

## Last Resort

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

What happens when you run out of options and have to call that last number on your cell phone? Find out in this story.

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"Fuck you!"

"NO, fuck you, Dad!"

Marshall shucked on his backpack and walked out the back door, the screen slamming itself shut behind him.

"Hey, Greg, can I stay at your place?"

"Hey, Jakey, can I stay with you for a bit?"

"Hey, Shawn, my man. Can I stay over for a little while?"

He'd dialed everyone down the list and all he'd gotten was

"Sorry man, not this week."

"Can't help you bud."

"Good luck!"

Until finally he came to the last option in his phone. The name just said 'Daddy T'

"Hello? Marshall, is that you? Yeah, I think I can help you, if you're willing to follow my rules. Hmm, you need a ride too? Okay, Where are you?"

He waited on the corner. It was dark, and he shivered despite the California heat. This guy was a last resort, but he wasn't going to go back home now. Not for the lecture, or the danger that he was now in.

A black Lincoln Navigator pulled up to the corner and stopped. The window rolled down.

"Hop on in," said the man, and he did.

"You hungry?"

"No," said Marshall, crossing his arms and frowning.

"I'm sorry. Let me rephrase that. Have you eaten?"

"No, I haven't eaten."

"Okay, well then, I'm going to stop at a drive through and get you some food, and you're going to eat it."

"Yes, sir."

"That's what I like to hear."

Daddy T was a hook-up back from when Marshall was doing some gay for pay on the side. This guy had a thing for being a 'daddy', and Marshall actually liked the fact that he never asked for sex. All Marshall had to do was follow the rules and he got paid. When Marshall quit doing that work in favor of something more lucrative, Daddy T gave him his number, just in case. He never thought he'd actually call it again.

"A kids meal? Really?" asked Marshall.

"Just what a growing boy like you needs," Daddy said with a smile. "Now you hold onto that 'til we get home. No eating in the car."

"Yes, sir," said Marshall, pouting.

Back at Daddy's house, Marshall was digging into his chicken nuggets and fries, while Daddy waited. He didn't want to admit it but he actually liked this food.

"Don't forget to drink your milk, kiddo."

Marshall was abashed at the childish drink. Daddy insisted on no soda saying it was bad for him, and this is what he got instead. Distracted as he was, he tried to swallow a nugget hole and almost choked.

"Hey, slow down there, kiddo. Did you even get a chance to taste it?"

Marshall coughed up the nugget and felt even more embarrassed.

"I think that food is too big for you, kiddo. I'll have to cut it up next time."

Marshall felt so small thanks to Daddy's teasing, but said nothing.

"So, what brings you to my doorstep? Need some cash?"

Marshall shook his head.

"No. It's my Dad. He doesn't like my lifestyle and he kinda kicked me out."

"What," said Daddy, looking like he was about to leap out of his seat. "Because you're gay?"

"No. Because I deal drugs."

"Drugs?! What are you thinking, Marshall? Don't you know how dangerous that is?"

"I do. And now that he threw away everything I have, I can't show my face in town. I owe some very bad people a lot of money."

Daddy rubbed his temples as he processed this information.

"Well, you've gotten yourself into a real mess this time, haven't you? I can keep you safe if you stay with me, but you're going to have to have a lot more rules than before, little man."

Marshall gulped. He didn't like the way this sounded.

"Well, I guess I don't have a choice."

"That's right. You don't have a choice. Now, if you're finished with your food, then it's time to put on your Jammies. We can talk in your new room."

"Bed now? Oh, I'm not all that tired, though."

"Rule number one – you now have a bedtime. It's 10pm right now but I can make it earlier if you want to fight about it. Or I can drop you off downtown, it's up to you."

Marshall turned pale.

"You... you wouldn't really do that, would you sir?"

The man frowned.

"That's the last thing I want to do, but you're not a kid anymore. If you don't let me help you, I can't exactly drop you off with child protective services. So it's my rules while you're in this house and that means bedtime at 10pm for now."

Daddy T stood up and cleared the table, then he offered his hand to Marshall.

