

Room for Rent

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

Chapter 1: What's the Catch?

Rob needs an apartment badly, and he finds one just in time. With cheap rent, a great location, and a cute roommate, it seems too good to be true! All he has to do is make a good impression, but his childish tendencies are hard to overcome. Can he keep his teddy in his room and his thumb out of his mouth in his new place?

Looking to Share a House With Another Chill Professional Dude

'If anyone is interested in sharing a nice house close to the beaches for around \$500 a month, hit me up... I'm looking for a roomie ASAP. Let me know what you do for work and hours, and maybe send a selfie or InstaPic link... I'm a clean professional guy with a house full of nice furniture and basically everything else anyone needs including a home gym + backyard. I don't smoke so you too and stay healthy + exercise. Not going out due to Covid, but party at home with your new roomie. I'm responsible and considerate of others, so you too... thanks!'

"\$500 a month? Seriously, what's the catch?" Rob looked at the Gregslist ad over and over but could find no red flags. Just that the wording sounded a little more casual than other ads. But that could be a good thing. He decided to send a little message, taking a quick selfie in the process. Okay, maybe one more. Didn't want to try too hard. Just a casual selfie. Thirty minutes later he finally got one he could use, and he sent it off with a message.

'Hey, my name's Rob. I'm a stocker at the beachside SuperDuperMarket. My roomies both moved back in with family on short notice so I need to find a new place ASAP. I'm super chill and easy to live with, and I can give references on request. Here's my pic. Hit me up if you want to meet up and talk about it.'

Rob kept his fingers crossed. He had nearly given up on finding an affordable place in any inhabited region of California. Lucky enough, he wouldn't have to wait long.

Colt received a notification on his phone. It was probably the thirtieth one that day for his recent ad. The first 29 were total duds, and like Rob, he had all but given up hope.

"Oh great. Who am I gonna get this time? ...Hmm! This is interesting..."

The message immediately got his attention. The guy was pretty cute. Young guy, but not too young, with a shy smile in just a casual shirt and jeans. Didn't look like a stoner, or a frat boy. He looked at the background of the photo - clean place from what he could see. Nothing looked out of place - he had to have taken time to get the shot just right. He liked that. Yeah, this guy could be good. Then he spotted something in the background that made him smile. A little well-loved teddy bear was lying on the couch where someone would sit. It wasn't organized like the rest of the house. It looked like it had been just dropped there. Didn't he say he lived alone? Colt's grin grew wider. This was the one. He sent off his message and waited. Then he closed the ad.

'Hey, got your message. The name's Colt. My phone's been blowing up since I put out this ad, but I still haven't filled the spot. I'm free for the next hour or two but then I'm slammed. Can you swing through? Here's the address.'

Rob got the notification only minutes after he sent it off. It sounded like that place wouldn't be available for long. He quickly sent off a message in the affirmative and grabbed his keys. He took another look at his half-packed apartment as he reached for the front door. He hoped by this time tomorrow he would have a new place to call home.

Rob whistled as he pulled up to the house. It was a fairly large two story not far from the beach, and the Greg's list pictures didn't do it justice.

"I wonder what this guy does for a living?" he said to himself.

Well, he'd find out soon enough. He didn't really know if he was dressed appropriately. The language of the ad seemed casual, but the mention of the word professional seemed important. He needed to make a good impression. He checked his hair in the mirror, trying his best to smooth down a cowlick.

"There we go." he said, before stepping out of the car. Of course it popped right back up making him look like a young kid more than a young professional, but he was none the wiser.

A guy about his age answered the door in jeans and a backward cap, and Rob breathed a sigh of relief. At least he wouldn't be underdressed for this. Colt invited him inside and they sat down on a leather wraparound couch in the living room.

"So, a stocker huh? Not exactly professional work, but it's cool, bro. You want something to drink?"

"Oh, uh. Yeah, I guess it's not a career job, but I'm very professional in my attitude!" Rob said, suddenly feeling self-conscious.

"Hey, don't sweat it man. You like apple juice? Let me get you an apple juice, bro."

"T-thanks," called Rob, trying to keep his hands on his lap where they wouldn't fidget. He looked around while Rob disappeared around the corner. This was a really nice place. It was clean, the furniture was comfortable but very tasteful. Despite his casual dress and speech, everything about the place said Colt was anything but a young slacker. There wasn't even a TV in the room - just a large picture frame on the wall across from the couch. He felt like the place was almost too good for him, but he shook that thought out of his head as soon as he got it.

"Don't think that way Rob. You're good enough. You can do this." He wished he had his bear with him right about then, and it was all he could do to keep from sucking his thumb to comfort himself. That always calmed him down when he got nervous, even if it was super embarrassing in front of strangers.

"Hey, buddy, who you talkin' to?"

"Wha?" said Rob, nearly jumping out of his skin. He blushed furiously. "Oh, no nothing. I was just... thinkin out loud. Sorry."

"Hey, no need to apologize. You didn't do anything wrong. Here, man. Enjoy."

Colt set a juice box of apple juice in front of Rob. He had a bottle of beer for himself. Rob looked at the apple juice and then the beer. He knew which one he wanted more, but he accepted the juice out of politeness.

They chatted a bit and Colt seemed like someone he could get along with. He was just like most of Rob's straight guy friends. Laid back, liked to joke around, and darn handsome. Colt was involved with law, though what kind he didn't say. He said he worked from home and seemed a little put off that Rob didn't work from home as well.

"Well, we might be able to work around that. How are you at keeping up with your share of things around the house - laundry, dishes, that kind of thing?"

"Oh, I'm a neat freak. Your house will look like this all the time if you live with me. It's one thing my roommates really liked about me."

"Sorry to hear they bailed on you like that."

"Yeah, me too. But hey, more for you, right? Uh. I m-mean..." Rob stammered. "Sorry, that didn't come out right."

Colt had to suppress a grin. What a cutie this boy was.

"Hey man, no need to apologize. It was cute. Let's just finish up these questions and I can show you around?"

Rob just nodded, blushing harder. He should have been used to being called things like 'cute' and 'sweetie' by now, but it still made him feel about two feet tall. He didn't have much time to dwell on that, though, as Colt continued with a barrage of questions.

"You don't smoke? Good. And you look like you keep pretty fit. I could really use a workout buddy if you're down. You'd try it out? Hey, that's all I ask. And last but not least, how often do you have people over, or go visit other people? Never? Really? So you just hang out with your roommates, you don't go to any parties or anything? Just when your roommates brought you along, huh? That's fine by me. It's safer that way anyway, and I always bring the party. We can just party at home, if you end up living here, that is."

"Gosh, I hope so," said Rob. "I could really use a stable living situation with someone I can depend on to have the rent every month. Uh, speaking of which. Is there a reason the rent is so low? You must own the place or something, huh?"

"Yeah, that's right," Colt replied. "Got pretty lucky with my career early on and was able to get this house cheap when the housing market tanked. I put a lot of work into it. It'd just help me out to rent a room. Plus it'd be nice to have someone to hang with again. Sucks being cooped up by yourself. Well, I'm sure you know what I mean."

Rob knew exactly what Colt meant. He'd been going stir crazy with only some online friends and his teddy bear to keep him company.

They toured the house, and it was even better than he expected. The gym was well stocked - really more equipment than one person should ever need, but it was Colt's house, he supposed. All the rooms looked nice - even the bathrooms looked like they had been plucked out of a high-end catalog. By the time they got to what would be Rob's room, everything seemed covered except one door that was closed. When Rob asked about it, Colt said not to worry about that room, that was just for his personal projects.

The guest room that Rob would rent looked like it was plucked out of the kids section of the catalog - or perhaps young teens, which surprised him.

"Oh, this was my geek-out room," said Rob. "I have my comics, cartoon nostalgia stuff, that kind of thing in here. The bed set is just a bit of fun to make it all match, but you can totally change it however you like if I end up picking you as my roommate.

Rob nodded. It made sense. Although he had to admit it looked pretty darn cool as it was. There was kind of a mashup of dino, space, and BattleMon themes going on.

"Oh my gosh, is that a Meow Meow plush? Dude!"

"Hehe, yeah. I've got a Mousechu hiding around here somewhere too. I could geek-out on BattleMon all day but I gotta cut this short, bud. The next person will show up pretty soon to look at the house. That's pretty much everything, so I guess I'll let you go and I'll let you know what I decide?"

"Oh man, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to get carried away! Thanks for the tour man, you seem like a chill dude that would be fun to hang out with. I'd sure like to be the one you pick, but even if not, we should keep in touch."

Colt smiled and chuckled lightly. Could Rob be any more adorable?

"Hey man, thanks. I'm not gonna lie, you're definitely in the top five! I'd hand you the paperwork now, but we don't really have time to go over it together."

Rob's heart skipped a beat and he stepped forward, his face dead serious.

"Dude, give me the paperwork. I'll sign right now."

"Haha," Rob laughed and shook his head. "I'm flattered that you trust me but I'm sure you want to read it, and..."

"For \$500 a month, and living with a super chill roommate like you? I don't care *what* I have to agree to."

Colt stopped and appeared to consider the offer. After a moment's hesitation, he spoke.

"Alright man, if you're sure. The other people are gonna be really disappointed but oh well. Let's get it taken care of."

Colt put in a fake call to the people who were supposedly scheduled to come later that day, and then presented Rob with several papers for him to sign and initial.

Rob filled out the lease agreement as quickly as possible, as if they would disappear if he didn't sign fast enough.

"Oh, one last thing," said Colt, as he looked over the completed documentation. "About that teddy bear in the picture. What's his name?"

"Oh dude, no, no." Rob said, his eyes wide with fear. "Totally not mine. It's just an old bear one of my roommates left. I'll get rid of him before I move in."

"Don't. I think it's cute you still carry your bear around the house," said Colt with a sly grin.

"Aw geez," said Rob, pulling up his shirt to hide his face. "Was it that obvious?"

"I'm gonna tell you this once and only once, kiddo. If we're going to be roommates, I don't want us to have any secrets, okay? Just be yourself. And if you try to hide your teddy in your room, you're gonna be in big trouble!"

The way Colt said this with just a hint of authority in his voice made Rob chub up a little in his pants. If only Colt knew what that did to him! Mercifully, he was seen off before his chubby could go full mast and embarrass them both. He drove home, practically glowing. He had done it. He had gotten the place.

Colt was also over the moon as he looked over the contract that Rob had signed. His instincts were spot on and he had snared the cutie hook line and sinker. He adjusted himself in his pants. Gosh he loved it when Rob got all blushy and squirmy. If only he knew what that did to him. He went up to check that everything was ready in Rob's real bedroom. Rob would be moving in there when the time was right. Colt was practically glowing. He had done it. He had gotten his boy.

When Rob got home, he jumped for joy. He couldn't believe he'd gotten the place. Cheap rent, right by the beach, and a cute roomie too? What more could he ask for?"

He began to pack right away. It wouldn't take too long - most of what was left would have to go in the trash or to the junkyard since Colt's house had everything he needed – even a bed.

"Goodbye cheap IKEA bed!" he said to himself. He quickly disassembled what he could and moved everything into the empty living room. The Junk Prince junk haulers would be by soon to pick it up and take it to a donation center.

With that out of the way, all he needed to do was pack his car. He was proud of the fact that it would only take one trip. He didn't believe in clutter and holding on to stuff you didn't need. During this time he kept Colt updated on his ETA and Colt asked about his progress.

"You sure you don't want any help, bud?"

"Oh, no. I can handle this."

"Okay, be careful. If you need to move something heavy, I can come and help."

His roommate was really nice to offer, and he got a warm and fuzzy feeling in his gut from that. But after all, he didn't want his roommate to think he couldn't do anything for himself, so he declined. It was getting late in the day when he finally finished. The shadows had grown long, crossing the streets of the city. After he paid the Junk movers to take away the last of his stuff, he sent a text out to Colt and left, dropping his keys in the mailbox for his landlord.

"Hasta la vista, baby!" he said, quoting one of his favorite action movies of all time, and he drove off to his new place. Of course as soon as his roommate answered the door, he insisted on helping.

"I won't take no for an answer," said Colt, as Rob insisted he didn't have to go through the trouble. When he got to the car, Colt looked through the window and was surprised at how little Rob had brought with him.

"That's all you brought? Are you sure that's everything?"

"Yeah, I mean you said it yourself - your place has everything. And really, I don't need much - just my toiletries, important paperwork, and a few personal items."

"Yeah of course, no sense in having two sets of everything, right?"

Then Colt stopped dead in his tracks as he caught sight of something in the passenger's seat.

"Is... is that your Bear?"

"Oh, huh, yeah..." said Rob, blushing slightly. He was hoping his new roommate wouldn't see that.

"Did... did you buckle him in? Like a person?" asked Colt, trying not to giggle at how cute that was. He didn't want to make his new roomie feel bad, but the boy was so stinkin' cute!

"He doesn't like being packed away in boxes," said Rob blushing harder now and staring at his shoes. "I mean... I guess that sounds pretty dumb, huh? I'm sorry. I'm such a-"

"Stop it right now," said Colt, looking Rob dead in the eyes. "That's not dumb at all, kiddo. You're being a good friend, and I totally get it - I wouldn't want to be packed away in a box either. Now no more sorry for the rest of the day, or else."

Rob nodded and gulped, feeling his pants get tighter as he chubbed up once again. Even though it was in a playful tone, the authority in Colt's voice was unmistakable. He had no doubt that Colt would follow through on whatever it was he meant by 'or else'.

"Sorry, no more sorry."

"That's one," said Colt, smirking. He saw his roommate's eyebrows go up and put his hand on Rob's shoulder. "Don't worry, I'll keep reminding you."

He then quickly brought his hand down to give his new roomie a swat on the butt for his transgression. Rob jumped in surprise more than anything and looked abashed.

"There's plenty more where that came from, so don't test me," said Colt, crossing his arms. "And if I ever hear you finish that sentence 'I'm such a' with anything but the words great guy, sweetheart, or cutie pie, you'll be sore for a week."

Now Rob's face was the color of a lobster with a sunburn, and he buried his face in his hands.

"Okay, okay, enough teasing. Let's get your stuff inside, huh?"

Rob just nodded, took a couple breaths, and brought his hands back down. He clicked the remote to unlock the doors and Colt opened up the back door to grab the first box.

"Hey wait," Rob started, when he saw Colt grab the box that held his nighttime wear. He didn't want Colt to get a peek inside and see what he had in there.

"Don't worry, bud," said Colt, mistaking the source of Rob's concern. "I'm plenty strong. Besides, aren't you forgetting something?"

"What's that?"

"You're not going to leave your bear in the front seat, are you? Go get him, he should go in first."

“Yeah but-“

“No buts. Go get your bear, buddy.”

Although he didn't like seeing Colt holding his most intimate items, Rob thought better of saying anything more. It would only lead to more questions.

“By the way I still haven't heard his name.” said Colt, as Rob grabbed the bear.

“Oh, uh, he's Cuddle E. Bear, Mr. Cuddles for short. And I guess he *wouldn't* like being left for last,” said Rob, giving his roomie a look like he was asking for permission as he went and grabbed the bear. He instantly felt better holding his teddy, even though it was a bit sooner than normal for a new living situation.

They walked together to Rob's new room, and Colt flipped on the light to once again reveal a room decked out with anything a young boy could want. Shelves filled with geeky superhero memorabilia, toys, you name it. Everything stuck to the theme of space, dinos, or BattleMon, right down to the rocket ship lamp and Buzz Lightspeed bedding on the rail bed by the wall.

“If there's anything you want to change...” started Colt, but Rob interrupted.

“It's perfect!” he exclaimed. Then he stopped himself, blushing a bit at his own enthusiasm. “Sorry... I... I like it. I think it's a cool room.”

“Ah, thanks, little dude,” said Rob, patting his new roomie on the shoulder. “That makes me feel better. It *is* pretty cool, isn't it?”

In two trips they managed to get everything and Colt left Rob to unpack.

“Dinner's in an hour buddy. You like burgers?”

“Sure! Where from?”

“From here! Your new roomie is a good cook, believe it or not. But I'll let you see for yourself. All I ask is that you clean when I cook, okay?”

“My specialty,” said Rob, who had already outed himself as a neat freak. “How did you know?”

“Dork,” said Colt, laughing a bit as he left.

“I resemble that!” called Rob as his roommate walked away.

Rob checked to see that the coast was clear and then quickly opened the box Colt had been carrying. He took out a pack of DryNites and slipped them into the top dresser. This was a new place and he sometimes wet the bed for a few days when he was somewhere new, so he'd taken the precaution of getting some pull-ups just in case. It was just his luck that they made these ones in XL now - they were much cooler with his favorite superheroes on the front, though he'd never tell a soul he liked that.

With that bit of business out of the way, he was able to finish packing in ease, his teddy watching propped up on the bed.

"Pretty good place we got here, eh cuddles? Colt is nice too. I don't know what I did but I must've done something right because this is the perfect place for us. You won't tell him about the DryNites will you? Good, I won't either. Thanks, buddy."

Colt smiled as he listened in on his roommate's exchange.

"This is going to be easier than I thought."

He looked once more into the mystery room and slipped in, locking the door behind him. He went over to the special table, fingering something crinkly and plastic lying on a shelf below.

"I can't wait to show him how much better these are than DryNites."

He picked it up and smelled it. Nothing like the smell of a diaper. But it would smell much better after a night on Rob. He rubbed the bulge in the front of his jeans.

"All in good time," he said to himself. "All in good time."

As far as Colt was concerned, that time couldn't come soon enough. However, with much effort, he managed to put the diaper back down and leave the room to go make dinner.

Colt set the plate down on the kitchen counter in front of Rob.

"One fresh grilled burger, and one box of apple juice! Here ya go!"

"Thank you, it looks delicious!" said Rob, blushing slightly as Colt once again took the liberty of putting the straw in his juice box for him. "I can do that myself ya know."

Colt smiled.

"Just showing a little hospitality. And thanks for complimenting my cooking. Just wait til' you try it! By the way, have you washed your hands?"

Rob's eyes went wide and he shook his head, the color on his cheeks rising.

"Go wash 'em!" said Colt, pointing to the sink. He looked on in approval as Rob jumped up and did as he was told. "Good boy. Don't forget to sing happy birthday twice," he said, as Rob washed his hands. "I can't hear you! How do I know you did it long enough if you don't sing it out loud?"

"Come on, really?" asked Rob, feeling childish enough as it was. Colt did not look like he was going to give in, so Rob sighed and began to sing out loud.

Colt's smile grew. He liked how obedient Rob was. He was a good boy - he just had a few bad habits, like trying to act grown up because of what other people might think. Colt loved to put cute guys into diapers, sure, but this one actually might get more than just a little fun out of it. It might actually be just what he needed. The idea was exciting to Colt. As Rob finished washing up, Colt's attention turned to the Teddy that had been dropped beside him on the table.

"That doesn't look very comfortable for Mr. Cuddles. Don't you think he might want to eat too?"

