepee, but it didn't respond much beyond splashing them with pee from time to time. One boy even went so far as to try on a diaper himself. I saw his peepee go immediately hard as he pulled down his pants and put it on. He rubbed the front of the diaper feverishly, filling the room with the sound of crinkles until his peepee spurted sticky goo over the top of the diaper. His look of ecstasy immediately turned to embarrassment as he thought about what he had done. He looked abashed and quickly took the diaper off and tossed it in the diaper pail.

"You never saw that, buddy, okay?"

I just looked at him and drooled some more. I wasn't much for words these days. Oh, every once in a while I would snap out of it and think "What am I doing? I'm a grown man!" I would remember that I wasn't supposed to be a baby at all, and I would try and tell my babysitters that I needed help, but it never came out quite right. Whether they understood me

or not, I'll never know. If they reacted at all it was to take more notes. I guess they just thought of me as another experiment. The only babysitter who really seemed to look at me as a person was David, who was Daddy's go to when he needed someone to watch me. David, of course, was not a psychology major, but majored in early childhood development. His passion was working with children, and even though I was a different kind of child, I guess I still qualified in his eyes. But unbeknownst to me, there were plenty of other students who had taken a special interest in me beyond simple scientific curiosity.

I knew that I wasn't the only person in the world who was into diapers, but it was still surprising to see how many of the guys who watched me got a visible hard on at my predicament. They seemed fascinated, and Daddy mentioned that a growing number of guys outside of the human sexuality class were coming to him to ask about me. He called them my 'fan club', and one night he decided to have a club meeting at the house. It was the night he decided to remove the last and widest of the anal stretching rings from my butt, and Daddy had spent all afternoon moving the furniture out of the living room and laying out black tarps while I watched from my walker. When he was finally done, he dragged a padded bench into the center of the room and picked me up to bring me upstairs for my bath and night diaper. I was laid out on the table and as my diaper was taken off, and I felt the cool air of the nursery tickle the inside of my exposed rectum.

“Okay, little guy. I think we're finally done with this,” he said, pulling the gigantic stretching device out of my butt with a plop and setting it down on the changing table. My eyes went wide when I saw it – it was bigger than both of my fists together! Had that thing been inside me the whole time?

“It looks like it's still gaping,” he said to himself, fingering my hole experimentally, and causing me to shudder in pleasure. “Can you try and close your hole for Daddy?”

I scrunched my face and clenched down as hard as I could. Daddy shook his head.

“No response downstairs,” he said, with a satisfied grin. “Very nice. You'll need that for tonight.” I screwed up my face in confusion, but I quickly forgot about the comment as he continued talking. “We've got a checkup with Doctor Windelmann in a week. Hopefully it will remain like this, or the doctor will have to cut the sphincters. Oh, but you don't need to worry about that, little one. You just need to get ready for your big night! Oh, don't worry, you don't have to do anything special to get ready, little soldier. All you have to do is relax and concentrate for Daddy. That's all, just relax and concentrate, and when you're relaxed and concentrated, you can just show me a big smile on your face. That's it baby, you're doing so good. Now that you're relaxed, and focusing on my words, I'd like you to imagine a box. This is a special box, because it stores memories. Do you see the box? Good, very good. You can keep any memory inside that box and come back to it later, that's what makes it so special. Now, imagine every memory you have for the rest of the night, from now until you wake up in the morning...”

I don't remember what happened after that, but I woke up in the morning to a very full and sticky diaper. As I moved around, a strong smell of cum wafted from the legholes. Brief images of cocks and naked men flashed through my mind, but they were hazy, and I couldn't quite make them out. Why did I smell like cum? Did I have a wet dream? I cried for my Daddy to come and change me, and I hoped he wouldn't be mad at me for making stickies.

A week later, Doctor Windelman declared the gape permanent, so no surgery had to be performed, much to my relief. Daddy looked pleased; he said my regression was going really well. I was happy too. I didn't know what that big word meant, but I knew I had done something good, and I felt really smart for getting it right. We had a big blowup the next day, though, when Daddy announced I was going to the nursery. No matter how much he tried to comfort me or reason with me, I just didn't want to leave preschool behind. He finally had to spank me into submission, something which he hadn't had to do in a long time. I hung my head and tears dampened the diaper bulge at the front of my shortalls as Daddy pushed my stroller through campus.