"Let's go, little man."

Marshall accepted the hand. He was led up to a bedroom that he had seen before. This was the toddler room. It had a twin sized bed with a space themed comforter, rocket ship decals on the walls, and a lamp with a pinhole shade that cast stars and planets over everything. The rail on the side of the bed and the toys and books stacked on shelves left no doubt that this room was meant for a young child. He sat down on the bed and sighed. He knew what was coming next.

“Okay, kiddo. Arms up.”

Marshall obeyed and allowed Daddy to undress him. His shirt came first, and then his shoes and socks. He remembered how embarrassed and shy he felt the first time Daddy T undressed him. After a few sessions with the man, it had become a routine – a ritual. He lifted his hips to let the man slide off his pants and underwear in one swoop. As strange as it sounded, this routine was a comfort after a completely fucked night.

Daddy T smiled at the cute boy as he sat on the bed naked.

“Hard to believe you’re 20 years old already, kiddo. You could still pass for a boy if you got rid of that peach fuzz. Speaking of which, you’re getting a shave and a haircut tomorrow.”

He walked over to the closet and opened the door. This was the part where Daddy picked a sleeper or other similarly childish pajamas.

“Why don’t you pick tonight, buddy? Do you want the rocket ship shirt and shorts, or the robot shirt and pants?”

“Uh... rocket ship, I guess.” Said Marshall, who never quite knew how to get into the role of this particular man’s fantasies beyond following the rules.

“Hey, it matches the room, right? Okay, buddy. But you know what else you need now don’t you?”

Marshall nodded. “Yeah, pull-ups. Right?”

Daddy smiled. “That’s right, kiddo! What a smartie! Let’s see. What size were you? Geez, you’ve lost a lot of weight, kiddo. We gotta get some meat on those bones. Right now it looks like you need real toddler pull-ups.”

He sat the pajamas on the bed and opened the top drawer of the blue dresser by the bed. Marshall knew they contained nothing but rows of training pants and pull-ups. He also knew they were going to be his underwear for as long as he lived in this room.

Daddy pulled out a pair of Spaceman Spiff pull-ups and held them open for Marshall to step into, which he did without prompting.

“Such a good boy. You remembered how to step into your pull-ups! Now you’re going to keep these dry tonight, right? I’ll know you did if that rocketship is gone in the morning.”

“Yes, sir.” Said Marshall. He allowed the man to dress him in the pajamas. If his friends could see him now they’d be laughing their asses off. He was just glad no one else could see him.

“Okay, hon, let’s have a talk.”

Daddy sat down on the bed and patted his lap. Marshall sighed and walked over to him, allowing himself to be pulled into the older man’s lap.

“I just want you to listen, sweetie. No complaining and no frowning, okay? All I need to know is that you understand the rules, and only when I ask you. Got it?”

“Yes sir, I understand.”

“Good boy. I already told you the first rule Bedtime is at 10. This is the rule because little boys like you need their sleep and it looks to me like you haven’t been getting it. Rule number two is I take your cell phone, wallet, keys, clothes, any other big boy stuff. I don’t want you falling into bad habits. That’s dangerous - especially now that you have people after you. So those are staying with Daddy.”

Marshall’s eyebrows raised at this, but it made sense, so he nodded – he certainly didn’t want to be tracked back to this location because of a stupid mistake.

“And rule number three, no drugs. No alcohol. No cigarettes. If a 4-year old can’t have it, neither can you. And for all intents and purposes you will be my 4-year old while you’re here. So the fourth rule is that you’re just a little boy while you’re here. I don’t need to tell you what that means, you already know. And finally the fifth rule is never ever argue with Daddy. My word is final, and I will punish you if you are disobedient. Daddy doesn’t like to do that, but he will do what’s best for his little boy. Do you understand?”

“Yes sir.”

“I want you to repeat the five rules back to me. And no more ‘sir’. You’re too young for that – just call me Daddy from now on.” The man rubbed the boy’s arm while the other hand sat in front of his tummy, holding him secure.