"Oh gosh," said Rob, grabbing the teddy and kissing him on the nose. "I didn't even think about that.... Well... Hm..." Rob sat the teddy in the tall kitchen chair beside his own, but the teddy's head barely cleared the counter. "I think we need a book or something for him."

"Well, I guess you could grab the coffee table book or some of the magazines in the living room. But hurry up or your burger will get cold. Does teddy like anything in particular or should I just give him some teddy food?"

Rob smiled big at this idea. "Teddy food! Okay, I'll be right back."

"Hey! No running." called Colt as the excited boy hurried to get a booster seat for his Teddy.

Rob immediately stopped and slowed his pace at his roomie's behest, earning another smile from Colt. When he got into the living room, he had a look at his options. There was a cool looking BattleMon encyclopedia which looked too nice to use, and a bunch of magazines on various topics. One caught his eye, as it had been folded open. It was an article titled Littles: Embracing their inner child. He managed to catch a few words like comfort, diaper, safe, relax, before the featured picture grabbed all his

attention. In the featured photo, a chubby middle-aged man sat on a changing table smiling around a bright red pacifier while his shortalls were being unsnapped at the crotch. In the next picture, he was hugging his teddy while a caretaker began to untape his obviously wet diaper.

"What the..."

He didn't even have time to come up with an emotion to respond with before Colt called him back.

"Rob! Are you lost? Get over here, our food's getting cold!"

Rob set the magazine down on the table and grabbed the BattleMon encyclopedia. It was better than setting Mr. Cuddles on a bunch of slippery magazines. He returned with the encyclopedia in hand.

"Here we are! I have it. It really looks too nice to be a booster seat, though. Teddy's a messy eater so can we put a towel down over it?"

Colt smiled. "Yes, that would be good, besides, Teddy's not wearing any protection, so he could have an accident. We'll have to find a more permanent solution for him soon."

"Hehe, yeah..." Rob gave a nervous laugh, thinking about his own night-time accidents. He quickly changed the subject. "Oh, is that milk for him?"

He saw a tall glass of milk on the counter next to his box of apple juice.

"It sure is. I know that teddies love their milk, so I put it right there. And I expect it to be empty by the end of lunch, because good teddies drink their milk!"

Rob nodded. This made sense to him. He would have to drink the milk and pretend it was the Teddy doing this. This game was fun.

Colt and Rob chatted more throughout the meal, getting to know each other a bit better.

Rob was the youngest child in his family, and only now getting to be on his own. He was always treated as the baby of the family and he enjoyed his new independence but had a hard time with the trade-offs, like not being able to take his teddy when he went to work. He also drank the milk and made comments to his bear, which made Colt chuckle to himself every time.

Colt was an entrepreneur and made a good amount of money off of something he came up with when he was in high school. He was the oldest child, and so naturally had to help raise his younger siblings. He missed it sometimes, being the big brother, and he told Rob he can carry his Teddy as much as he wanted, because it reminded him of his younger brothers growing up.

"For that matter," Colt added, "If there's anything else you wear, do, or say that you think grown-ups aren't supposed to, you just go right ahead and do it. I'll even help if I can. I want you to be completely comfortable here because it's your home now. Is there anything else you wanted to tell me that you think I should know about that?"

The word diapers immediately sprang to Rob's mind before he replaced it with pull-ups. No, nighttime protection. Why did he think diapers? Must have been that article he saw... He couldn't get those words and images out of his head. He put his hands in his lap and immediately felt something hard poking up against them.

"Hello? Earth to Rob? Looks like you were thinking pretty hard there. Is there something you want to tell me? Anything I can help with? Now is the time to speak up."

"N-no, it's nothing," said Rob, blushing for the hundredth time that day. He wasn't ready for Colt to know about his nighttime protection yet. Besides, he would probably only need it for a few days until he was adjusted, or so he hoped.

Colt shrugged, knowing full well what Rob was hiding.

"Okay. If you say so. Uh oh, better finish your burger fast! Looks like Mr. Cuddles is beating you!"

"Oh no! Not so fast, Mr. Cuddles!"

Rob quickly finished his burger and drained both the glass and the juice box.

"I win!"

"You sure did, buddy. All gone!" said Colt, enthusiastically.

Rob nodded and patted his full belly with satisfaction, then he yawned and rubbed his eyes.

"You're looking a little sleepy there, buddy. Do you need a nap?"

"Oh, I always get tired after lunch. I'm fine."

"Hey, if you're tired just rest. You haven't even tried your bed out yet, have you? The mattress is so soft you'll sink right into it.

"Really? Wow that sounds nice. My last mattress was just a cheap one that came with the bed I had. Maybe I will try it out."

"Yeah go for it, just don't forget to brush your teeth before you nap."

"Oh... uh... right." Rob didn't brush after every meal but he knew he should. After washing the dishes, he headed upstairs to do just that.

"What the fuck is happening?" muttered Rob to himself. He was used to being treated a bit like a kid by his friends and even strangers who might call him 'sweetie' or 'honey' in everyday interactions, but he was getting some very strong vibes from his new roommate that made him feel quite literally like he was small again. Or maybe it was just him.

As he brushed his teeth in the mirror, he imagined being tucked into bed by Colt and smiled. Then he thought about what Colt had said about being there to help, and the fantasy changed. For just an instant, he imagined Colt sliding a pair of DryNites up his legs and helping his 'little brother' into bed. He jolted back into reality, nearly choking on his toothpaste as he tried to forget that image altogether. Where the hell did that come from? Then he looked down and saw a tent in his pants. He remembered this had happened at dinner too. Did he actually want Colt to diaper – no that's not the word. Did he want Colt to night-time protect him? What was wrong with him?

"This is too weird... too weird..." he muttered to himself as he walked into his room. Mr. Cuddles was waiting on his bed. That's right. He'd forgotten the poor bear downstairs. Colt must've brought it up for him – that was so nice. He felt like Colt really 'got' him. He took off his clothes, folding them neatly and setting them on the dresser. His boner was immediately apparent as soon as he slid off his pants, allowing his erection to spring free and fully push his soft boxer-briefs away from his body. There was a visible wet spot in the front of his undies from all the Pre-Cum. He touched it and when he drew his finger away, strings of sticky liquid followed behind.

"How?" He was pent up, but not *that* pent up. He stared at his wet finger, mesmerized. Then he slowly brought his finger up toward his mouth to taste it.

Knock *Knock* *Knock*

He must've jumped three feet into the air when the sound of knocking broke the silence.

"Hey Rob, you in there?"

"Y-yeah," he stammered, quickly wiping his finger off on his underwear and jumping under the covers. "What's up?"

The door opened and his friendly roommate peeked in.

"Hey, I just wanted to say thanks for being a good roomie today and helping with the dishes. I'm super happy to have you as a roommate, man. Really, I think it's gonna be a lot of fun."

"Oh, y-yeah! I think so too," said Rob, sweating bullets as he bent his knees up to hide his erection under the covers. That was a close call. Too close. His adrenaline was still pumping.

"You okay, bud?" said Colt, taking a step forward, "you look a little pale..."

"Y-yeah. I'm fine," Rob lied, drawing his knees up to hide his erection. He was probably pale because all of his blood was being diverted to the area between his legs.

A loud crinkle rang out from the bed. Colt froze.

Rob looked down and felt the bed. "Plastic sheets?"

"Oh, that's just to protect the mattress when my cousins come over," said Colt, scratching the back of his head and smiling. "I actually have to check to make sure they're wearing the proper protection at night because they try to go to bed without. Can you believe it? Anyway, I can help you later, if you want."

"W-what?!" asked Rob, his face turning bright red as the image of Colt holding his pull-ups came right back.

"Help you take off the mattress protector. I'm sure it's not very-"

"No!" said Rob, a little too loudly. Then more softly, "It's... it's fine. It's okay like that..."

Colt raised an eyebrow. "Is there something you're not telling me, buddy?"

"Mmm? No! No... I don't," Rob lied. "I-I mean I wouldn't... I haven't wet the bed in a long time. I just... you know, I'm a neat freak. I just like to keep things clean!"

“Hey, hey,” said Colt, holding up his hands. “I never said you did. Is that what all this is about?” He left the question hanging but started speaking again before Rob could manage a response. “Hey, you know what, I should go. You’re tired, it’s been a big day. I’ll let you have your rest.”

Rob exhaled a breath he didn’t know he was holding. “Thanks.”

Colt was almost out the door when he stopped. He put his hand on the doorframe and seemed to become very interested in the paint job as his eyes traveled up the frame.

“Hey bud, just so you know, if you *did* wet the bed that would be okay with me.” He glanced briefly over at Rob before shutting the door behind him. “Sleep tight, bud.”

Rob was speechless. The blood was rushing in his ears. Did he just give himself away? Did Colt *know*? He lay back in the bed and heard the crinkle. He’d definitely have to wear a DryNite that night. As he finally started to drift off, he felt a twinge in his bladder. All that juice and milk were having their effect.

“Son of a... I just got comfortable! And I don’t think this hard-on is going away any time soon.” Rob could only imagine what Colt would say if he saw the state he was in just then. “Oh screw it. It’s only a short nap. I’ll pee when I get up.”

He snuggled his teddy bear and finally drifted off to sleep.

Room for Rent

By Champ ([Patreon.com/ChampTehOtter](https://www.patreon.com/ChampTehOtter))

Chapter 2: A Tricky Situation

Rob woke up from a groggy slumber. He had been having a dream where he was lost at sea and got captured by pirates. Then he fell overboard and was paddling in the water. He could still feel that cold wetness. Hold the phone. He could still feel that cold wetness! He whipped off his covers.

“Oh no! I didn’t!” he yelled, then he quickly covered his mouth.

“You okay in there, bud?” called Colt from his bedroom up the hall.

“Yeah! Fine,” Rob called back. “Shit, shit, shit,” he muttered to himself as he jumped out of bed and stripped off his wet undies.

“Eww!” They were literally dripping and pee was going everywhere. He threw them on the damp bedding and wiped his hands off on the dry part of the sheet. This familiar scenario was bad enough – but he had done it on his first day there. Before it even got dark. And right after his roommate talked about his cousins who were too immature to wear protection when they needed it. What would he think of Rob if he knew?

No, the real question was, how was Rob going to hide this? Colt was *not* going to find out about this fiasco. He’d have to wash the sheets, that much was certain, but surely Colt would notice him taking a load of soggy bedding downstairs. Rob was so stressed out, his thumb naturally found its way into his mouth again, only to surprise him with the taste of pee. “Ugh! Gross!” He had forgotten his hands were dirty.

He stopped and gathered his thoughts. The first thing he needed to do was hide the evidence. A stripped bed would be too suspicious so he made his bed up as nice as possible. It wasn’t too bad if you ignored the big wet spot in the middle of Buzz Lightspeed’s face.

“Sorry, Buzz.”

Then there was the smell. It was faint now, but he knew it would only get stronger as time passed. He opened a window. That would do until Colt went to bed. At least that was his hope.

Satisfied he'd done all he could to avoid further embarrassment, he picked his clothes up off his dresser and got dressed as he was before – minus the underwear of course, which was hiding under the covers of his bed.

He'd have to endure the walk of shame to the shower. That meant passing right by Colt's bedroom on the way there. His chatty roommate would probably pull him into a conversation and he didn't know if he could handle it. But maybe, just maybe, if he was fast enough, he'd be able to duck into the shower before Colt could rope him into another conversation. He took a deep breath, stepped into the hall, and quietly closed the door behind him.

He began to walk toward the bathroom, then he moved a little faster as his nervous energy got the better of him. By the time he rounded the corner to the bathroom he was running full tilt.

That's when he ran smack into Colt.

"Whoa! Hey!" yelled Colt, instinctively wrapping his arms around the smaller guy to stop him as the two of them nearly fell over.

"Hey! I thought I told you no running in the house! What's the big hurry?"

"S-sorry!" said Rob. "I was just... gonna take a shower..."

"And you had to run to do it?"

"Well, no, I just..."

"Hey, wait a minute..." said Colt, seeing Rob's bright red cheeks. "Why are you blushing?"

"Uhhh, I'mnotblushingjustgottatakeashowerbye!"

Rob scurried off, leaving a confused Colt in his wake. Colt's nose twitched.

"Shower, huh?" said Colt, a slow smile spreading across his face. He turned to look toward his roommate's room.

As Rob showered off, he thought about how embarrassing that encounter had been. His last roommates treated him like a tagalong kid. He was hoping to start fresh with Colt, but If anything, he felt more like one of Colt's little cousins. The ones Colt helped into their nighttime diapers... Rob thought about Colt doing that for *him*.

“That’s silly...” he said, shaking his head at the ridiculous thought. “Why do I keep thinking about...”

He stopped when he noticed his engorged Cock sticking straight out from his body. It had gotten hard and was dripping precum. Where did these silly thoughts come from, and why were they turning him on?

“It’s just a physical reaction,” he told himself, as he reached for the soap.

Sexual feelings weren’t rational, Rob reasoned, but there was an easy way to make them go away. He didn’t have to think about what happened or anything at all. This was just a man taking care of his physical needs. That was all. He tried to think of his usual fantasies as he stroked his dick, but as he got closer and closer to climax, he found those unwanted thoughts and images returning again and again. It felt too good to stop at this point. He was just along for the ride. The last image in his head as he approached climax was of Colt laying him down on a changing table just like in that article. That was it. An instant later, his cock pulsed and semen gushed out of it like a dam bursting.

“Ohhhhh,” he moaned out loud as a warm tingly sensation rushed over him. He had to steady himself on the shower wall as the aftershocks ran through his body, adding to the ropes of cum collecting around his feet.

That fantasy felt too real. Rob didn’t recall ever having an orgasm that powerful and he instantly felt guilty for it. There was just no way Colt would let him stay if he knew what Rob had just done or thought. He decided then and there that Colt must never know his secret fantasy.

When Rob cracked open the door to his room, his nose twitched. He could smell the faint scent of urine wafting out into the hallway.

“We need to talk,” came Colt’s voice from just behind him.

Rob jumped and spun around, pulling the door closed again.

“Holy moley, Colt! You scared me!” Rob took note of Colt’s serious expression. “What’s wrong?”

Colt crossed his arms. “I want you to tell me what’s got you so worked up. You remember what I said when you signed the lease, don’t you? No secrets between roomies.”

“Secrets? I’m not keeping any secrets! I promise!” Rob lied.

“Do you? Because if you break that promise there will be consequences.”

“Consequences?” he gulped.

“Yeah, you don’t know because you didn’t check the lease. That’s why I want to talk to you about the house rules.”

Rob looked down to see the lease agreement in Colt’s hand.

“R-rules?” asked Rob, beginning to panic. “Did I do something wrong?”

“Hey now, calm down. I’m not mad. I just want to make sure we’re on the same page and we don’t develop any bad habits. Let’s look at the rules together. Want to do it in your room?”

“No!” said Rob a little too loudly. Then, more softly, “I- I mean... Uh... Why not downstairs?” There was no way he was going to let Colt into the urine-scented room with a big wet bed just waiting to be discovered.

“Okay, downstairs it is,” said Colt, beginning to walk down the stairs, then turning back when Rob didn’t immediately follow. “You coming?”

Rob looked back at his room for a moment. All he wanted to do was suck his thumb and hug his teddy to feel better, but Mr. Cuddles was in his room, and there was no way that door was going to open with Colt in sight. He turned back to Colt and nodded. “Yeah, sure. Let’s do this.”

They seated themselves in the living room just as they were when Rob signed the lease, only this time they were sitting next to each other on the couch instead of across from each other. Colt had his reading glasses on and was holding the lease in his hands as they went over it point by point. This was the first time Rob had seen him in lawyer mode, and it was kind of hot.

“Let’s talk about what I expect in terms of behavior,” said Colt, after going through the usual list of roommate expectations. “First off, I’m gonna have to add a ‘no running in the house’ clause,” he said, adding a note with his pen.

“Ahh... yeah. S-sorry...” said Rob, embarrassed that such a juvenile rule had to be added to the lease.

“Oh yes, that’s another one. No more sorries. I’ve been keeping count and you’ve said sorry eight times so far today. You know what I said...”

“Sorry...”

“That’s another one. Now it’s nine times. That’s going to be nine swats, minus the one from earlier.”

Rob covered his face with his hands.

“What else? Oh yeah, no hiding your teddy...”

Rob was feeling exactly like a little kid and so embarrassed as Colt continued.

“If you try to hide anything else... hey, what are you doing? Are you... are you sucking your thumb?” Colt asked, setting down the papers and turning to face his roommate with an astonished smile.

Rob pulled his thumb out like it had just touched hot steel. “Ahh! I can’t believe I did that!” Somehow it had found its way into his mouth with all the stress of the moment. “I’m s-s-s... s-s-soooo sorr-”

“Shhh...” said Colt, grabbing Rob’s hand and pushing the hyperventilating boy’s thumb back into his mouth.

“There you go. I talk, you listen. Just keep it in there, okay buddy?”

Rob nodded and immediately started sucking his thumb. It helped.

“This is what you do to calm down, huh?”

Rob nodded.

“Then that’s what you’re gonna do from now on. And you won’t be ashamed of it. I want you to forget all that bullshit about what an adult should or shouldn’t do. Whenever you’re worried or stressed, you can just suck your thumb and cuddle your teddy and...”

Colt looked around and noticed that Mr. Cuddles wasn’t around.

“You left your teddy in your room, didn’t you? Do you want me to go get him?”

Rob vehemently shook his head. With the evidence of his accident waiting to be discovered, that was the *last* thing he wanted.

Colt looked at him for a second and nodded. “Okay. Look. I know you’re in a new house and you don’t really know me yet. It can take time to get comfortable enough to completely be yourself. But the most important thing is that you don’t lie and try to hide

things from me. That only makes things worse. So we're going to discuss the consequences if you break the rules or try to keep any more secrets from your roomie."

Rob dreaded this part. He had already broken every rule.

If you run through the house again, you will have to crawl for the rest of the day.

If you say sorry again, you will get a swat on the bum to remind you.

If you try to hide your teddy or resist sucking your thumb, you will have to apologize to your teddy or your thumb and tell them how proud you are to hold your teddy or suck your thumb.

And finally, if you keep any more secrets... well, then I'll get to choose the punishment depending on what secret it was. Sound fair?

Rob nodded.

Okay, then. We're good here. You can take your thumb out if you want to.

Rob did so and looked down at his shoes, ashamed.

"Hey," said Colt, putting his arm around his little buddy. "It's okay. Look, why don't we just relax and watch some TV. I'll get us something to drink."

He went off and handed Rob the remote. Rob looked around. He didn't see any

"Uh... I didn't see the TV..."

"Oh!" Colt laughed and pointed to the picture frame. "It's right there. Go ahead, press the remote," he added in response to Rob's skeptical look.

He pressed the remote and the picture turned into a menu with all the streaming services Rob could name on it. TV. Colt soon returned with a beer and a juice box and put a straw in it.