I thought back to Caleb, my best friend in school. We became friends the day he was sent to school in a diaper. Back then, youth diapers were bulky and loud, so everybody noticed the difference right away, and they began to tease him. But I stood up for him, and – being one of the more well-liked kids in our class – that made an impact. I was fascinated by his need for diapers, the loud crinkle, the way his pants bulged out when he walked, and I would often ask him questions about how it felt – was it like wearing a pillow? What did it feel like to wet them? I was secretly turned on by his obvious humiliation at school when he had an accident and had to go to the nurse's office, and I would always find ways to remind him of his diapered status, just to see him blush and squirm. I remember during sleep overs, his parents would put him in thick cloth diapers with plastic pants for the night, and I prayed they'd put them on me too, but they never did. Even though he wore full time, he still gave them a lot of trouble about it, and I sprang a boner every time I heard him whine to his parents about having to wear his diapers, and their gentle insistence that he needed them. He always lost those fights, and if I was lucky, I would get to see him spanked for his trouble. But now, being on the other side of things, I felt sorry for him, and for what I had done. After all, unlike me he had done nothing to deserve his diaper treatment.

My eyes were red and puffy as Daddy wheeled me up to the door with the big bay window looking into the infant nursery. We stopped, and Daddy unstrapped me and carried me in. I didn't even look up until I heard a familiar voice.

“Hi there, little guy, why the long face?” It was David!

“Thanks again for joining the team and becoming Nicky's special caretaker,” said Daddy. “I know how attached he's become to you. He was crying all morning about leaving the preschool class! You've really helped with his regression, David, and Nicky owes you a lot for helping us turn his life around.”

“Aww, it's okay, little guy,” David said, ruffling my hair as Daddy handed me off to him. “We all make mistakes, and we all deserve a second chance. Your buddy David will always be right here to help you become the best little boy you can be, OK?”

I smiled and nodded shyly, then cuddled into him, sucking my thumb. I knew he truly believed that this was what I needed. David had clearly fallen for Daddy's lies, an unwitting warden in the mental prison Daddy had built for me, but if it meant being closer to him, I didn't mind.

Chapter 12: Visiting Day

Finally, the big day came. The day when I would finally see my parents! I was so happy and excited but also a little afraid. Why was I afraid? I couldn't remember. Was there something I should be worried about? All I knew was I missed them a lot, and I couldn't wait to see my Mommy and Daddy again. I was all smiles as Daddy led them in, until my mom spoke up.

“Nicky?! Is that you?!” She dropped her purse and covered her mouth in horror. My dad looked similarly taken aback as he saw me standing there and holding onto the edge of my playpen for support. I stopped smiling too, and began to whimper, sensing something was wrong. “W-what's wrong, Nicky? Aren't you going to say anything? It's me, your mother!”

Suddenly I remembered who I was. I was a 20-year-old man, not a baby, and I was trapped in some crazy psychological experiment against my will. I looked down at myself. I realized I was dressed in nothing but a cartoon print diaper. I saw how my body had softened to leave my legs chubby, and my baby belly poking out over my Pampers in a little overhang. I looked back up at them in dismay, and embarrassment at being seen like this. Then I lost my balance and fell back on my butt with a loud crinkle.

“I'm sure this must come as a shock to you,” began Dr. Stannopoulos. “He's regressed quite a lot since I published my latest article about his progress in the program, which I'm sure you read. As we discussed before, this need in your son surfaced over the course of his last semester at school.”

“You're talking about the drugs, now, aren't you Doctor?” Said my Dad, crossing his arms and looking down at me as if he was ready to give me another spanking.

