

## Room for Rent

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

Colt is going to make sure Robbie gets a good start to his day. He's going to help him develop better habits, while making sure he's well protected under his pants. But Colt can't protect him when he's out of the house, and Robbie has to go back to work again. What's going to happen this time?

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### Chapter 6: Into the Fire

In the morning, Colt woke up well rested and refreshed for the day. His number one priority that day, even before getting dressed, was getting things ready for Robbie. He tossed out the cum-soaked diapers from the diaper pail and started the laundry to wash Robbie's pee-pee soaked clothes and blankie. Then, he made up some bottles of formula for little Robbie and lined them up in the fridge. He smiled as he looked down at his phone and saw that a new package was delivered. Before Robbie was up and stumbling out of his room in his soggy diaper, Colt had already set everything up for Robbie to have a great start to his day.

He softly opened the door to Robbie's room and tiptoed to the bed. Nothing cuter than watching the little guy sleep in his toddler bed, sucking his binky and snuggling his teddy. His adorable green and blue diaper was showing as he had kicked his Buzz Lightspeed blanket off in his sleep. Colt smiled as he watched the boy's soft little belly rise up... and down... up... and down. He stuck his fingers into the leg hole of the boy's diapers just to feel them – just because he wanted to, not because he needed to. The paws running down the center of the garment had all but disappeared. Yellow soggiess had replaced them, leaving no doubt about the state of them. Colt's cock stirred as he felt the heat and wetness inside. Robbie squirmed a bit in his sleep but was still dead to the world.

How Colt wished he could just let Robbie sleep in. Maybe even snuggle with his little cuddle bug and let clock-in time roll by. Let the phone ring until Robbie's asshole manager fired him so he could stay at home with Colt all the time.

But he knew that if he did that, it would always be his fault that Robbie got in trouble, and he didn't want to be responsible for a single tear from Robbie. Of course, it was inevitable, little boys being the emotional creatures they were, but he would never purposely hurt the boy. Not even to get something he desperately wanted. Still, he looked down at his smartwatch and counted out the minutes, bargaining with himself

that he could steal a few minutes with the boy before they had to start their respective days. He scootched into bed in nothing but his boxer briefs and sidled up against the boy. Robbie instantly rolled into him in his sleep, throwing an arm out and burying his little face in Colt's chest as he snuggled in close.

"N'awww... such a cutie, this one," he said as he softly rubbed the boy's head. This was heaven. Nothing but him and his little boy resting together. And that was how Robbie stayed until Colt's watch went off, signaling the end to his little 10-minute indulgence.

"Hey, sleepyhead," said Colt as Rob began to sit up, yawning and rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. Robbie woke up very quick when he realized he was cuddled up against his hot roomie. He blushed as his dick began to get hard, and then he felt the squish between his legs and saw that his diaper was showing...

*His* diaper. Colt had put him in it. And nothing could illustrate the gap between himself and Colt more clearly than Colt's gray boxer briefs next to his own brightly colored – and very soggy – diapers.

Colt could see the gears turning in Robbie's head. So deep in thought was he that he hadn't even noticed he was still sucking furiously on his binky. *Such a little boy*, Colt thought. There really shouldn't be so many big thoughts running around up there. It was time to do something about it.

Colt gave the pensive boy a little tickle on the belly causing Robbie to curl up and giggle as Colt brought him in for a hug, curling around the little ball of cuteness and attacking him with more tickles.

"That oughtta wake you up, little jellybean! You should be getting ready for work about now, not sleeping in all day! What do you say we get this day started, huh?"

He let the little cutie go and after the fit of giggles died down, Robbie smiled and nodded.

"Okay, kiddo. First thing's first!" said Colt, pulling out Rob's pacifier and setting it on the nightstand. "What's the status report on your nighttime diapee? Did you keep it dry?"

"...no... I didn't..." said Robbie, in a small, shy voice.

“Doesn’t look like you’ll be going to sleep in undies any time soon. We’ll check your pull-up in the afternoon to see if you can stay dry during the day, but personally I think pull-ups are probably way more comfortable anyway...”

Robbie looked down and stuck out his lip.

“Aww, look at that little face. No pouting now. And you can’t blame my tickles this time either mister! You just wet all on your own, and do you know why?”

Robbie shook his head, still pouting.

“Because you’re a little boy who can’t control his pee-pees at night, and that’s why your big buddy makes sure you wear your diapees to bed like a good little boy.”

Rob scrunched up his face in distaste, but Colt just gave him a big kiss on the head and a smack on the butt and told him to get his tushy out of bed.

“Now go put a raindrop on your potty chart, buddy. I want you to do it yourself like a big boy.”

Robbie just stuck his thumb in his mouth and let Colt lead him to the potty chart rather than try to come up with an argument. He couldn’t argue with Colt anyway. He knew he wasn’t gonna get out of pull-ups that easy, and he didn’t really want to all that much if it meant getting special attention like this every day.

Colt handed Rob a water droplet. Rob looked at it and back up to the chart, blushing.

“Go on, don’t be shy. Just put it right up there.”

It was clear that the potty chart was hung too high for Robbie to reach on his own, but at Colt’s urging he tried, reaching up high and coming nowhere close.

“Aww, the little guy is too short to reach it! It’s okay, sweetie. Your bigger buddy can help you out. That’s what I’m here for.”

Colt hoisted Robbie’s butt up on one arm and guided Robbie’s hand up to put the droplet on the chart. It was not lost on Robbie just how childish this made him seem. Made to put his own potty failures up on the wall for everyone to see, and not even big enough to do it on his own. Maybe he really *was* just a little boy.

With Colt’s help, he touched the magnet to the potty chart where it stuck fast. Colt brought him back down for another big hug.

“Well done, Robbie. You’re such a big boy putting stickers on your own potty chart!”

The ironic thing was that all this talk of being a big boy just reinforced what a little boy Rob had become at home. Colt lowered him down gently and Rob shifted back and forth from foot to foot. He was feeling a little bit exposed in just his soggy diaper, and his instinct to run and hide in the bathroom was growing. It wasn’t hard to tell – his thumb had never left his mouth this whole time.

“C-Cowt... I wanna get outta this yucky diapow...” he mumbled, giving the bigger man his puppy dog eyes.

“Aww, of course you can, little bean! You gotta get ready for your big day at work! Here. Let’s get that off of you,” said Colt, pulling at the tapes.

“No, really, I can-”

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Robbie stopped talking as his diaper fell to the ground leaving him naked in front of his roomie again. He was turning red from head to toe as he stood there under his roommate’s gaze.

“Go and take your shower, little guy,” said Colt, reminding Robbie of what he was supposed to be doing.

Rob nodded and quickly excused himself to the bathroom, his voice little more than a mumble as he rushed off to get out of sight. Colt chuckled and shook his head. That boy was too cute. He loved that the little guy still blushed at the drop of a hat, but he knew that soon enough he would have Rob trained up enough to feel comfortable with others seeing his diapers or his little weewee. All it would take was time, and perhaps a little gentle nudge or two in the right direction.

As Rob began to soap up in the shower, the powerful scent of cum hit his nostrils to remind him of last night’s sticky accident. Colt had made him paint his padding with spooge just by touching the front of his first diaper as he fastened it around Robbie’s waist. It had happened. It had *really* happened. He didn’t know what to make of it. His hot roommate had actually done the thing he’d fantasized about so fervently. Colt had really put him in a diaper. And not only that, but he was going to do it *every night*.

The thought got Robbie all excited. He stroked his little pee-pee as he thought about being kept in diapers by his sexy roommate and shot in his hand almost before

the fantasy began. He shut off the water. Damn... Why was he always so quick on the draw lately?

He shook his head and stepped out of the shower. This couldn't be real. Robbie didn't think something so perfect could really happen to *him*. Part of him was still waiting to be sent packing for being such a baby, while the other was tentatively beginning to believe Colt's promises. When he got back to the bedroom, Colt was waiting for him, fully clothed and with a pull-up in hand.

"About time, baby boy. You know, we're still in a water shortage. Am I going to have to make you take your showers with me?"

"N-no!" stuttered Robbie, red-faced.

"Aww, just teasin' ya, lil guy. Here. Step into these."

Colt kneeled down and held open a pull-up for Robbie. Robbie looked at him for a moment, not sure what to do.

"Aww, have you forgotten how to be a big boy already? Come on, left foot in like this. There we go. Now the other one...goood boy," said Colt, smiling big as he drew up the pull-up.

He stopped when he came face-to-face with Robbie's hard little pecker. His eyebrows flicked up in surprise for just a moment, then he smirked.

"Wow! I'm surprised it's up that quickly after that orgasm you had in the shower. It sounded like you really enjoyed yourself in there, must've been a good fantasy..."

"You *heard* me?!" squeaked Rob, totally mortified and feeling the heat rising off of his cheeks from the embarrassment of being caught.

"Oh yeah, I always hear you in there," said Colt. "If I didn't know any better, I might think you *liked* your diapers, Robbie. Is *that* why you're having so many sticky accidents around the house?"

"I-... Y-you... wha?" said Robbie. He was completely lost for words.

"It's okay, lil guy. We already know you need them. Nothing wrong with liking them too! In any case, there's no way I'm going to let you go back to wetting the bed and feeling terrible so don't even think about being embarrassed about it. I'm gonna make sure my lil buddy has whatever he needs to feel happy and safe. No judgment," he added, with a wink.

On the contrary, Colt's little speech had left Rob feeling extremely embarrassed, and his manhood shriveled up and ran for the hills. Colt then easily slid the pull-up the rest of the way, leaving Robbie properly protected for the day.

"There we go. Let's go on downstairs, silly bean," said Colt, hoisting up his roommate once more.

"W-wait!" said Rob, reaching out as he realized he was being carried out of the room in just a pull-up. "At least let me get dressed first!"

"Nope, no time, kiddo! You've got breakfast to eat, and not much time to eat it! Besides, you'd just soil your clothes anyway. And didn't we say no more pants for you in the house last night? Pretty sure we did."

Rob didn't answer, he just buried his red face into Colt's shoulder as he was carried down to the kitchen.

"Oh, by the way," came Colt's voice to Robbie's ears. ""Remember that special chair I said was coming for Mr. Cuddles? Well, I made an oopsie. I accidentally ordered it in the wrong size. Lucky you, you get a special chair just for you!" he said, echoing the boy's words from last night as he lowered Rob gently down. Mr. Cuddles' chair is coming tomorrow. Then you'll both be matching!"

Rob looked around to see what Colt was talking about as he was lowered into his chair. Then he realized what Colt meant, and his stomach fell to his knees as Colt snapped in the tray.

"I-is this... a highchair?!"

The front of Robbie's pull-up was suddenly several inches away from his body as his pecker shot up again, and his heart was beating like a drum. This was so intense. The same thought kept running through his mind. He. Was in a baby chair. Him. Baby chair. He was in it. A baby chair!

Colt grabbed a bottle from the fridge and a bowl from the counter.

Here ya go lil guy, said Colt, setting down a bowl of mushy oatmeal in a cartoon-themed bowl onto the tray. As with dinner the night before, he tied a bib around Robbie's neck.

"After the mess you made last night, you're gonna need it."

Robbie's hands were shaking as he reached for the spoon. When he tried to pick up the spoon and eat, he almost knocked the bowl over.

"No, no, Robbie," said Colt, snatching the spoon away. "You're much too little. Let me do it, baby boy."

Robbie's heart rate immediately slammed through the roof as Colt dipped the spoon in the oatmeal and brought it toward his face. It was one thing to have a bib on and be fed a snack at the dinner table. Quite another to have it happen in a highchair.

Colt set down the spoon and put his hand on Robbie's shoulder. "Shhh. Close your eyes, kiddo. Calm down. Breathe."

Robbie did as Colt instructed for several breaths until he could feel the shaking lessen.

"Better?"

Robbie nodded and opened his eyes.

"Good. I know you like it when I help you eat your num nums. Just open up, little bean."

Rob's face was bright red as he opened his mouth to accept the first spoonful. He had no idea why he wanted this, but he was getting plenty of it and he felt like the luckiest boy in the world. After the first taste, however, he wasn't quite as enthusiastic. Robbie gulped the mush down and made a noise.

"It tastes... *healthy*..."

"Well, it's certainly not *Magical Marshmallows*. I've seen what you eat, and I want to help you eat healthier, though I wouldn't mind leaving a little baby belly," he said, poking Robbie in the tum-tum and evoking a giggle.

But Robbie wouldn't stay happy for long. As soon as breakfast was done and Colt was walking the bowl back to the sink, Robbie found himself staring off into the distance, worried about what Brandon would do when he showed up to work.

Robbie scrunched his face up, surprised by a sudden wetness and warmth on his face as Colt wiped it clean. The bigger man had returned with a warm wet cloth and Robbie hadn't even noticed.

“Hold still, buddy,” he said, finishing up, before finally looking satisfied, stepping back, and unsnapping the tray. “Gosh, I must have really given you a start. What could a little boy like you be thinking about so hard that he didn’t even notice his roomie right in front of him, huh?”

Colt set the tray aside and helped Robbie down, placing his hands under Robbie’s arm and bringing him down to his feet, as if he couldn’t do it himself. Then he got down to Robbie’s level and looked into his eyes.

Robbie fidgeted and looked around. He didn’t want to admit how scared he was to go back to work. Colt might try to intervene, and he was sure that would only make things worse.

Colt grabbed Robbie’s chin and gently turned the boy’s head, making Robbie look him in the eye.

“It’s about your mean ol’ manager, isn’t it, Robbie?” asked Colt. Robbie looked into Colt’s eyes, and he couldn’t hide it. He began to whimper a bit as he nodded.

“Thought so. Baby *boy*. Don’t worry about him. He’s not going to give you any more trouble, I promise, and if he does, all you have to do is call me or send me a message and I’ll be right there, got it?”

“Yeah...” said Robbie, pulling his mouth to the right in an expression of doubt.

“Robbie. I’m not asking. You will tell me if he does anything. *Anything* to make you feel uncomfortable. Am I understood?” Colt held Robbie’s shoulders gently but firmly, staring into his face. “I will know if you don’t, so don’t think you can just let him treat you badly and I won’t notice the sadness in my little boy’s face when he gets home.”

Robbie’s breath caught in his throat. Did Colt just call him *his* little boy?

“So, are you going to call or text me if something happens?”

Robbie shook his head to snap himself out of it.

“Oh, y-yes, da- er... uh... yes C-Colt,” said Robbie. He winced at his slip of the tongue. He would have smacked himself on the head for being so stupid, but Colt pulled him into a big hug and said, “Thank you,” in a soft and quiet voice. He gave Robbie a quick kiss on the cheek and forehead, making the boy giggle a bit as he wiped his cheek off.

“Don’t you dare wipe those away, silly boy!” said Colt, poking his belly.

“Okayyyy,” said Robbie, rolling his eyes, but still giggling.

“Good. Glad we agree. Now what are you going to take for lunch today, Robbie?”

“I don’t have time to pack lunch,” said Robbie, sighing.

Colt set a drawstring backpack on the table.

“Yes, you do. I packed you a lunch and extra pull-ups in your bag just in case. Your paci is in there as well, since I don’t want you sucking your thumb after touching all kinds of stuff around the store. you can suck this at work when you’re anxious instead. You’ll have your mask on anyway, right?”

“I guess, but-”

“No buts, this is going in your pocket, and you *will* wear it if you have any anxiety at work. You can just pull it out whenever you need it.”

“O-okay...” said Rob, cowed.

Colt looked in the bag, as if he was gauging something.

“Looks like there’s still room. Go ahead and throw your teddy in there just in case. And if you’re worried about it getting stolen, it locks.”

Robbie’s eyes got wider and wider as he realized he was going to be sent to work with a bag full of baby stuff.

“N-no! I can’t!” Rob said, feeling nervous already.

Colt looked up at him with an eyebrow raised as if to say “Oh, can’t I?” Then he grabbed the paci out of the bag and shoved it in Rob’s mouth.

“Yeah, you’re bringing Mr. Cuddles. Let’s go get you dressed, kiddo!”

He hustled Robbie upstairs, making a pit stop in the bathroom to help him brush his teeth and use the potty. Once again Robbie blushed as he heard the tinkle of urine hitting the water below and was made to sit there for an extra minute to see if he could go number two.

“Hmm, we’re going to take care of that when you get home, unless you can go at work today,” said Colt, looking concerned.