"Hey, can I have a beer too?"

"Maybe later if you're good," said Colt, smiling. "But I think apple juice is better for you anyway. Now why don't you pick something out?"

"Wow... you've got... everything!" he said. He scrolled through the options and saw some of his favorite cartoons on there. Even more exciting, he saw some series that had only been released in other countries so far, and were hard to get in the U.S.

“Oh my gosh is that the new Moobins series?!” Rob then looked over to Colt and checked himself. “Uh, I mean... yeah, this is pretty cool...” His eyes scanned the screen. There had to be a more mature option there but he wasn’t seeing it.

“Uh... you got any sports, bro?”

Rob didn’t really like sports, but it was the most adulty thing he could think of aside from the news, and he figured Colt was a sports fan since he wore a baseball cap.

“Is that really what you want to watch?” asked Colt, crossing his arms and smirking.

“Of course...I... uh...”

“Be careful what you say, squirt. You remember what we just talked about.”

Rob sighed and lowered the remote. “Alright... it’s... not what I really want to watch.”

“And what do you want to watch, kiddo?”

“I want to watch... uh... cartoons.”

“Oh really?” said Rob. “And what cartoons would you like to watch?”

“You know... uh... Seymour Galaxy... Greenie... um...” he squirmed and looked at his feet as he felt his roommate’s gaze pulling the truth out of him. “Pawsome squad,” he mumbled, blushing hotly.

“Then that’s what you’re gonna get,” said Rob, taking the control back and keying in some new settings. “And because you tried to hide it from me, you’re only allowed to watch Y-Rated television shows, or PG programs if I’m here to unlock them.”

“W- wha? But for how long?” asked Rob.

“We’ll see. Maybe for good. But only because it seems like that’s what you really want to watch anyway.”

Colt selected Seymour Galaxy and the catchy theme song started up as Emerald, Quartz, Coral, and Seymour appeared on the screen. He paused it. “I’ll bet I know what else you want,” he said, with a sly grin. “You want Mr. Cuddles, don’t you?”

Rob nodded, his eyes wide. He *did* want his teddy. Badly.

“Then go get him, kiddo!” said Colt. “And no running!” he added, as Rob began to dash off.

Cartoons *and* his teddy? This was like his birthday and Christmas all rolled up into one. Rob was so focused on getting back to the show that he forgot all about his wet bed, only grabbing his Teddy as soon as he spotted him on the dresser and bounding back into the living room moments later.

Soon, a very excited boy was seated on the couch, hugging his teddy, sucking his thumb, and watching his favorite cartoon with wide eyes. He looked for all the world like a little kid as he laughed and giggled when something funny happened, or gasped and said “Oh, no!” when something shocking happened. And Colt was eating it up. It was all he could do not to pick up Rob and gobble him up right then and there. And his cock agreed, snaking down his shorts almost enough to go out the bottom. There was something he found so exciting and sexy about seeing a full-grown man regress, and he had hit the jackpot with Rob. A buzzer went off in the garage, and Colt stood up.

“Where ya goin?” asked Rob, popping his thumb out of his mouth for the first time since he came back with Mr. Cuddles.

“Don’t worry, I’ll be right back. I’m just doing some laundry. Enjoy the show. Finish your juice. I’m gonna get us both another drink.”

“Okay,” Rob said, and turned back to his cartoons, sticking his thumb back into his mouth.

He heard some footsteps going from the garage and back to the kitchen. Soon, he was back with another beer and a juice for Rob.

“All finished, buddy?” he said, picking up the juice and shaking it. “Hey bud. There’s still juice in here. Come on, drink up. You’ll be dehydrated.”

“Sorry, I was watchin the cartoons...” said Rob.

“And what did I say about sorry?”

Rob blushed and took the juice that Colt held out to him and drank it down. He wondered how many swats he’d earned, and when he’d get them. The juice was delicious, and he eagerly started drinking the next box, which Colt had already stuck the straw in.

“Slow down there, buddy,” laughed Colt. “I didn’t say you had to finish it all at once.”

“S-sor-” He managed to stop himself when Colt gave him a smirk and held up his spanking hand.

“Did you say something?”

Rob felt the blood rushing to his groin once more and turned back to the TV. “N-nothin. Thanks for the juice, Colt.”

“You’re welcome, buddy,” said Colt.

They watched several episodes like this, Rob getting up a few times to check the laundry and get them more drinks. Before Rob knew it, it was dark out.

“Dinner time, Kiddo!” said Colt, coming in and turning off the TV.

“Huh? Wha?” Rob looked around. It had grown dark out without him even noticing.

“Come on! Let’s go! Potty break and wash your hands!”

Colt shooed Rob off the couch, and Rob, realizing just how urgently he needed it, hustled off to the potty, remembering not to run. He did his best to make sure all the pee was out of him giving an extra couple shakes at the end before packing his pecker away. Unfortunately, another squirt came out just as he was zipping up his pants. He couldn’t feel himself dribbling but he sure felt it dripping down his legs. What his underwear would normally have caught instead ran down the inside of his pants and left some visible streaks down his thighs.

“No…” he said, looking down. This just wasn’t his day. What was he going to do? He could try to sneak up to his room and change pants. That would be suspicious. He could try to hide the stains from view as he got to his seat. It would surely dry by the time dinner was over. No, he had a better idea.

“Hey, Colt?” said Rob, peeking his head into the kitchen. “Could I have a glass of milk with dinner?”

Colt nodded and went to the fridge. While his back was turned, Rob dashed to the counter, where he could hide his shame from view.

“Here ya go, kiddo,” said Colt, noting the way Rob pressed himself against the counter. “We’re eating over there though, bud.” He pointed to the dining table where dinner was waiting. Mr. Cuddles was there too, waiting patiently on his booster seat with a glass of milk in front of him.

Rob was aghast. There was no way he could get there with Colt watching. Unless...

“Oops!” he said as he spilled the milk all over his pants.

Colt ran to grab a towel.

“Okay, that does it. No more glasses for you. I think a sippy cup would be more your speed.”

Rob blushed at the implication that he wasn't grown up enough to drink from a glass.

“I think I'm gonna add that to the rules on the lease, which you will have to initial later, by the way.”

Colt proceeded to towel Rob off, dabbing at his pants and shaking his head.

“You know, I'm beginning to think you're not as neat and tidy as you claim.”

“Am too!” said Rob. “It was just a little accident.”

“Wouldn't be the first one,” muttered Colt.

“What?!” said Rob. He was turning red more often than a traffic light.

“Why don't you take these off? They're absolutely soaked and need a wash. And the milk is going to smell terrible. You know that, right?”

Rob felt a sinking feeling in his stomach. He hadn't put on any underwear after his shower.

“I can't...”

“Oh, come on. Don't tell me you don't go around in your underwear at home. Everybody does.”

The truth was, he did like to go around in his underwear at home and had been enjoying that freedom since his roommates bailed. But it had been a long time since he'd done it around other people. He had stopped around puberty when his other family members began to make comments. Feeling too worked up to lie, he settled on a half-truth instead.

“Yeah, I do,” he admitted. “but... I can't... not tonight. I just need some time to adjust, okay?”

Colt sighed, not wanting to push his new roomie too far too fast. “Okay, I’ll put a towel down on your seat. But just this once! It happens again and it’s undies for you, got it?”

“Okay!” said Rob, smiling at his victory. And after all he wouldn’t mind going around in undies, as long as he could keep his little pecker in check around his roomie. He decided to quickly change the topic before he got too excited.

“So what’s for dinner?” asked Rob, taking a seat next to his Teddy.

“Fresh Salmon with rice and grilled veggies on the side.”

“Wow, really? Gosh, it looks great!” Rob didn’t like fish or veggies. His diet generally consisted of macaroni and cheese, ramen, hot dogs, spaghetti o’s, peanut butter and jelly, and other quick and easy, but not very healthy, meals. Even so, he was much too polite to say anything.

Colt soon joined him with a sippy cup full of milk.

“Hey! Why am I getting a toddler cup?”

“After the mess you made, I’m not taking any chances,” said Colt. “Now be good and drink your milk, kiddo. This isn’t optional.”

Rob immediately chubbed up in his pants again. Either Colt was completely oblivious or he knew exactly what he was doing. Either way, he was very good at pressing Rob’s buttons. He quickly lifted the cup to his lips and began to drink, though he found the process somewhat frustrating.

“This is kinda hard, Colt. Do I really need this kinda top on my cup?”

“I could always get you a bottle if you prefer.”

Rob’s face went crimson as he thought about Colt holding him and feeding him a baby bottle.

“A b-bottle?” Rob laughed nervously. “You’re joking, right? I mean...do you even have a bottle?”

“What’s wrong? Did I hit a button?” asked Colt, grinning mischievously.

“What?! NO! I don’t even know what that means,” said Rob, beginning to feel that feeling of panic when you’ve just embarrassed yourself and you don’t want to show it.

“I totally did, didn’t I?” said Colt, clapping his hands and laughing. Then he stopped and said in a calmer voice. “I mean I can give you one of my cousins’ if you want me to. No judgment. In fact, I’ll even let you pick dinner tomorrow just for being brave and admitting what you really want. What do you say?”

Rob was paralyzed. He couldn’t bring himself to admit he wanted it, but he was being offered something he’d probably never get the chance to try again. It was too weird, who else would be this chill with it?

“I... I... I...” Rob was stuck on repeat, but Colt stepped in to help him decide.

“I’ll tell you what. You can keep drinking from your sippy cup, but Mr. *Cuddles* here said he wants one, so he is going to switch out his nice big glass of milk for nice warm bottle of milk. Be right back. And you better have finished your vegetables by the time I get back, or I’ll make you eat two helpings of veggies!”

Colt left and appeared shortly with a bottle in hand. He popped the top off, poured the milk inside and popped it in the microwave. In a couple minutes he had a perfect bottle of milk. He tested it on the back of his hand before declaring it safe for teddy to drink and sat it right in front of the lucky bear.

Rob went very quiet as he shoveled the last of the veggies into his mouth, but he couldn’t help but glance at the bottle from time to time. Maybe he could try it. After all it wasn’t *him* drinking the milk. It was Mr. Cuddles. He sheepishly picked up the bottle and gave it a taste. It was surprisingly good! He’d never had warm milk before, at least not since he was old enough to remember. It was sweet. Totally different tasting than the cold milk in his sippy cup. Before he knew it, he had drained nearly half the bottle. He set it down in front of teddy and looked down at his plate red-faced.”

“Oh my, the little teddy bear was thirsty, wasn’t he Robbie?”

Rob just nodded meekly.

Colt left it at that. He enjoyed seeing his shy roommate do the things he secretly wanted. And seeing Robbie turn red as he did something as innocuous as drinking from a bottle was both hot and adorable. Colt would have a lot of steam to blow off when he went to bed that night.

They finished dinner with just a bit of small talk about the cartoons that Rob liked, and robbed filled Colt in on the things he missed.

“Wow, sounds really good. Maybe I’ll have to check it out tonight. But you’d probably better be going to bed, don’t you think?”

Rob’s eyes widened. He’d forgotten about the bedding. If Colt was staying up, there’s no way he’d be able to get the laundry past him without being noticed.

“Ah... I’m... actually gonna stay up a while too.” He said.

“Come on. You sent me your work schedule and I know you have a morning shift tomorrow. Wouldn’t want my roomie missing work and being unable to pay the rent, now would I?”

Robbie didn’t have a good answer for that, though he did his best.

“Well... I... Took a nap earlier. So I’m not tired.”

“Yes you are, I can see your eyes drooping already!”

“Are not!” said Robbie, who suddenly realized his eyes were, in fact, beginning to droop.

“Go on up, then. I’ll take care of the dishes. We’ll have to have dinner earlier tomorrow so you aren’t falling asleep when we finish.”

“I’m sorry,” said Rob, standing up and rubbing his eyes. “I always get sleepy after food.”

“You sure you’re gonna make it all the way up there by yourself?” Colt said with a hint of concern in his voice.

“Ah, Psh. Yeah.” Said Rob, stumbling out of the room.

When Colt finished the dishes, he found the boy asleep in the living room.

“Didn’t even make it up the stairs.” He said, softly to himself. He chuckled and shook his head. Then, he picked Rob up in his arms, so he was cradled under the neck and under the knees. He carried the tired boy up to the top of the stairs and into the bedroom where a fresh set of bedding awaited him. Carefully, he tugged off Rob’s milk-soaked clothes and grabbed one of his pull-ups from the dresser drawer. He slid them up Rob’s legs, and then tucked him in with his teddy. Finally, he tossed Rob’s clothes in the washer and got another bottle of milk just in case they got thirsty in the middle of the night.

“Sleep tight, kiddo,” he said, kissing Rob’s forehead.

“Thanks, Daddy,” mumbled the boy, still asleep.

Oh, yeah. Colt was definitely going to have to blow off some steam when he went to bed.

Room for Rent

By Champ (Patreon.com/ChampTehOtter)

Chapter 3: A Hard Day's Work

Beep Beep Beep

"Ugh... wha? Where am I?"

Rob rubbed the sleep from his bleary eyes as he got his bearings. He must have fallen asleep. He hadn't even had a chance to get undressed and into his DryNites.

"Oh Shit!" he exclaimed as he sat up and whipped off the covers, only to find he had gotten into his DryNites after all. He breathed a sigh of relief. The DryNites were soaked, but the bed was dry. How did he end up in bed anyway? The last thing he remembered, he had left the kitchen to brush his teeth. He smacked his lips. Didn't feel like he had brushed. Then he bumped against something plastic.

He furrowed his brow. An empty bottle lay next to him, and it certainly wasn't Mr. Cuddles who drank it. It explained why he was so wet, however. As it was, the pull-ups were full to bursting. Any worse and it would have leaked for sure. Luckily it didn't. He got to his feet and made his bed, checking it one more time to make *sure* it was dry.

Then something else struck him. His bed *was* dry. Too dry. There wasn't a single trace of yesterday's naptime accident. Not a stain, and not even the slightest scent of piss. He may have made it through the night dry, but Rob had a sinking feeling that this was the laundry Colt had been washing while he was busy enjoying his cartoons.

Rob stood there in just his pull-ups, trying to piece together the end of the evening but he was drawing a blank.

"You didn't see anything, did you Mr. Cuddles?" The bear did not reply. "Better just take a shower, then, and try not to think about it." He had to be at work in an hour and that was enough to worry about.

He pulled a pair of PJ pants on over his pull-ups. There was definitely a bulge there, but at least the pull-ups were cloth-backed. Not like the noisy plastic ones he wore when he was a kid. He'd have to stash them somewhere until he could sneak them into the garbage. He'd played this game before with his former roommates and had never gotten caught wet-handed, as far as he knew.

Of course as soon as he stepped out into the hall he bumped into Colt, who was dressed in his workout clothes

“Oh hey, bud! I was just gonna check in on you.”

Great, thought Rob, instinctively covering up his bulging crotch. *Perfect timing as always*.

“You’ve gotta get your butt in gear if you wanna make it to work,” Colt said, looking at his smart watch. “Breakfast is downstairs when you’re done.”

“Thanks,” said Rob, hoping that Colt wouldn’t look down and notice the bulge under his pajama pants.

Whatever Colt saw or didn’t see, he didn’t seem phased in the least. He just smiled and ruffled Rob’s hair.

“Heh. No prob, buddy. Have a good shower!”

Rob watched Colt’s bubble butt disappear down the stairs and sighed. This awkwardness would have to end sooner or later. He could either keep living here or keep crushing on his roommate, but he couldn’t do both. He didn’t think his heart could take it. Why was he always so awkward around Colt?

“Maybe it’s because he’s cute as fuck and I get shy around cute guys,” he blurted out without thinking. He covered his mouth. Did he say that out loud? Was Colt still close enough to hear it? He wasn’t going to stick around to answer any questions if he did. Time to hustle off to the shower before he embarrassed himself further.

Rob found himself rock hard and dripping as he let his soggy DryNites drop to the bathroom floor with a plop. Once again, he stroked himself off in the shower, trying to think of anything but being diapered by Colt. But trying not to think of it just made him think of it more.

He could see those pictures in the magazine so clearly, they were burned into his mind. Only now it was Rob smiling around his thumb while Colt took care of the business between his legs. Taking off his diaper. Wiping him clean. Grabbing hold of his shaft and asking if he needed help down there.

Rob kept his eyes closed and nodded yes. His cock responded to Colt’s imagined touch by throbbing and pumping out copious amounts of pre. It felt so good. Colt was making him feel so good. But suddenly Colt stopped, pointed Rob’s little pecker down, and pulled the diaper up between his legs, smothering his penis in

softness. And then all he saw was the thick diaper between his legs. The padding hugging his butt, pushing apart his thighs. Colt giving it a reassuring pat while his favorite purple dinosaur smiled from the taping panel.

Rob cried out as he blew his load with that image locked firmly in his mind's eye. Once he caught his breath, he immediately felt guilty. But he tried his best to reason with himself.

"It's just a fantasy. That's all. I'm not actually doing it. There's no harm in that."

When Rob stepped out of the shower, he saw his soggy pull up sitting on the floor where he had left it, and his mind turned to the more pressing issue of where he could stash it. He looked around for a trash bag in the guest bathroom but found none. He only found a small trash bin under the sink.

"I guess this'll have to do," he said to himself, tossing the diaper inside. He would come back from work with some extra grocery bags. He could toss them out when Colt was cooking or something.

With that bit of business out of the way he went back to his room and got dressed, putting on a fresh pair of undies. He just prayed he'd keep them dry for the rest of the day.

Rob came down to the kitchen. Colt was there too, mixing a power shake. He couldn't look Colt in the eye, knowing what Colt had seen and what he *might* have seen. He was afraid that any moment now, the hammer was going to come down, and he'd be kicked out for wetting the bed and lying about it. But no such moment came.

Rob set his empty bottle in the sink. Knowing that he had indulged in such a silly behavior and *liked* it was giving him all sorts of butterflies. But Colt didn't say anything to make him feel bad. On the contrary, it was Colt that broke the ice.

"Looks like Mr. Cuddles was thirsty last night, huh?" asked Colt with a grin.

Rob just blushed and nodded. "Umm... he says thank you."

Colt leaned in. "Well, you can tell him he's very welcome, and he can have a bottle any time he wants."

Rob nodded and smiled a bit at that. Colt pointed to a bowl of cereal in front of his usual seat at the counter. "Breakfast is waiting, bud."

"Honey Loops? Oh man, I haven't eaten these since I was a kid!"

“What do you mean *were* a kid, shorty?” said Colt, ruffling Rob’s hair again.

“Heyyyy no teasing!” said Rob, wishing he had his teddy there to defend him.

Colt noticed Rob looking over to the teddy’s normal seat as well. “Where’s Mr. Cuddles?”

“Oh, I let him sleep in. I’m about to go to work anyway, so no point in bringing him down now.”

“Yeah, that’s true. Guess you can’t exactly carry him around on shift...”