“Yes Daddy,” said Marshall, feeling very childish sitting in this man’s lap in pull-ups and space-pajamas. “Bedtime’s at 10, no cell phones or other big boy stuff, no drugs, I should call you Daddy, and while I’m here I’ll be treated a four year old boy.”

“That’s right, sweetie,” said Daddy. He gave the boy a squeeze. “And can you tell Daddy what being a little boy means for your time here? You should remember from all the other times you’ve been my little boy.”

“Uh, yeah,” Marshall said, blushing slightly. “ I have to wear whatever Daddy puts me in, I have to wear my special undies and use the training potty, and Daddy chooses my food and what I watch. Oh and no swear words.”

“Very good, little guy,” said Daddy, giving the boy a hug and a kiss on the cheek. “You’re so smart! Let’s put you to bed. And if there’s anything you need, you just call Daddy. I don’t want you getting up on your own and wandering around at night. Got it?”

“Sure, Daddy. I’ll stay put.”

Daddy tucked Marshall in and gave him a kiss on the forehead.

“It’s way past your bedtime so I’m not going to read you a story tonight, honey, but tomorrow you can choose a story from the shelf. Now off to dream land, sweetie. I’ll see you in the morning!”

“Good night, Daddy,” said Marshall.

Daddy stooped to pick up Marshall’s pants – cell phone and all. Marshall felt a bit uncomfortable watching any connection to his previous life walk out the door with Daddy, but he was glad when the man finally left and he had the space to himself. This blew. He didn’t know how long he could put up with this treatment, and he could have really used a joint right about then to chill out. He decided he would try and find his stuff later when Daddy was in bed. He had stashed something to take the edge off in his backpack, and he could only hope that Daddy hadn’t gone through it. He would just close his eyes for a little while and then...

“What the-?”

Marshall woke with a start. He had fallen asleep. How much time had passed? He sat up and listened. Nothing. Crept over to the door and listened. Nothing. Cracked the door – it creaked. He waited, fearing Daddy might have heard. Nothing. He snuck out into the hall and down the stairs. The house was dark. No sign of Daddy. He slowly descended the stairs, then he peeked his head inside the kitchen. The time on the oven said 2:01 AM. It was still early by his standards, but he was very tired and actually did

want to get some sleep. His backpack was where he'd left it in the dining area. He carefully unzipped the bag and rooted around inside until he found it. A bottle of pills.

He snuck back to his room and realized he didn't have anything to drink them with. He didn't want to risk another trip out – who knows what would happen if he got caught – so he had no choice but to swallow it dry. It would be better that way anyway; he was already starting to feel the urge to pee and no way he was going to wake up Daddy for that. He'd just sleep and use the potty in the morning. He stashed the pills in the base of the lamp, which was open on the bottom. No way Daddy would find them there. Then, he lay down and stared at the star-covered ceiling. He thought about his plans for the future. How he was going to get out of this one. Soon, the drugs kicked in and he felt himself floating down into a fuzzy, dreamless sleep.

“Wake up, kiddo! Wake up!”

“Huh?”

“Boy, kiddo, you sure are a deep sleeper! Rise and shine, it's time to eat and make peepees!”

Marshall gradually came to as Daddy was gently shaking him awake. He fought to claw his way out of the fog of sleep and respond. Eventually he managed to sit up.

“Oh...hi.”

“Come on, now, that's not how you greet your Daddy! I want you to say ‘good morning Daddy’ and give your papa a hug and a kiss. Can you do that, tiger?”

Marshall smacked his dry mouth and rubbed the sleep out of his eyes.

“Uh...good morning Daddy!” He hugged the man and gave him a peck on the cheek, but Daddy turned his head and made it a little peck on the lips. Marshall blushed at that. It felt so babyish.

“There's my good boy. Now let's see if you made it through the night!”

Daddy pulled down the covers and made a big show of inspecting Marshall's pull-ups. He looked at the fade-when-wet rocketship on the front. He squeezed the front. He even gave it the sniff test. This was enough to cause even the jaded Marshall to hide his hands in his face in embarrassment.