“I-it’s fine, weally,” said Robbie. “It’s just... I sometimes have a hawd time going is aww.”

“I’ll get you some special gummies that will help, kiddo. No, they’re not laxatives or anything like that. But they will help.”

“O-okay,” said Robbie, burning red from the knowledge that his roommate was keeping track of his bowel movements and even trying to ‘help’ them happen. He would have to find a way to go at work. He couldn’t imagine going number two in front of anyone, not even Colt.

“Alright, kiddo, off the potty,” said Colt, helping Robbie down. He dabbed Robbie’s pee-pee to make sure he didn’t drip, then he wiped his bum. Robbie didn’t think he’d ever get used to that part, but he kept quiet and allowed himself to be led to the sink to help wash his hands.

“I didn’t use dem, dough,” he muttered.

“It’s still a good habit, Robbie, and we’re building good habits for you. This is for when you’re big enough to do it yourself – *if* that day ever comes, that is.” Colt ruffled the boy’s hair playfully, noticing the adorable cowlick he always had had made some new friends.

“Heyyyyy!” said Robbie, ducking out and pushing Colt’s hand away, but he couldn’t resist smiling as he did so. Colt always had a way of making him smile.

“Alright, alright, let’s hurry up and get you dressed. Wouldn’t want you to be late, would we?”

Robbie thought he wouldn’t really mind being late. The more time he could spend with Colt and away from that horrible manager, the better. He was led down the hall to his bedroom, where Colt helped him into his work shirt and a pair of cargo shorts.

Robbie tried to do it himself, but Colt was too fast, snatching up the clothes before Robbie had a chance to get his hands on them.

“Arms up!” said Colt, as he held up the shirt, and Robbie complied.

Next, he got down on one knee and held the shorts open for Robbie to step into.

“Put your hands on my shoulders, kiddo, while you step in. That’s it. Now for your little sockies on your little feeties. And your shoesies toosies! There we go! All dressed!”

“Cownt?” asked Rob, as his roommate grabbed Mr. Cuddles.

“What, kiddo?”

“Do I hafta bwing him?” he asked, with an imploring look.

“Yes, Robbie. You *need* him. *And* your paci.” He tapped the pacifier in Rob’s mouth.

“But *why*?”

“Because you’re a lil boy and it’s not easy going off to a big boy job all on your own. And you can sometimes get worried or *scared* and I *know* you need to suck your thumb or squeeze your teddy when you feel worried or scared. That’s why.”

Rob looked down and sniffed. “Is it really okay?” he asked.

“Course it’s okay kiddo! Just trust me, alright?”

Rob nodded, keeping his eyes focused on the ground. “Otay...”

“That’s my good boy.” Colt ruffled his hair, making Rob feel all warm and fuzzy with the compliment. “Now we’re gonna be late if we don’t get you out the door right now.”

“Oh my gosh!” said Robbie, noticing the time. He was really gonna get it if he showed up late *again*.

“Let me give you a ride today, buddy. That way you don’t have to find a parking spot.”

Robbie nodded. That would make things easier.

Colt shoved the bear into Robbie’s arm and hustled him out the door and into the car.

“Ah ah ah, little boys ride in the back,” he said, pulling Robbie away from the passenger’s side door and guiding him to the back seat. “For your own safety.”

Rob didn’t want to complain since Colt was kind enough to give him a ride – it was his car, so it was his rules, he supposed. Still, he was nervous about being driven to work with a paci in his mouth and a teddy in his arms.

“Cowl... Can I take out da paci?” he asked. “I don’ want anyone to see.”

“What are you worried about anyone seein’, kiddo? A cute lil boy bein’ driven around by a grown-up?”

Robbie didn't have an argument for that. He caught a glimpse of himself in the rearview mirror. He really did look an awful lot like a cute little boy despite being full-grown. His hair stuck out with cow licks, his plain blue uniform shirt was a size or two too large, and of course the teddy bear and pacifier completed the picture.

"Hey, what about my mask?" asked Robbie. "Didn't you say I was gonna wear my pacifier *under* it?"

"I'll give you your mask when we get to the SuperDuperMarket. Now just relax and cuddle your bear, kiddo. Everything is gonna be fine."

Robbie took a deep breath and laid back. He didn't want to go to work. He wished he could just work from home like Colt, but he didn't know how to do anything special like his roommate. He was just an average guy. Well..., he thought, looking down at Mr. Cuddles, *almost* average.

"We're here! Wow, this really *is* close. You could have walked to work if you wanted to..."

"Yeah," said Robbie, popping his paci out and putting it into his pocket. "I thought about selling my car after moving in. I mean, if everything works out and you don't decide to kick me out."

Colt was a little taken aback. He stopped the car near the entrance and turned back to Robbie, looking at him carefully. Robbie suddenly sounded a lot older just then, and a lot sadder.

"Kiddo..." he said, softly. "Where did *that* come from?"

Robbie looked at him. "I- I don't know. I guess what happened with my last roommates shook up my confidence."

"Hey," said Colt. "I know you're still only just moved in, but believe me, I am not going to ghost you like that."

"Yeah, I know," said Robbie, looking away. "That was a stupid thing to say."

"Robbie!" said Colt, looking suddenly very stern. "You do *not* get to say that about yourself. Do you hear me?"

Robbie's eyes went wide in shock. "Y-yeah... W-what did I..."

"You better take that back right now."

“I take it back, I take it back,” said Rob, holding up his hands.

“Now say, ‘I am a good boy and I deserve to be here.’”

“I-I’m...” Robbie couldn’t say it. “Hey, thanks for the ride but I *really* gotta get to work,” Rob said, reaching for the door.

“Hold it right there, mister. You are not leaving this car until you say it.”

Colt held up Robbie’s mask.

“Th-that’s not fair! I... grrrr, okay. I’m...,” he blushed and squeezed his eyes shut. “I-I-I’m a good boy and I d-deserve to be here.”

“There, was that so hard?” asked Colt, letting the mask dangle off his finger where Robbie could grab it.

“N-no” said Rob, snatching the mask before muttering under his breath, “but it was pretty embarrassing...”

“Don’t forget your bag, buddy,” said Colt. “You gotta make sure to eat your lunch and change if you need to! And don’t worry about anyone getting into it. Like I said, it locks.”

Robbie was glad of that. He knew that Brandon had a tendency to go through peoples’ bags and mess with their stuff.

Robbie put on his mask and opened the door. “See you, roomie,” he said, giving a wave as he walked forward and nearly got slammed into by a lady pushing her cart.

“Look where you’re going, kiddo!” Colt called. Colt shook his head. That boy was gonna get himself killed if he wasn’t put in a playpen or some other safety device.

Once he saw the boy make it safely past the car barriers, he could breathe again, and he rolled forward. He was going to go home. He was *going* to. But he stopped and thought about it for a moment or two. He really did want to give Robbie his space. He didn’t want to push the boy too hard and end up pushing him away. But he didn’t feel right sending him into the lion’s den either. He was caught between two conflicting fears. Then, he spotted Mr. Cuddles still lying in the back seat. He shook his head and pulled his car into a parking spot, but he was secretly happy for the excuse.

Robbie went inside, gulping as he watched the time. A minute late. Shit. He hustled his way to the back of the store as fast as his little legs could carry him and

ducked into the employee's area. No sign of Brandon, thank goodness. Then a sound made him jump.

"Well, well, well," said the manager known to all the employees simply as "the asshole". "Finally decided to join us, huh?"

Brandon had been lurking by the entrance to the employee area staring at his watch. He must have really had it in for Robbie now. Robbie gulped. He was going to have to walk by Brandon if he wanted to clock in. He hoped he could just walk right by but of course Brandon wasn't going to make it that easy. He leaned in and said in a low voice, "So you think you can send your *daddy* to do your dirty work, huh?"

"D-daddy?" asked Robbie, his heart leaping in his chest. "Dirty work?"

"Don't play dumb with me," said Brandon poking Robbie hard in the chest. "You had your little *boyfriend* call me yesterday. Try to tell me what I could and couldn't do."

Rob whimpered and took a step back.

"No, n-n-no, you got it all wrong. I didn't tell my Daddy to call you. I just..."

"Don't lie to me, you freak," said Brandon, advancing on him.

Robbie started fumbling for his phone, afraid of what Brandon might do as he continued to get more and more aggressive.

"I should post that little video I took online right now."

Robbie Froze.

"Do you want me to do that? Huh? Because you're makin it very hard not to..."

"N-n-no! Please!" Rob said. "I-I'm sorry! I didn't mean it!"

"Look! Look at yourself, you little wuss. Brandon held out his phone and played the video so Rob could see exactly what he looked like when he pissed himself in front of the boss.

Rob instinctively grabbed at his crotch as he saw the wet patch forming in yesterday-Robbie's jeans. It was only at that moment that he realized he really had to go potty. He began to squirm as he continued to grab at his crotch.

"Aww, does the big baby have to go pee-pee again?" Brandon made a mock sad face as he watched Rob hop from foot to foot.

“C-c-can I please have the key, sir? I really need to go!”

“No.” said Brandon, with an evil smile. Begging wouldn’t do Robbie any good. Brandon wanted an encore performance and he was going to enjoy watching Robbie piss himself yet again.

## Room for Rent

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

### Chapter 7: No More Big Boy

As Colt stepped inside the grocery store, he looked left and right. Rows of cashier stands stood to one side, the produce area on the other, both devoid of any Robbie.

“Now where did that little boy run off to?”

He wandered around a bit looking for someone who looked like they worked there. Eventually, he found someone stocking the cereal aisle.

“Hey, have you seen a kid named Robbie who works here?”

“Who’s askin’?” said a heavy-set woman with blond hair tied back in a pony tail and gloves on for handling heavy boxes.

“I’m Colt, his... guardian,” said Colt, after a short pause. “He lives with me.”

She looked him up and down. “Is that what they’re calling it these days? I mean, whatever floats your boat.”

“I really do need to speak to him,” said Colt, growing impatient. “I’m concerned about his safety.”

“What the heck you talkin’ about?” she said.

“Well, yesterday he had a run in with Brandon-“

“Ohhhh. The asshole. Say no more. Yeah, he’s miserable to work for, but he’s mostly harmless unless you get him really angry. You don’t have to worry about your boy Robbie doing that, though. The kid’s as sweet as can be.”

“Well, I’m not so sure Brandon *is* harmless after what happened yesterday...”

Colt proceeded to tell the woman, whose name was Chloe all about what Brandon did to Robbie.

“No... He didn’t!”

“Yeah, he did. Robbie was an absolute mess when he came home. Wet pants, crying like no tomorrow. I had to help him into the bath, he was so upset.”

“Damn. That’s sadistic, even for Brandon,” said Chloe, shocked at what Brandon had done.

“It was totally fucked up. I gave Brandon a call to straighten him out, but I still have an uneasy feeling about it...”

Chloe went pale.

“Wait... you didn’t... call *Brandon*, did you?”

“Yeah, I told him off. Why do you ask?”

“Listen, this is very important,” she said, choosing her words carefully. “What exactly did you say?”

Colt gave her the gist of what he had said. “...and I made sure he knew that if he messes with Robbie he messes with me.”

“Oh boy,” she said, wiping her forehead. Beads of sweat had appeared despite the store’s cool temperature. This isn’t good, my man. This is *not* good.”

“What, you think I’m scared of some store manager on a power trip? What’s he gonna do, dock my pay?”

“No,” said Chloe, the look of panic evident in her eyes. “You don’t get it. You need to find Rob *now*. Brandon isn’t harmless. He’s... he’s crazy. He could do anything to that kid...”

Colt’s stomach did a flip-flop. “Is my little boy in Danger? Where is Brandon?”

“Well, I don’t know but maybe you should start with Brandon’s office. It’s over that... way...”

Colt had taken off running before she could even finish her sentence.

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Robbie whined as the last bit of resistance went out of him and his bladder muscles failed. He had to go pee and he couldn’t hold it any longer.

Brandon smiled with glee as he watched Robbie give in. He relished the mixed look of relief and shame that showed on the smaller man’s face. He looked down at Robbie’s crotch in anticipation of the wet spot that would surely appear in Rob’s jeans. One second... five seconds... but nothing appeared. He frowned.

“What the... what’s going on, loser? I *know* you pissed your pants, you little pants wetter. So why aren’t your pants getting wet?”

Robbie’s face went bright red. “I- I- I’m n-not a p-p-pants wetter.”

“Oh really? You want to see the video again?”

Brandon pulled out his phone with his free hand to show Robbie the video from yesterday, but Robbie managed to yank his hands free. Robbie turned to run out of the employee area but Brandon grabbed a hold of his wrist, stopping him before he could get out of reach.

“Not so fast, you little pipsqueak. I *know* you just pissed yourself. I’m gonna find out what happened.” Brandon began to undo Robbie’s belt.

“N-no! Please let me go!” cried Robbie, feeling completely violated and scared. Robbie reached a shaky hand into his pocket to call Colt. But as he pulled the phone out of his pocket, the pacifier fell out as well.

Brandon’s eyes zeroed in on the pacifier as it clattered to the floor, gripping Rob’s wrist more tightly, and causing him to cry out in pain.

“What the fuck are you, some sort of *freak*? Is widdle Robbie a big baby? No wonder you piss your pants.” Brandon grinned down at the terrified boy, feeling like he had won. “Fine. This is perfect, in fact...” Brandon’s grin grew more devilish as he began to undo his own belt. “I’m going to teach you what happens to pants pissers who show up late to work.”

“Not so fast,” came a voice from the employee entrance.

It was Colt. Robbie had never been happier to see him.

Startled, Brandon released his grip and Robbie ran to Colt, hugging him and burying his face in the larger man’s belly.

“You came! You came! Don’t let him get me, please!”

Colt picked Robbie up and gave him a big hug and a kiss on the cheek.

“It’s okay, baby boy,” he whispered in Rob’s ear. “I’m here now.”

Rob was so scared he was shaking, and Colt shot Brandon a look that could kill before looking back at his boy and gave him a kiss attack, causing Robbie to giggle a bit despite his tears and look up at him lovingly.

“Hi,” said Colt, looking his beautiful boy in the eyes. “You’re safe with me. I’ll never let anything happen to you. Do you understand?”

“What the fuck is happening right now? Who are you?” asked Brandon, completely confused and angered by Colt and Robbie’s actions, and the fact that they were ignoring him.

Robbie looked back over to Brandon in a panic, but Colt swung around so he blocked Robbie’s view of the big bully. He began to walk toward the exit while Brandon was still talking.

“Just look at me, sweetie.” He said to Robbie, holding the boy’s gaze. “Don’t take your eyes off of me.”

“Where the fuck do you think you’re going? If you leave, you’re fired, Rob. Do you hear me?”

Colt just kept walking. “Don’t listen, baby boy. He can’t hurt you now. We’re leaving.”

“I’ll upload the video to every video and porn site there is, Rob! You’ll be famous! You want that, you little pants pissers?”

Colt stopped dead with his hand on the door handle. He saw the pain and terror in his little boy’s eyes and he couldn’t take it anymore. He opened the door and set Robbie down in the main shopping area.

“Sweetie,” he said, putting his hand on Robbie’s shoulder. “I want you to stay here and cover your ears, okay? Just wait right here and cover your ears and I’ll be right out.

“Please don’t let him do it,” Rob said, panicked, but Colt just shushed him.

“I won’t, sweetie. I promise. But I need you to be my brave boy and stand outside for just a minute.”

Robbie was still terrified to leave Colt’s side.

“B-but what if he h-h-hurts you?”

Colt gave him a half-smile and ruffled his hair.

“Don’t worry about that pale and flabby loser. He couldn’t hurt me if he tried.”

Reluctantly, Rob allowed himself to be shooed out of the employees area. Colt shut the door, then he turned around and cracked his knuckles. So much for playing nice.

“We need to talk.” He said, holding Brandon’s gaze as he approached the man.

“You’re in an employee only zone,” said Brandon, unconsciously backing away slightly. “That’s trespassing! I’m going to have you and that worthless pants pisser baby escorted off of SuperDuperMarket property!”

“No need. We were just leaving, as soon as you hand over your phone.”

“And why would I do that?” asked Brandon, holding the phone away so the man wouldn’t be able to lunge for it if he got too close.

“Are you aware that you’ve committed multiple offenses that will dig you and the company you work for in a hole so deep, you won’t know up from down?”

“What are you, a lawyer?”