“Yes, among other things. It seems he was crying out because of his deep inability to deal with the responsibilities of adult life. The need to regress was a response to that stress. I'm sure you are familiar with Newton's third law – every action has an equal and opposite reaction. Adulthood is a tough transition for any person, and it's perfectly healthy to use regression and diapers as an outlet for that anxiety, but society simply isn't tolerant of people with Nicky's needs. At least not yet. I can't say I blame him for resorting to drugs and sex as a replacement, but... well, luckily for him and the school, we found a much safer alternative.”

I bristled at the Professor's blatant lies. “How could my parents buy this bullshit?” I thought, “If I speak up now, maybe my parents will listen and I can get out of this mess.” I opened my mouth to give them a piece of my mind, but my father did it for me.

“I just can't accept this, professor. I want to see proof! I want to hear it from my own Son's mouth that he's really willing to trade in his whole future for... for this!” He said, sweeping his hand in my direction.

“But I thought you knew... didn't Nicky tell you that he was an adult baby when he went home last Summer?” asked the Professor, feigning surprise before continuing on. “Well... I

don't know if he'll be able to tell you himself... he has been practically nonverbal lately, but I have several signed statements in his own words that show that he willingly entered this program and ended his tenure as a student here.”

Dr. Stannopoulos went to grab the papers from the coffee table. My mom reached into her purse with a shaky hand. “H-honey, I brought a friend. Do you remember Bun-Bun?” She pulled out my old stuffed bunny and offered it to me experimentally. I readily accepted him, hugging him tight, and instinctively began to suck on his fur, feeling some comfort in the familiar object my mommy had brought. My mom began to look at me a little differently as she calmed down and reassessed the situation. She addressed the Professor.

“Nicky never said anything about wanting to be an adult baby before he left. He just said he was going to participate in a medical trial with the department, which would help him stay at the university. We were completely surprised when you sent us the information packet at the end of last Summer notifying us about his withdrawal from school and his extended participation in the reform program. We learned we weren't allowed to contact or visit him or the program staff for a year, so we could only follow along with his progress in the articles and YouTube videos put out by the university. It's one thing to see him running about in a diaper on camera, but it's quite another to see him like this in person.”

“Yes, I'm very sorry but those were the terms that the lawyers worked out with the Department of Justice. It was deemed necessary for his treatment. Here are the signed statements and contracts.” The Professor handed over a sheaf of papers to my father who rifled through the pages grimly. “As you can see, after our initial success with the trial, we subjected your son to a series of psychological examinations to determine his fitness to rejoin the student population. Due to his state of mind at the time, he was deemed incompetent to care for himself. There's his signed statement, agreeing with the psychologists' findings. He nominated me as his legal guardian, and we dropped him from the school roster so he could focus on his treatment.” After a moment, my father reluctantly removed his gaze from the papers and looked over to me.

“Is this true son? Is this really what you wanted?”

“Dada,” I started, my voice cracking with emotion. I took a deep breath. I had to get this right, to tell them that I was not a baby. “D-Dada, I n-n-need my d-d-diapies! P..pweeze, I'm a diapow baby and I wuv my diapows and cuddles, and bottow, an I wanna be a baby fowevow!!!” I began crying as, once again, my words came out all wrong. And then it happened. I felt the inevitable cramps in my tummy and bladder that always came when I tried to explain my predicament, and I grimaced as I felt a bit of poop slide into my diaper. My parents seemed moved, taking my sudden pained look for something else.

“Oh honey, we never knew you felt so strongly!” Said my Mom, looking at me with deep sympathy. She picked me up and carried me to the couch, hugging me in her arms and rocking back and forth, calling me her poor baby.

My Dad frowned. “But he said – when he visited us this summer, he denied all of it. He said the drugs weren't his, and I certainly never heard anything that led me to believe he was sexually active...”

“I'm sorry, Mr. Carson, I know it's hard to believe but he signed a sworn statement after returning to campus admitting that the drugs were his. Even if they weren't, legally my hands are tied. But as his mentor, whom he often confided in, I believe he did have a drug problem. As for the sex, did you know that your son was gay, and was engaging in risky behavior with men in the community? We found a video on his phone which I think you should see,” said Daddy, picking up the remote and switching on the television. “I warn you; this is very graphic. I think you might want to sit down for this, Mr. Carson.”