“Uh oh! It looks like somebody had a wet night!” Daddy finally concluded.

“Daddyyy!”

“What sweetums? I’m just stating the obvious.”

“I don’t wet the bed, Daddy!” said Marshall, but there was no denying it. The full feeling in his bladder was gone, and instead he wore a very full-feeling pull-up.

“Well, looks like ya do! Let’s get you cleaned up and shaved right away so you aren’t spending the morning in a soggy pull-up. Come on, kiddo. Let’s go!”

Daddy sat Marshall on the practice potty and ran a bath. He poured in some bubble bath and turned back to the boy with a smile.

“You go ahead and do what you need to do, kiddo. I wanna see some tinkles and poopies by the time this bath is ready!”

“Daddyyyy!” squealed Marshall. “I can’t do that in front of you!”

“You’re not going into the bathroom alone so you’re going to have to learn quick. If you don’t do it by lunch then Daddy will have to help you. I don’t want you holding it in and getting constipated.”

“Yuck, Daddy!” said Marshall, sticking out his tongue.

“You’re my little boy and nothing you do is yuck. Helping you use the potty is just part of being a Daddy.”

“I guess I can try,” said Marshall, crossing his arms and turning his head to look the other way. He closed his eyes and tried to pretend he was on a regular toilet. He could feel it coming. A little bit of pee hit the splash guard and dribbled into the potty.

“There ya go, sport! You’re doing so well!”

Daddy’s voice cut through and broke his concentration.

“Daddy, quiet, I need to concentrate!” yelled Marshall.

Daddy stood up, pulling his hand out of the water and kneeled in front of Marshall. He put his hand on the boy’s chin and looked him dead in the eye.

“Now I’m going to tell you this once only. You do not raise your voice at Daddy. The next time you are disrespectful like that, you’ll be feeling a sore bum for the rest of the day. Am I understood?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Repeat the rule back to me so I know you understand.”

“No raising my voice at Daddy or I get a spanking,” said Marshall, afraid at the serious tone Daddy had taken on.

Daddy’s face softened and he released the boy’s chin. He gave the boy’s cheek a soft stroke. “That’s better, kiddo. Now go ahead and do your business. Come on, push.”

Daddy stayed right in Marshall’s personal space as he coached him to use the potty like a big boy. The low height of the potty chair put Marshall in a bit of a squatting position and helped him along. A little bit of poop plopped into the training potty. Marshall sighed in relief, but he still felt like he had to go.

“Great job, buddy. Are you all done?”

“Yes, Daddy. I’m all done,” Marshall lied.

Daddy was pleased. He stood Marshall up and wiped his butt with a wet wipe, then had him stand in front of the tub while it filled. Daddy swished the water around with his hands, making sure it mixed well, and then when it was done, he helped the boy into the tub.

“There we are kiddo. Nice and slow.”

Marshall gasped as the hot water hit his feet. Daddy had done a good job at keeping it cool enough for him to adjust to quickly, though. Soon he was all the way in and Daddy picked up a washcloth.

“I- I can do that myself, Daddy.”

“Not in my house, little boy,” was Daddy’s reply.

He proceeded to wash the boy with baby wash, and even washed his hair. By the time he was finished, the tub water had turned cloudy with dirt.

“You sure don’t do a very good job of cleaning yourself, kiddo. I think you need a Daddy to help you wash up.”

Marshall just frowned and looked down at his skinny body. He didn’t like being told he needed a bath.

“Well, let’s rinse you off and get you shaved. Then I’m going to give you a haircut.”

The shaving supplies were already out on the bathroom counter. Daddy began by rubbing the boy down with a light pink cream. It smelled funny.

“What’s this cream for, Daddy?”

“It’ll help me get your hair off, little guy. Unless you want to spend half the day being shaved, this is probably a good starter, and we can finish off anything we’ve missed with the razor.”

“Is this really necessary though?”

“You know the rules, no questioning Daddy. I know, why don’t we sing nursery rhymes while you’re waiting. Let’s start with I’m a little teapot. You remember that one, don’t you?”