“Actually, I am. And I’ve been putting assholes like you out of business for over a decade. There’s only one way this ends well for you, and that’s to hand over the phone and do what I say.”

“You’re crazy,” said Brandon, beginning to get an uneasy feeling in his stomach. Do you know who I am?”

“I know exactly who you are. Brandon Cobblecotter II, son of the chief marketing director of SuperDuperMarket, Brandon Cobblecotter, and a pain in the ass of everyone in your life. And I’m sorry to say that Daddy is not going to help you *this* time, Junior.”

Colt stared Brandon down, but like a stubborn mule, Brandon just dug his heels in. "Oh really? You can talk to my lawyer!"

Colt raised his eyebrows for a second, then shrugged and brought out his phone. "Don't mind if I do."

Brandon was shocked when Colt actually pulled out his phone to call the lawyer. Nothing seemed to intimidate Colt. Not his Dad’s name, not the mention of a lawyer. Brandon didn’t like that one bit. Unbeknownst to Brandon, Colt had done his research and he knew exactly who he wanted to speak to and what he was going to say.

“Hi, there, Mr. Reed? The name’s Colt Smith of Smith and Klein. Yes, *that* Colt Smith. I’ve got a complaint against one of your SuperDuperMart managers as well as

the company for allowing him to abuse employees. I think you can guess which one. Yes, Junior. In fact, I've just caught Brandon abusing one of my clients, and I have recorded proof. That's right. Would you like to speak to him? Here. Let me put you on speaker."

"What have you done this time, Brandon?" asked the lawyer.

Brandon turned white as he heard the man's voice and realized that Colt's threats might be very real.

"What did you do, Brandon?"

"N-nothin'. I didn't."

Colt cut him off to answer the questions for the lawyer. "He denied an employee bathroom breaks, forced him to piss himself, filmed it, blackmailed him with the recording and forced him to keep working without any break or chance to change out of his clothes. Then, when that employee returned to work today, he decided to add assault and battery to the list of offenses. And that's just one employee. I've talked to others. I hate to punish SuperDuperMarket for one manager's actions, but unless this can be redressed, I'm afraid this could end up in court. I should also mention that I have a *personal* interest in this case and the wellbeing of the employee in question."

"Colt - do you mind if I call you Colt? Can we talk for a moment? Professional to professional? Let's turn off the speaker phone for a second..."

"Hey now wait a minute," said Brandon, but the lawyer cut him off.

"Shut up, Junior. Do you know who you pissed off?"

"Well, I-"

"No, you haven't got a clue. Your father and I have had enough of your antics and he's already told me to do what I need to if something like this happens so you just be quiet and let the adults talk things out."

Brandon crossed his arms and sat in his seat, sulking. He was pissed that he was always treated like a liability by his father and corporate, but he was also scared. He always picked on those weaker than him, and this time he felt like he might have bitten off more than he could chew.

Colt and the lawyer talked for a good ten minutes about what Brandon did, and what could be done to redress his client's grievances. The two of them negotiated a

decent sized settlement for Robbie in exchange for dropping the claim against the company. As for Brandon himself, he would be terminated immediately.

“Of course we’d need your client to sign an NDA.”

“That’s going to be a problem, Harry, unless we can make sure this doesn’t happen again - to *anyone* that Brandon has harassed or might harass in the future. If you want my client’s silence, there’s going to be one important stipulation.”

“I’m listening...”

“Brandon must agree to sign up for a rehabilitation program. If he does not, I’m afraid we’ll have to take this to court. You might want to call Daddy in on this one...”

“Hold on, let me call him on another line and bring him over.”

It wasn’t even a minute before the lawyer and the CMD were both in a teleconference with Colt, much to Brandon’s surprise and annoyance.

“So what’s my wayward son gotten himself into this time?” came the weary voice of a father at the end of his rope.

Colt repeated his summary of events and mentioned he was willing to put this all behind an NDA and indemnity agreement with the agreed upon compensation... if Brandon was willing to sign up for an “anger management and rehabilitation” program of his choosing.

“What do you think of all this, Harry?”

“Obviously, I can’t give my professional opinion without reviewing the documents... but off the record, Mr. Cobblecotter? Take the damn deal.”

“Put me on speaker phone,” said Mr. Cobblecotter. “I’ve got a few words for Junior.”

“I ain’t going to no rehab, dude,” said Brandon, the moment he heard the terms of the deal. “This is a bunch of bullshit.”

“Son, sign the damn contract.”

“But Dad, I-”

“This was your last chance and you blew it. If they press charges you’re on your own. Either you sign or you will spend the night in jail for assault and battery, and Daddy

won't be bailing you out this time. But even if I did, do you really want to be led out of Superdupermarket in cuffs? / sure don't want to see that on the local news."

Brandon's cheeks burned red but he realized he didn't have a choice. "Fine. I'll sign it."

"Good," said Mr. Reed, stepping in before things got more heated. "Well, that's settled then. We'll meet tomorrow to get those documents and terms squared away, Colt. You said you have the contract already made up for the rehab program?"

"I *wrote* the contracts for the program, actually, and I can tell you it's *very* effective. Junior won't be getting into any more trouble once they're through with him. In fact, I'm putting in the request as I speak. They should show up in the next 24 hours. All he needs to do is give his verbal consent and we all just witnessed that. They'll take care of the rest."

"Do you need his address?" asked Mr. Cobblecotter.

"No, they'll find him," said Colt, looking the delinquent manager right in the eye.

Brandon squirmed. He didn't like that the other men were talking above him, and he especially didn't like the sound of the 'program' he was going to be a part of.

"Hopefully my son will finally learn a lesson about being a man instead of the immature lout he is right now," said Mr. Cobblecotter.

Colt smiled, knowing that that would *never* happen with the program he had in mind.

"Oh, and he has to hand over his phone too. I don't want him spreading that video around and hurting my client further. In fact, he should really be kept off of the internet entirely until he's finished with the program."

"What? That's ridiculous!" said Brandon. "No way I'm going to give up my phone *or* the internet."

"Brandon, hand over the phone and go home," said Brandon Sr. "You're grounded and you're off the job, effective immediately."

Brandon groaned and reluctantly handed over his phone, which Colt promptly made him disable the lock for. Colt thanked the men for their time and arranged for the next meeting between himself and Mr. Reed. After he hung up, he cast a disdainful glance at Brandon.

"Just remember," said Colt, "you're lucky you're not going to jail right now."

"Yeah, yeah," said Brandon as he began gathering his things to go.

"I wouldn't bother packing your stuff, Junior," said Colt. "You won't need it much longer."

Brandon rolled his eyes but his heart quickened. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"You'll find out soon enough, pants pisser," said Colt, grabbing Robbie's work bag and turning heel.

"What the fuck do you- Hey! What the fuck?!" Brandon felt his pants grow warm as a wet spot appeared, followed by the splashing sound of urine hitting the floor.

"Keep the pacifier, asshole. You'll need it," Colt called out as he continued walking away.

He smiled as he walked off, relishing the sound of the panicked man trying to stop the flow of urine in his pants. The little talk he'd had over the phone with Brandon the day before had given Colt the perfect opportunity to set up a hypnotic trigger, a trick he had learned from his fraternity days. He was perversely happy that he'd had the chance to use it on someone like Brandon. "Just wait til you start your training, Junior," said Colt under his breath. This would hardly be the last wet pair of pants for Brandon.

Colt stepped outside, leaving Brandon to figure out his mess, and turned his attention to Robbie. The moment he saw Robbie standing there like a scared child, he picked Robbie up in his arms, holding his precious boy close.

Rob blushed as he was held like a little boy in the middle of the store. It was one thing to do it at home, quite another to do it in public. However, he wasn't about to let go of his protector. Besides, he was far more worried about the menace behind the door.

"W-what happened?" he asked Colt, thinking over all the terrible possibilities he'd been imagining as he waited.

"Don't worry, little dude. I took care of it."

Colt flashed him Brandon's phone and Robbie's eyes went wide. He'd done it. He'd *actually* done it. Robbie was still shaken from the encounter, and Colt carried him through the store, telling him to hold on tight. Colt grabbed Robbie's thumb and gently guided it into the little boy's mouth.

“Shhh, shhh, shhh, it’s okay sweetie. Don’t worry. You won’t have to come back here ever again.”

Robbie squeezed his eyes shut and laid his head on Colt's chest, tears coming out from between his eyelashes as he sobbed. He didn't care how he looked right then. He just needed Colt to hold him tight til he felt safe.

Colt knew now that he was wrong about letting Robbie continue his big boy life. Robbie needed to be little as much as Colt needed to baby him.

"But what about my job?" asked Robbie.

“That was the last straw, Robbie. I don't want you out on your own anymore, so from now on, no more being a big boy and no more big boy job. You're going to stay at home with me from now on, okay, sweetheart?”

Robbie nodded, burying his face in Colt's chest. Once again, he was making a mess of Colt's shirt with his tears and dripping nose, but Colt didn't mind. In fact, it made him feel good to be the one that Robbie clung to in his most desperate moments.

On the way out they came across Chloe who saw the state of Robbie and feared the worst.

"Look at that precious boy! What did the asshole do this time? Please tell me you clocked him good."

"Didn't have to. I got him fired."

"Hell yes," she said, but then stopped, remembering that there was a boy in distress in front of her. "Is... is he gonna be alright?"

"I think so. He just needs some time to recuperate. He's no longer going to work here. I've decided I'm keeping him home with me."

"O-okay," she said, processing that information. "W-well I hope you visit some time, Robbie," she said to the man who was still sucking his thumb and being held like a little boy. Robbie managed to give a weak nod before collapsing back on Colt's chest, exhausted from the emotional upheaval of the last half hour.

“Let’s go home, kiddo.”

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Colt carried Robbie out of Superdupermart and through the parking lot to his car. He sat Robbie in the back seat, buckling him in safe and secure. He took the teddy out of the bag and handed it to the boy, kissing him on the head.

"You gonna be okay for the car ride home, sweetie?" asked Colt.

Robbie just nodded, looking down at his lap and squeezing the bear as tears clouded his vision. Colt was absolutely torn up inside seeing those tears fall from his little boy's eyes. He gave his boy one more kiss and said, "I'll be just a minute, buddy. Hold Mr. Cuddles tight til then."

As soon as the door was shut, he put in his earpiece and dialed out.

"Hi Beth, it's Colt. Yes, good to hear your voice. Listen, is Dr. S in? He is? Oh thank you, patch me through. We'll have to catch up later." A few seconds later, he was greeted by the familiar voice of his former professor and employer. "Hi, Doctor. It's me. Yes, it's been a while. I'm calling because I have a favor to ask of you. You have a new patient coming in. His name is Brandon Cobblecotter. I wanted to let you know I have a special interest in this one, so can you make sure he gets special treatment?"

"Now this is getting interesting," said the man on the other end. "What's the story?"

"Right now, I have a sweet little boy in the back of my car crying his eyes out because of that man. I don't want him to ever be able to do that to another person again. He threatened to expose my boy online, and I'd like him to know how it feels to be bullied and exposed. And one more thing. Can you make sure his lessons are... permanently learned?"

"Anything for you, Colt. I'll see to it personally. You have my word."

Colt sighed. "Thank you."

"No problem. Would you like me to send you updates on his progress?"

"I would. And I'm not the only one. I think it will be good for his former employees to see what happened to that man. Maybe he can be an example for other assholes who think they can just push their employees around."

"You're really fired up, aren't you Colt? I like the enthusiasm! Don't worry, it's not a problem. We've had our share of bullies in the program, as I'm sure you remember, and Dr. H. takes particular pleasure in bringing them down to earth. We're going to have fun with this one."

“Thank you,” said Colt. “I can't wait to see it. Now I think it's time I took my baby boy home.”

Colt got back in the driver's seat and drove straight home, checking the rearview from moment to moment to make sure Robbie was alright.

When they got home, he carried Robbie straight up to the bathroom. Robbie allowed Colt to undress him without complaint as he was told to lift his arms and step out of his shorts. Colt tossed those clothes into the diaper pail, garnering a shocked expression from Robbie.

“You won't need those anymore, sweetie.”

“I-is it really okay?” asked Robbie.

“Little *dude*,” said Colt, bringing the now seminude boy into a big hug. “Of course it is! This is exactly how you are meant to be. Little boys shouldn't have to work. They should just stay little at home with *me*.”

It was meant to get a laugh, but Robbie just nodded, letting out a deep breath. It was as if a huge weight had been lifted from his chest. He felt like he could just collapse into the tub after such a trying emotional day, but Colt had other plans.

“Okay, sweetie,” Colt said, turning on the faucet to let the water warm up. “Let's put you on the potty before bath time.”

“But Colt. I don't have to go potties!”

“Remember what we talked about this morning, buddy? It's been days since you went number twos. Try to go now, okay?”

Robbie looked down and nodded. He let Colt pull down his soaked pull-up and sit him on the potty. He strained to go while Colt kept monitoring the water temperature. A few minutes passed but nothing came out. All that happened was the water made him tinkle some more pee-pee into the potty.

“Time's up,” said Colt, finally, turning off the water and wiping his hand dry on a towel. He put his hands under Robbie's

“What are you gonna do?” asked Robbie, mystified as Colt pulled down a hose with a nozzle on the end.

“I'm gonna help you go potty,” said Colt, patting his lap.

"You *what?!'*" asked Robbie, hardly believing his eyes.

"I told you this morning if you didn't go number two I'd have to help you go. It's been too many days since you did it. Now get on my lap, Robbie. Don't make me ask twice."

Robbie whimpered but did as he was told. He could see from Colt's look that this was going to happen whether he liked it or not. His heart was thundering in his chest as he laid down on the man's lap.

"That's better, now just relax," said Colt, as he lubed up the flexible hose and pressed it against Robbie's pucker.

That was easy for Colt to say! He wasn't the one on his tummy with a big hose pressed to his butt. Robbie whimpered as he felt it pressing against his back door. He'd never had anything back there before. Colt placed a steady hand on Robbie's back to hold him in case he tried to get up.

"Don't worry, little dude, this won't hurt. I promise."

As Colt pressed on, the pressure increased until suddenly the flexible hose popped in, causing Robbie to yelp.

"Ah! It feels weird!"

"It's okay, little guy. You'll get used to it. I promise it won't hurt. Now here comes the water. I want you to just breathe in and let your tummy expand. Don't push or bear down. Can you do that for me?"

"I-I think so," said Robbie, worried that he might slip up and disappoint Colt.

"That's my good boy. All you have to do is relax. I'll do the rest."

Colt diverted a bit of water to the hose, enough to flow into his boy gently. At first, Robbie could hardly feel it, but then he started to feel a cramp in his tummy. When that happened, Colt reached down and massaged the boy's belly with circular motions and the cramps subsided. This happened about three or four times before Colt finally shut the water off.

"Now what?" asked Robbie.

"Now, we wait," said Colt, looking at his watch.

After a few minutes, Robbie began to squirm, but Colt held him fast.

"Hold it.... Hold it..."

Robbie scrunched up his face and clenched his butt cheeks to hold everything in. Luckily, he never had trouble in that department. Somehow he managed to hold it until Colt raised him up and put him onto the potty.

"Okay, little guy. Let it all out."

Robbie immediately relaxed and a sploosh of water could be heard below. He blushed bright crimson at the rude noises coming from his butt, and the fact that Colt was right there watching him.

"Don't be embarrassed, Robbie. It's my responsibility to make sure you're happy and healthy, so I gotta see everything. Remember how I said no more hiding?"

"Y-yeah, but... unh..." A brief cramp and another sploosh interrupted Robbie's thought. "H-how long do I have to stay on here?"

"About 30 minutes or so, buddy," said Colt.

"R-really?" asked Robbie, shocked. It seemed like so long to him.

"I know, tell ya what. Why don't we play a game while we wait?"

"How am I gonna play a game on the potty?"

"Easy! I'll look at something in the bathroom and you have to guess what it is. Then it's my turn."

"Can I ask questions?"

"Yes. But I don't have to answer all of them."

Robbie thought the game sounded rather silly but he had nothing better to do at the moment, so he played along.

"Okay, I see something that begins with a "C"..."

"Is it yellow?"

"No."

"Is it used for bathing?"

"No."

"Does it make noise?"

"Lots."

"Um.... I don't know...A rubber duckie?"

"Nope! Give up? It's a cute little boy!" said Colt tickling Robbie, causing him to squirm and giggle.

"No fair, Colt! That was too hard!"