“Unfortunately,” said Rob. Colt’s eyes gleamed and Rob immediately regretted saying anything.

“Well, heck, why not? You could bring him in your bag at least.”

“I don’t have a-”

Colt set a drawstring backpack on the table for Rob. “Yes you do. I packed you a lunch. Go ahead and throw your teddy in there. And if you’re worried about it getting stolen, it locks.”

“We have lockers,” said Rob. “But that’s not the point. There’s no way I’ll be able to take him out and cuddle him even when I’m on break. Do you know what people would say? My manager would tear me a new one!”

“Who cares what they would say? He makes you feel better, so you should be allowed to bring him. Anyway, even having him near will probably feel nice, don’t you think? I mean if he’s okay being in a bag all day.”

Rob thought about it a minute. “Maybe not today... Thanks for lunch though, you really didn’t have to-”

Colt held up a hand. “I know. I *wanted* to. Now hurry up and finish your cereal or you really *will* be late. And don’t forget to initial those new changes to the lease!”

Rob gulped down his cereal and quickly scribbled his initials on the paperwork, barely glancing at it before heading out the door.

Colt smiled and shook his head. “I’ll never get him to stop running through the house unless he stops walking altogether.” He chubbed up a little at the idea of his roomie crawling everywhere, his butt puffing out under his onesie as he giggled and

smiled behind his pacifier. “So stinkin’ cute,” he said to himself, gathering up the paperwork. He’d drop it off at the office on his way to the gym.

Rob arrived at work with minutes to spare, thanks to the closer location of his new home. He threw his bag in his locker and made sure his mask was properly fitted before turning around to see his manager, Brandon, standing there with his hands on his hips.

“Look who made it on time for once,” said Brandon. Rob cringed. Here was a guy you could read like an open book. He had flaming red hair, an ugly green sweater he always wore, and a permanently sour expression. Brandon was never pleased. The best thing to do when he came your way was say as little as possible and hope he would move on to harass some other poor employee.

“Well, don’t just stand around like an idiot. Get out there and start stocking before I write you up for slacking on the job,” he yelled.

Rob didn’t need to be asked twice. He hurried out into the store to begin his morning. He could already see that he had his work cut out for him.

Meanwhile, Colt was finishing an intense workout in his home gym. He mopped his forehead as he finished his fifth circuit around the gym.

“Whoo... leg day is a bitch!” he said to himself. He squeezed the sports bottle in his hand and gulped down more water.

“I gotta get that kid in here too. Maybe start him off with some 1 lb. weights. Get him used to crawling. Do some baby bottle lifts. Some stretches for flexibility.” He chuckled to himself as he imagined Robbie doing his baby workout routine. “When I’m done with him, I want him to be able to suck his toes.” That would be a lot of fun. It was a shame Rob had to work mornings, but after all, Rob had to make a living, didn’t he?

Colt shook his head. Not really. It wasn’t like Colt needed the money. He just missed having people over. Really, he just wanted someone to spend time with who he knew was safe. And hopefully have a chance to dust off the old nursery. But he knew he couldn’t keep Rob all to himself. Rob had his own life to live, no matter how much Colt wanted to just swaddle him in diapers and keep him as his live-in baby. Confined to his playpen, crib, walker, or highchair whenever he wasn’t in Colt’s lap. Restricted to baby shows, baby foods, completely monitored and cared for by a responsible adult, right down to his bathroom habits. Colt’s semi was quickly becoming a full-blown hard-on.

“Oh, hi there, buddy,” said Colt, pulling down his gym shorts to let his hardened member spring free. “You want a workout too?”

Colt began to stroke off as he thought about diapering his new roommate. He thought about the night before. About pulling those pull ups up his cute roomie’s legs and over his little boy bits. About how Rob had called him Daddy in his sleep. And about all the things he planned to introduce his cute roomie to as Robbie accepted his baby nature. He thought about being Robbie’s first. Carrying him to the nursery, laying him down on the changing table, and being the first to give him a diaper change since infancy. He thought About Robbie kicking his legs as he smiled around his thumb, nice and protected in a thick, crinkly diaper. All his manhood gone. Regressed to an infant who only knew how to eat, drink, and fill his diapers.

“Fuuuuuuuckkkkk!!!” yelled Colt, gritting his teeth as his cock strained, shiny and purple. He tried to hold off his climax and extend the pleasure of the moment but it was too much. The dam burst and he spurted rope after rope of hot white seed clear across the room, painting the gray padded floor as he cried out a guttural yell. He let go, allowing the dripping member to bob in front of him as he caught his breath. It wasn’t going down. He was still horny! He wiped his forehead and his hand came back wet. “Well this is as good a workout as any. Guess I’ll go again!” he said, as he began to furiously masturbate to more thoughts of turning his roommate into a helpless baby boy.

While Colt finished his workout, Rob was still working his butt off to meet the impossible goals set by his manager. No time to converse with his co-workers when “the asshole” was on shift. That’s what everyone called Brandon behind his back. He made everyone’s life miserable, but nobody dared say anything.

By noon, Rob’s bladder was calling out and he couldn’t avoid it any longer. He had no choice but to hurry back to the employee restroom. Unfortunately, Brandon held the key and controlled all bathroom access.

“What are you doing back here?” he said, when Rob appeared at his office door. “There’s more stocking to do!”

“S-sorry, sir, I have to use the bathroom. It’s an emergency! May I please have the key?” The situation was urgent. Rob had waited too long to speak to Brandon and he was paying the price.

“Bathroom? Why didn’t you go at home? I hate it when employees come in and ask to use the bathroom on *my time*.”

“Sir, I really have to go... please!” Rob was holding his crotch and hopping from foot to foot, the painful pressure in his bladder growing by the second.

“You’re faking. I can tell a fake when I see one,” said Brandon, unimpressed. “You don’t have to go yet. You’re just lazy. Now get back out there, or I’m taking an hour off your pay.”

“Please! I can’t hold it any longer!” cried Robbie. Even as he finished his sentence, he felt hot liquid begin to spray into the front of his pants. He began to cry as a dark spot grew between his legs.

“What the...” Brandon quickly recovered from his shock and he burst out laughing. “Oh I gotta get this on camera,” he said, lifting up his phone to record the humiliating episode.

There was nothing Robbie could do to stop what was happening. He’d completely exhausted the muscles he had control over to stop him from urinating. In moments, the warm wetness had spread down both legs.

“Wow, you really did have to go, didn’t you? I guess that’ll teach you to go before you come in. Wait a second, are you *actually* sucking your thumb?! What a baby!”

Brandon couldn’t believe it. He laughed and taunted Rob as the humiliated boy stood there in his pissy pants, sucking his thumb beneath his mask, and whimpering like a little kid. This was priceless. Finally Brandon set his phone down.

“Thanks for the entertainment,” said Brandon, tossing Rob the key. “You have five minutes to clean up and get back to work. I don’t want to see you again until the store is stocked.”

Rob ran to the bathroom crying, far too late to save his dignity. He locked the door and leaned on it, balling his hand into a fist. His thumb stuck out and he looked at it, sniffing and sobbing. It was what he wanted and needed right then, but he had to clean up first. He took off his pants and underwear and wrang them out in the sink. They smelled of piss and weren’t suitable to wear, but he hadn’t brought a change of clothes. He’d have to wear his piss-soaked pants for the rest of the day until he got home. While he was holding his clothes under the dryer, a loud bang sounded on the door causing Rob to jump. a day

“Time’s up! Get back out there and work! I’m not running a daycare for pants pissing crybabies.”

Brandon glared at Rob, snatching the keys back as he trudged out of the bathroom. “And don’t even think about asking for another bathroom break, pissboy.”

Rob managed to make it through his shift, staying close to the stock whenever customers walked by until his pants finished drying. Occasionally someone would comment on the smell, which left him feeling gross and ashamed. As soon as His shift was over, he ran out of the store and climbed into his car. The whole car stunk of piss as soon as he closed the door. He felt the lump in the back of his throat grow.

“Come on, Rob. Get it together! Don’t be such a baby!” Brandon’s taunts echoed in his head as he said this. Brandon wasn’t the first one to call him a crybaby. He’d heard things like that all his life. It was never okay for him just to be him, he had to be what others wanted him to be. He let out a short bitter laugh and swallowed the lump in his throat. “Maybe they’re right. Maybe I am a baby.”

Colt was sitting on the couch with Mr. Cuddles, ready for when his roommate got home with the cartoons cued up, but when Rob walked in crying, he immediately knew something was wrong. He rushed up to the distraught boy and put his hands on his shoulders.

“Hey! Hey... what’s wrong bud? Are you okay?”

Rob’s answer was nonsensical. All he managed to gasp out between sobs were the words “trouble,” “asshole,” and “accident.” Colt quickly brought him in for a big hug. He immediately understood what the problem was when he smelled the scent of urine coming from his roommate, and he felt himself get hard in his shorts. *Damnit Colt, not now*, he thought.

“Shh, shhh. It’s okay, Robbie.”

Rob just allowed himself to fall into Colt, hugging him back and burying his face in Colt’s chest. Colt could feel the wetness of the crying boy seeping through his shirt, but he didn’t mind it. He just rubbed Rob’s back and held him there for a while, neither of them moving. Then, ever so gently, he began to guide the smaller boy upstairs.

“Shh... Let’s get you rinsed off after your big day. A bath is just the thing to make you feel better. We’ll get those icky clothes off you and get all the pee-pees and germs off, and you can tell your roomie all about what happened today, mokay?”

Rob just nodded and allowed himself to be led through Colt's room into the much larger master bath. He was in a vulnerable state right now, too distraught to manage such a task on his own.

Colt sat him on the toilet, turned on the faucet, and began to roll Robbie's socks down off his ankles.

"I want you to breathe, Robbie. Can you do that for me?"

Robbie nodded and took a few deep shuddering breaths, wiping his eyes with the back of his arm.

"That's it, buddy. Just keep breathing. Arms up!" he said, grabbing the hem of Rob's shirt. Rob complied out of reflex and Colt pulled the shirt off.

"You're doing so good, little guy," said Colt, before checking the water temperature and closing the drain. The tub began to fill up with hot water. He turned his attention back to the distraught boy.

"I'm gonna need you to stand up, little Robbie, so I can get those dirty pants off of you. Can you stand up for me?"

Robbie blushed and shook his head, but it was only a token resistance. He was following the well-worn pathways of what a grown-up was *supposed* to do, not what *he* wanted to do. Colt rubbed the poor boy's back and reassured him.

"You can't stay in those pants, little buddy, and you're in no condition to look after yourself right now. I've done this a hundred times for my cousins, it's no big deal to me." After a moment's silence, Colt leaned in and whispered. "Accepting help doesn't make you weak, Robbie. It makes you human. Let me help you now."

Rob sniffled and gave a little nod, allowing Colt to help him to his feet.

"There we go..."

Robbie closed his eyes and inhaled sharply when Colt unbuttoned his pants and gently slid them down along with his underwear. Any other time Rob would have a raging erection right then from the mere hint of getting a little attention like this from his roommate, but in this moment, horny was the farthest thing from his mind. He just needed care, and Colt was there to care for him.

Colt held the pants down at Rob's ankles and looked up at him. "Okay little guy. Step out. One, two. You can put your hands on my shoulders if you need to."

Rob obeyed, stepping out of his soiled clothes. Rob was left naked as Colt tossed all the clothes into a pile in the corner of the room. Rob began to squirm.

“What’s wrong buddy?” asked Colt.

“I-it’s the water,” Rob gulped. “It’s making me have to go...”

“You have to go potty?” asked Colt. He received a nod from his roommate, who blushed brightly. “It’s okay, kiddo,” he said, putting up the toilet lid, before putting gentle pressure on the boy’s shoulders to sit him back down. Rob squirmed, looking distinctly uncomfortable.

“I-I c-c-can’t do it with you watching...” he said.

“Oh I very much doubt that,” said Colt. “And no way am I gonna leave you alone in this condition. You just sit there and let the sound of the rushing water do its work.”

Colt went about mixing bubble bath into the water, swirling it around as Robbie sat there, his legs squeezed together and his hands fidgeting in his lap. Sure enough, the water did its work. He felt the sudden sensation in his groin that told him pee was already on its way out, and a moment later, it was going into the toilet, the tinkling sound unmistakable as his stream hit the water below.

“There you go,” said Colt, in a soothing and encouraging tone. “Let it all out, Robbie.”

Rob scrunched up his face in embarrassment as he finished. Part of him was embarrassed. The greater part, however, really felt cared for. It felt good having his roommate there with him for such an intimate moment while he tried to get a handle on his feelings. He hadn’t felt cared for like that in a long time.

For his part, Colt was loving every minute as he supervised his roommate’s potty time. He didn’t dare stand up from his position beside the tub, not with the erection he was sporting. Eventually the sound of Robbie’s peeing petered out.

“All done?” Colt asked.

Rob looked down at his hands and nodded. He gasped as he felt something wet wipe against his buttock. Colt had used one of the wipes from the pack on the toilet.

“Heyyyy!” said Robbie, his face bright red.

“Sorry, force of habit,” said Colt. “My cousins, you know?”

“I don’t need help to use the potty.” said Rob, feeling like a toddler in potty training.

“You sure about that?” asked Colt, holding the wipe up for Robbie’s inspection. Robbie was mortified to see the wipe had come away smeared with brown. “You need to do a better job wiping, kiddo,” Colt said, shaking his head.

Robbie stood there speechless as Colt used a couple more wipes to make sure he’d gotten everything before tossing the wipes in an odd-looking trash can nearby. He washed his hands, then returned to help his roommate into the tub, careful not to let Robbie see how excited he really was down there. It was easier said than done with his cock threatening to pop out of the bottom of his shorts, but he managed to do it. Colt gingerly guided Robbie, allowing him to slowly dip his feet in. That’s when it hit Robbie that this was really happening. His heart quickened. He was going to be bathed by his roommate. It almost made his ordeal at work seem worth it.

The water was bracingly hot at first, but as Rob’s body adjusted to the temperature, he was able to slowly lower himself in. He breathed a sigh as the hot water relaxed all of his muscles, his naked body hidden from view by the bubbles.

“Thank you, Colt,” he said, with a grateful smile. “This is…” He searched for the words but didn’t know how to express how he was feeling right then.

“It’s just what you needed,” Colt said, picking up a washcloth and putting some soap on it. “You feeling a little better?” asked Colt. Robbie nodded. “Alright. I want you to tell me all about what happened.”

Robbie told his story as Colt began to scrub his arms with the soapy washcloth.

Colt’s nostrils flared as Robbie described his manager and the way he was treated at work. His protective instincts were coming out and he had to keep himself from cursing out loud and scaring the boy, only asking a few short and simple questions as Robbie told him of being denied access to a restroom and then being forced to work in wet clothes after he had his accident.

“What did you say your manager’s name was again? How often does this happen?”

Robbie opened up about how all he wanted to do after his accident was suck his thumb and hold his teddy, but he couldn’t. Colt nodded like everything Robbie said made perfect sense. Colt didn’t judge him or tell him to stop being a baby. He just

listened with understanding, and Rob appreciated that so much. Maybe all he needed was someone to listen to him. Colt, however seemed to think he needed more than that.

“Well, I think I’ve heard enough, buddy. I’m going to have a chat with your manager and get this whole thing sorted out.”

“No, please don’t!” said Robbie, raising his voice in sudden panic.

“Shhh, shhh, it’s okay. I’m a lawyer, this is what I do, and I will not let my little buddy be bullied at work.”

Robbie looked like he wanted to protest, but Colt would have none of it. “This is not an option. You just let me take Care of it, okay? I promise you this will never happen again.” This seemed to reassure Robbie, and he visibly relaxed.

“Okay, bud, we’re gonna clean your little hiney, then it’s time to rinse off,” said Colt.

Robbie went quiet and bit his lip as he allowed his crush to reach between his legs and wash him. The bubbles had cleared away by then and they could both see what was happening with crystal clarity. Mercifully, Colt worked fast and Robbie was spared another embarrassing kind of accident. Satisfied that the cutie was squeaky clean, Colt wrang out the washcloth and pulled the plug and let the water drain.

Colt used a detachable spray nozzle to rinse off his roommate, and then dried him off as he stood in the tub.

“Come on, little guy,” he said when he was all done. “You’ve had a long day. I think it’s time for a nap before you watch your cartoons.”

He wrapped the towel around Rob’s waist and led him out to the master bedroom.

Colt lifted him up and sat him on the big fluffy bed. “Wait right here, I’ll go grab Mr. Cuddles and get your things for nap time.

“Uh... I-I can get my own pajamas, I think,” said Rob, worried that his roommate might look in his underwear drawer and see his pull-ups.

“Don’t even think about it mister,” said Colt. “I’ve got this. All I want you to do for the rest of the day is relax. Now where are your pajamas?” Colt asked, knowing full well the answer.

“Uh....second shelf from the top. But I need... uh....” Robbie was worried about wetting his roommate’s bed but he couldn’t manage to get out the words that he needed pull-ups.

“What do you need?” asked Colt.

“N-nothing,” said Robbie, looking away. Colt smirked.

“I’ll bet I know what you need...” Robbie’s heart skipped a beat. Did he? “You need your teddy and a nice warm bottle,” Colt finished, giving Robbie a wink.

“Yeah, that’s it.” Said Rob, secretly relieved.

Colt stepped out to grab Rob’s necessities. The bottle wasn’t going to help Rob keep the bed dry, but there was no way he was going to turn down an opportunity to cuddle with his gorgeous roommate. He’d just have to stay up through his nap. He could do that. Right?

Colt soon returned with an armful of stuff and set it a bench below the foot of the bed.

“I’ve got your bottle, your teddy, a blankie, your pajamas, and this.” He held a blue and white object up in his hand so Robbie could see.

“A pacifier?” asked Rob, raising his eyebrows. “Why do you even have that?”

“I’ve got a bunch. They’re my cousins’. Don’t worry, I’ve washed it. It’s cleaner than your thumb, at least. Why don’t you give it a try?”

Rob’s heart beat a little faster as Colt lifted the soother toward his mouth. He *did* find it very appealing. And after all it was Colt’s idea, not his. That made it okay, right? He opened his mouth, and let Colt put it inside. He gave it an experimental suckle. Then another.

“Do you like it?” asked Colt.

Rob broke into a calm smile and nodded. He *loved* it. It was just the right size to fill his mouth. He didn’t even know they made them that size. Then his mind flashed back to the picture he saw in the magazine and he instantly got hard. *Not now, not now, not now!* He thought, holding onto his towel for dear life.

“Okay kiddo, time for your PJs. I’ll take care of this part, you just hold Mr. Cuddles.”

Colt tossed Mr. Cuddles to Rob, who instinctively put his hands up to catch him. At that moment, Colt took the opportunity to whip off Rob's towel, leaving him bare and exposed.

"No wait!" yelled Robbie, quickly bringing down his Teddy to cover himself.