“Uh... yeah, I think. Geez It’s been a long time since I did anything like that.”

“Well, I’ll help you if you forget any of the words. Go ahead and try it out!”

Marshall felt rather silly but he did his best to follow Daddy’s wishes. He sang I’m a little teapot, the itsy bitsy spider, twinkle twinkle, row row row your boat, the wheels on the bus, and old MacDonald. By the end he was actually getting into it. Then, the lotion started to burn.

“Oww! Daddy, it hurts!”

Daddy quickly rinsed off the lotion with the shower head and Marshall watched as his body hair collected in a clump in the drain catcher. His skin was pink and smooth, and Daddy only had to shave a few little touch up spots here and there before he was left totally hairless below the neck. Marshall held up his arms, turning them this way and that.

“Whoa. They look like popsicle sticks. This is weird,” he said.

“They look appropriate for a little boy like you. No more hair anywhere and that’s how it should be!”

Marshall looked down between his legs and blushed. His bits looked much smaller without all that hair, very different from what he was used to. He was going to have some explaining to do when he left Daddy’s house and people saw him without any body hair.

“Daddy, this looks weird. I don’t like it.”

“You’ll get used to it, baby boy. Now come on and let Daddy towel you off. It’s time for a haircut and one more rinse!”

Daddy decided to give Marshall a bowl cut. It was fast, easy, and looked about as boyish as you could imagine. Almost comically so.

“Really?” Said Marshall, looking at himself in the mirror after his hair was washed and toweled off.

“Really,” said Daddy, scooping him up in the towel. Marshall was surprised that Daddy was strong enough to carry him to the room, and kept trying to tell him he really didn’t have to. He was actually worried that Daddy would hurt himself.

“You’re light as a feather, kiddo,” said Daddy, who carried him all the way back to the room and dumped him naked onto the bed. “See? Easy as pie.”

The pull-up and pajamas that Daddy put him in for breakfast felt different against his freshly-shaved skin. He could feel the clothing rub his skin with every movement, and he could especially feel the air flow under his clothing as he moved. It was so noticeable in his pull-up that it caused his penis to get hard repeatedly without warning whenever he shifted in his seat.

“Bon Appetit!” said Daddy, setting down two plates of French toast. He had taken the liberty of cutting Marshall’s up ahead of time, and that little touch did not escape the boy’s notice.

Marshall had had a hard time believing the man the first time, when he said he didn’t want any sex out of the whole deal. “And you’re sure you don’t want any sex? Not even a blowjob?” Marshall had kept asking, to make sure he had heard the man right. But sure enough, all Daddy had ever asked was for him to follow the rules and be a good little boy for Daddy.

Marshall played with the French toast a bit. He wasn’t really hungry – the drugs killed his appetite most of the time. He looked up to Daddy who was eating with gusto from his own plate.

“Aren’t you gonna eat, kiddo? Have some of your orange juice too!”

The orange juice was in a sippy cup. Marshall looked at it. He gave a short little laugh and shook his head.

“Daddy?” he asked.

“Yes, sweetums?”

“What do you get out of all this? I mean... I know it's not about sex for you. But I don't understand any other reason you'd go to this much trouble.”

“I go to the trouble because I love my little guys, and because this is just what little guys like you need. I get plenty back from making sure my boys are on the right track and taken care of, believe me. Now eat some of that French toast and orange juice. We need to put some meat on those bones, you look like a skeleton!”

Marshall grunted and began to eat. That was the answer Daddy always gave. This time Daddy continued, though.

“You're not the only boy I've helped you know. I've had plenty come through these doors in need of guidance, and I've helped them grow into the men I knew they could be. The ones who wanted to grow into men, that is. There are some who will always be little boys, and that's okay too.”

Marshall couldn't imagine wanting to be a little boy forever. Sure it had its advantages, never having to worry about who to trust, or how you were going to make your next dollar, but it came at the price of so many freedoms.

“You know, I was relieved when you finally called me,” said Daddy.