Colt chuckled. That wasn't the only thing that was hard at that moment. Luckily, Colt had learned from yesterday's experience and remained clothed this time. Nothing turned him on more than taking Robbie down another step past his comfort zone into infancy, and allowing Colt to see him do his business was a big step. Rob's embarrassing potty time would be fuel for many a masturbation session in the future, of that Colt was sure.

After that, Robbie seemed to get into the game wholeheartedly and before he knew it, time was up.

"Aww, do we have to?"

Colt just chuckled, happy to see his boy enjoying himself after a hard day.

"Come on off of there, kiddo. It's time to get you in the tub!"

Colt helped Robbie into the warm water and Robbie relaxed as Colt bathed him once more. He was feeling less shy about Colt touching him, even down *there*. After two bathings, several trips to the potty, and a few very exciting changes, there wasn't much Colt had not seen anyway. He was, however, surprised when Colt brought out a shaving kit.

"What's *that* for?" asked Robbie.

"Well, you did wet your pull-ups today, which tells me you should probably have a little more protection for daytime accidents. Don't worry," he added, seeing Robbie begin to get agitated. "Your pull-ups held up this time so I won't insist you wear diapers during the day. But boys who walk around in wet diapers and pull-ups need to stay smooth down there so their skin doesn't get all ouchie and smelly from bacteria."

Robbie knitted his brows. "I never heard that before."

"Well, that's because most little boys don't have hair down there. But since you're a *big* little boy, we gotta shave off that big boy hair." Colt saw that Robbie wasn't convinced. "Look, I promise it won't hurt, and it'll help you be little. I think you'll like it."

"Really?" asked Robbie, still skeptical.

"Well, if you don't, it'll grow right back. Let's give it a try. I'm not taking no for an answer, little one."

Robbie didn't have the energy for a fight after his brief but stressful day at work, so he just laid back as Colt instructed and let him take care of the rest.

"Is it gonna cut me?" asked Rob, fearful as Colt picked up the safety razor.

"Not a chance, kiddo," said Colt, setting it down and looking Rob in the eyes. "I put super good shave gel on you to protect your skin," he said, poking Robbie's belly button and making him giggle, "and these razors are made for extra sensitive parts like these little parts down here!" He tickled Robbie's boy bits, causing him to squirm and giggle even more.

"Now, enough of that. Just lay back and close your eyes and I'll take care of the rest."

Robbie did as he was told, and Colt took a second to admire the adorable little guy before he got to work taking off all his big boy hair. Robbie was adorably handsome but even cuter as a baby, and Colt was excited to strip those final vestiges of manhood away, like a craftsman polishing a fine piece of finished wood. With every swipe of the razor, another swathe of sparse curly hairs came right off of Robbie, leaving his little balls and peanut smooth as a baby. He worked quickly, rinsing off the razor every so often before working on the next area. To Rob, it felt like Colt was simply scraping away the shaving gel. He was still wondering when Colt would start with the actual shaving when Colt announced he was done with that part and told Robbie to open his eyes and see for himself.

"Wow, I didn't even feel it," Robbie said, hardly able to believe how smooth he was down there.

"I told you it wouldn't hurt!" said Colt, smiling triumphantly. "Ah ah ah, don't get up. We're not done yet, little guy."

Robbie was confused when Colt rubbed more cream on his armpits and the little bits of fluff appearing on his chest.

"Is this really necessary?" asked Robbie, as Colt lifted his arms and shaved underneath. He felt strangely emasculated by the loss of the little hair that had developed on the rest of his body and wasn't sure how to feel about that.

"How many little boys do you know with big boy hairs on their chest and armpits?" Asked Colt, as he continued his work on the other armpit.

"None..." said Robbie, quietly.

"And what did we agree you were going to be from now on?"

"A little boy," Robbie said, so quietly it was almost a whisper.

"Exactamundo, Robbie," said Colt, finishing up with the handful of hairs on Robbie's chest. "Now get on your hands and knees. I have one last important area to shave." This was Colt's last stop since the hair on the rest of Robbie's body was too fine to even bother with.

Once Robbie was in position, Colt began to spread gel on Robbie's pink little pucker, which caused Robbie to gasp and blush as he was still not used to anyone touching him back there.

"No squirming, little guy," said Colt. "I gotta make sure you're smooth back there too, cause if you have an accident, your little tushy gets wet as well!"

As embarrassing as it was, being shaved back there wasn't so bad. Just a few more swipes behind and Robbie's butt was good to go. But then, Colt decided a closer inspection was needed to make sure he got everything. He ran his thumb around Robbie's hole, causing the boy to let out a little sound between a whimper and a moan. Robbie's heart raced. He was getting used to Colt touching his boy bits but this was a whole new area for him.

Colt smiled, imagining that juicy pucker opening wide as he gave Robbie one of his special "horsie rides," but that would come later, and only when Robbie was ready.

"Mmm, yup. Nice and smooth," he said, Finally, patting the boy's butt. Colt left it at that. He was still getting Robbie comfortable with little space and giving up control. He didn't want to muddy the waters by showing the boy his own excitement quite yet, even if he would have to walk funny for a while until the throbbing boner snaking down his pants went down.

Colt rinsed Robbie off and brought him to the mirror. "What do you see in the mirror, little guy? A man, or an adorable little boy?"

"A I-little boy," said Rob, sticking his thumb in his mouth with a shy smile as he stared at himself.

"That's right, little guy. You're just a little boy! And you get to stay this way all the time now because that's what makes you happy."

Robbie couldn't believe how different he looked without any body hair. Seeing his pubic hair gone made Robbie blush hardest of all, and for some strange reason it made his pecker stand at attention too.

"See? I told you you'd like it! Your little pee-pee seems to like it too! And it sure does look cute that way!"

Rob just blushed harder, covering his face with his hands, but Colt took one of them and led him off saying, "No time for that now! We've gotta get you padded before we have an accident!"

"Aww, c'mon, Colt, I'm not *that* bad."

"Tell that to the potty chart, Mr. Guess who's getting another wet day on there? Keep this up and you're going back into pampers full time!"

Robbie squirmed at that. As much of a protest as he put up, though, he didn't think that was such a bad idea. Colt saw the gears turning in Robbie's head and thought maybe, just maybe, it was time to let the other penny drop with the secret room. He just wasn't sure if Robbie was ready. Luckily, he had a little test to find out. Colt put Robbie's waterproof blankie on his bed and plopped Robbie down on top of it.

"Wait right here, little buddy. I'll be right back!"

Robbie wasn't going anywhere. He was too busy exploring his hairless body. His skin felt so sensitive where the hair had been. And he was fascinated by the way his balls and pee-pee looked bald. Colt was gone mere moments, but in that time, Robbie had managed to work himself up to a full erection, and seemed surprised and embarrassed when Colt returned.

"Aww! Somebody's excited for their padding!"

"Am not!" said Robbie, covering himself up and blushing scarlet.

"Okay, okay, I'm just teasing you little guy," said Colt, petting Robbie's head. Then he brought out his other hand from behind his back and showed Robbie what he had brought.

"Okay, little guy, moment of truth. I already told you no more big boy. Now the question is, are you a little boy, or an itty-bitty baby boy?"

Colt held up a diaper and a pull-up. Robbie looked between the two of them.

"You can still try to wear pull-ups during the day if you want," said Colt. "But if you have too many leaks, you're going back into diapers full-time."

Robbie started to protest, but Colt interrupted him. "Or- Hey, I'm not finished yet. *Or*, you can go back into diapers right now, and we take down the potty chart. But if we do that, it means you're going baby all the way, ok? That means no more big boy food, no more big boy shows, and no more big boy clothes."

Robbie nodded his understanding, mirroring the serious tone of his roommate. Colt smiled, proud of himself. Once again, Robbie had been given two choices toward the same end. While Robbie was distracted by the choice of what underwear to wear, Colt had just established that going back into diapers during the day meant full on baby treatment. Robbie didn't even think to question it, and as a result, Robbie had just sealed his fate without even realizing it. Regardless of Robbie's choice, Colt would make sure the boy had enough accidents to merit diapers during the day, which meant sooner or later, Robbie was going to take a one-way trip to toddler town.

"Well, buddy? What'll it be?"

Was Robbie finally ready to stop running and embrace his babyish tendencies? Would Robbie even admit to himself that he *wanted* to be Colt's baby? How much longer could Colt keep his aching dick in check if Robbie said no? All these questions were buzzing in Colt's mind as he watched Robbie open his mouth to give his answer.

"I want... *that* one."

## Room for Rent

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

### Chapter 8: Time to Be Little

Robbie's finger pointed squarely toward the diaper. Colt was surprised. He hadn't expected Robbie to acquiesce to full-time diapers so soon.

"Are you sure, little Robbie?" asked Colt with a smile. He could already feel his malehood growing in anticipation and pressed his body close to the bed so Robbie wouldn't be distracted by the monster snaking down his pants-leg.

"U-um... I mean... I can go back to pull-ups if I don't like it, right," he asked, his heart beating like a hummingbird's. Robbie's cock was rock hard as his finger pointed to the diaper. Maybe it was his horniness talking, but the chance to be babied so completely by his roommate was too good to pass up. It was what he'd secretly fantasized about since the day he moved in. Since he saw that magazine on the coffee table... the one with the man on the changing table, happily getting changed into a big thick *diaper*. And here Colt was, offering his fantasy up on a silver platter.

"Let's just see how you like it first. Let's give it, say... a week?"

"A w-w-week?" asked Robbie, trembling.

"I'm sorry if that sounded like a question. Yes, a week. And we're going to be making some more updates to the lease." Colt said this with an air of authority that did not help Robbie's erection abate.

Colt picked the naked boy up by his armpits before he could change his mind and regarded him at arm's length. Robbie had a full-body blush going, both from what Colt was implying and from his hard-on which was sticking straight out into the air.

"Aww, was somebody excited to admit what he really wants? Such a good boy for admitting what we both already knew." Colt .

Robbie blushed and looked away.

"Let's go, little dude," said Colt, cradling his roommate on one arm. He grabbed the thick diaper, set it on top of Robbie's tum tum before walking the boy out to the hall. Robbie got very squirmy with the diaper sitting on his tummy like that, knowing full well it was about to go on his butt. When he looked up and saw where they were going, his eyes widened. He'd never been in the *locked* room yet and was suddenly very curious.

"W-what's in there?" he asked,

"Your new bedroom, Robbie," said Colt, grinning down at the boy.

The door was already ajar. Colt nudged it open with his foot and brought the boy inside. Robbie's breath caught in his throat as he was brought into a full-blown nursery featuring a big blue crib with a plastic-lined mattress and a mobile hanging above, a huge toy chest next to a big happy rocking horse, and most exciting of all, a big padded changing table with a baby character pattern and stacks and stacks of *diapers* lining its shelves. Robbie was immediately hit by the smell of diapers and baby powder, bringing memories and feelings from childhood flooding back. A nervous feeling ran through his body and his cock was so hard he could feel his heartbeat through it.

"I-I-I-Is Is this... I-I-Is this all f-f-f-for.... Hhhh....me?" he squeaked.

"Yes, little one," said Colt, barely able to contain himself. "All for you."

"...W-why? H-how did you know...?"

"Because I know my adorable little roomie loves and needs to be little. His cute little pee-pee tells me so when it knows it's going into a cozy comfy diaper, and so does his adorable blushy face when he gets to do all the things he really wants whether it's watching cartoons, hugging Mr. Cuddles, or having squirmy sticky accidents because he thought about his diapers."

Colt planted a kiss on Robbie's head and the combination of horny and lovey feelings just about broke his brain. As Colt carried Robbie through the nursery, his eyes fixated on the big changing table. Knowing that in mere moments he was going to be laying there on his back, he felt a lurch in his stomach. This was so hot, yet so outlandish. He felt like he was doing something wrong... like he was on display in some circus. Everybody step right up and look at the world's biggest baby! Robbie began to wriggle in Colt's arms.

"N-no... This is wrong... I c-can't... I- I- It's too m-m-much..."

"Shhh, shhh, It's okay, Robbie," said Colt, draping Robbie over his shoulder and rubbing his back so he couldn't look ahead. "There we go. Just breathe. You're gonna make yourself sick if you don't calm down." Colt bounced him a bit and shushed him. "Shh, shh shhh.... It's okay... you're okay. This is happening. I will not have you hiding your true self any more, kiddo. Not from me. But you can trust me when I tell you you're completely safe. It's just you and me here, okay, little guy?"

Robbie whimpered and nodded, squeezing his eyes shut as Colt laid him down on his back. Mr. Cuddles was waiting there for him and Colt handed the bear to Robbie, who took him up immediately and held him close. Robbie could feel the cool padded plastic of the changing table on his back, squeaking with every little movement he made, which only made the butterflies in his tummy multiply. He was on a baby table... being diapered like a baby... he was going to be a *big baby* for Colt.

"Just snuggle your bear, lil buddy. I'll do the rest."

Robbie held the bear tight and looked around as Colt rubbed his tum-tum, careful to avoid his stiff pee-pee. The room was painted baby-blue with classic cartoon characters in baby form bordering the walls. Directly past him his eyes fell on a diaper stacker by the crib filled with yet more diapers, and an extra large diaper pail beside that. Then he looked straight ahead and saw a massive mirror mounted on the ceiling. He could see his entire naked self on the changing table. His hairless little tushie surrounded by the smiling dinos decorating the plastic. His bear in his arms. His thumb in his mouth. He hadn't even realized he'd started sucking his thumb! Robbie couldn't look away from the baby he saw in front of him. Was that really him?

His attention snapped back to Colt as his roomie fluffed out the diaper with a loud crinkle. Colt made a show of fluffing up the diaper and lowering it to the table, giving Robbie plenty of time to see what was about to go on his butt. Judging by Robbie's wide-eyed stare, it was working. Colt cooed and smiled at the boy gently, but just beneath his pants, his raging erection was fighting to break free. The table was coincidentally level with Colt's bulge and it was only the diaper in his hands that obscured his tenting pants from Robbie.

"Hey, little dude," said Colt, fighting to keep his voice calm. Robbie stopped looking at the diaper and focused on Colt. "There you are! Hi there buddy! Eyes up here. Let me see those cute little peepers!"

Robbie blushed and smiled and covered his face as Colt lowered the diaper toward him. Colt could see he was in a hyper-reactive state from being overstimulated. Almost the complete opposite of where he had the boy last night when he was laying in Colt's arms. However, that wasn't necessarily a bad thing. In fact, it might be the perfect time to snap Robbie into a different state of mind that would help his transition. But in order to do what he wanted to do, he'd have to stimulate Rob even more.

He raised Robbie by his legs and set his cute little bum down on the diaper with a crinkle. Robbie gasped and froze up, and Colt stepped back for a moment to pull out his

phone and snap a picture of the naked boy on the open diaper. It was too adorable to pass up.

"W-what...are you..."

"Shh, just a little something to remember this special moment."

"But I don't-"

"Babies don't complain about pictures. Just trust me, sweetie." he said, tweaking Robbie's little winky and making him squirm. "I would never do anything to hurt you. Now hold on just a second, champ," Colt said, pulling up an app on his phone and leaving Robbie to watch himself lying there on the open diaper. After a few moments, he cued up the playlist he wanted and happy sing-along music started to play from hidden speakers in the nursery. "Do you know that song, Robbie?"

Robbie thought for a second but before he could answer, Colt pressed another button and stars and rocket ships were projected across the walls, circling around them. "Look at the rocket ships!"

Robbie followed the spinning stars with his eyes, mesmerized. Colt began to rub lotion into Robbie's diaper area, causing Robbie to glance downward but Colt chided him as his hands went over every inch of Robbie's diaper area. "Ah ah ah, little buddy! You keep looking at those rocketships. And try to sing along to the music. Try not to look at the little baby in the mirror. And don't forget to snuggle Mr. Cuddles! He wants to know you love him! Show him, Robbie, give him a nice big snuggle!"

Robbie went from trying to follow the rocket ships to attempting to follow the sing-along words, to staring at himself in the mirror and snuggling his teddy with all his might, Colt's continuing stream of words flooding his mind with more and more information. Robbie was sporting an unmistakable stiffy and he was beginning to squirm with all the stimulation as Colt spent a little longer than he needed to on his pee-pee zone.