"Chill, little guy," said Colt, retrieving the paci from the bed and setting it to the side. "So you've got a little stiffy. It happens. That's nothing to be ashamed of. Now let's cover that behind. I've got a pair of PJs with *your* name on them."

Colt reached down past the foot of the bed, but instead of the pajama pants Rob expected, he held a puffy looking pair of undies with superheroes on the front of them. It was one of Robbie's pull-ups and Colt held them open, ready to go on his behind. *That's* what he meant when he said Pajamas.

"What?! Y-y-you knew? This whole time?" asked Robbie. "B-b-b-but how? How did you..."

"Who do you think washed your wet sheets?" asked Colt, matter-of-factly.

"Oh... my... god... It *was* you." Rob replied, turning red as he realized his roommate took care of *his* wet sheets and undies. This was beyond embarrassing.

Colt crossed his arms and cocked an eyebrow. "Did you think I wouldn't find out? This is my house. I know everything that goes on here."

"I'm sorry... I-I-I didn't mean to! It just... happens sometimes."

"And I'm going to make sure it doesn't happen again. Now legs up and on your back."

With a single push, Rob found himself on his back with his legs up. He had no hope of hiding just how turned on he was, not anymore.

Robbie hugged his teddy tight and looked down between his legs at his roommate. He watched as colt slid the pull up over his feet, up his legs, his thighs.

"Lift your butt, kiddo." Blood was thundering in Rob's ears and his cock seemed to pulse with every heartbeat as he adjusted to let Colt slide the soft garment up over his stiffy and butt. It really did feel like his fantasy come to life with him on his back like that.

"Much better. Looks like somebody got excited. It's a good thing you're not very big down there..."

“H-heyyyyy,” said Rob, furrowing his eyebrows.

“It’s just facts, kiddo.” said Colt. “Do you want your pajama bottoms?” he asked.

“I don’t normally wear them,” Rob admitted.

“Thank you for being honest,” said Colt, looking Robbie in the eyes. “I’m not upset that you wet the bed. I know you can’t help it. I’m upset that you lied about needing protection and therefore you weren’t prepared. We agreed to no more secrets, and there have to be consequences. So from now on you **will** be wearing protection to bed, and **I’m** going to be putting it on you. Do you understand me?”

Robbie nodded, speechless.

“Good boy,” said Colt, patting the front of his pull-up, and earning a sharp intake of breath from his excited roommate.

“Now let’s get settled.” Colt pulled back the covers and laid a soft blanket down in the center of the bed.

“What’s that for?” asked Rob.

“The blankie? It’s for you to sleep on. In case you leak. You’re probably gonna need it, if the one you left in the trash this morning is any indication.”

“Oh…” said Rob in a quiet voice. Colt really *did* know everything that went on in the house.

“Now hurry up and drink it so we can get our nap in. Unless you think you need help.” Robbie hesitated to accept the bottle and Colt paused as if a thought just occurred to him. “...Is that it, little guy? Do you need your buddy Colt to help you drink your bottle?”

Rob’s eyes went wide and he nodded. “Yes please,” he said in a small voice.

That was exactly what Colt wanted to hear. He loved to see Robbie using his words to ask for what he needed. And to see him dropping fully into little space... it was like catnip to him. He quickly shucked off his own clothes, sliding under the covers in just his boxers.

“Come here,” he said, pulling the boy into his lap as he leaned back against the headboard. He laid back against a couple pillows to keep them both propped up and made sure that they were both squarely on the waterproof bed pad. “Don’t ever

apologize for things that you can't help. Whether it's wet beds or needing your teddy and paci to feel okay."

Rob nodded.

"I want to help you unlearn all of that conditioning that people like your manager have put you through. You are who you are. And that's just fine."

Rob whimpered. No one had ever told him that before. He didn't even realize it was something he needed to hear until Colt said it. Colt held him and brought the bottle to Rob's lips.

"Shhh shhhh shhhh... It's okay, baby. You're okay."

Rob's eyes crossed as he looked down at the incoming bottle of milk. He opened his mouth to accept the teat and was rewarded with praise from Colt.

"Good boy, there you go." He closed his eyes and smiled as Colt petted his hair.

Rob could feel the warmth of his roommate against his back as he sucked on the bottle, drawing in the sweet warm milk. He was in heaven. He felt so completely relaxed that he let his eyes droop as he drank, and drank, and drank, and Colt just kept petting him. Relaxing him further as he whispered soft encouragement. He had nothing to worry about. All he had to do was relax. Rob was fast asleep before the last drops of milk hit his tongue.

Colt quietly slipped out of bed, tucked Robbie in with his paci and teddy in place and headed down to the kitchen with the empty bottle. He popped in his EarPods and dialed out on his phone, letting it ring while he warmed up more milk for the boy. On the fifth ring, someone picked up.

"Hello, is this the SuperDuper Mart? I need to speak to Brandon the manager. It's about one of your employees..."

He returned to the bedroom shortly after with another bottle, returning to slide Robbie up on his lap again. He brought the second bottle up to Robbie's mouth and encouraged him to drink, which he did, without fully waking up. He held the bottle in place as Robbie suckled, letting his hand rest on the front of Robbie's pull-up. Before long, he felt the pull-up begin to expand and grow hot with fresh piss as he whispered into Robbie's ear. He repeated this process with a third bottle, patiently feeding the boy until the pull-up began to get wet around the legs. Soon, Robbie was leaking, a pool of liquid spreading over Colt's boxers and soaking into the waterproof blanket. Colt smiled.

Perfect. After this, little Robbie was going to have to upgrade to diapers for bedtime. He had a feeling that it wouldn't be a very hard sell, either.

Room for Rent

By Champ ([Patreon.com/ChampTehOtter](https://www.patreon.com/ChampTehOtter))

Chapter 4: Coming Clean

As Robbie woke up, he became aware of one thing: Everything around his hips was totally and completely soaked. His pull-ups, the soaker pad, even Colt's boxers. He began to panic, making noises of distress.

"Nhhhh.... nuh... no...."

Colt was already awake, and the arm draped over Robbie's midsection drew tight to contain the struggling boy. Robbie tried to squirm away, tears beginning to wet his eyelashes as he started going into freak-out mode.

"No... I didn't... NO..."

"Shhhh shhh shhh, you're okay, Colt said, holding the smaller boy tightly to his chest. With his free hand he petted the boy's hair.

"I'm s-s-s-s-sooooo sorry!" said Robbie. "I should never have slept in your bed. I can't believe I did this. I'm sorry! Please don't kick me out. Please don't hate me. I'm ss-s-s-ss..."

Colt hugged Robbie to his chest. "Kick you out? Now why would I do a thing like that?"

"B-b-because I w-w-w-wet the bed.... And...and.... I got you all wet... and... and..."

"And you couldn't help it," said Colt, finishing Robbie's sentence. "Could you?"

Robbie shook his head no.

"Then it's not your fault, Robbie. And you didn't do anything wrong." Colt continued talking calmly as Robbie sobbed in his arms. "I'll be fine. I can take a bath. And so can you. I can wash the sheets if I need to. And I put your blankie down when we went to bed, remember? So I was prepared for this."

Robbie began to quiet down as Colt continued.

"I would never kick you out for something you couldn't help, little buddy. I promise. And to be honest, I think something like this makes you even cuter than you already are. No, what I'm concerned about is you trying to hide things from me. And I'm

glad we took a nap together because now that I see how bad the problem you've been hiding from me is, we're going to have to address it so you can sleep safely and comfortably, does that make sense?"

Robbie just nodded, still focused on the words Colt had said a moment ago. Did Colt call him cute? Not just something he had done, but...*him*? The words bounced around in his head again and again. "Cute... me? Me cute?"

Colt smiled. This was the moment he had been waiting for. Colt had been awake to watch Robbie stir to life because he had never gone to sleep. He had stayed up, feeding Robbie bottles to ensure he wet the bed completely and thoroughly. Growing hard as he felt those first trickles escape the leg holes of Rob's pull-up and soak into his boxers, becoming a puddle beneath them. And now, he got to comfort poor Robbie and nudge him just a little further toward his end goal.

"Are you feeling a little calmer, Robbie?"

Robbie nodded, his tense body relaxing slightly against the larger man's body.

"Okay, sweetheart," said Colt, kissing him on the top of the head and loosening his grip. "Stay still for me. I'm going to see how bad it is and get us out of these wet undies so we don't drip all over the floor."

Colt threw the blankets off to reveal that the wetness had been contained on the soaker pad and hadn't spread to the rest of the bed. Even if it had, he wouldn't want to wash the sheets right away. He knew that the lingering smell of Robbie's accident would be enough to fuel his fantasies for the whole night. But that could wait. He ripped Robbie's pull-ups off and peeled the front away from the boy's body. Then he lifted his butt up, elevating them both so he could slide off his own underwear. Soon they were both naked, his penis sandwiched beneath Robbie's butt cheeks, and Robbie was feeling extremely blushy, his member once again at full mast, despite the humiliating circumstances.

"Okay, roomie, let's go back for another bath. Mind if I join you this time? Just to save on the water bill?"

Robbie had no objection. Colt patted his roommate's butt, giving him a little push to get him moving. Rob got onto all fours and began to crawl out of the bed, but Colt stopped the boy to dab his penis with the blankie in case of any drips. Robbie's hips jerked back and he opened his mouth to object, but Colt was already done, so he

crawled the rest of the way off of the bed, followed shortly by his buff roommate who was carrying his soggy pull-up.

As he was led to the bathroom, he could hardly believe that this was really happening. Of course he knew at any moment he could wake up and realize it was all a dream, but if this was real, he hoped that it would never end.

Colt walked over to the strange trashcan in the bathroom and flipped up the lid using a foot pedal. He stuffed the soaked Pull-Up into the can, and an inner lid sealed behind it.

“What kind of trash can is *that*?” asked Rob.

“It’s a diaper genie,” said Colt. “It hasn’t seen much use since I haven’t had any visitors lately. Looks like it’ll be great for *you*, though.”

This was surreal for Robbie. Colt now knew all his secrets, and he had accepted him just the same. Not only that, but Colt was stepping up to help him. Not asking him to clean up his own mess. Not telling him to man up, stop crying, and clean it up himself. No, Colt was actually helping him. Telling him it was okay. No one had ever done that. He didn’t think that was something that people did. Not for a man *his* age, at least.

“Whatcha thinkin’ about, bud?” asked Colt, testing the water to make sure it was the right temperature.

Rob thought for a second, and then spoke up. “...Colt? Why are you so nice to me?”

“Oh, buddy,” said Colt, with a sad smile. “I’m giving my little buddy the help he needs. I guess you haven’t had a lot of that, have you?”

Rob shook his head, looking down at the floor. No one had ever stepped in when he was sad, or told him it was okay to cry, or wet the bed, or need his teddy.

“I’ve taken care of lots of little guys,” said Colt. “My little brothers, my cousins...” *Not to mention all the ABDLs who would come and stay in my nursery before the pandemic*, thought Colt. “You’re no different,” he concluded.

That’s when it clicked for Rob. To Colt, he really *was* no different. Aside from the fact that he was over 18, he was just as he had always been. The same little boy who cried when he skinned his knee. The same boy who walked around the house in his undies before his family started commenting and making him feel self-conscious about his body. *That’s* what made Robbie *feel* so different when he was with Colt.

Colt saw understanding Dawn on his roommate's face, his mouth opening in an o and his eyes going wide. Suddenly all the self-consciousness was gone, replaced by an intense curiosity. Rob looked to Colt to make sure he was understanding this correctly.

"So... so what you're saying is... I'm... I'm like a little boy? And... and that's okay?"

Colt nodded and gave Rob an encouraging smile to continue.

"Because... I need the same things I did when I was little."

"Exactamundo, roomie," said Colt, reaching over and shutting off the water. "And whatever anybody told you before about big boys not needing those things was full of poopie."

This choice of word made Robbie giggle a bit despite himself.

"You're okay, Robbie, if you feel like a little boy. And *I understand*. What I will not do is allow you to hide your needs and your feelings to fit the expectations of others. Not in this house. It's unhealthy, and I won't have my roommates doing behavior that is unhealthy, whether it's drugs, not sleeping, or trying to act like a *big boy* whatever that means." He poked Robbie in the belly when he said "big boy", which drew another giggle. "Do you understand, Robbie?"

Robbie nodded, amazed at what he was hearing.

"I do."

"Good, now get in the tub. We're gonna get clean so we don't smell like pee-pee all day."

Colt gave Robbie a boop on the nose, and then stepped in the tub before stretching out his arms to help Robbie in after him. Somehow, when he said it that way, Robbie didn't feel so bad about wetting the bed. Colt made it seem cute, natural, just a fact of life that could easily be taken care of with a little soap and water. Robbie allowed himself to be helped into the tub, and Colt held him close, gently guiding them both into the steaming water.

"Wanna see something cool?" Colt asked, holding the smaller boy in his lap once they were fully submerged in the steamy water.

"Yeah!" said Robbie.

Colt leaned forward and pressed a button, and jets of water streamed through the tub, creating bubbles all around them.

“Wow!” said Robbie, laughing. He’d never been in a bubble jet tub before, and the rushing water felt so nice on his skin.

Colt laughed too. “I’m glad you’re enjoying it,” he said. He really did think Robbie was the most adorable thing on two legs, personal preferences aside. It made him feel extra good that he was able to help Robbie get over his self-consciousness and just be himself.

Colt leaned back with the smaller boy in his lap and began to massage his shoulders, chest, and tummy. Rob instantly melted, relaxing completely as his roommate rubbed out all his tension. He closed his eyes, losing any sense of time, or thought, just enjoying the feel of the warm water, and his roommates hands on his body.

Colt sighed. He found this very relaxing as well. The warm water, the jets, and seeing his roommate release some of that tension he always carried made Colt realize that he also needed this little respite. Colt felt his own tension begin to soften and slough off of his body. His morning workout had contributed to much of that tension as well, and not just the workout on his legs. The anticipation of moments like these and the moments that would come had kept him in a constant state of readiness – like a tiger ready to pounce. And holding that position was tiring in itself. He was finally getting some significant movement as that wound-up spring within him began to uncoil. Robbie was on the right track.

Eventually, Colt turned off the bubbles and grabbed the soap.

“Okay, buddy. It’s time for us to get all clean.”

Robbie nodded and allowed Colt to rub soap all over his shoulders and chest. Colt alternated between his roommate and himself, slowly working his way down their bodies. When he got to the belly button, he tickled Robbie’s belly, causing him to laugh before eliciting a gasp as he reached a little lower. He paused.

“Is this okay, Robbie?”

The boy nodded, breathing shakily as Colt gently reached between his legs, massaging between his thighs and lower belly, and the area below his hardening penis. There were no bubbles to obscure their bodies this time and they could both get a good clear view of what was happening. They couldn’t see each other’s faces, but Robbie’s breathing told Colt all he needed to know.

“That... feels really good, Colt...” said Rob, in a soft voice.

“Oh yeah? I’ll bet it does, baby boy.”

Colt reached down and soaped up his own hardening erection. Rob could smell the scent coming off of it as the soap and water worked off all the dried up cum and juices. Robbie’s heart began to beat faster. It smelled good enough to make his mouth water. Colt stopped, and released his member, allowing it to press against Robbie’s right butt cheek. Colt grabbed some more soap and Robbie knew his turn was next.

“Let me know if you need me to slow down,” said Colt.

“Uh huh,” Robbie nodded.

Colt reached down with a soapy hand to grab hold of Robbie’s shaft, but the moment he touched Robbie’s penis, the smaller boy groaned and shot a plume of white liquid into the water.

“Unggg... O-oh god... I’m so sorry...” said Robbie, his cheeks burning red.

“Hahaha, it’s alright,” said Colt. “You’ve got a hair trigger. That’s cute too.”

“I didn’t mean to,” whispered Robbie.

“I know, little dude, I know,” said Colt. He began to soap up the rest of Robbie’s lower regions, staring at the short curly fuzz that covered the area. He didn’t like seeing hair down there, but that would change soon enough.

His lips curled up in a naughty grin when he soaped up Robbie’s buttocks, causing the boy’s hips to jump in surprise. He wondered if Robbie had ever taken anything back there before. Probably not, he concluded, though it was clear to him that Robbie enjoyed the attention because he got super squirmy and quiet for a moment, and his face went bright red. That silence quickly ended as he brought in Robbie’s legs and soaped up his feet, giving them a little tickle.

Robbie tried to kick and splash him and get away, but Colt was too agile. He began to move onto other areas of Robbie’s body, overcoming all his defenses, and ignoring all pleas for mercy. He grinned as he saw the water turn yellow between Robbie’s legs. Robbie gasped.

“Shhh... it’s okay, little buddy. I guess the little boy really doesn’t have control down there, does he? Don’t worry, we’ll make sure you don’t have any more mishaps.”

Robbie didn't have a chance to ask what he meant because Colt pulled the plug and grabbed the nozzle to spray them both down.

When they were clean, Colt towed Robbie off, then himself, and brought him to the bed, depositing him on it with a whoomph.

"You wait right here, little dude," said Colt, handing Rob his teddy. "Don't move a muscle!"

Robbie just nodded and sucked his thumb, hugging his teddy as he got a front row seat watching his roommate dress. Colt had tossed his gym clothes in the hamper and opted to wear a pair of tight boxer briefs that showed off his stellar ass. Robbie was practically drooling as he watched his roommate slide them up his muscular legs. Colt's package filled out the front nicely and Rob was sad to see it go as it was covered by a soft pair of silk pajama pants. A bath robe was added, but left open, affording a glimpse at Colt's abs and his well-toned chest.

After a quick rinse and wring in the bathroom sink, the blankie joined Colt's gym clothes in the hamper, and Colt stepped out through the double doors to the hall. He soon returned with another pullup in his hands. Robbie pulled his thumb out of his mouth and said, "Wha?" but Colt just said "Legs up," in a commanding tone that caused Robbie to obey out of reflex.

"But my nap is over, why are you putting another pull-up on me?"

"I'm sorry," said Colt, stopping midway up Robbie's legs. "Did you forget what I told you earlier about relaxing and letting me do all the work?"

Rob shook his head. "No, but..."

"Then you can just lie back and let me put on your pull-up," he concluded, smacking the back of Robbie's thigh so he lifted his bum. He slid the pull-up the rest of the way, then brought Robbie in close and helped him off the bed, allowing his feet to touch the cool floor. "Arms up!"

Robbie hesitated. "But I don't need pull-ups during the day!!"

"I said arms up. You've already earned enough smacks on the bum for saying too many sorrys. Do you really want to earn any more? Now reach for the sky, cowboy."

Robbie blushed and his arms shot up.

"Good boy, said Colt, pulling an oversized BattleMon shirt over his head. It draped down to Robbie's knees and made him look even smaller than he already was.

“This is my favorite shirt, buddy. I want you to have it. It’s super comfy and has my favorite BattleMon on the front.”