“You were?” Marshall said, taken aback. People didn't tend to think of him unless he owed them something. At least that's how he felt anyway.

“Sure I was. I always worried about you, kiddo, and I thought for sure you were gonna end up on the streets or worse once you stopped calling. I always kicked myself for not stepping in when I had the chance, but I'm not gonna let that happen again, little one.”

Marshall blinked. “What do you mean?”

“I mean that I'm gonna help you get your life back on track. I can get you a new name, a new look, and eventually, maybe even get you back out there on your own. Those bad people you're worried about won't even recognize you when I'm through. But of course, it's up to you whether or not you want my help.”

“Look, Daddy. I appreciate everything you're doing for me, but I can't stay here forever. Or at least, I don't plan to be here long. When the heat dies down, I'll head back out there. You may not like my lifestyle but it's what I chose. It works for me, and I can handle... ugh...” Marshall doubled over in pain and clutched his stomach. He shouldn't have eaten food.

“Baby boy, what’s wrong?”

“My stomach! It’s killing me! I think I’m gonna...”

Marshall threw up. His stomach couldn’t handle solid food after taking those drugs the night before. He would normally have smoked a joint to make it easier, but that wasn’t an option at Daddy’s house.

Daddy flew into action and for the next few minutes, Marshall just held his stomach and let the man take charge.

“Okay,” said Daddy, once he got his baby boy comfortable on the couch. He handed the boy a bowl of ice chips and petted his head.

“Chew on these for a while,” said Daddy. “I have something in the fridge for little guys who aren’t ready for solid food yet. You stay here, okay?”

“Ugh, I don’t think I could move if I wanted to,” said Marshall, still wincing from the stabbing pains in his abdomen.

Daddy returned with a glass of milky liquid and gave it to the boy who promptly spilled it on himself.

“Oh god, I’m so sorry.” Said Marshall, feeling more useless than ever.

“I should have known to put it in a bottle. Stupid Daddy,” said the man, smacking his forehead. He smiled down at the boy and squeezed his arm, letting him know that he wasn’t angry in the least. “Arms up, little guy. I’m taking your shirt. I’ll be right back with a proper drink for you.”

Sure enough, Daddy came back with the drink in an oversized baby bottle. Marshall allowed the man to cradle him in his lap and feed him the liquid. It felt intimate in a way that would normally have him squirming, but as awful as he felt physically, laying like this actually made him feel a little better. He looked up at Daddy as he suckled his bottle and saw nothing but love. He had to get out of here. He was not ready to see that from anyone.

Unfortunately he was in no state to go anywhere. He got past the halfway mark on the bottle and his stomach seemed fine.

“You’re doing so good baby. Keep drinking for Daddy. Slow down if you need to.”

With Daddy's encouragement he kept it up, but his full stomach had an unintended side effect. His body, not used to having a full stomach, decided it was a good time to make more room down below, and it evacuated his bowels.

"Unh!" Marshall let out a groan as his body contracted slightly, and immediately filled his seat with mush. It pushed out into the diaper, filling the back with warm and heavy poop. He could feel it pressing against his butt like soft clay piled up beneath him. He couldn't believe it. He'd just pooped his pull-ups in Daddy's lap. He inhaled sharply, beginning to panic.

"Oh baby boy! Oh sweetie, did you just? You did."

Marshall looked as if he was completely lost. Daddy immediately set down the bottle. Before he had a chance to cry, Daddy hugged the boy close, rocking him gently.

"Shhh. It's okay, sweetheart. You didn't do anything wrong. You just had a little accident is all. Daddy will get you all cleaned up and you'll be good as new, okay?"

"N-no, not again! I hate this!" said Marshall.

"Honey... do you mean this has happened to you before?"

Marshall just nodded glumly. The truth was it wasn't the first time he had shit himself – not even the first time he'd done it in front of other people. It was kind of a side effect of some of the drugs he took and his irregular diet. He'd be constipated for several days, and then all of a sudden it would all decide to come out. One time he had to go to the emergency room because it just wouldn't come at all. They looked at him like he was trash and didn't give him any medicine that would actually help with the pain. If he could just get a pill from that bottle, he'd feel better.