"Keep looking at those pretty lights, little guy! I'm watching you. And snuggle that teddy!" He tickled Rob's foot causing him to curl up and giggle involuntarily, "Calm down there, little guy, or we'll never get through with this change. And I see how *excited* you are to get into your adorable little diapees!"

Robbie was now embarrassed on top of everything else and hid his blushing face in his teddy.

"Aww," said Colt, "So cute how much the little boy likes diaper time!"

"Colllllt!" whined Robbie, squirming even more. "Blushyyyyyy!"

"Awww! Little guy is getting fussy," said Colt. Does he need his paci? Robbie just moaned and bit his lip in response. He could think of one paci he wanted to suck and it wasn't made of rubber. The boy was clutching onto his teddy for dear life and looked cute as a button on the table. Colt guided the boy's thumb into his mouth to quiet the boy, talking baby talk to him the whole time.

"Shh, no more big boy words. You're just a cute little *baby*! Yes you are! You keep that in there or there will be consequences little man," said Colt, letting a little bit of authority creep into his voice.

This only excited Robbie further as he imagined Colt taking charge and delivering another spanking. He screwed his eyes shut and nodded as he sucked obediently. Then came the baby powder, which hit his nose like a haymaker, intensifying the babyish feelings he had felt when they first entered. Colt rubbed baby powder on Rob's hairless body, running his big hands over the cute boy's tummy and sides and arms and legs and little feet, scenting him with its sweet smell and leaving his skin even more sensitive. Then he squirted some pink 'magic diapee gel' into the front of Robbie's diaper, spreading it around before pulling it up snugly. The entire time he continued his stream of baby talk and instructions, working the boy toward a critical mass of clashing sensations.

Rob gasped at the sensation of the diaper against his baby-smooth diaper area. It was like he could feel all the air and every fiber that touched him. He was a hair's breadth away from busting as his caretaker taped up the tapes. Robbie's little erection was now trapped, and he wanted so badly to cum but as he reached down to touch it, Colt began to give him light tickles all over his little body. The powder had made him ticklish everywhere, and Robbie found he couldn't stop squirming and giggling no matter how sexually frustrated he was.

"Ah, ah, ah! That's my job, little guy. Good little boys don't play with their pee-pees or they get tickles from Daddy!"

Robbie's eyes shot open as Colt used the 'D' word, but Colt attacked his tummy with his mouth gobbling it up before he could fully process what he had just heard, and making the boy giggle and squeal as he kept gobbling, tickling, rubbing his diapers, and coming back up to give Robbie kissies on the face and nose and remind him to focus on all the things he was supposed to be paying attention to.

Robbie was worked up into a state of utter horniness and confusion when Colt finally ended it by planting a kiss on Robbie's mouth and pressing his diaper front firmly. Robbie was overwhelmed with his intense feelings of shock, lust, and love In quick succession before the orgasm tore through his body.

"SLEEP!!!" Colt barked out, and suddenly Robbie went limp. Colt continued in a soft and gentle voice as he softly lowered Robbie's head back to the changing mat. "That's it baby boy, nice and relaxed. Nice and relaxed. You're so safe here with me. Safe to relax and go into trance. Safe to relax and be yourself. Be the cute little baby you want to be. And as you go into that nice deep trance, I want you to give me a little smile to show me that you are listening, that you are feeling happy and safe... just a little smile..."

Robbie smiled as he lay there on the table, bringing his thumb up to suckle on.

"Oh that's a very good boy, Robbie. Very good. You can feel completely comfortable letting your baby side show. Do whatever you want that feels comfortable for you. So easy to let all your cares and worries about what others might think fall right away. Whether that's sucking your thumb, or hugging your teddy, or talking baby talk. You can do whatever it is you need to do and know that, when you're with me, you can just be yourself wherever we are..."

This was something that Colt wanted to be very careful with. His goal was not to ask Robby to 'obey', but more to make it easy to accept the things he wanted to do and embrace them. He wanted Robbie to find it easier to go with his little nature than to go against it. But that didn't mean he couldn't encourage Robbie's need and attachment toward his comfort objects and baby desires, or add a few triggers that told Colt the hypnosis was working.

"...enjoy being little... that's right, you can just relax and enjoy being little whenever I say those words. It's okay. It's a good boy thing to do. And it's very cute, little one..."

Robbie smiled and curled up into himself, cooing and gurgling quietly as he accepted this input. Colt smiled too, knowing that he was on the right track.

"Yes... it feels so good to be called good boy, doesn't it? You're a good boy when you get little and do baby things. And you don't have to wait until you're anxious to put a pacifier or thumb in your mouth... no, you can have those in your mouth any time. You can have those in your mouth all the time if you want... and I want to add one more suggestion, little Robbie... are you ready to hear what it is?"

Robbie nodded, his eyes still closed.

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Robbie slowly came to with Colt holding him close, bouncing him, shushing him, rubbing his back and patting the back of his diaper.

"Shhh shhh shhh... Daddy's got you... Daddy's got you..."

Robbie buried his head in Colt's chest and smiled big, breathing in his scent. It felt so nice, so warm to be in Daddy's arms. So nice to be Daddy's baby. Then, as he slowly came back to full awareness, it struck him. Since when had he called Colt Daddy.

"C-colt... what... what are you... saying Daddy for?"

Colt looked at him directly and raised an eyebrow. "Well, Robbie. Tell me this. Would you *like* to call me Daddy?"

"Yes," said Robbie before he even thought about the answer. His eyes went wide and he covered his mouth, blushing bright red. "I didn't... I didn't mean to..."

But Colt kissed him on the forehead before he could finish that thought. "Aww, look at you. You're such a **good boy** for telling Daddy how you really feel. Such a **good boy** today!"

Robbie was immediately filled with warmth and happiness at hearing those wonderful words and he melted into Colt, burying his head into Colt's chest once more and sucking his thumb as warmth trickled into the front of his diaper.

Colt smiled knowing that the hypnosis had worked. Robbie was already showing several promising signs, and he knew that they were all truly expressions of Robbie's inner needs and desires. He knew it was only the beginning, but he was happy just to be there in that moment with the boy he loved. And that was Colt's truth, he realized, as his breath caught in his chest for just a moment. He *loved* Robbie. And he wanted nothing more than to see his precious boy grow into his littleness and be the happy, carefree, rambunctious little guy that Colt had only glimpsed in snatches here and there over the past few days.

"Okay, kiddo," said Colt, "You don't get to be the *only* one running around in your underwear today. Let me put you down... hey!" Colt chuckled as he tried to set Robbie down on the changing table and the little guy refused to let go. This was too precious, and of course Colt caved immediately. "Okay, haha, okay. Daddy will carry you down to

the living room for cartoon time. *Then* you gotta let me go so I can be in my undies too, okay? ... ..*Okay?*"

Robbie responded with a reluctant, "Mayyyyyybe."

"Maybe? Maybe? I'll show you maybe," said Colt, smiling and tickling the boy in his arms until he giggled and wiggled and let go, plopping down onto the table.

"Heyyyy! No fair!" said Robbie, still laughing, and making no effort to hide the yellow front of his diaper, which had only gotten wetter with the tickling.

"And who makes the rules, little dude?" asked Colt, smirking as he pulled off his shirt to reveal his muscular form.

"You do," Robbie said quietly, blushing after he managed to stop drooling at the hunk in front of him.

"That's right!" said Colt, shucking off his pants and no longer tenting but still with plenty of salami to stare at. Then he caught Robbie's eyes and saw the boy being pulled out of little space and into a much more adult frame of mind. He paused. "Onnn second thought, I think I'll wear my pajama pants tonight..."

"Awww," whined Robbie before covering his mouth again and blushing.

Colt caught it and gave the boy a sly grin. "Now, now, kiddo," he said, ruffling the boy's hair. "You're not thinking *naughty big boy* thoughts are you? *Are you?!*"

"*Nooooo. Nooooo.*" said Robbie as he was tickle-attacked once more and sent into a giggle fit before he had too much time to be embarrassed. He was whooshed away to the bedroom and plopped on the bed while Colt jumped into a pair of scarlet silk pajama pants, then Colt picked him up and carried him down the steps calling "Fe Fi Fo Fum" like he was a giant who had just captured tiny little Robbie.

By the time they got to the bottom of the stairs, Robbie was all out of breath from giggling so much. Colt deposited him on the couch and then told him to wait right there and pick out a show to watch while he brought in a surprise from the garage.

Robbie was curious but wanted to be good so he did as he was told. He picked up the remote and turned on the TV to scroll through the channels. He selected Pawsome Squad without even thinking about it and began to giggle and bounce as the theme song played.

When Colt reappeared he had to smile at Robbie picking such a juvenile show. At least the others could be somewhat entertaining for older kids and maybe even some adults, but this one was completely for babies.

"Having fun there, kiddo? That's a pretty *cool* show you put on there."

"Yeah! It's so cool... I'm..." Robbie peeled his gaze away from the screen, realizing too late that Colt didn't really think the show was cool. He had always avoided picking that show around Colt, knowing that it was really just for babies. Why had he suddenly forgot? He tried to play it cool. "...um, I mean... yeah it's okay, I guess."

Colt wasn't buying his cover-up, however. "Uh huh. None of that now, baby boy. You picked it so you must like it."

"But I- wait, what is *that*?" asked Robbie, his objection already forgotten. He saw Colt had brought in what looked like several pet gates and some foam matting.

"Hmm, I don't know. Where do babies stay when the grownups have to go cook lunch?"

It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what Daddy was building in the living room.

"A *playpen*?!" gasped Robbie, blushing bright red as his favorite characters laughed in the background.

"Yes, it's a playpen, Robbie. And you get to help me build it. Come on."

Robbie couldn't believe he was going to help build his *own* playpen. He was extremely embarrassed about the tent that was starting to show in his diaper, but also totally excited to sit in an oversized playpen. With Colt's Direction, he snapped together foam pieces, and held up plastic gates until before he knew it, the playpen had been built right around him. He tried to climb out but Colt chastised him.

"No, no. Babies do *not* leave their playpen, little dude, and neither should you. Because if you do... Mr. Spankie is going to have a lot of fun talking to Mr. Tushie!"

Colt held up his hand, causing Robbie to blush and unconsciously bring his hands to his hiney. "Ahh... I won't..."

"Good," began Colt, but Robbie interrupted.

"But what if I have to go to the potty?"

"You're wearing your potty."

"Oh," said Robbie, blushing and looking down... "But what if I get hungry?"

"We're about to have lunch pretty soon here, kiddo. Can I get you a bottle of juice for now? Would that make little Robbie happy?"

Robbie nodded and stuck his fingers in his mouth to suck on them.

"No, no, Robbie. You haven't washed your hands. I'll get you another paci in a sec. Just... hold on."

Colt rushed out of the room to tide Robbie over with a bottle and then came back shortly after with a pencil bag.

"Here you go Robbie take-" He stopped and his mouth hung open as he saw the most precious thing he had seen all day. It was Robbie on his back in nothing but his wet diaper, smiling and drinking from his bottle. He quickly took a picture before he was noticed by the blissed-out baby boy, and quietly approached, stepping over the gates and kneeling down next to Robbie.

"Here you go, baby boy," he said gently, holding out the pencil bag. "It's got lots of pacis inside for you."

Robbie opened his eyes slowly and turned his head to look at Colt, smiling. "Thank you," he said, setting down the bottle.

"Oh, it's no big deal. I had them lying around as backups since they're so easy to lose."

"No, I mean thank you... for this... all of it." Robbie looked all around and back to Colt, giving not a little boy's smile but a more affectionate smile full of gratitude. Colt understood that it was the big Robbie thanking him and nodded.

"You're welcome baby boy..."

"Daddy?" asked Robbie, trying out the unfamiliar word in his mouth.

"What is it, lil' bean?"

Robbie glanced down at the bottle in his hand and then looked up at Colt. "...Why are you so cool with me being this way?"

Colt gave a knowing grin. "Don't you know by now?"

Robbie shook his head, his eyes wide and curious, so Colt explained.

"Because you *need* to be little, and I've known many other boys like you who needed the same thing, as you might have guessed from the nursery we have upstairs. That's why I picked you to be my roommate, Robbie. Because I think this is *just* what you needed all along. And I'm so proud of you for finally getting the courage to tell me what you want."

"I still can hardly believe it myself... I didn't even *know* it was what I wanted before I came here."

"Well, there's a lot little guys like you don't know," said Colt with a grin. "That's why you have adults to look after you and teach you."

"Daddyyy," said Robbie, blushing and covering his face.

"Aww, there's the little boy again," said Colt, hugging and tickling Robbie. "That was a very grown up conversation for little boys. Huh? Did somebody sneak in and teach the baby adult words?" he asked, tickling Robbie all over.

Robbie just giggled and shook his head, denying all of it.

"That's much better," said Colt, smiling and letting Robbie back down onto the soft foam floor. "I know you have lots of big boy questions, but today, your big boy brain deserves a rest. So for the rest of the day, I want you to be a **good boy** and just relax and turn off your big boy mind for the day. That's my **good boy**."

Robbie closed his eyes and smiled as the wonderful feelings of being called a good boy washed over him.

"That's better. Now finish your bottle and watch your show," said Colt, giving Robbie a few pats on the crinkly butt.

He left Robbie to enjoy more of his pawsome pals' adventures, noting to himself that he was going to have to stock the living room with diapers so he didn't have to go up and down the stairs all the time. He felt like a kid at Christmas at the thought of changing Robbie right there on the floor of the playpen. He was so distracted by his fantasies that he almost burnt lunch.

"Whew, just saved it," he said, as he pulled a slightly overdone grilled cheese sandwich off the burner and put it onto a plate. Once the table was set with Robbie's high chair right beside it, He was ready to roll. He strolled out into the living room saying, "Okay, Robbie, lunch time!"

Once again, he was met with the adorable sight of Robbie engrossed in the show and sucking his fingers.

"Silly boy. You didn't even open your pacifier bag." Robbie looked up at him and smiled. It was the cutest most innocent smile and one against which Colt was powerless. "Aw what the heck, if it makes ya happy suck on your toes for all I care."

Robbie smiled at the idea and did it, and Colt was floored to see the boy actually fit his toes into his mouth. His mouth hung open and his pajama pants did little to hide the effect *that* little trick had on him. Robbie grinned mischievously. He was slowly starting to realize that Colt wasn't the only one that could press buttons in this house.

With remarkable self-control, Colt excused himself to ice his dick, then came back with a stack of fresh diapers. "We're gonna change you after lunch, little dude," he said.

"Is that what those are for?" asked Robbie, sitting up and looking at his own diaper. "Oh my gosh, why am I so wet?"

"Cause you're tiny," said Colt, chuckling. "And no, these are just in case you need a change when we're down here. It's just more convenient. We'll change you upstairs and put you down for a nap after lunch."

Robbie blushed at the idea of being changed right there in the living room. Even more so at the talk of changing things around for Colt's convenience. It really made him feel little to know that his life was being organized like a little kid's, even though Colt was talking to him and answering his questions like he would with anyone older. He didn't mind that part, and thought that was much better than being treated like he was stupid. Then he had another idea for something he hadn't tried.

Colt practically melted when little Robbie sat up tall and held his arms up in the universal sign for 'uppies'. He was happy to lift the boy up and zoom him over to the high chair, and he felt butterflies in his belly as he did so. He wanted to fly Robbie like a rocketship but he just couldn't resist cuddling the cutie and nuzzling noses instead.

"Okay kiddo. Park your keister right here."

Colt sat Robbie down and snapped in the tray.

"Bib!" he said, like a surgeon requesting his next instrument, as he tied a pawsome squad bib around Robbie's neck. "Cup! Plate!" A matching sippy cup and plastic plate followed. What he didn't include in that list was any utensils.

Robbie was excited to see grilled cheese on the menu, but blushed as Colt quickly moved to cut it into bite size bits for him.

"Do you think you can feed yourself, Robbie?"

"Um... I dunno..." said Robbie, blushing and hoping Colt would take the hint.

"Oh, I see, little dude wants *Daddy* to help, doesn't he? *Doesn't he?*"

He tickled the blushing boy when he tried to deny it, and gave him a kiss on the forehead telling him that that was just fine and that he was happy to help feed his good boy. Robby was grateful. Colt always had a way of making him feel better whenever he was starting to become self-conscious and embarrassed.

"I think you can drink from your sippy cup on your own, though, can't you, small one?"

Robbie nodded and raised the sippy cup up to his mouth to show Colt he could do it. Colt chuckled as Robbie sucked down what he thought would be juice, but he coughed when something much thicker, though equally delicious, came out.