There I was on screen, lying on a long bench in the middle of a room which was covered with black tarps. I recognized it as the very room we were sitting in, looking just as Daddy arranged it the night that he hypnotized me. My parents gasped as they witnessed their own son surrounded by dozens of horny college boys, all leering and stroking their hard cocks. One guy stepped forward and pulled down the back of my diaper to reveal my gaping asshole. He was soon balls deep in my butt without any need for lube. Another jock sidled forth, grabbed my ears, and smothered my face with his gigantic balls. After a minute of grinding, he re-positioned himself and slowly fed me his dick, moaning and calling me a dirty slut. The other men were drinking beers and cheering them on. The first guy soon pulled out of my mouth, and cum dribbled down my chin as I smiled at the camera.

“Nicky wike peepee! Wan' more nummy milky!” Immediately the spent jock was replaced by the next guy in a long line of men waiting for a turn on my ass or mouth. As the parade continued, some of the guys got more creative. I was sprayed with cum, pissed on, spanked, I was even mounted by the school mascot, much to the amusement of the others, who laughed and high-fived as I was banged by a guy in a fursuit. And the worst thing was, I had a raging erection tenting my diaper the whole time. So this was my 'fan club'. I looked up at my parents whose faces were blank with shock, and then over to Daddy, who was staring straight back at me and grinning maniacally. I felt sick to my stomach. Finally, he turned the TV off, ending the tawdry display. My Dad, not knowing where to look next, looked back down at the sheaf of papers in his hands, and my mom just cried and hugged me tighter.

“Well,” my Dad said, finally, “from all of the evidence, I have no choice but to accept that this is what my son really wants. You said the only other alternative is prison, is that correct?” He looked up at the Professor expectantly.

“I'm afraid so, Mr. Carson. Your son is very lucky, to be honest. Given the way our justice system is set up, most young men in his situation don't get a second chance. But we're hoping that Nicky here will help change that. Our program has been very successful so far and if everything goes as planned, the department of justice may adopt it as an alternative for prisoners, giving countless citizens another chance too. Nicky knew that, and he was willing to dedicate his life to our research in order to further that cause.”

I couldn't take it anymore. I pushed my mom away and stood in the middle of the living room to make my final plea. "Dada, Momma! I gotta go doodie!" I yelled at the top of my lungs, and with that, a rush of poop filled my diaper, followed by a flood of pee, which rapidly turned my diaper from white to yellow, to leaky and brown. A small cry escaped my lips as I looked down in horror. At that point I knew I had completely lost the battle against my captors, and I sunk down onto my knees and started bawling my head off like a baby as the room filled with the stink of my deed. My dad's mouth hung open as he stood there, paralyzed and uncertain how to proceed.

"Oh dear," said the Professor, walking over and tut tutting as he popped my pacifier into my mouth. "looks like our grumpster had a little accident. Excuse us while I-"

"Move aside," my mom said, looking like a soldier going into battle as she rolled up her sleeves and marched over to me. She picked me up and held me at arm's length. "I've changed this little stinker's diapers a million times, it's nothing I haven't seen before. Now which way to the changing table?"

"Er...right this way!" said the Professor, recovering quickly from this unexpected turn of events and leading my mom, who was surprisingly strong, toward the nursery. My dad reluctantly trailed behind as we marched down the hall. Once inside, my mom laid me down on the padded changing table and began the work of taking off my diaper, making sure to wipe as much poop off as possible with the front of the diaper as she untaped it. Next, she grabbed the wipes and began methodically wiping me down until I was mostly clean, and then she crossed my ankles and pushed them upward, causing my bum to lift, and finished wiping the poop off my back. She slid the soiled diaper out from under me, balled it up and tossed it into the diaper pail with one hand like a pro. She kept my ankles in the air with the other hand, while she swiftly placed another diaper beneath me, and lowered me down gently. I couldn't believe it. I was being changed by my own mom, the ultimate humiliation! And to top it off, I was getting a massive erection. This had, after all, been a secret fantasy of mine, though I never dared to admit it. My mom commented on the way my butthole gaped, poking her finger into it experimentally, like everyone else before her. This elicited an involuntary shudder from me, and I moaned into my pacifier as I felt the blood rush to my anus causing it to swell, along with my penis.