"Sweetie, if this has happened before, then I think you need more than pull-ups. You need diapers."

Marshall just shook his head.

"No, Daddy! Not diapers. I don't wanna wear diapers!"

"Honey, I think you need them. And if that's what I think you need, then that's what you're gonna wear."

Daddy had him finish his bottle, then walked off to grab the required changings supplies. The boy felt too awful to put up much of a fight as Daddy placed him onto a changing mat on the living room floor.

“No, Daddy,” he protested weakly, but Daddy just shook his head and pushed the boys legs back open, allowing him access to his bits for easy cleaning. Several wipes later, the very stinky pullup was placed off to the side, while a new thick diaper was placed beneath him. It had a thick white plastic covering with a colorful landing zone. The filling felt so full and fluffy, and it encased Marshall’s waist and groin in its softness like a nice hug. Marshall hated it. But he kinda liked it too.

“Isn’t that much more comfy, little boy?”

“Yeah, it’s not so bad I guess, but I don’t wanna be in diapers.”

“Why not, Baby boy? If you need them you need them, and I certainly don’t mind.”

“I don’t need them,” he whined.

“Well, then you need to show me that by not pooping your diapers. For now, let’s just let you rest, sweet pea.” Daddy tossed the diaper and washed his hands, and Marshall spent the rest of his morning with his head in Daddy’s lap as Daddy stroked his hair.

Marshall woke up some time later in bed in just his diaper. Daddy had probably thrown his pajama bottoms in the wash with his shirt. He was sure they stunk as much as the pull-ups.

He turned his head to look at the lamp. He’d feel a little better if he could get one of those pills. He grabbed the rail of the bed and carefully rolled himself over, holding on for support as he shakily made his way to the dresser. He lifted the lamp but found that there was nothing beneath it. He began to panic, searching frantically through the drawers and all around the dresser. Where were the pills?

He heard someone clear their throat behind him.

“Baby boy what are you doing out of bed?”

Marshall’s face crumpled. He had been caught.

“It’s...my m-m-medicine...” he said, holding back the urge to cry. “I lost it.”

“You mean this medicine?” Daddy held the missing pill bottle in his hand and looked at the label. “This is not your medicine. A boy your age shouldn’t even be allowed to handle medicine!”

“I n-n-need it,” said the boy, already feeling the cramps return.

“You knew the rules. We’re done here,” said Daddy, crossing his arms. “Get out.”

Marshall was full on crying now. He had no chance out there on his own. Maybe he could skip town but in his condition without the drug, he would never make it. He had no choice. He had to beg.

“Daddy please! I’m sorry! I’m sick, please don’t kick me out. I couldn’t help myself. Please let me stay, I’ll do anything!”

Daddy looked down at the boy begging at his feet. Marshall couldn’t tell what he was thinking.

“Anything, you say?”

“Anything. Please. Just let me stay.”

A month later, Daddy was downtown pushing his little boy in his stroller when they bumped into Marshall’s former ‘boss’. The man was covered in tattoos and looked like he was having a bad day. He saw them pass by and stared hard at the oversized infant, as if trying to place him. Marshall was oblivious. He just continued sucking on his binky and playing with his toy keys.

“Afternoon,” said Daddy, nodding.

“...Cute kid,” said the man, nodding back.

As soon as the bad man passed, Daddy breathed a sigh of relief.

“Well, kiddo, it worked. I told you no one would recognize you.”

Marshall didn’t respond. He was too enthralled at the sound the plastic keys made when he shook them. He smiled and drooled when Daddy called him a good boy. He couldn’t wait to get back home and go back into his nice crib where he’d take a nap.

“You know I would never really kick you out, little boy, don’t you? It’s just so much easier when little boys cooperate.”

Marshall looked back at Daddy and nodded. He couldn’t remember his time as a drug dealer. He couldn’t even remember last week. But he did remember that Daddy always took care of his problems, and so he relaxed as mush filled his diaper yet again. He was Daddy’s good boy.