Robbie looked down at the shirt. It was reddish black and had the three starter Battlemon on the front along with the words “Gotta battle ‘em all!” underneath. The characters were faded, and the material had the comfortable softness that only comes after many washes. It had been well loved, just like Mr. Cuddles.

“Colt I...” Robbie looked back up at the man with wide eyes. No one had given him something like that before. “I don’t know what to say.”

“Thank you?” asked Colt.

“Thank you!” said Robbie, surprising Colt with a hug around the neck.

Colt’s face went from surprised to warm as he let out a chuckle and returned the hug.

“You’re welcome, buddy. Now let’s go downstairs and watch some cartoons.”

Robbie was ushered downstairs to the couch with his paci and his teddy to keep him company while Colt went to the kitchen to get them some drinks.

When he returned, Robbie was sitting on the couch holding up his shirt to look at the puffy cloth-like garment between his legs. The face of Arachno-man stared back at him.

“Colt?” he asked, seeing his roommate standing there with a beer in one hand and a bottle of milk in the other.

“What’s up kiddo? Why are you pullin’ up your shirt?”

“Well, I was wonderin’... uh... why am I still wearing pull-ups?”

Colt sat the two drinks down and joined Robbie on the couch.

“Well, I think today’s incident should have made that pretty obvious, Don’t you?”

Robbie blushed, remembering the pants wetting incident and his horrible day at work in wet smelly pants.

“That’s only happened once, though...,” he said, beginning to feel defensive.

“Well,” said Colt. “Do you want it to happen again? I think when something like that happens, it’s better to be safe and just use a little extra protection just in case. And

you probably won't even need it, but if you do, it's much better than having wet pants, isn't it?"

Robbie looked down at his feet, his voice getting quiet. "Yeah, I guess..."

"Hey," said Colt, placing a hand on Rob's leg, "don't feel bad. It's not your fault that your manager's an asshole. Anyway, I can make this decision easy for you. The pull-ups aren't optional. You're going to wear them until we know that this kind of thing won't happen again."

"For how long?" asked Robbie.

"Let's give it a month. If you want, I can put up a little calendar to track it."

"A whole month?!" asked Robbie, taken aback. That was a lot of pull-ups.

"Are you afraid you won't be able to make it?" asked Colt, raising an eyebrow and smirking.

"What? I can make it," said Robbie, his cheeks burning red. He crossed his arms and made a stern face that made it hard for Colt to keep from giggling.

"Alright, consider it a challenge," said Colt, smiling and holding out his hand to shake on it.

"Wait wait wait. First off, I didn't agree to it yet, and second, pull-ups aren't exactly cheap. What do I get if I make it?"

"First off, you broke the rules of our agreement by hiding your bedwetting issues from me, and you know that the lease specifically says there are consequences for that behavior. Consider this your consequence. Secondly, I can help you with the cost – I'll pay for your pull-ups after this pack is done, *and* I'll buy you any undies you want if you make it through the month without a daytime accident."

"Even designer undies?" asked Robbie, raising his own eyebrow.

"Sure, anything you want," said Colt. "A whole set for your underwear drawer."

Robbie still looked skeptical, so Colt decided to sweeten the deal.

"They make Pawsome Squad undies and pull-ups too, you know..."

Robbie's eyes went wide with excitement for just a moment before he became aware of himself. "Really? I... I mean... yeah, that's cool. I guess." He looked away, doing his best to hide the fact that he would kill to get a pair of Pawsome Squad

underwear. That was one of his favorite shows! It was getting very hard to say no to Colt's offer.

"And how about this," Colt said, pulling out his last ace. "For the rest of the month, I can put them on you myself. Would you like that?"

"Deal!" said Rob, grasping Colt's hand and doing his best to match Colt's firm grip as they shook. He couldn't hide his smile. A whole month being diapered – no, Pull-Upped by his hot roommate? What was not to love about that? Then he thought of something.

"Um... Colt? Do I have to go around the house without pants for the month too?"

Colt raised his eyebrows in surprise, then turned the question back on Robbie.

"I don't know, sport, do you *want* to wear pants at home?"

Now it was Robbie's turn to be surprised. "Wha? I- I dunno... That's a weird question..." Robbie began to fidget and look down at his fingers as he thought about it.

"Be *honest*..." said Colt, reminding Robbie of the house rule.

"Actually... I really miss being able to go around the house in just my undies like I did as a kid... I always used to go in just undies and maybe a pajama shirt like this one. And I'd wrap my comforter around me and take it wherever I went, except the dinner table of course."

"Well then, it sounds like a certain little boy is going to be going around the house in his underwear! No more pants inside from now on. Okay?"

Robbie smiled and stuck his thumb in his mouth. This was great. Then a clever idea crossed his mind. "Does that rule go the same for you too?"

Colt, grinned. "Would you like it to?"

Robbie nodded eagerly.

"Well, alright. Fair's fair. I'll go without pants – but only when I want to." He then untied his silk pajama pants and slid them off, revealing his form-fitting undies once more. Then he tossed the pants on the far end of the couch and pulled Rob into his lap.

Rob was suddenly flustered as Colt once again had the upper hand. Having both their underwear in plain view like this only emphasized the difference between the two of them. Colt was a man, and Robbie was a little boy. At least that's how he felt right then. But then he remembered Colt's words. He was supposed to relax. That was easier

said than done with all the feelings rushing through him as he sat in his roommate's warm lap.

Colt's hands began to massage Rob's shoulders. That helped. Colt then gave Robbie a kiss on the side of the head and held him close with one arm draped over his chest while he used the other hand to search through the options on the TV.

"How about Greenie?" Colt asked. "My cousins love it. Didn't you mention you liked it as well?"

"Yeah," said Robbie, leaning back into the warmth of his roommate. He would have said yes to anything at that moment. He didn't get to be this close to people, he never felt like he had permission. This was nice. He could get used to this.

"There we go," said Colt, setting the remote aside. A family of four pups began to dance onto the screen. There was little Greenie, his even littler brother Ringo, Dad (their Dad, naturally), and Buddy (Dad number two). Robbie loved the way that Dad played with Ringo and Greenie, always encouraging them to use their imaginations, and teaching them lessons about life and people along the way. He wished he could play all day like Greenie, Ringo and Dad did.

Suddenly, Rob was brought out of his daydream as Colt began to bounce his knees. He looked around in confusion for a second, but when he saw Colt smiling, he realized it was on purpose and smiled back. It actually felt pretty fun. He began to giggle a bit as Colt continued to bounce him up and down, and the giggling really started up when Colt pulled him in and gave him another quick kiss on the side of the head. He smiled and curled up feeling all happy and warm and giggly as Colt continued to bounce him and steal kisses, until he was openly laughing as Colt pulled him in close and attacked him with kisses.

"There's the laughy baby," said Colt, as he gave Rob a rest and let him work the giggles out of his system. He smiled big when Rob met his eyes. "Hey cutie!"

This earned a blush from Rob as he hid his face in his hands.

"Aww, is the little one shy?"

Rob nodded.

"Well, we'll just have to do something about that, won't we?"

Rob shook his head.

“Yes we will! It’s time for a TICKLE ATTACK!”

“Noooooo!” cried Rob as Colt’s fingers tickled him again just like in the tub. And just like in the tub, it wasn’t long before he was pissing his pull-ups.

“Uh oh! Are we having an accident already?” asked Colt, halting all activity as he saw the pullup’s swell and Arachno-Man’s logo fade. “That didn’t take long.”

“Hey! That’s not fair!” said Rob. “You made me!”

“I don’t recall agreeing *not* to tickle you,” said Colt.

“It doesn’t count,” said Rob.

“Oh it doesn’t, does it?” asked Colt.

“Nope!”

“Well, then I guess, THIS doesn’t count either!”

He began to tickle Robbie anew.

“Mercy! Mercy!!!”

“Mercy? Now why should I give you mercy, little boy?” Colt gave his best evil grin as he loomed over the smaller boy.

“Because!” said Rob. “You told me to relax.”

Colt stopped and sat back, looking impressed. “Well, that’s a pretty good reason. Okay, I’ll let you relax.” He lay Robbie down so he was sideways in his lap and reached his hand for Rob’s belly. Rob jerked, expecting more tickles, but Colt shook his head. “Don’t worry, little boy. I won’t tickle you again. You just relax in your roomie’s lap. There you go.”

Robbie immediately went limp as Colt rubbed his belly, letting out a long sigh. He’d never had belly rubs before. He had no idea how calming they were. The sounds of the show dropped away from Rob’s attention as he found himself in a total state of relaxation. Soon Rob felt his Teddy bear being placed in his arms and the pacifier being pushed between his lips as Colt continued the relaxing massage. Then a bit of sweet liquid hit his tongue. It wasn’t his paci he was suckling... it was a bottle. He smiled as he suckled the sweet warm milk out of the bottle, drinking and drinking. Colt’s hand began to go over his thighs and he edges of his pull up as well, his gentle fingers alternating between areas as he kept up a constant circular motion. Robbie had no sense of time,

but eventually, he drew in air and let out a burp before the bottle was replaced by his pacifier.

Colt picked up a bottle of his own and sipped his beer as he continued to massage Robbie to complete and total bliss. Even as Colt's hand began to move over the front of Robbie's pull up, gently moving the padding back and forth, squeezing the front of the diaper with just the right amount of firmness, Robbie did not stir. It was just as relaxing as anywhere else if not more so. Enough to be stimulating, but nowhere near enough to get him to have another sticky accident. It felt absolutely amazing in point of fact and he wanted to let Colt know.

"Cowl..." he said softly around his paci, opening his eyes just a slit.

"Hmm?" Colt looked down at the boy in his lap as he continued his caresses.

"Dat feews weawwy good..."

The pacifier made him sound like a little kid still learning his Rs, and it was driving Colt crazy, but he managed to keep his voice calm and his hand steady.

"That's good, baby boy. I'm glad you feel good. I want you to feel good and relaxed... you deserve it."

Robbie let his eyes close again as his smiled around his paci.

"Fank yew...", he said, finally.

"For what?" asked Colt.

"Fow bein so nice ta me... fow makin me feew nice... an liddow..."

"Aww... do you like feelin' little, little guy?"

Robbie nodded without hesitation. Colt realized that he was calm enough that he would probably answer any question honestly. This could be a good opportunity to get Rob to admit some of the things he found it hard to say out loud, and maybe even give voice to some things he had not yet realized.

"Do you like your bear....and your paci... and your bottle...?"

He got a nod from that.

"I wike mistow coddows....," said Rob, nuzzling his Teddy and smiling.

“That’s very good, little Robbie... He likes you too. And you like your pull-ups too, don’t you?”

Robbie nodded at this too.

“That’s so good to hear. Because you need them, you know... Yeah... you need them, and that’s why you feel so good whenever you wear them. It’s Just your body telling you thank you for wearing protection.” Robbie didn’t respond. He just lay there, taking in Colt’s words, lost in the sensations.

“Yeah, they feel good, don’t they?”

Robbie nodded.

“You like being a little boy, don’t you, Robbie?”

Robbie nodded and smiled at this.

“You like being taken care of.”

Robbie’s forehead creased a bit as he nodded.

“Ohh... it’s okay. You needed this. I know you did,” said Colt, rubbing Robbie’s belly. “You can let me take care of you sometimes... I don’t mind. I just want to see you happy... That makes me happy too. And feeling like a little boy makes you happy, doesn’t it?”

Robbie’s look of concern persisted, and he whimpered but nodded regardless. Colt smiled, tracing his fingers along the leg cuffs of Rob’s pull-up.

“That’s good, Robbie. That’s good. It’s okay to be little. It’s okay to admit you like being little. All the things about being little... It’s okay to let someone else take care of you sometimes... Do you understand me Robbie?”

Robbie nodded, and sighed, letting out a deep breath of relief as he accepted this affirmation.

Colt was silent a little longer. He took a couple more pulls of beer to get up his courage to ask the next few questions. He wiggled his hips a bit as the bulge in the front of his underwear expanded. Now was the moment of truth.

“Do you like me too, Robbie?”

Robbie smiled and nodded, his eyes still closed. His face began to flush pink and he curled up a bit, bringing his teddy over his face.

“Shh.... Shh...,” said Colt, stroking his hair. Robbie’s face began to grow calm again, as he allowed Colt to bring his hands down to his chest along with the bear. “That’s very good to hear, baby boy... That makes me happy. And you know what? ...I like you too.”

Robbie’s eyebrows raised, his smile spread to his ears and his chest raised as he took a big breath and let it back out. Colt took that as a good reaction. “I feel very lucky to have you as a roommate, you know. I’m so glad you came.”

Robbie’s eyes opened ever so slightly to look at Colt. “Do ya mean it?”

“Yes, baby boy, I do,” said Colt, smiling and nodding.

“Eben doe I wike to be widdo?” he said, in the tiniest voice.

“I like you even more *because* you like being little. You’re a very special boy, you know that?”

Robbie shook his head, wondering what Colt meant.

“You’re what they call a little. Do you know what that is? No? A little is someone like you who likes to feel like a little boy or girl. An adult who likes to feel little again.”

“You mean dere aww mow peepow wike me?” asked Robbie, looking more awake now as he gradually realized what he was hearing.

“Yes,” said Colt, “lots.”

Robbie looked down at his navel and said in a small voice, “I didn’t know dat...”

“I have an article about it if you want to learn more. It’s in that magazine on the coffee table. You could read it later if you like...”

“I... I saw it...,” said Robbie, blushing.

“You did?” asked Colt, knowing full well that Robbie had seen the bait he’d left on the coffee table. “Well... what did you think?”

“...I liked it...” said Robbie quietly, fidgeting a bit as he adjusted the front of his pull-up.

“Oh!” said Colt, looking surprised as he watched a tent begin to grow behind Arachno-Man. “I see...you must’ve *really* liked it. Did it make you happy down there, Robbie?”

Robbie nodded, and made an uncomfortable face. “I-is that okay?”

“Perfectly fine, sweetheart,” said Colt. “I’m glad you told me.”

“I’m not very good at admitting stuff like that... I’m sorry...”

Colt sat Rob up and gave him a serious look. “We’re going to have to do something about that “sorry” of yours.”

“Wha?” said Rob, his eyes going wide. He was now face to face with Colt, sitting up with both legs hanging over the side of Colt’s lap.

“I can tell you’ve been told a lot of bullshit about who you’re supposed to be, and I’m going to train that out of you one way or another. You remember the rules I told you when you first moved in. I said no more sorries. Isn’t that right Robbie?”

Rob nodded.

“And what did we say would happen?”

“Th-that I’d get a...” Rob shrunk a bit and looked bashful. “I’d get a swat on the butt...”

“That’s right, Robbie. And how many times do you think you’ve said sorry since you got here?”

Robbie’s eyes widened. “I... I don’t know...”

“Sixteen. I’ve been keeping count.”

Robbie looked nervous and began to pull away. He didn’t like the idea of getting sixteen swats to the rear. Colt stopped him.

“But you know what?”

“What?” asked Rob, unsure of what to expect.

“I’m proud of you for admitting everything and being honest with me today about wanting to be little.”

Robbie sighed in relief as Colt brought him in for a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Then Colt turned his head to speak into Robbie's ear.

"But you're still going to get punished."

"No!!!"

Before Robbie could even react, he found himself over Colt's lap, being held down by one hand.

Room for Rent

By Champ ([Patreon.com/ChampTehOtter](https://www.patreon.com/ChampTehOtter))

Chapter 5: Big Changes

“No, no, no!” Robbie cried, struggling as Colt pulled down the back of his pull-up.

“Shhh. I’m not going to hurt you. But I do want you to learn your lesson. This is how we agreed to do it,” said Colt, holding him firmly in place to keep him from wiggling away.

“But I don’t wanna get smacks on the bum!” yelled Robbie.

Colt gently brought his free hand down to massage Robbie’s backside. “I could punish you some other way, but one way or another, you’ll be paying for 18 sorries. If you have a better idea, tell me now, otherwise I’m giving you the smacks. But if your idea’s not a sufficient punishment, you’ll be getting double smacks!”

Now it was on Robbie to pick his own punishment. Colt often found that stubborn littles were more cooperative when they got to choose. But in reality, he was limiting Rob’s possible choices to accepting a punishment or accepting a punishment.

“Well, little one? I’m waiting...”

Colt was ramping up the pressure and Robbie was sweating bullets. His confused mind had been on such a roller coaster that day that it couldn’t come up with an answer fast enough.

“You have five seconds to answer, Robbie, or you get double smacks! Do you have a punishment of your own or do you want to take the smacks you agreed to before?”

“The smacks! The smacks!” said Robbie, panicking. He just couldn’t take the tension anymore and he blurted it out. That didn’t make what came next any easier.

Colt lifted his hand and continued to keep the boy in place with the other.

“Good boy. I want you to just breathe for me. There we go... Just breathe....”

Robbie began to breathe more slowly. Colt would not do what he did with some boys and randomize the spansks. He didn’t want to make Robbie any more anxious than he already was. He would spank him in a slow steady rhythm so Robbie knew exactly what to expect.

“I’m going to give you the first smack, Robbie. Count it out with me now.... One.”

“One!” echoed Robbie, as the first smack landed. Robbie flinched, but it was more out of the shock and anticipation of the smack than anything else. It didn’t actually hurt at all, but he wasn’t going to say anything that would make Colt go harder.

“Two!”

“Two!” said Robbie. Another light smack. Perhaps a little harder than the first but not by much. He could handle this. At least, he was pretty sure he could.

“Three!”

“Three!” A third smack, slightly harder than the first two, but nowhere near enough to cause Robbie to cry out. And yet a curious sensation started growing in Robbie’s backside.

“Four!”

“Four!” That sensation was very distinct now. A warming sensation he could feel in his bottom. It began to heat up. It felt...*nice*.

“Five!”

“Fuh...five!” said Robbie, beginning to squirm slightly now as the smack grew hard enough to feel like a light slap.

Colt watched as the boy’s bottom began to turn as red as his cheeks. He knew what Robbie must be feeling. This was not meant to hurt. It was meant to be an introduction to spanking and impact play for Robbie, something he would enjoy. And the squirming and tenting in his pull-up left no doubt as to just how effective Colt’s carefully measured smacks were.

“Six!”

“Six! Ohhhh...”

Robbie began to moan. The smacks had crossed what would have been his normal threshold of pain and transformed into pleasure. He was no longer afraid but felt a different kind of anticipation. He wanted to feel more.

“Seven!”

“Seven!”

“Eight!”

“Eight! Yes!”

“Nine!”

“Nine!”

Robbie’s moans were now becoming a constant rolling sound punctuated by the impact of Colt’s hand on his red behind. He was starting to feel euphoric, and Colt recognized the reaction. *That’ll be the endorphins kicking in*, thought Colt, smiling to himself. He’d found himself a very special boy indeed.

By the time they got to 18, Rob was totally blissed out. Colt pulled up his diaper and patted his red-hot bum through the padding.