"Whoa there, buddy," said Colt, patting the coughing boy's back. "Maybe I spoke too soon.

"S-sorry, I didn't expect it \*cough\* to be a smoothie. Guess that's why it's not in a bottle, huh?" He looked up at Colt, who had his hands on his hips and was raising one eyebrow. Then Robbie realized his mistake. "Oo-oops... I forgot I wasn't supposed to say sorry," he squeaked.

"We'll take care of *that* later, mister," said Colt, clearly enjoying the prospect of giving out another spanking. "Now drink up. That smoothie has all the fruits and veggies you need."

"Aww, *fruits and veggies!* Yuck!" said Robbie, sticking out his tongue.

"Just for that I'm gonna make sure you have an extra helping for dinner. "We gotta get your bowels moving so you don't hurt your tum tum."

Robbie made a face. "I won't have to... y-you know..."

"Go poopies?" asked Colt, with a knowing grin. "Only if you want to. Most boys don't like to do that. Heck, I wouldn't even change them if they did. But for you I'd make an exception. If that's what you really wanted."

Robbie shifted in the high chair uncomfortably... "No... I don't think I will. At least... not on *purpose*."

"Well, we'll try and help you make it to the potty if you need it then. But I know little boys have accidents sometimes, and that's perfectly okay. You never have to worry about being in trouble for something you did on accident. And don't you *dare* try to hide it from your Daddy little dude, or you're gonna be in biiiig trouble."

"Me? Hide something from my Daddy? Haha, never!" said Rob, looking rather guilty and blushing once more as he chubbed up in his diaper.

If the Daddy comment made him blush, getting fed lunch by his hot Daddy had him absolutely steaming. Robbie's diaper felt two sizes too tight as Colt fed him bite by bite.

"It's so cute how red you turn, buddy," said Colt, who had to stop and shake his head and chuckle.

"I-is that a bad thing?" asked Robbie, starting to feel self-conscious again.

Colt frowned. They had a ways to go to get Robbie's self-consciousness under control. But that was okay. He'd never expected that to happen overnight. It was remarkable that they were where they were already. He set the plate aside.

"Robbie, nothing you do is a bad thing. You're a **good boy**. And I *love* your blushes and all the cute things that you do. Especially when ***it's time to be little***."

Robbie's ears perked up. Those words made him feel very good. Very little. And he found himself smiling and bouncing in his chair as he anticipated more yummy sandwich bites. Robbie had again gone from shy and awkward adult to quintessential energetic little boy.

"Aww, is somebody still hungry?" asked Colt, laughing lightly.

"Yeah! Yeah! More!" said Robbie, looking very happy.

Colt loved to see Robbie's little boy energy come out. Such a different feeling from when he was thinking about having to be big. Colt finished feeding the happy boy and made sure he finished his smoothie, then it was the time all little ones dread.

"Okay, little Robbie. It's nap time!" said Colt, snapping off the tray and grabbing Robbie under the arms to help him down.

"Awww! Do I hafta?" asked Robbie, still wound up from his fun time in the high chair.

"Yes, you hafta. Brush, teeth, and nap. Go on!"

"Well... can I at least help you do the dishes?" asked Robbie, hoping that would buy him some time and Maybe Colt would forget.

"What a helpful little boy you are. Well, I suppose you can wash your dishes while I eat up *my* lunch," said Colt, eyeing the chicken breast he'd prepared for himself still waiting on the table.

"Alright!" said Robbie, rushing to do that."

"But no running!" called Colt, shaking his head and trying to keep a straight face as the silly boy took off toward the sink. "I'm gonna make you crawl, you know. That oughtta take care of your running."

Robbie slowed down considerably as he made it over to the sink, washing the plates all on his own and putting them in the dishwasher. He felt proud about that, like it was some big accomplishment, even though it was something he'd always done on his own before coming to live with Colt.

"Good job, Robbie!" said Colt, who had been watching the whole thing as he ate. "What a **good boy!** Now go on upstairs, kiddo. Brush your teeth and wait for me in the Nursery. Wash your hands too. *And don't run.*"

Robbie nodded. It sounded like a lot of big boy responsibilities, but he was sure he could do it. He marched upstairs and got ready, excited to go back into that special room. Colt was excited too, and adjusted himself in his pajamas before finishing his meal.

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When he walked into the Nursery, Colt saw Robbie was sitting on the carpet rolling a toy truck over the city streets printed on it.

"Someone's gotten into the toys, I see," said Colt. "Well, I did tell you to wait for me. I never said anything about not playing. But it's nap time now, buddy. Put away your toy so we can get you changed and in your crib."

Robbie thought that sounded like a great idea. He'd never been in a crib before, and no question he was excited for another change from his hot Daddy.

Colt couldn't stop smiling as he watched the energetic boy put the toy away and hurry back to him with boundless enthusiasm. He couldn't imagine ever being cruel to such a sweet little boy and he was glad that the morning's tears were all forgotten.

He made quick work of Robbie's diaper, managing to get Robbie into a new one and set him in his crib without making him spurt. Robbie didn't look particularly sleepy, though, so Colt grinned to himself and decided to let Robbie in on a little secret.

"I know *something* that helps big little boys with too much energy get to sleep."

"What's that?" asked Robbie, curious as ever.

"This!" said Colt, bringing out a massage wand from between the crib and the edge of the plastic covered mattress.

"What's that for?" asked Robbie.

Colt handed it to him and patted him on the head. "You'll figure it out."

He raised the rails, dimmed the lights, and turned on the sleepy sheep mobile above Robbie's head before shutting the door, leaving a confused looking Robbie holding the wand. Colt listened through the door and soon heard a buzzing noise on the other side.

"Oh... ..Oh!... ..Ohhhh..." came Robbie's voice. These exclamations were soon followed by the moans of a very happy diaper boy in his crib. Colt knew that Robbie was going to be very good friends with that wand, and that was good. The more happy feelings and memories Robbie could associate with diapers and his new baby life, the better.

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Colt used Robbie's nap time to catch up on some paperwork that he'd been neglecting since a certain adorable little boy had come and become the center of his life. Of course these days it was rarely on paper. Aside from Robbie's lease and contract, he was mostly just answering emails, small questions here and there from C.A.B.S. legal department which he still consulted for from time to time, and a few automated company messages sent out by Smith and Klein. nothing too exciting. Then he came to the top of his email list and saw that the director of the C.A.B.S. 'Fresh Start Rehabilitation Program', whom he had spoken to earlier, had sent him a message titled 'Enjoy the Show'.

He opened the email and found a livestream link for the C.A.B.S. acquisition team that was set to go live that evening. And just after Robbie's new bedtime too. He grinned and chubbed up in his pants. This was going to be a very good night indeed. He made a note to himself to make sure his mini-fridge was stocked so he could enjoy a beer as he watched the start of Asshole Brandon's new life.

He pinned the message and then turned to the lease paperwork and the contracts Robbie had signed, smiling. Here was all he needed to make sure Robbie didn't backslide. And he knew that as things progressed, Robbie might want to. But one thing was very clear to him - Robbie needed the guidance of a Daddy or bigger brother in his life, and Colt was that person. The path that Robbie was going down meant that sooner or later, Robbie would need someone to take over some of his more grown-up responsibilities like taxes, medical decisions, and more. And part of the contract for the lease accounted for that, should Robbie become incapacitated for any reason. Colt certainly hoped that didn't happen, but he wanted to be extra safe about it. What was more, he still didn't know just how far Robbie would regress before all was said and done. He made a few more changes to the contract to account for Robbie's new baby treatment, making a mental note to have this conversation with Robbie later. Still, even if he wasn't going to, the idea of turning Robbie into an adorable little boy by force got Colt hard in his pants, so he took the opportunity to pull down his pajama pants and relieve some of the tension he had been building up below the belt. He thought of baby Robbie's transformation and all the things that Robbie had allowed him to take control of already, jacking his hard cock to an earth-shattering orgasm that ended up being a little more messy than intended.

"Whoo... Oh, gosh... Oops.. Didn't mean to cum so hard!" He looked from the cum-splattered underside of his desk to all the way above and behind his head where his cum had splattered his law degree and was already dripping down over the frame. "Guess I've got some clean up to do," he said, chuckling a bit. He couldn't wait til it was Robbie that was taking those huge squirts of Daddy milk.

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"Rise and shine, little dude," said Colt, raising the lights back up on a sleeping Robbie. The Crib had no blanket, just a cartoon-print plastic mattress and some plush toys, but the room was comfortably warm. Little Robbie had fallen asleep with his teddy in the crook of one arm and his thumb in his mouth. In nothing but his diaper, he looked incredibly babyish and Colt had to snap another photo as the sleepy boy began to come back to the land of the living. "I guess you slept well. That's what happens when my good little boy makes stickies in his cozy comfy diapers. Isn't that Right, Robbie?"

Robbie nodded, smiling and blushing as he buried his face in his Teddy.

"No need to be embarrassed, Robbie," said Colt, as he lowered the crib rails. You did all the things a **good boy** does. You took a nap, you snuggled your teddy, you sucked your binky as you cuddled up nice and cozy, and you enjoyed your diapers. And you know that good little boys wear and enjoy their diapers all the time. And that's what you do now, don't you Robbie?"

Robbie nodded,

**"Good boy."**

"Why?" asked Robbie, confused.

"You were honest when you agreed and nodded your head and listened like a good little boy, right?"

"wait... b-but you said... I mean...", he lowered his voice to a whisper, "I didn't know it was an option to disagree..."

"Of course you didn't. You're just a baby..."

Robbie squirmed and smiled as he felt his diaper starting to tent again. Even though he must have cum three times before dozing off, he was really getting worked up by Colt's words.

"Um, Colt?" Robbie asked, cupping his hands over the front of his diaper as he was lifted under the armpit and set on his feet on the nursery floor. "Can I wear my Battlemon shirt please?"

"Sure ya can, buddy. Let's go get it out of the big boy room."

Big boy room. Only a few days ago, they both would have agreed that the room looked like it was made for a six-year-old, maybe a pre-teen, *maybe*. Now it was the big boy room. Colt grabbed Robbie by the hand and led him over to the other room which still held all of Robbie's stuff, including his super comfortable knee length (for Robbie) hand-me-down Battlemon shirt from Colt. Colt chuckled as Robbie was forced to lift his arms for the shirt, blushing bright red as his tented diaper was revealed. Of course Colt had already seen the boner Robbie was sporting, and knew that the shirt was probably just his way of making it less noticeable, but then Robbie sniffed the shirt, catching Colt's scent, and visibly relaxed. Colt smiled knowing that even his scent could put his little guy at ease.

"Ooh, one more thing," said Colt, zipping open the paci bag from his pocket. Colt brought out two ribbons with clips on the end. "You need a paci keeper so you don't lose all your pacis. Do you want rocket ships or baby animals? Go ahead and point it out, buddy." Robbie pointed to Rocketships, and Colt wasted no time securing it around the best-matching paci ring and clipping it to Robbie's battlemon shirt. "Go ahead and try it," he said.

Robbie looked confused so he pushed the pacifier into Robbie's mouth and told him to spit it out. It just dangled there on the ribbon and Robbie was tickled.

"Oh wow! This is super duper useful."

"Yup!" said Colt. "Sure is. So what do you wanna do now? You wanna play with your toys some more, or watch more TV? Dinner is a few hours away so we can do whatever we want."

They ended up having a fun time on the carpet playing with Robbie's toys, and then they played Pawsome Squad, and Colt was a bad guy and Robbie was Dash. They just had lots of silly fun, and before they knew it Colt's watch went off alerting him that it was time for dinner.

"This early?" asked Rob, seeing that it was still light out.

"Babies have early dinners and early bedtimes," said Colt, grinning.

"No fair! You never told me about *that* part." said Robbie, crossing his arms.

"You mean you didn't know that babies go to bed before ten? Come on, now, Robbie. You know better than that. Tell you what, why don't you be my kitchen helper again today. Hmm? And then we can watch some more of your show after if you're a good helper and do everything Daddy tells you."

Robbie rubbed his chin for a second. "Mmm... YEAH!!"

"That's the spirit! Let's go."

There was only one little problem. Robbie knew he wasn't supposed to cook on his own, but in his excitement Robbie had forgotten the rule about never touching anything in the kitchen without permission and once Colt was finished helping him wash his hands, he grabbed a knife to help cut up some veggies for Colt's 'super special' mixed grill. Colt just couldn't have that. He quickly took the knife away and scolded Robbie for touching sharp objects.

"Robbie, you're to stay right here at this part of the counter, and if you leave this spot without asking, you're gonna get triple vegetables tonight. Got it?"

"No, no, no! I mean yes. I got it. No to triple veggies! Eeyuk!"

"I'll get you liking veggies sooner or later," said Colt, giving Robbie a devious grin. "Just wait til you try 'em grilled!"

"I prefer grilled cheese," said Robbie in a haughty accent as he turned up his nose. Colt took the opportunity to tickle his neck and Robbie knew he wouldn't be doing *that* again.

Once the food was ready, Robbie made another faux pas by grabbing silverware for himself and Colt.

"No, no, Robbie. You have to use the plastic forks and spoons. And no knives."

"But then how can I cut up my food?"

"You don't. That's Daddy's job, got that?"

"Okay...", said Robbie, blushing furiously at the implication that he was too young to cut up his own food.

Robbie wasn't used to all these rules and Daddy could see he was starting to get a bit crabby, especially when he found out that *his* dinner would be blended into baby food. But the moment he was plopped in the high chair and Colt started to feed him, he brightened right up.

Mealtime in the highchair was quickly becoming Robbie's favorite event. To Robbie, there was nothing more exciting and blush-inducing than the image of a half-naked Colt sitting in the chair in front of him, making silly noises while feeding him mush. The contrast of Colt's v-shape body couldn't be more obvious now that he had started going around without a shirt on, and Robbie could spend all day staring at that v that started above Colt's thighs and disappeared down into his pajama pants.

"Eyes up here, buddy," said Colt, holding back the fork-aeroplane and preventing a mid-air collision with Robbie's forehead. Robbie blushed and tried to apologize but got another mouthful of mush instead. Colt just grinned, knowing he had made his buddy blushy and squirmier than ever by feeding him like a toddler. Unfortunately, all good things come to an end and eventually both their plates were empty, as well as Robbie's bottle of Juice.

"Okay, kiddo. Daddy's gotta put you to bed now."

"But I wanted to watch some TV! You *said*..." Robbie pouted as Colt wiped his face clean with his baby bib and cleaned off the tray.

"I know, buddy, but we just had *too much fun* eating dinner and now it's late. Look, the sun is already going down and it's almost 7. Let's get you all ready for bed now. And don't forget that if you're good, you'll get to do what good little boys do and make stickies with Mister *Buzz Buzz* in your cozy comfy diapers again..."

"O-o-okay," said Robbie, blushing red and trying not to show how excited he was to do that.

They quickly cleaned up and Colt led Robbie upstairs to once again help him brush his teeth and use the potty for bedtime. And this time Robbie was able to go number one and number two with Colt's encouragement. He still found it extremely embarrassing when Colt wiped his butt, Daddy or no, but he was learning to tolerate it. After a quick diaper change without the usual happy ending, Colt brought out a cute space-suit sleeper for Robbie to wear to bed. Robbie was reluctant.

"I can't take it off of myself. The zipper is hard to reach, and I get hot at night."

"Aww, c'mon, try it. Your crib doesn't have any blankets and this will keep you warm. If you get overheated I'll come and help you take it off. All you have to do is call. Look, I'll leave the baby monitor right here."

Colt patted the monitor which Robbie hadn't really paid any mind to before that. Robbie blushed at being monitored with a baby monitor and shyly agreed to do it. Colt clipped the space-themed paci clip to the front of it and called him an official astronaut, which made Robbie giggle.

The last thing they did before bed time was to remember their favorite parts of the day.

"What was your favorite part of the day, Robbie?"

"Mine was when I got to see my new nursery!" said Robbie, before blushing and fidgeting his hands.

"Oh my gosh. Me too!" said Colt, laughing. "You were so surprised. I wish I got it on camera. Oh wait, I did!"

"Heyyyyy!" said Robbie, blushing even redder. "You better not show that to anyone."

"Are you telling *Daddy* what to do?" said Colt in a playful shocked tone. "That's very dangerous, little boy. Very dangerous indeed!" He brought out his tickling hands and Robbie giggled and tried to push him away.