I stared down at my purple veiny erection, mortified at being exposed like this in front of my parents, and then Daddy smiled said a strange word I couldn't make out. My eyes went wide as I watched my shiny purple cockhead immediately swell up. My balls contracted and my peehole flared. With a shudder, I emptied six months' worth of cum from my balls, spraying semen across my belly in countless thick ropes. I doubled over from the sheer force of my orgasm, my grunts and cries muffled by the pacifier in my mouth. The room was instantly filled with the thick musky scent of ejaculate.

My mom didn't seem fazed in the least. She simply pushed me down onto my back, wiped off

my belly with a wet wipe, and put baby lotion and powder on my softening boy bits and bum, before taping me up nice and snug, giving my diaper a firm pat.

She turned her attention back to the men in the room, who seemed dazed by the outlandish spectacle.

“Well, I guess that's proof positive that he really does enjoy this treatment! It's certainly better than him sleeping with all those strange men, don't you think? I mean he could get a disease...or worse! It's much better to just keep our baby boy in diapers, isn't it, my little snuggle bear?” She tweaked my nose and tickled my belly, causing me to giggle involuntarily. “Who likes his diapees? Is it you? Is it you?”

“I think she's enjoying this a little too much,” My Dad finally said to the Professor out of the side of his mouth.

“I heard, that, Mr.” Said my mom with mock sternness. “But I guess you men wouldn't understand. A mother always misses her baby. To be honest, I kind of like him like this,” she said, smiling down at me.

I could feel my thoughts becoming fuzzy once more as stared up at the ceiling. There was no point in fighting it, the man I had been was gone for good, and there was no one to come to my rescue. My mommy handed me bun-bun, and I hugged him tight. I felt a smile spread over my face and I closed my eyes as I once again let all those big boy thoughts fall away, and I suckled my pacifier, absorbed in the sights, smells, and sounds of the present moment. I stopped listening to the grown-ups talk and just let their words wash over me as meaningless noise.

The rest of the visit continued in the living room. The Professor and my parents talked about me for a long time, acting like I wasn't even present while I sat on my blanket, gurgling and playing with my toys.

“Well it's clear that our son needed this treatment,” said my father, “but when is this program going to end?”

“Well,” said the Professor, looking somber. “His regression is.... pretty much permanent. What this regression therapy does is to remove the danger to society and make criminals into contributing members of the social system – it is not geared toward rehabilitation. Instead, people who graduate from the full program will be given to qualified caretakers – people or institutions who can't have children of their own but would benefit very much from caring for one. That goes for anything from adoptive parents, to university research, high school home-ec classes, to little brother programs for prisoners, all of which, for legal reasons, have little or no access to actual minors. Ultimately, people who enter this program will fall into two categories. At the end of a three-month trial period, some will be deemed fit to begin reintegration into society. Those who are still deemed a danger to themselves and society will go through the complete regression process. Our studies indicate

that nearly all of the people who enter the program will end up like Nicky – they will simply never regain their full mental capacities. Nicky here has agreed to stay on with us pretty much indefinitely, so we can study the long-term effects of the regression treatment. In addition, he has become an invaluable resource to our department. The students and faculty have grown quite fond of him and we hope our little explorer will stay with us for a very long time. I can't stress enough the potential value of Nicky's contributions."

My parents appeared to think this over for a while.

"Well, he always was the baby of the family," said my mom, almost wistfully. "But he also seemed adamant about making a contribution to the field of psychology, which is why his decision to regress came as such a shock. But I guess, if you think about it, in his own way... he's found a way to do just that."

"Yes, that's right," said my father, picking me up and bouncing me on his knee. "When you put it that way, I guess we can be proud of what our boy has done. Nicky was very brave to admit to something he was deeply ashamed of and dedicate his life to the betterment of society."