“Good job, baby boy. You took them all like a champ! How do you feel?”

“Googooohooooo...” said Rob, drooling a bit.

“Oh boy, I think I melted him. Come here, baby boy,” said Colt, bringing Robbie up and cradling him close. He enveloped them both in his bathrobe, rocking the boy and rubbing all up and down his back. Colt knew the importance of aftercare and made sure to stay present with Rob to see that he had a pleasant comedown from the new high, but he kept an eye on the time. He knew Rob would be hungry soon and it was just about time to make dinner.

“Are we feeling any better, little boy?” asked Colt.

Rob nodded.

“And what did we learn today?”

“No more hiding stuff from my roomie, and no more sayin sorry when I don’t need to.”

“That’s right, baby boy. That’s very good. And I’ll hold you to it, too! I want you to trust me, and I also want you to be kind to yourself. I want you to overcome that programming that tells you you’re not good enough, you’re not strong enough, you’re not enough in anyway, because it’s not true. You’re enough as you are right now. And you don’t have to be any other way. Got it?”

Rob looked at Colt in the eyes and silently nodded, Then, he sucked his thumb and leaned into Colt’s chest, closing his eyes and just resting there.

“Aww...” Colt held Robbie in his arms and gave him a squeeze as they sat on the couch, his free hand massaging and patting Robbie's puffy butt. He rested his chin on Rob's head, taking in his scent. It wasn't just the pull-up or the goofily oversized tee shirt Colt had put him in; everything about him screamed little boy, even down to the way he smelled. When Colt was near him it was like his senses went into overdrive. All his brain could do was send him the alert. Little boy! Little boy! There's an adorable little boy in the room! Someone to hug and kiss and love. He wanted to stay like this all night but somebody had to make dinner.

“Okay baby boy, we gotta get up. I have to cook.”

“Aww, do you gotta?” asked Rob, looking sad to see Colt go.

“Yeah, I gotta. Now I'll go ahead and put on some more Greenie so you can relax as I fix us up something good, okay?”

“Can't we just order pizza tonight?” asked Robbie, holding onto Colt's arm and not letting go.

“Now you know that's not healthy.”

“But you said I could choose tonight for bein' brave!” Rob gave him the puppy dog eyes.

Colt melted a bit. He could tell he was going to spoil Robbie just a little bit more than he intended.

“Okay, okay, I'll tell you what. I could order pizza...” Robbie's eyes lit up at this. He sure liked pizza! “Or,” continued Colt, “I could make pizza here... and *you* could be my kitchen helper! What'll it be?”

“Kitchen helper!” yelled Robbie, bouncing up and down in excitement.

Colt had to smile at that. He could tell his efforts were effective because Robbie had once again gone from shy and awkward adult to quintessential energetic little boy. He wanted Robbie to spend more and more time in little boy mode, and he would do everything he could to make that happen.

“What kinda pizza do you have?” asked Robbie, hoping for pepperoni.

“I don't,” said Colt, nudging Robbie off his lap. “I've just got the dough and the ingredients. We're gonna make our *own* pizza. Whatever kind we want.”

“We’re *making* pizza?!” said Robbie even more excited. “Oh my gosh...” He barely knew what to do with himself.

Colt grabbed Robbie’s free hand to make sure he didn’t hurt himself running through the house. “Hold up, there, buddy. One thing at a time. Take Mr. Cuddles and your bottle.”

“Did you hear that Mr. Cuddles? We’re makin pizza!”

Colt was practically dragged to the kitchen while Robbie told the bear all about what he wanted to make.

“Can I make mine pepperoni?” asked Rob.

“Of course, kiddo. Anything you want,” said Colt.

“Ooh! Ooh! Can I use gummy bears?” asked Rob clasping his fingers together and bringing them up to his chest.

Colt chuckled. “Sure, why not? But you have to eat it all if you do! And add an extra vegetable slice for every gummy bear you put!”

Robbie thought for a minute. “Maybe just *one* gummy bear,” he said. “Just in case I don’t like it.”

“That’s pretty smart, kiddo. It’ll be an *experiment*. You like experiments, don’t you?”

Robbie nodded. “I guess I’m kinda having one right now... experimenting what it’s like to be little!”

“That’s right kiddo!” said Colt. “And if you don’t like it, that’s okay. But nothing wrong with trying something new.”

Robbie nodded. That was true. He could try something new. And it wasn’t like he was doing it alone. Colt was right there with him.

In the kitchen, Colt gave Rob his first mission, which was to find a place for all the things they had brought from the living room. Rob rinsed his used bottle in the sink, tossed Colt’s beer bottle in the recycling, and set Mr. Cuddles in his favorite kitchen stool to ‘watch the magic happen’ as he put it.

“Okay! All done,” said Robbie, dusting his hands. “Now where’s the pizza?”

“First thing’s first, buddy,” said Colt, taking off his robe and hanging it on one of the tall kitchen stools before putting on an apron. Tied around his waist, it highlighted the V-shape of Colt’s broad shoulders tapering down to the only other thing Colt was wearing; his undies.

Robbie did his best not to stare as he was suddenly reminded just how much of a crush he had on Colt. He wasn’t very successful at this and his pull-ups suddenly felt much tighter as his pee-pee began to press against the soggy padding. Colt came up to Rob and threw an apron over his head as well. He smiled a little half smile as he turned Robbie around to tie it in the back, but he decided not to say anything. Robbie might not be ready for teasing yet.

“There we go. Now we’re protected from any kitchen messes. On to step one of making a super-duper pizza. You do know the first step to cooking any meal, don’t you?”

“Uh... um... Start the oven?” asked Robbie.

“No, good guess though,” said Colt, putting a hand on Robbie’s shoulder and leading him over to the sink. “The first thing we always do is wash our hands.”

“Ohhhh!” said Robbie, reaching for the water. Colt’s hand overtook his, however, and turned on the faucet. Then he grabbed Robbie’s hands and pulled them back.

“Hold on, bud. Let me check to make sure it’s the right temperature first.”

This made Robbie feel very small, and that made him feel good, in a blushy sort of way. Once the water was at a safe temperature, Colt told Robbie to cup his hands. He then pumped some soap on them, lathering them up and rubbing them together under the water. Robbie looked as Colt’s larger hands moved over his own, then up to Colt who smiled down at him. He was starting to get comfortable with the idea of being helped by his roommate. He *liked* being helped by Colt, even when he didn’t really need it.

“There we go,” said Colt after he dried their hands with a dish towel, “all clean!” He threw his hands up in the air and wiggled them to show off how clean they were. Robbie did the same. Is this what it was like to be little? Washing his hands had never been so fun.

Colt had planned ahead. He knew that making pizza was an excellent activity for littles to enjoy, and he had already stocked the fridge with the toppings, and most importantly the dough, which came in baggies.

“Okay, little guy,” he said, once he’d laid out the ingredients. “The first thing we need to do is roll out the dough. Do you know how to do that?”

Robbie did know how to do that, but he decided that maybe little Robbie didn’t, so he pretended to hesitate. “Can you show me?” he asked, with that puppy dog stare he was beginning to master.

Colt smiled and nodded. “Sure, little dude. I’ll divide the dough into two and we’ll make two pizzas. You just copy me, okay? So first we make sure the counter is nice and clean. Is it clean bud?”

Robbie examined it carefully. “Clean!” he reported back.

“Great! So now we get some flour and put it down so the dough doesn’t stick to the counter.”

He took a scooper and dipped it into the flour jar, dumping a small pile on the counter and spreading it out. Rob did the same, though a little more clumsily, and Colt had to help hold his hand steady as he did it. “There we go, easy does it. We don’t have to cover the whole counter now, silly boy.”

Colt split the dough and rolled it into two balls and placed one in front of Robbie.

“Okay, kitchen helper, go get the rolling pins from that drawer over there. And no running!”

Robbie came back looking very excited with something floppy and white in his hands. “Can I wear the chef’s hat?” he practically yelled.

Colt laughed. “Yes, you can wear the chef’s hat. Here, lemme see.”

He took the hat and fluffed it out, placing it securely on Robbie’s head.

“How do I look?”

He took a picture and showed Robbie.

“I wanna see! I wanna see!” he said, clamoring to look at himself in the hat. He looked pretty cute in a flour covered apron and a chef’s hat. Then he noticed the lettering on the apron. It said Lil’ Chef. He looked over at Colt’s apron and saw the words “Big Chef” scrawled across the front. He blushed a bit at that.

“Lookin’ cute, buddy, but you forgot something,” said Colt.

“What’s that? ...Oh! The rolling pins!”

They used the rolling pins to roll out the dough, and they placed their pizzas in baking pans lined with parchment paper and corn meal. Colt showed Robbie how to poke holes in the dough with a fork so the crust didn’t bubble up and push off all the sauce and cheese. Robbie’s crust was a lot more lopsided than Colt’s, but Colt said, “It’s okay if it isn’t perfect. Any shape is the right shape for you because it’s *your* pizza!”

“It is?”

“Yup. That’s right. You can make it any shape and use any ingredients you like.”

Robbie liked that. He had always been told there was a right way and a wrong way, and his way was usually wrong. Colt didn’t make him feel wrong at all.

“Okay bud, go get the olive oil and the sauce and the cheese,” said Colt in that excited voice reserved for dogs and little kids.

“Okay!” Rob exclaimed, hurrying over to the fridge.

Once they had the base layers laid down on the pizza, they were ready to put on the toppings. Colt did all the slicing.

“These knives are very sharp, Robbie. I don’t want you ever touching them, got it?”

He made Robbie promise never to touch anything in the kitchen without his permission, and Robbie promised.

Colt went with an all veggie combo, while Robbie did an all pepperoni and one gummi pizza. Colt reminded him he had to add a slice of bell pepper too, which Robbie reluctantly placed in the center of the pizza. He then put the gummy in the center of the ring and declared it king gummy.

“Farewell sweet gummi. Bon voyage!” he waved bye-bye as the pizzas found their way into the oven and Colt shut the door.

“How long will it take?” Rob asked.

“Not too long,” said Colt. “I think we have enough time for another episode of Greenie if you want.”

“Yeah! Greenie!”

“Okay, kiddo, let’s go wash our hands first, though.” Colt took the chef’s hat off Rob’s head and pulled the string at the back of Rob’s apron. His own apron came off as well, leaving him in just his snug boxer-briefs.

Colt led Robbie to the sink and got in position behind him. Colt felt a lot warmer against Rob’s back without an apron between them, and Rob closed his eyes as he enjoyed the feeling. After another assisted hand washing that left Rob blushing, and a show of clean hands, Colt sent Robbie to grab Mr. Cuddles while he went to the fridge for more drinks.

“Hey, did Mr. Cuddles like watchin’ us cook?” Colt asked as he closed the fridge door.

Robbie posed the question to his teddy, then held the teddy up to his ear as he listened. “He says he couldn’t see everything from where he was sitting.”

“Oh,” said Colt, raising his eyebrows. “Well, luckily he’s got a special chair coming in the mail. It should be here tomorrow!”

“Wow, you hear that, Mr. Cuddles? A special chair just for you! Luckyyyyy!”

Colt grinned as he took the silly boy’s hand and brought him over to the living room. Rob felt a little blushy at the way Colt was gently leading him around, but he really liked it too. He let Colt guide him back onto the couch, pulling him up and back into his lap. Colt just hugged Rob from behind and they enjoyed the episode – paying full attention to it this time.

Rob was excited when he heard the oven timer go off.

“Pizza! Pizza!” he said, bouncing on Colt’s lap. Colt bit his lip. Rob had no idea what that bouncing was doing to him. He released the boy and adjusted his underpants.

“Okay, buddy boy. Let’s go check it.”

They hurried over to the kitchen and took a look inside. Colt lifted up the edge of his pizza with a fork.

“This is how we check if it’s done. It’s supposed to be golden brown on the bottom. What do you think Robbie? Does it look done to you?”

“Yeah! All done!” said Robbie, barely taking the time to look.

“Are you sure about that, or are you just excited for pizza?” Colt asked with a knowing grin as he took a second look. They checked Robbie’s pizza too and both were declared fit for consumption.

“My gummy king! Where did he go?” asked Robbie.

“Get me the oven mitts and we’ll take a look!” said Colt.

Colt told Robbie to back up as he took the pizzas out of the oven. “It’s not safe for little boys!”

When they looked, the gummy had melted into a clear puddle.

“Wow, I didn’t know it would do that!” said Robbie, reaching a hand out.

“Ah, ah ah! Don’t touch, tiny one,” said Colt, grabbing Rob’s hand.

“That’s going to be very hot. In fact, we might have to let it cool a bit. Why don’t you go get us a couple plates? Yours are gonna be the ones all the way to the right,” he said, pointing. When Rob opened the cabinet, he blushed slightly. There were colorful plastic plates and cups with cartoon characters on them. He looked back at Colt, who was already cutting the pizza into slices, and then returned his gaze to the cabinet shelves. He picked a plate with the Pawsome squad pups on it and returned. Colt insisted on doing the serving. Rob blushed as Colt began to cut up his pizza into bite size pieces on the plate but said nothing.

“Okay, kiddo, take those plates to the table, will you? And then we can eat!”

Colt got them two more drinks, opting for just plain juice this time – a glass for him and another bottle for Robbie. A day ago they would have pretended that it was for Rob’s teddy bear, but now it seemed the standard for the little guy. Colt wondered if Rob would adjust to the rest of his transition just as easily.

“How do you like your pizza, little guy?” asked Colt after Robbie had taken his first bite.

“It’s good!” he said, licking his fingers. Colt hadn’t given him any utensils, and Rob didn’t think to ask. It was just pizza after all. Still, Rob noticed when Colt picked up a fork and knife for himself and began to eat, and it reminded him of the difference between the two of them. He suddenly found himself blushing again, and it distracted him enough that he missed his mouth completely, smearing his face and dropping the piece of pizza in surprise.

“Oh gosh,” said Colt. You’re getting crumbs and sauce everywhere. Why don’t we get you something for that?” He got up and returned with a bib. It had Puppet Avenue characters on the front. Robbie’s heart began to beat as Colt came close to him with it. Eating with his hands, using a toddler plate, and now the bib... it was starting to make him feel more than just little... it was starting to remind him of the fantasies he’d been having. The only thing that could make things better is if Colt...”

Rob gasped at his realization as the bib was pulled down over his head. Colt looked at him quizzically.

“You okay, there bud?”

“Mmmhmm,” said Rob, nodding and looking somewhat uncomfortable.

“What’s up?”

Rob looked from the plate to Colt, and then back down to the plate, biting his lip. He couldn’t bring himself to say it.

Colt thought for a minute, then pulled his seat closer to Rob.

“Oh, do you want me to feed you?”

He said it so casually, as if he was asking the time. No judgement, not even a teasing tone. Rob nodded ever so slightly, keeping his eyes down on the plate. It was hard for him to ask for such a thing. No one had ever fed him before, and he hadn’t even really imagined it before that moment, but suddenly it was what he wanted more than anything else right then.

Colt smiled. “Thank you for being honest, little buddy. I’d love to.”

He sat down and reached for the first piece. He picked it up and brought it to Robbie’s mouth. Robbie blushed bright red as he accepted the morsel into his mouth and started to chew. He was rock hard in his pull-up.

Colt couldn’t help but smile at how cute Rob looked as he was being fed. Of all the things to make someone blush, it was something as innocuous as this. A simple feeding – not sex or nudity, or intimate touching – that was what did it for boys like Robbie. Rob’s red face was a green light for Colt, telling him that Rob really was into it in a way that a non-little could never understand. He fed Rob another bite. Then another. Rob found himself unable to stop smiling as he was fed.

It was Colt’s good luck that he had found a little who knew nothing about littles. It meant there were no expectations. No ‘shoulds’ to attach to his littleness like he did to

his adult self. Robbie was being himself because that was how he felt. Colt loved to be the one to bring that out in him, and of course his own member loved it too, swelling to fill the generously cut front pouch of his undies.

When they were finished, neither one of them wanted to stand up to put away the dishes. They were both sporting embarrassingly obvious hard-ons under the table.

Colt leaned forward, clearing his throat uncomfortably as he took off Robbie's bib and wiped his face clean with it. They both had kind of run out of things to say once the feeding started. It seemed all their blood had been diverted from the brain to somewhere else.

Finally Colt said, "Mr. Cuddles and I are going to get ready for bed. Why don't you put away those dishes and meet me upstairs?"

"Sure thing," squeaked Rob, grabbing the plates and holding them low as he stood up. He quickly turned away from Colt so as not to show his boner. Colt used the opportunity to grab his robe and cover himself up, but not before stealing a brief glimpse at Robbie's pull-up as he stood. Robbie was tenting so hard there was a visible gap between the leg holes of his pull-up and his thighs and Colt practically burst a blood vessel at the sight of it.

He bounded upstairs and ran into the nursery, shutting the door behind him. He was too horny to diaper Robbie without his hands shaking, and he didn't want Robbie to feel nervous, so he did the best thing he could think of which was pull down his undies and hook the elastic under his balls to let his dick swing free, filling the room with his scent. The thick member bobbed up and down, slightly darker than the rest of his body and dripping a thin strand of precum.

Colt breathlessly grabbed a wet wipe and started furiously beating off as he thought about just how cute and helpless Robbie would be when he was back in diapers for good. With the help of some baby oil gel, he quickly pushed himself to the brink, grunting as he felt his muscles tense up. In only a couple minutes, his powerful muscles contracted one last time as his balls pulled up tight against his body to shoot another massive delivery of baby batter right into the waiting wipe.

The orgasm was powerful and had him shuddering for breath as a sense of wellness and euphoria washed over him. Colt didn't have time to bask in it, though. He tossed the wipe in the diaper pail and grabbed a stack of diapers. The diapers had baby animals all over with pawprints running down the center which faded when wet. He stuck them all in a tote bag along with wipes and a bottle of powder, then he walked over to the potty calendar on the wall. It was a large board with a space to write the

month and days in, and some pockets underneath for magnets which had suns and water droplets to show just how well Robbie did to stay dry. Colt lifted the potty calendar off its hook and headed to the door.

He peeked out into the hall and heard Robbie singing a silly song and washing the dishes. He slipped out of the nursery, shutting the door behind him, and hurried off to Rob's room to set everything up. He made space in the underwear drawer for Robbie's night diapers by taking out all his briefs. Now all Robbie had in the top shelves of his dresser were pull-ups and diapers. Next, he laid the diaper, bottle of powder, and the wipes on top of the dresser so Robbie would be able to see them when Colt set him on the bed. It would give him plenty of time to anticipate what was coming. Finally, he hung the potty calendar on its hook above the dresser, where it would be easy to see from anywhere in the room. The light of the Rocket lamp cast a soft glow on everything, and with Rob's teddy bear waiting on the bed, it looked like the perfect little boy's room. Of course, it was still too big for Robbie and he was sure Robbie really belonged in a crib, but that would come little by little.