"Okay, okay. I'll have mercy on you *this* time. Here ya go," said Colt. "Maybe you can tickle yourself with Mister Buzz Buzz."

"*Daddyyyyyy*," said Rob, blushing redder than ever.

"What? I know what you're gonna be doing after I go."

Robbie huffed but he couldn't deny it.

"Sleep tight cutie," said Colt, finally. Kissing Robbie on the forehead and making to leave.

"Daddy!" Cried Robbie, stopping Colt in his tracks.

"What is it lil dude?"

"C-can I sleep with you tonight?"

"Oh boy. I'd better get flood insurance."

Pretty soon the two of them were cuddled up on Colt's bed, the pacifier in Robbie's mouth turning his words into baby talk as Colt rubbed him and patted his diapers.

"Daddy," he said sleepily, as Colt continued to rub him. "You make me feew funny in da tummy."

"awwwww... that's good to hear, baby boy," said Colt. He smiled, knowing that feeling all too well himself because that's just what Robbie was doing to him.

Not long after that, Robbie was sound asleep in Colt's arms, and Colt popped in his pacifier and watched a smile appear on his lips as he suckled. Beer could wait. It was time to watch the show and having his little guy in his arms frankly felt much better.

Colt lay in bed with the sleeping boy in his chest as the glow of the phone screen lit his face.

"Clear! Move in!" called the alpha team captain as three C.A.B.S. employees made their way into Brandon's house. They found him in his room jacking off to cartoon pony porn.

"Hey! Who the fuck are you? What the fuck are you doing in my home?! You can't!"

"Target acquired. Gags and restraints are in place. Proceeding with the extraction."

Colt watched as the team strapped a terrified and confused looking Brandon down to a gurney and wheeled him out to their van with his short fat cock flopping out in the wind. Before the Van was even out of park, they had his clothes cut off and were inserting his first catheter. Brandon, who had turned completely red as he yelled muffled profanities into his gag, was clearly not liking it.

Colt was glad that Robbie would remember today for the wonderful nursery and not his traumatic encounter with Brandon. He'd rendered Brandon powerless in that way too, and that felt good. Good enough to get him another climax or two as he held his little guy close and watched Brandon say bye-bye to grown up life.

## Room for Rent

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

### Chapter 9: Baby Steps

Colt spent the next couple weeks with Robbie simply getting him used to his new lifestyle, and above all, comfortable being little around the house. Robbie, for his part, seemed to grow right into the role of Daddy's little boy, and never seemed to get enough uppies and cuddles from Colt.

With Colt's help, he washed his hands before and after every meal, brushed his teeth, and even used the potty before bath time. Robbie helped in the kitchen when it was safe, helping Colt prepare veggies, stir ingredients, or wash dishes - as long as it didn't involve anything sharp.

He also had plenty of blushy moments. One of the blushiest was when he ran through the house one too many times and had to spend the day crawling on all fours. By the end of the week, Rob finally stopped blushing whenever Colt came into the room to find him playing with his baby toys in his playpen. He stopped tugging down his BattleMon shirt to hide his diaper when Colt answered the door. He stopped focusing so much on how silly he might look to others, or how he \*should\* be acting rather than how he felt. That's when Colt decided he was ready for the next step.

"Why are we going out again?" asked Rob, who had grown used to staying indoors all the time.

"I haven't gone grocery shopping and we're running out of things to make, buddy," said Colt. "And unless you know of a babysitter I can call on short notice, this is the best option."

"B-but... I can look after myself," said Robbie, looking down and playing with his hands.

"Aww, look at you kiddo. You hardly believe that yourself."

Rob blushed as Colt read his mind. How did Colt always seem to know what he was feeling and thinking? Was he really that easy to read?

"It's okay kiddo," said Colt with a chuckle, ruffling Robbie's hair. "You won't have to go dressed as a baby. Or... well undressed, I guess..."

Robbie looked down as if he suddenly remembered that his outfit for the past weeks was nothing more than a diaper, with the occasional T-Shirt in the evenings. "Oh

my gosh! I can't go like this," said Robbie. "Oh, oh, and my hair! I haven't even looked at it... Oh gosh..."

"Robbie? Robbie," said Colt, kneeling down and holding Robbie by the shoulders. "Don't worry about it. You look fine. Why don't you put on something fun. Maybe one of your jammies?"

Robbie's eyes lit up. That was the perfect idea! He nodded, and took Colt's hand, causing Colt to smile as he was pulled to the bedroom. This was a big change from the Robbie who would run off at the drop of a hat. Robbie now knew that he needed to hold Colt's hand when he went somewhere unless he was safe in his high chair, crib, or playpen.

"That looks like the perfect outfit," said Colt, smiling as Robbie held up his astronaut outfit. Colt had gotten Robbie a lot of new clothes to add to the collection that was already in the nursery from before Robbie had come. Colt was glad to have someone lighting up his nursery again with their happy smiles and giggles.

Colt took the outfit from Robbie and unzipped it for him to step into. Robbie hesitated.

"What's wrong buddy? You love your space suit."

"Um..." Robbie was beet red. "Do I have to wear a diaper.... You know... when we go out?"

"**Good boys** wear their diapers all the time, kiddo," said Colt, fixing his eyes on Robbie's. "You're a **good boy**, aren't you?"

Robbie felt the tingly feeling of being called a good boy and the embarrassment of going out in a diaper clashing, and began to get overwhelmed. "I-I-I-I c-c-c-c-c I'm.... I... Daddyyyyy..." He hugged onto Colt and squeezed his eyes shut.

"Oh honey, you're trembling!" said Colt, picking Robbie up and holding him close. He shushed Robbie and patted his padded butt. "Shh, shh, shh, sweetie. It's okay. Daddy's here. You *are* a **good boy**. Yes you are!" Colt nuzzled the boy until his breathing slowed and he began to calm down. Then he continued to do it until Robbie started to giggle.

"Daddyyyy!" said Robbie, squirming and giggling as Colt gave him kisses all up and down his neck. "You're makin me all squirmy!"

"Uh oh! Does my little boy have a squirmy wormy?"

"Daddy! Don't call it that!"

"What? A squirmy wormy?" Colt plopped Robbie down on the changing table and squeezed the front of his diaper. "Don't think Daddy forgot how much you *love* your diapees."

Robbie moaned at the sudden pleasure and shook his head. "I'm innocent until proven guilty?"

Colt laughed. "Nice try, little man. Is that a challenge? Because I can get Mr. Buzz Buzz and see who is guilty of being a little diaper spunker."

Colt's teasing session with Robbie eventually led to a very blushy buzzing session, a very sticky diaper, and a much calmer Robbie. Colt was still going to take him out in public, and they really *did* need to get something for dinner, but he was trying to avoid the obvious route of telling Robbie it was 'time to be little'. Robbie needed to get comfortable being himself with or without Colt's suggestions, and he wanted big Robbie to take a back seat today on his own and give up that little bit of control - control over what he looked like to other people - to Colt.

"There we are," he told a panting Robbie. "Feeling better now?"

"Yes, Daddy!" said Robbie, lying on his back and basking in the afterglow of the first orgasm he'd had all day. Colt had helped him get lots of fun time in his diaper, but lately, he was being more selective about when Robbie got to seed his pamps, and it always seemed to be at the perfect time to soften his decision making abilities and help him say yes to Colt. It didn't matter that he noticed this, it still worked. And he knew what was coming next, or at least he thought he did.

"Okay, kiddo. I guess it's time to change you into a pull-up."

"What?!"

"Well, you said you didn't want to wear a diaper out, so you can wear a pull-up."

Colt wasted no time in taking off the tapes and wiping down Robbie's diaper area. Robbie suddenly felt nervous. He was so used to his diapers by now, he didn't really want to go back to pull-ups.

"Um... can't I just stay home?" he asked, blushing slightly as Colt held up a fresh pull-up.

"We already went over that, sweetie. We don't have a babysitter for you. Now come on and lift your legs for me, lil dude, we gotta get going."

"But what if I have an accident? What if I get all scared?" He suddenly wanted to hold Mr. Cuddles very badly.

"Oh, I see what's going on," said Colt. "The little boy doesn't *want* to be in pull-ups. Is it because you know you need diapers? Are you just playing a game with Daddy?"

"N-no!" said Rob, defiantly. "I don't want anyone to find out is all."

"And why would that be, lil dude?" asked Colt, setting his elbows on the table and looking at Rob's eyes intently.

"Cause I'm embarrassed and they're gonna make fun of me."

"Embarrassed about being a **good boy**? *That* doesn't make sense," said Colt, making a silly face.

"Daddyyyy," said Robbie, trying not to giggle. "This is serious."

"The only thing that's serious is the spanking this little boy is gonna get from breaking Daddy's rules. You know what my number one rules are, don't you, kiddo?"

Robbie nodded, and looked down, abashed. "Yeah..."

"Well? What are they?"

"No saying sorry and no being ashamed of who I am..."

"Or what you need," added Colt. "And for that matter, you aren't supposed to be hiding anything from me, so why should you hide it from anyone else, huh? You think that as soon as you walk out that door Daddy's rules stop?"

Robbie shook his head. "No, Daddy! I didn't mean it *that way*..."

"Good, because you were about to hurt Daddy's feelings," said Colt. "And you know who else wants to see you be a **good boy**?"

Robbie shook his head no.

"Mr. Cuddles. Now you know that Mr. Cuddles is very proud of you for being so good these past two weeks. You wouldn't wanna let him down now, would you?"

"No way," said Rob, in a way that made Colt break into a big smile despite himself. Robbie could be just so cute just from being his natural self, and this was the perfect example.

"That's right, kiddo," chuckled Colt. "But I understand if you're not ready to be little out in public *yet*. So. I'm giving you TWO choices for when we go out. It's pull-ups or pampers. That's it." He grabbed the pull up and a diaper which was stacked below the changing table and held them both up. "So what'll it be?" Robbie hesitated for a moment, so he added, "Keep in mind if you choose diapers then it's diapers whenever you leave the house, no exceptions, but if you choose pull-ups, the same rules apply. You have to keep from having an accident while you're awake or I won't give you a choice after that."

Robbie looked back and forth between them. He didn't want to have to wear diapers whenever he left the house, so he pointed to the pull-up. "That one!" He just didn't feel ready to wear his crinkles out yet.

"Oh? A big boy, huh? Okay, kiddo. Here we go," Colt then made rocket ship noises making Robbie giggle as he lifted his legs for the pull-up. "Touch down in 5... 4... 3... 2... 1..."

Colt soon had Robbie dressed in his space outfit and brought him downstairs to put his shoes on. Robbie also hadn't worn shoes in the past two weeks and didn't find them very comfortable.

"Gosh, well, I *could* carry you to the car, but I thought you didn't want to be a baby in public? Or have you decided to be a **good boy** and be little for Daddy outside too?"

"I don't wanna be a baby out there," Robbie said firmly.

"Okay, kiddo, I won't push you," said Colt, kissing Robbie on the head.

They were off, but again Robbie hesitated before they left. "What's the problem little dude?" asked Colt.

"Um..." Robbie looked at the floor playing with his shoes, and then suddenly blurted out, "Mr. Cuddles wants to come too!"

Colt thought for a second. "Well... I don't know if big boys take their teddies with them outside..."

"Do too!" said Robbie. "You let me take him to work before, remember?"

Colt laughed. "Okay, okay, that's true. You know you'd make a good lawyer yourself, kiddo! Go get your teddy."

Robbie threw his arms up in victory and ran to get his teddy.

"Ah ah ah! No running!" called Colt, who chuckled and shook his head. Would that little boy ever learn? Probably not.

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Robbie cuddled the stuffed bear in the 'big boy' front seat as Colt drove them to fast food - the first he'd had in some time now.

"And what are you gonna get, Robbie?"

"Nuggies!" he exclaimed.

Colt just laughed. "That's a small meal for a big boy, isn't it?"

Rob smirked back at Colt. "Noooo. I didn't even think you *ate* fast food, Daddy! What with all your *healthy* stuff." Robbie made a disgusted face and stuck his tongue out.

Colt grinned back at Robbie. "I usually *don't*, But that's what I get for waiting too long to get groceries. Later we'll have to..." he trailed off as he caught sight of Robbie cuddling his teddy. "Aww.." He decided to let his little space-man enjoy his cuddle time. The more Robbie could just be himself while out and about, the better from Colt's perspective.

Robbie always felt so much more relaxed when he could just nuzzle his little buddy, sniffing his fur just gave him a nice wave of calmness and wellbeing. He didn't even notice as they pulled into line at the beachside McBurger's because he was too busy enjoying cuddle time with his bear.

"I wish I could take you everywhere," he murmured to Mr. Cuddles.

"What was that?" asked Colt, as they neared the drive through menu.

"Huh? Nothing," said Rob, quickly tossing his teddy into the back seat once he realized where they were.

"I heard you," said Colt. "Don't tell me that was nothing. Go get that teddy! He doesn't like to be alone in the back seat."

"I don't want anyone to see!" whined Rob.

"You don't want anyone to see. You can go out in your one-piece astronaut pajamas but the teddy is where you draw the line, huh?"

Robbie just nodded.

"Get your butt back there and snuggle that teddy or I'm not going to get you any nuggets."

"No nuggets?" asked Robbie, worried. "That's not fair!"

"It's not fair that you threw poor Mr. Cuddles in the back either, is it? You're gonna hurt his feelings."

"I-I didn't mean to..." said Robbie, his lower lip trembling.

"Listen, Robbie. If you want to bring Mr. Cuddles with you when you go out, then you're going to bring him with you when you go out. There's no reason why you can't."

"But it's embarrass-"

"It'll be more embarrassing if I pull you over my lap and tan your butt at the window. Now get back there and snuggle your teddy – you can stay in the back if that helps. Sorry about that," Colt said into the receiver as Robbie hustled out of the car and into the back seat with his teddy.

"No problem," said the voice of the cashier. "So I take it they're having a kids meal? Chicken nuggets was it?"

"Yeah. Nuggets with honey for the little guy and make that a milk for the drink. I'll have a Chicken Slamwich with pickle soda to drink. Make it dill. None of that sweet stuff!"

"You got it. One big boy meal and one toddler meal coming right up. See you at the window."

"I don't see you *cuddling*, Robbie," called Colt in a sing-song voice.

Robbie reluctantly snuggled his teddy. Once he started, it was easy for him to calm back down and slip into a euphoric state of bliss, closing his eyes and sucking his thumb as they drove up to the window.

“That’ll be \$7.50 will you be paying with.... Aww, well isn’t that the cutest thing. Hey guys, take a look at this!”

The employees piled into the window to catch a glimpse of the adorable young man in his space-suit jammies cuddling his teddy and sucking his thumb. He was so blissed out he barely noticed, but that wasn’t the only thing that happened. Moments later a wet spot appeared to spread from between his legs.

“Uh oh! Spaceman spiff has sprung a leak!” said the guy at the window.

“Oh no...Robbie!” exclaimed Colt.

“Whuh?” Robbie looked around a bit confused as he pulled his thumb out of his mouth. It took him only a second to take in the scene. The group of people at the window. The growing yellow patch between his legs. Colt’s stern face.

“Aaah! I’m s-s-s-s-so s-s-s-s-ssorrrrryyyyyyy!” He squeaked, grabbing his crotch with both hands. But it was too late. Whatever was coming out was coming out and he couldn’t stop it.

“Quick!” said Colt, grabbing an absorbent underpad from the center console. “Sit on this!”

Robbie grabbed it and planted his soggy tush on the pad, mortified beyond words. Colt, for his part, had a mental facepalm moment for not taking that precaution in the first place.

“Here, I’ll pay with plastic,” said Colt, handing the card over to the cashier. “Which is what this little super soaker is gonna be wearing beneath his jammies from now on.”

Peals of laughter and commiserating comments of “poor guy,” could be heard from the employees as they returned to their stations.

“We’re gonna have to wash those jammies pronto, kid,” said Colt. “Nasa didn’t make their space suits in yellow!”

Robbie blushed. It was bad enough he had peed himself in front of Brandon. Now he was having accidents in front of total strangers.

“Well, that didn’t last long, did it?” asked Colt as they drove home. Colt wasn’t surprised in the least at what had happened. In fact, he had somewhat expected it. However, sometimes people have to learn on their own what their limitations are, and

he wasn't the type to tell Robbie what he couldn't do. No, Robbie would explore and discover that for himself.