"I'm glad you two are seeing the sense in this," said the Professor. "Now, I do think it's time for little Nicky's nap, so we should probably put him down before I see you off."

My father carried me up the stairs in his strong arms, looking for once like a proud father, and laid me down in the crib.

"Most importantly, we want to support whatever makes Nicky happy," my mom said, reaching into the crib and tousling my hair.

"And I promise you, he will be," said the Professor. "Believe me, this is what he always wanted."

"Goodbye, my little angel," said my mom, kissing my forehead and pulling the blankie up over me.

"See you later, slugger," Said my dad, winking at me, and I waved bye bye as the three of them walked off down the hall.

"Now, we'd still like to visit from time to time," I heard my mom saying from down the hall. "And it would be nice if we could take him home on holidays..."

"Of course," came the Professor's response, "Of course..."

Chapter 13: Fresh Start

The commercial started with a fade from black, to a smiling image of me. It was an old recording, from early in the program, and I was reading from a script. "I was the worst of society. Hooked on drugs, addicted to sex. I failed at being an adult, I felt unlovable, and I didn't care what laws I broke to escape from that pain. When I was finally caught and charged with drug trafficking, I thought I was destined to spend the rest of my adult life in prison. But just when I thought my life was over, that's when I got a chance to make a fresh start. With one little signature, I was admitted into a reform program that gave me the chance to be a useful member of society again. Now I'm Daddy's little snuggle bug, and I bring smiles to people every day. Sometimes I get mad and yell, telling Daddy I'm a big boy, but he just reminds me of the contract I signed proving I'm not. I love my daddy, and with his help I'll never make trouble again!"

"The Fresh Start Program – Because Everyone Deserves a Second Chance."

The video was followed by a link to the Fresh Start webpage which had an up-to-date listing of adult babies up for adoption, along with pictures and stats, and what kind of adoption programs they were eligible for.

"Adopt today!" was written in big bold letters below, and interested visitors were guided through the automated process of applying for their own little bundle of joy.

Shortly after visiting day, congress gave the Fresh Start program the green light, and thousands of offenders were instantly shunted into the new reform system as they signed their adulthood away on the dotted line. The university built a huge research facility called the Center for Adult Baby Studies, with a special pediatric wing headed by Dr. Windelmann, and I was at the center of a very large publicity campaign to recruit volunteers and staff. Daddy, and all of the students who had helped him develop the program, became full time staff of the shiny new center, with shiny new benefits and big paychecks to boot. As for the investors, they made a lot of money, just as Daddy promised. The Fresh Start program was the word on everyone's lips as Daddy and I hit the talk show circuit, where people oohed and aahed at my cute antics. Daddy hammed it up, bottle feeding me as he talked on the Tonight Show about what a perfect subject I had been and, yes, even triggering an accident or two during taping. I didn't mind it, though, since I knew people no longer expected me to act in any way like a grown up. I just continued being myself, and I left all of the big kid worries to the adults.

One day, when I was playing with my blocks in the nursery, Daddy squatted down to my level and told me something so surprising, I literally dropped what I was doing.

"Tell me Nicky, did you ever wonder why the hypnosis worked so well?"

I just stared at him blankly and nodded.

"It worked because you wanted it to. You can't hypnotize someone who isn't willing to accept the suggestions. None of this would have been possible if you didn't fundamentally at

your deepest core want to be a baby. That's right, you did it all." He swept his hand across the room, and all it contained – the toys, the baby furniture, the diapers and even the babyish wall decorations. "Your regression is reversible. Aside from the physical changes that have happened with your weight and bowel control, we could bring you back to the developmental level of a 20-year-old, and you'd be the same as when you entered. Did you know that?"

I was stunned. Was this true? Now that I'd accepted that this was who I was, I realized I didn't want to go back. Being a grown up sounded scary, and humiliating.