Satisfied with his work, Colt went back into the hall and called down to Robbie.

"You almost done down there, champ?"

"Coming!" yelled Robbie, who moments later bounded up the stairs.

"Slow down, tiger, you're gonna hurt yourself!"

"Sorry," said Robbie, looking down abashed and earning a swat on the butt from Colt as he passed by. "Oof!"

Robbie's eyes went wide as Colt's massive hand connected with his soggy butt, but it was more surprising than anything. It simply served to remind him who was in charge, and Colt was very good at doing that.

Colt followed Robbie into the restroom and Robbie looked up at him wondering what he was doing. Colt stepped up behind Robbie who was standing at the sink and grabbed Rob's toothbrush.

"Let me help you with that," said Colt, reaching for the toothpaste.

"But I can do it myself--"

"You'll have to show me by being a good boy and doing what I say," said Colt.

This shut Robbie up right away. He didn't want Colt to think he couldn't do things himself, but then again, if he let Colt help him, he was kind of admitting that he did need

help. But Colt had said this was something he needed to learn to accept, so he didn't fight when Colt placed the toothbrush in his little hand and then guided the hand toward his mouth. In this way, Colt helped Robbie brush his own teeth, commenting throughout the process.

"There ya go, you gotta get those chompers nice and clean! You don't want a cavity. You're doing so good, kiddo! Great job! Now spit into the sink. Good job, Robbie!"

Even though he knew most people would find that kind of talk patronizing, Robbie loved it. It made him feel oddly proud when he got praise from Colt, even if it was for the simplest task.

"All done," said Colt. "Now before I put you to bed, do you have to use the potty?"

Rob's eyes went wide and he blushed. He wasn't really sure if he did, but now that he wasn't crying his eyes out, he felt self-conscious about saying yes. He was sure that Colt would want to stay and supervise his potty use.

"N-no, I don't think so..." He said, after a moment's thought. He could always pull his DryNites down to use the potty later after Colt went away. Robbie, however, wasn't a very convincing liar.

"Hmmm," said Colt, rubbing his chin. "Well, let's put you on the potty just in case. I'll give you two minutes to go, and if you don't then we'll get you ready for bed."

Robbie just stood there in his pajama shirt and wet pull-up. He looked like a deer in headlights.

"It's okay, buddy, don't be shy. Here." Colt led Robbie over to the toilet.

"Arms up!"

Robbie did as he was told. It was easier when he didn't have to think and could just follow along with Colt's commands. The shirt came up over his head. Next, Robbie's pull-up was pulled down to his ankles and he was lifted up onto the toilet.

"I really don't have to go pot-" began Rob, but his own words were interrupted by the tinkling sound of urine hitting the water below, and he snapped his mouth shut. He hadn't even meant to do it, his body just sensed the potty below him and relaxed. After a little while, the stream petered out and stopped.

"Good job, buddy!" said Colt. "Do you have to go number 2 as well?"

Robbie shook his head vehemently. No way he was going to do that in front of Colt.

“Hmm,” said Colt with a frown. “I’m concerned. You haven’t gone number 2 all day! If you don’t go by tomorrow, I might have to give you a little help.”

“Help?” Robbie gulped. What could Colt mean by that?

“Not to worry, kiddo. You just try your best. You’ve got about a minute left to do whatever you need to do, then we’ll go.”

Robbie sat there quietly as the seconds ticked by, looking at his knees, counting the tiles on the floor, looking anywhere but over to his roommate who was watching him. Finally the time was over much to his relief.

“Okay, kiddo!” said Colt. “Up we go!”

Once again, Colt took a moment to wipe off Rob’s penis and buttocks, and Rob just bit his lip and looked straight ahead. No point in fighting it, Colt was going to do what he was going to do. Besides, as much as it embarrassed him, it felt good to be cared for. What Colt was doing was more intimate to him than anything most adults would ever do – or allow to be done to them. Colt treated him like he was helpless, and maybe, just for now, he could let himself feel helpless with Colt.

He thought this as Colt pulled up his soggy pull-ups, led him to the sink, and helped him wash his hands. Not that he needed to wash his hands, since he hadn’t used them once while going potty.

He was still lost in his thoughts as he was led by the hand out of the bathroom, down the hall, and into his bedroom. Colt put his hands under Rob’s armpits and hoisted him up onto the bed, onto his waiting blanket/bed pad. Rob immediately noticed the potty calendar hanging on the wall directly across from him. He couldn’t believe he had a *potty calendar* in his room. Who had ever heard of a grown-up having a potty calendar in their room?

“No one,” said Colt. “But you’re not really a grown-up, are you, little guy?”

Rob started. He hadn’t realized he was thinking out loud. How many other things had he said aloud around Colt without even realizing it?

Then he caught sight of the diaper, powder, and wipes sitting on the dresser below the calendar and his heart rate went through the roof. “W-why do you have a d-d-diaper?” he asked, his voice going up a couple octaves.

“I told you, Robbie,” said Colt, going over to pick it up. “You need better pajamas. At least for bed. Didn’t you agree that you needed that?”

“Well yeah, but...what about my pull-ups?”

“You’ll still be wearing those during the day as long as they’re enough to keep you dry. But you also agreed you would wear protection at night. It’s not very good protection if it leaks, now is it?”

Colt’s carefully chosen wording about Rob’s daytime wear flew right over his head. He was too busy fighting an internal struggle. Big boys weren’t supposed to wear diapers. But Colt had a point, the pull-ups might not be enough to keep his bed dry. And wasn’t this what Robbie had wanted all along? What he beat off to every time he took a shower? Now that it was happening, he didn’t know if he could go through with it.

“B-b-but those look like *baby* diapers. They’ll never fit me!” said Rob, saying the only thing his mind could come up with as Colt unfolded the crinkly garment and fluffed it out.

“Nonsense,” said Colt. “They’ll fit you just fine. I should know, my cousins are about the same size.”

Rob was stunned.

“Wait... Your *little* cousins? I thought they were like... three or four.”

“I never said they were my *little* cousins, now did I?” asked Colt.

Rob was stunned to realize Colt was right. “N-no... I guess I just assumed...”

“That nobody your age would still wet the bed? Or need bottles, pacifiers, and help taking a bath?” Colt asked, smirking and raising an eyebrow.

Rob just nodded and blushed. “Yeah, that...”

“Well, you clearly do,” Colt said matter-of-factly, “just like they do.”

“You mean... they’re like me?” asked Robbie, eyes wide in astonishment.

“Yes, little guy. Just like you! They need to stay thickly diapered at night, Robbie, and they’ve learned not to be ashamed of it.”

Of course Colt didn't mention how even from a young age he would get his cousins to play baby with him. How he had kept this up as they got older and basically converted them into lifelong diaper boys just like he was doing to Robbie.

"But... but..."

"You'll be wearing diapers to bed and daytime pull-ups until I know for sure you can stay dry," said Colt. "If you want your big boy undies back," he rested his free hand on the pile of undies beside him for emphasis, "you're gonna have to show results on the potty calendar."

"I can stay dry! I swear!" Rob said, cheeks burning. "It just happens sometimes when I sleep in a new place. It'll stop soon. I'm sure of it." But he didn't look so sure as he fidgeted on the bed.

"How can you know that?" Asked Colt. "You said you couldn't help it when you wet this afternoon. Or did you go pee-pee on purpose?"

Rob's eyes went wide. "N-n-no! I would never!"

"Then you'll wear your diapers. Every night. And I'm going to put them on you since you tried to hide your bedwetting issues from me and didn't use the proper protection on your own. Am I understood?"

"Yes sir," said Rob. Colt's tone of authority told him he was going into a diaper tonight no matter what.

Colt smiled at Rob's choice of words. "Good. And you don't have to call me sir. I'm just telling you how it is. Now let's see how you did today. Is your pull-up dry?" asked Colt. "Do you need me to check it or can you use your words?"

Robbie shook his head, blushing at his faux pas and at the line of inquiry. "N-no. I mean yes. I mean... i-it's a little wet..." He was completely flustered. He'd been prepared to let Colt put a new pull-up on him, but he never expected to deliver a potty report.

"Good job using your words, kiddo," said Colt, reaching into the calendar pocket to grab a water droplet. "Looks like you couldn't stay dry this time. Better luck tomorrow, huh?"

"That doesn't count! You tickled me!" said Rob. "B-besides you said no daytime accidents and it's already night!"

“Okay,” Colt chuckled, “Okay. You got me there. Maybe *you* should be the lawyer. From now on, tickling doesn’t count, and accidents do count as long as you’re awake! I guess I’ll have to let this one slide.” Colt dropped the water droplet and put a sun on the calendar instead. Then he gave Rob a sidelong glance. “But you know... if you did have a daytime accident, it wouldn’t be so bad. You’d get lots more help from your roomie, for one thing...”

Robbie drew his head back and his eyebrows flew up as the thought hit him. It made him super blushy to think about, all the moreso because he would very much like more of this kind of ‘help’ from Colt.

Colt let the thought hang in the air as he grabbed up the diaper and changing supplies and came to the bed. Colt was excited about being the first to diaper Robbie, but he did his best not to let it show. Robbie was on edge as it was.

“On your back, Robbie,” he said, and Robbie did as he was told, his eyes wide and his heart beating fast. He stifled a moan as his dick tried to bore a hole through the front of his soggy pull-ups. This was really happening. He was being put in a diaper by his roommate. In a thick crinkly diaper with baby powder. Just like a baby.

“Hold Mr. Cuddles,” said Colt, handing him the bear. “Good boy. Now open your mouth.” Rob did so and a pacifier was pushed in. He immediately began to suckle.

“There you go. Now just relax. Let me do all the work.”

Robbie lay there as he was asked but found it very hard to relax when he felt the sides of his pull up tear away, and fresh air hit his nether regions.

“We’re going to have to take care of that hair if you’re gonna be in diapers every night,” said Colt.

“But I don awways wet da bed,” Robbie said around his pacifier.

“It’s just better for your skin, Robbie,” said Colt. “With all the accidents you’ve had you’re going to be in diapers and pullups for at least the rest of the month. Plenty of time for your hair to grow back.”

Robbie wasn’t sure why he cared about the hair down there. His dad and brothers had made such a big deal about it when it first appeared on him, but he never knew why. “Now you’re a real man!” they’d said. It was one of the few times they treated him like an equal, him being the ‘baby’ of the family. Should it bother him to lose it again?

“...So we’re taking it off tomorrow. Do you understand?”

Robbie realized Colt had been talking and nodded his head out of reflex.

“Use your words, bud,” said Colt, raising an eyebrow.

“Y-yes I undowstand,” Rob said in a quiet voice, looking down past his bellybutton. By tomorrow that whole area would be completely bare, just like a baby, he thought.

Colt grabbed a wet wipe and ran it over Rob’s pubic area, starting at the belly button and working his way down to just above the penis. He then tossed it into the used pull-up and pushed Robbie’s legs apart to get better access to his little balls and taint. Next, he focused on the penis, being extra careful to pull the skin tight and clean all around the head. Robbie had to bite his lip to avoid moaning from all the attention. He still wasn’t sure if Colt truly understood what this did to him. Little did he know how turned-on Colt was as well.

Colt was glad he had masturbated *before* taking care of Robbie. He didn’t think he could have gotten through the change without a messy sticky accident of his own if he hadn’t cleared his pipes beforehand. Luckily, he was a practiced hand at changing big little boys like his new roomie, so his horniness would not get in the way of giving Rob a nice thorough cleanup. Once he was done with Robbie’s front, he crossed the boy’s ankles and pushed them up.

Robbie yelped in surprise as his whole butt was lifted off the bed like he weighed nothing. He felt the wipe pass over his bottom and between his cheeks, causing him to squirt a bit of precum right onto his own face.

“Ah!” he yelled as he wiped the clear liquid off his face.

“Uh oh. Looks like you got yourself there, little buddy!” exclaimed Colt, who was already lowering Robbie’s butt back down to the bed. He wiped Rob’s face and hands with a wet wipe and put the fallen paci back in his mouth. “Guess you got a little too excited, huh?”

Rob hid his face in Mr. Cuddles, too embarrassed to respond.

“That’s okay, buddy,” said Colt, rubbing Rob’s belly a couple times and giving it a pat. “It happens. Let’s get that leaky little guy all taped up snug in a diaper where he belongs before we have any more mishaps, huh?”

Rob's hard-on was twitching as Colt said this, and he felt like his roommate's words alone would be enough to push him over the edge if he kept talking. Colt was apparently aware of the problem because he quickly pulled the diaper up over Robbie's frontal region and kept it there as he reached for the bottle of powder.

"You're not gonna have another accident, are you, buddy?"

Rob shook his head and sucked his dummy.

"Okay," said Colt, chancing it and opening the diaper to shake some powder on Robbie's crotch and butt. Rob took a deep breath and sighed as Colt rubbed it in. It had an incredibly soothing effect and reminded him of when he was really little.

"Oh, I think the little guy likes the smell of baby powder," said Colt with a knowing look.

Robbie nodded, smiling and hugging Mr. Cuddles.

"Good," said Colt, giving Robbie's belly another rub before wiping off his hands in a washcloth and pulling the front back up.

He held the front of the diaper down against Robbie with one hand while he reached for the first tape, and that was enough to send Robbie over the edge. He groaned and jerked, firing his cum into the diaper, and Colt was treated to the feeling of Robbie's throbbing cock on the other side of the plastic, pulsing against the padding and causing a little wet spot to show through.

"Good boy," said Colt, softly. "There you go. Just let it all out into your diapers. That's what they're there for little dude." Colt ran his hands through Robbie's hair as the boy continued to jerk and spurt into his diaper, his forehead and the back of his knees breaking out into a sweat.

When Rob's breathing slowed and the last spasms ebbed, Colt couldn't resist a peek inside to see how much Rob had produced. Gingerly, he peeled open the front of the diaper. Sticky milky off-white goop covered the padding, pulling off in strands as the diaper was lifted away from the boys crotch. Colt's eyes went wide at the sight and smell of Robbie's sticky mess sprayed across the inside of the panel and puddled around his little balls. He wanted to taste it, but Robbie was wracked with another spasm and Colt quickly closed the diaper back up to contain the emission.

"Whew. Good thing we got this on you in time, eh Robbie? That woulda made a real mess if you hadn't been covered."

Robbie's body felt so good while his mind was nearly broken by the duality of pleasure and humiliation he felt. It was a good thing he had his mouth filled, because he couldn't have come up with a coherent response at that moment if his life depended on it. He could only lay back as Colt taped him up into his cummy diapers and tucked him in for the night.

Colt threw back the covers and told Robbie to crawl into bed, making sure his butt was squarely on top of his piddle-proof blankie before he tucked the boy in. Then, Colt sat down beside Rob on the bed, placing his hand on Rob's belly and rubbing it through the comforter.

"Okay, buddy. You had a big day today, didn't you? I want you to go to sleep now, but if you need to make more stickies you can do it. Just make sure you don't take off your diaper, okay?"

Robbie blushed and nodded, knowing he would probably be doing a lot of that this month.

"Good boy. The rule is these diapers don't come off til morning. If it's an emergency, you can come wake me up and I'll help you get to the potty. Do you understand?"

Robbie nodded again, his eyes big and innocent as he sucked his paci and hugged his teddy.

"One more thing before you go nini. I want us to remember our favorite parts of the day. I'll go first, and then it's your turn. My favorite part of the day was when you came home and we took a nice relaxing bath to make you all clean and happy again. What about you?"

Colt pulled the paci out of Rob's mouth so he could speak clearly.

Rob thought about it a moment. "Umm... my favorite was... uh... belly rubs... they were so relaxing... and finding out that I'm not the only one who is little like this... and... uh..."

"Go on," said Colt, rubbing Rob's belly.

"T-the diaper change was really nice too," whispered Robbie, with a shy smile.

Colt had to chuckle at how cute Robbie said that, as if he was afraid someone might be listening in. He ruffled Rob's hair and smiled. This was Colt's way of making

sure Rob remembered the day as a good day and not focus on the bad, and by his estimation he had done a good job at turning Robbie's frown upside down.

"Aww, I'm glad you enjoyed it, buddy. And I'm glad I was able to give it to you. You know you're pretty darn cute in those diapers, little Robbie."

Robbie squirmed and smiled and blushed. There Colt went again calling him cute.

"Gosh, dude. I could just eat you up with a spoon. Seriously."

Colt kissed the blushy squirmy boy on his head and put the paci in one last time.

"Don't ever change, little guy. You're perfect just the way you are. Now get some sleep, tiny. You have to get up early again in the morning."

Robbie nodded and smiled as Colt stood up with his soaked pull-up in hand. He clicked off the rocket lamp and headed for the door, but Rob stopped him before he was completely out of the room.

"Cowl!" he called.

"Yeah, bud?" asked Colt, turning back to look at the sleepy boy.

"...Fank you." Rob meant those words with all his heart.

Colt smiled and said, "You're welcome, little one," and he gently closed the door.

That diaper change must have sapped out the last of Rob's energy because he was asleep almost as soon as the door clicked shut.

Colt, on the other hand, was very awake. Robbie was finally back in diapers, and *he* had put him in them. Robbie had even cum in those diapers, and Colt had been responsible for that too. Beyond that, he felt an amazing feeling knowing he was making a positive difference in Robbie's life. Something that no one else could have done in quite the same way. It was why he was so eager to have Robbie move in in the first place. Caretaking just wasn't the same with people who weren't little.

The moment Colt shut the double doors to his bedroom, he immediately brought the soggy pull-up to his face, nearly fainting from the heavenly aroma of boy-piss. He jumped onto his bed, and his cock was out, and in his hand almost before his back hit the mattress, his nose still buried in the scent of Robbie's accident.

"Fuck...yeah...fuck...yessss... unh... fuckkkkkkkk!"

His hand was flying up and down so fast it became a blur as his body tensed up. Each huff of boy piss was sending him to a higher level of ecstasy. But he wasn't ready to finish. Not yet. He brought the pull up down and enclosed it over his boner, making himself his own pocket pussy made out of his roommate's piss. It was soft and inviting. It was still warm. He shuddered in pleasure.

"Oh god... I want to baby you so hard, Robbie," he said. "I want you to be completely helpless in pissy diapers 24/7. My baby boy...Unh.... Fffffuckkk..... I c-can't... I can't hold...!"

He cried out as he squeezed his eyes shut and pumped out a big creamy load right into the diaper. "Hunnhhhhhhh," he said as if the wind had been knocked out of him. He came so hard he was seeing stars, and then he collapsed, letting his hands flop to the side as he lay on his back, the diaper still wrapped around his hard cock. It was only seconds before he was at it again. He knew he'd have to pump out about three or four more loads before he could finally feel satisfied.

When he was finally done, he lay there awash in the afterglow. He turned his head to look at the baby monitor. Not a peep from Robbie. It gave him the peace of mind he needed to allow himself to relax and drift off into a nice sleep, but not before tossing the evidence of his fun time in the diaper pail.