"Don't worry, Nicky," He said, as if reading my mind. "You won't get to grow up again. The program has done too much good for us to risk you blabbing about what I did to you. When I first planted those drugs in your room, I'll admit I was angry. Who were you to stand in the way of progress? I made a plan to trap you into my program, regress you, and sell you to the highest bidder – most likely some gay 'Daddy', who would turn you into his diaper bitch, just like in your fantasies. It brought me pleasure to see your resistance broken while I used your ideas against you and forced you to live out your deepest desires. We used your own creative imagination to guide the program, lil' partner, and your successful transformation into toddlerhood launched my career to new heights. But if people found out that you were framed, the damage to the program's reputation would be too great, and all of the people we are helping would be hung out to dry."

I pointed an accusing finger at him and made to tell him off for being such a meanie, but all that came out was baby babble. He just shook his head and laughed as if it was the funniest joke in the world.

"Oh, little one, I'm gonna miss you. I just thought you deserved to know the truth before I had to give you the news. Times have changed and I'm sad that it's finally time to say goodbye, little guy."

I looked up at him and whimpered, not sure what he was telling me.

"The truth is, we've simply outgrown you. I have my hands full with the new candidates that Alpha Beta Delta Lambda house produced – you remember those hoodlums that knocked you down, don't you? Between the numerous embarrassing recordings of their baby discipline at the hands of Alpha Beta, and the incident report we filed with campus police, we were able to convince them to join our happy family at CABS. Their treatment is progressing well, and Dr. Windelmann is working with his arsenal of stents and stretchers to produce an accelerated treatment regimen. Our work with the Alpha Beta candidates will be the basis for an exciting new program aimed at preventing school bullying. You see, lil' partner, our research is moving forward, and you're simply no longer needed here. I've decided it's time to graduate you from the program and put you up for adoption."

At this point I was in tears. Daddy was giving me away, tossing me out like so much garbage. He looked down at me with genuine pity as I bawled my eyes out.

"It's for your own good, honey, you can't stay here forever, and your parents simply aren't equipped to take you back full time. Your new Daddy is coming today to pick you up, in fact, I think that's him now."

The door chime announced the stranger who would care for me for the rest of my life, and Daddy went downstairs to let the man in, carrying me on his hip. What would he be like? All of the scariest possibilities I could imagine filled my head, but when Daddy opened the door, I was in for a real shock. Instead of some scary, stranger, in walked David.

"Hi, little buddy! Guess you can call me 'Da-Da' from now on, huh?"

I looked back at Daddy in disbelief, as David took me from his arms, shushing me and kissing away my tears.

"Shhh shh shh... it's okay, baby boy. Daddy's here now."

"You know," said Daddy, looking at David with a big grin, "Dr. Windelmann really wanted to get his hands on the little guy, but everyone knew you were the right choice. You could practically see the cartoon hearts popping out of his eyes every time he saw you."

I blushed and cocked my head at David as if to ask him if I was really that obvious.

"Yes, little one, it's true. And it's super cute." He said, with a smile. "We're going to have a really good life together, I promise."

David leaned in and whispered into my ear, "I know you can still understand me, little one, even if you can't talk. When I first saw you, all I wanted to do was to look after you and make sure you were safe. I always knew you were tricked into joining, but you're just too cute this way! So I made a deal with Daddy that if I could have you, I would keep his little scheme a secret. I know it's not fair but, it's okay, I know this is what you really want."

My new Daddy looked into my eyes, and I looked back. Everything suddenly fell into place, and I saw my life for what it was. I had found a way, somehow, to get what I always wanted – the diapers, the regression, and my true love, who would accept me for who I was, poopy pampers and all. I knew that he was right. This is exactly what I wanted. David continued, loud enough for Daddy to hear.

"See, Nicky? I told you I'd always be here to help you be the best baby boy you could be, and now I always will."

David carried me out to his car as I babbled happily back to him, a little boy in love. And that's how it's been ever since. Sure there are a lot of changes since I was a 'free adult'. Instead of masturbation, I get poopie diapers. Instead of staying up and partying I get an early bedtime and a bottle. And instead of a boyfriend to share my life with, I get Daddy. Yes, yes, I know you must be wondering, after all I gave up to get here, was it really worth the trade? And to be honest? Yeah, it kinda was.