"It was an accident," said Robbie.

"Yeah, you're having daytime accidents hon, and you know what that means, don't you? You remember what I said today, and way back when I gave you a choice of underwear and you picked diapers?"

Robbie nodded. The wheels were turning in his head. When he picked diapers, it had been on the spur of the moment. He hadn't thought about wearing them outside of the house. How to get out of wearing embarrassing diapers wherever they went? Suddenly he smiled. He thought he might have just found a loophole.

"W-well, it's night now, isn't it?"

"Yeah, but you're not asleep in bed, little dude. You're awake and here with me."

"Oh, but *that* only happened because I fell asleep for a second. So it doesn't really count, right?"

Colt smiled back at Robbie. "Oh, so you don't know when you're going to go to sleep? Then we should *definitely* keep you padded at all times."

Robbie gasped. "W-wait, no! That's n-not what I..."

"Ah ah, Robbie. You forget that I'm a *contract lawyer*. This is what I think about for a living. Now you've already signed everything you've agreed to in ink in our lease, And you know that **good boys** stick to their word, don't you?"

Robbie whimpered and nodded, squeezing Mr. Cuddles tight. He was suddenly hard again, despite his cold and clammy pee-pee soaked pajamas.

When they got home, Colt hurried Rob up to the nursery for his change.

"Come on, kiddo. Let's get you changed quick before the food is cold." Colt zipped off Robbie's space-suit jammies, tossing them in the hamper and then sat him on the changing table. Robbie lay back, humiliated at his own failure to stay dry while Colt wiped down his pissy crotch and thighs with baby-scented wet wipes. Robbie looked down at the teddy-bear in his arms, then over to the package of wipes that Colt was grabbing from. Even the package of wipes was covered with colorful babyish designs.

"Daddy?" he said, quietly as Colt tossed out the wipes and grabbed a fresh diaper for his boy.

"Yes, baby?" asked Colt, Fluffing out the diaper.

"Am I gonna have to be a baby forever?" he asked.

"Only if you want to," said Colt as he placed the boy's bum on the soft, fluffy padding with a crinkle, "provided that's really what you feel inside and you're not just feeling that way out of shame or fear of being embarrassed."

"B-but I don't *like* being embarrassed," whined Robbie.

"And we're gonna work on making sure you *don't* get embarrassed," said Colt, picking up the powder. "But that doesn't mean hiding or trying to change who you are. It means learning to be *proud* of who you are." Robbie smiled a little bit and relaxed as the soothing smell of powder hit his nose.

"Even if who I am is a silly boy that wears diapers?" asked Robbie, reciting the words that Colt had said so many times over the past two weeks.

"Even if who you are is a silly boy that wears diapers," said Colt, smiling as his warm hands spread the cool powder on Robbie's thighs, tush, and bits. "And that *is* who you are, Robbie. And I don't see that changing anytime soon. But if it does, and this stops being fun for you, you won't have to be a baby anymore."

"Promise?" asked Robbie.

"Of course, champ," said Colt, pulling out the diaper and taping it wide for an extra waddle. "I *love* you, Robbie, and I just want you to be a good boy. It's not about you staying diapered, it's about you being true to yourself. Well," he added, throwing up a hand as his eyes looked upward and to the side, "and protecting the furniture."

"Daddyyyy," said Robbie, hiding blushing his face in Mr. Cuddles once more.

"That's right, my pokey little boy," said Colt, giving the front of Robbie's tenting diaper a little squeeze. "All done! We can take care of *that* later. Right now, it's time to eat!" he said, giving Robbie's little tum tum a kiss before picking him up and carrying him downstairs.

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That Night after putting Robbie to bed in his crib, Colt caught up on his daily update of Brandon's progress. This video was narrated by Dr. Stannopoulos himself.

"The patient has been extremely uncooperative and defiant when it comes to his regular catheter changes, so we've tried a different route. With our new delayed action

botulinum toxin injections into the muscles along his urinary tract, he should have no control at all. What's more, thanks to the delay, he can experience the change as a *real* accident while conscious. Observe."

Brandon sat there sulking in the naughty corner of the 'preschool' room with his 'My Pretty Unicorn' pony plush and his pony diapers while students on the camera-person's side of the glass scribbled furiously in their notebooks. Then, all of the sudden he dropped his plush and looked down in horror between his legs as a wet spot began to spread rapidly. He grabbed at the front of his diaper as his face grew bright red, and looked around to see if anyone was looking.

"To him, he's just sitting in the naughty corner with a smart-board along the wall, just like what the teacher might use if this were a lecture hall," said Dr. S, more for the benefits of his remote observers than his regular students. "He has no idea he's being observed right now, or about the injections. All he knows is that we had to give up on the catheter and let him try to prove he doesn't need them. Let's see what he does."

Brandon looked over the low bookshelf dividing him from the 'reading' corner and saw that the other attendants and their charges were occupied with potty practice time. He looked around and called another 'adult kid' over, then grabbed him by the shirt and pulled him into the naughty corner area. He said some more words which were recorded by a hidden mic and transcribed by sound engineers in the nearby listening room.

"That's right, diaper dumbass. Lay your ass down right there. I'm not going to get caught in wet diapers again. You can take the blame. And you'd better stay quiet or I'll make your day very painful."

The man began to snifle as Brandon untaped his diaper and then began to wet himself. Brandon cursed at him in annoyance. Before Brandon could do anything else, the man began to bawl, attracting the attention of the nearest attendant, who caught Brandon red-handed.

"So, you were trying to make little Jackie take your yellow card on the potty chart, hmm?" The attendant grabbed Brandon by the arm, and led Jackie away more gently over to the changing tables. The room full of littles was all paying attention now as two red-faced boys were marched over to be changed. Jackie was put into a fresh new diaper and given hugs and praise while Brandon - rather than being changed - got the privilege of getting Jackie's old diaper taped on over his own with plenty of holes in the backing to allow his pee to soak both layers in the coming hours. He was then put in

locking plastic pants and mitts and led by the arm back to the naughty corner, where he sat and sulked once more.

"And so the little one learns that cheaters never prosper," concluded Dr. S, prompting chuckles and murmurs of assent from his spellbound students.

Colt sighed and set aside his phone to charge. Each day watching Brandon go through the program was as satisfying as the last. He really did think the program would make Brandon a better person. Of course, he still was intent on seeing that person be a big baby who never got the chance to harm anyone ever again. He knew anger and revenge were toxic motivations, but he had no sympathy for people who harmed those weaker than themselves. Especially when that person was his little Robbie. Then he looked down between his legs.

"Well, *this* is something," he said. He had gotten a rage-boner. He spent the next several minutes taking care of his pokey predicament as he thought about Brandon's future life as a permanently diapered little.

## Room for Rent

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

### Chapter 10: Robbie's Outing

While Robbie and Colt had been taking their first baby steps into their new roles as baby and Daddy, Robbie's abusive manager, Brandon, was cast headlong into the deep end of adult-babyhood. From the moment the C.A.B.S. tactical team ripped him from his computer chair at home, he was denied any hint of adult autonomy. The team wasted no time gagging, restraining, and strapping him down to the gurney, cutting off all his clothes before he was even out the front door. Every inch of Brandon's body was exposed and bright red in embarrassment as he was wheeled out buck naked in full view of anyone who happened to be outside that evening, his cock still flopping in the wind and dribbling pre from his masturbatory adventures which the team so rudely interrupted.

"Target acquired and restrained," a team member called into his headset while looking down at the angry, embarrassed, and helpless Brandon. Brandon had so many questions but couldn't ask any of them with his mouth stuffed full. They had stuffed his mouth with some sort of rubber bulb that pressed his tongue firmly down rendering him unintelligible. Even if the famously dickish ex-manager *could* make himself understood, the team showed no interest in addressing him to answer those questions anyway. Brandon was only just figuring out that the object in his mouth was a giant pacifier when a catheter was unceremoniously shoved right up his cock. His thought process went something like "What the fu- HOLY SHIIIIIIIT!!!!"

His captors had left him completely incapacitated and incontinent before the van doors had even closed and Brandon had the distinct displeasure of watching in wide-eyed horror as a fountain of pee sprayed out the open end of the catheter while he frantically tugged at the unyielding restraints that held his arms and legs out of the way. One of the team members took the shredded remnants of Brandon's clothes and placed them between his legs to soak up the pee while another readied a fresh, thick diaper to contain any further leaks. The experience was both humiliating and painful as Brandon found himself unable to stop himself from peeing or from being diapered like an overgrown infant.

He could feel the papery padding caressing the inside of his thighs and closing around the other side as the garment was deftly taped up on either side by two elite team members with plenty of diapering experience under their belts. The diaper that was taped securely around his waist was so thick that he couldn't hope to close his legs

even without the restraints. And the worst part of it all was his sensitive and unsatisfied penis was still trying to get hard in its padded prison. The initial shock of the catheter's entry soon gave way to pleasure on the long bumpy ride as he began to experience bladder spasms which felt like mini orgasms at the top of his urethra each time he spurted piss into his thirsty diaper. He moaned into his gag as the thick folds of the diaper caressed his cock and grew increasingly wet and warm.

"Heh, hey look! The baby looks like he's gonna cream his pampers," said a man wearing a rather advanced looking heads up display.

"I'm not surprised," said a serious-faced woman in a tactical vest. "Based on the juvenile shows he was yanking his crank to. I bet he's just *loving* this."

This was so humiliating. He wouldn't, no, he *couldn't* allow himself to cum into these diapers in front of these losers. Brandon wanted to scream. To tell them off. To ask them if they knew whose son they were messing with, but he could do none of these things. Even when he was released and ungagged at the C.A.B.S. research and regression facility, his words fell on deaf ears. He was simply reminded by a bored looking nurse that he'd signed away his rights to enter the program and avoid prison time. He had to wonder - was *this* worse than jail?

There was no sugar coating it when he got through intake. Colt had made sure of that. Brandon was brought in, shaved, re-diapered, and told in no uncertain terms that he was a baby now and forever with a firm squeeze to the front of his diaper bulge. Moments later, he came in his diaper. Hard. There was no hiding the humiliating way he came either, jerking spasmodically, his pale flabby thighs trembling as he uncontrollably filled his diapers with yet another warm liquid. Plenty of comments from the attending staff about how much the baby liked his diapers followed, much to the Cocky former manager's embarrassment and shame.

Before being strapped into his crib for the night, Brandon was hooked up to a feeder gag with lots of liquids so the little baby wouldn't be thirsty in the night. "Nighty night lil guy!" said the evening intake officer who oversaw criminal admissions, and Brandon was left there to ponder his future as he lay there in the crib and gulped the mysterious milky liquid down. He swore he'd get even with these nincompoops. His father would have their heads once he heard of this. He was certain. At least... pretty certain. He sucked on the pacifier gag instinctively as he began to feel a growing insecurity in the pit of his stomach. He wasn't *actually* in trouble... was he?

The next day, Brandon was woken bright and early to his new reality of diapers and baby treatment. He had an early morning appointment with the good doctor Windellmann, who got right to work on him and he is poked, prodded, and stretched.

"Zis is going to be perfect for you, you naughty little boy. I heard how much you like your diapers - you wouldn't *believe* how many bullies end up in my office only to find out that diapers are just what they need to adjust their attitude." Brandon's eyes went wide. So the staff *knew* what he had done. The doctor recognized the look in Brandon's eyes and smiled warmly as he finished pumping up the catheter and snapped off his gloves. "Oh, don't worry, baby boy. You'll get to be a big baby all the time now. Your Uncle Vindy has fixed you up so you'll never have control over your bladder or bowels again!"

Brandon dreaded the prognosis. It couldn't be true! The doctor was lying. He *had* to be. Brandon didn't have long to wallow in self-pity because he was thrown right into daycare where he was forced to play baby with a bunch of diaper-wearing losers who he couldn't even bully without getting sent to the quiet corner. The daycare workers may have been nice enough but they reported any misbehavior to the higher ups and his first day ended in a butt-blistering spanking. By the end of the spanking, Brandon had soaked himself and even crapped his pampers. Then, he was changed into an extra thick cloth diaper and straight jacket and forced to watch brainwashing vr the rest of the night. Brandon thought the stupid diapered characters looked so dumb at first, and sneered at their stupid message about being a good little one, but pretty soon he was zonked out and drooling in his crib as the brainwashing began to take place. Brandon wasn't even let out for dinner. He was just hooked up to a feeder gag and fed lots of yummy formula laced with laxatives and diuretics, followed by plenty of bulk fiber to keep his system moving. What's more, he was numbed back there so he didn't even know *when* he was going. The next day, he was much more well behaved, at least until lunch, when he knocked a kid down and took his chocolate milk, earning him another night of swirly baby shows in the naughty jacket.

Colt watched every night as Brandon was gradually trained to love the feeling of thick padding between his legs, and to hump his diapers helplessly, making a fool of himself the way he tried to make fools of others. It would be sweet to see his face when he learned it was all being posted up on YouTube, where everyone could have a good laugh at the big pathetic baby, just like Brandon had done to Robbie and who knows how many others.

Colt had an instant erection the first day Brandon began his shameless humping habit. He came while watching Brandon tense up and groan as his pale, hairy, flabby

body hunched over the oversized teddy bear in his nursery. Brandon came soon after and the video ended with him slumped over the big brown bear, spent, sweaty, and drooling. It was Colt's pleasure to press the publish button that day and look at all the people commenting on how the big baby seemed to really love his ultra thick baby diaper, laughing at how shamelessly he humped as the anal stretching ring in his butt made him fart loudly the whole time from all the air getting forced up there with his pathetic humping motions. Hump hump \*FART\*!!! Hump hump \*BRAAAP\*!!! Brandon didn't even realize that he was only cementing his permanent baby status as he humped away, the happy "Diaper Pals" songs playing in the background, teaching him to associate all those babyish things with pleasure. Colt imagined Brandon's former victims teasing him as he was wheeled around the grocery store in an oversized baby stroller. No longer a boss, but a whimpering, whining, powerless baby to be coddled and babysat by all the people he used to look down on.

Yes, Colt would have a fun time making sure that Big Baby Brandon became a good little boy, never again to torment others or abuse his power. But Colt only had so much time to think on such an undeserving subject. After all, as scary as he could be to those who would harm his loved ones, he had much more positive subjects to think about. First and foremost Robbie, and how the sweet little guy would soon complete his journey of self-acceptance by coming out to everyone as the baby he was. Colt knew that Robbie was almost there, and his heart swelled with happiness and pride as the day of Robbie's first outing dawned. He just knew that it would be a memorable day for the both of them, and his cock throbbed as he thought of all the possibilities.

"Better take care of this before I wake the baby," he said to himself, pulling down his gym shorts with a naughty grin. Colt grabbed his dripping cock and got to work.

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"Okay, little man," said Colt as he strolled into the oversized Nursery. "It's time to rise and shine. Today is your big day!"

Robbie rubbed the sleep from his eyes, nukking his pacifier as he was lifted out of his crib and carried over to the big colorful changing table. He was used to this routine by now and barely even made a noise as Colt laid him out for his change. He was too absorbed in cuddling his favorite bear to pay attention to all those good feelings happening down below his waist. That is, until Colt had a naughty idea and started snooing at the leg holes of Robbie's diapers. This caused Robbie to giggle and blush at the naughty and ticklish feelings it gave him.

"\*Snoof snoof snoof\* I smell baby boy peepee! \*Snoof snoof\* Yes I doooo!  
\*Snoof snoof snoof\* Pee-pee and powder! \*Snoooooof\* The best smell in the woorld!"

Robbie giggled uncontrollably. "Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! Daddy! Heehee, that's so blushyyyyy!"

"I don't hear you saying *stop*, little guy," said Colt, coming up for air and sliding his finger into the leg hole to tickle Robbie's pee-pee. Robbie gasped and blushed even harder. "Oh, does little one like that? Use your words. Does it feel good when Daddy snoofles your bum and tickles your pee-pee?"

Robbie's response was muffled by his teddy as he buried his reddened face deep in the soft plush. Colt pulled his hand free and lowered Robbie's bear enough so they could look each other in the eyes.

"I can't hear you in there, silly! Is everything alright there, sweetheart? The Daddy monster is hungry and the only thing that'll keep him from gobbling up the nearest little boy is for Robbie to tell Daddy just what he wants..."

Robbie shook his head and grinned.

"No?" gasped Colt in mock surprise. "You don't want to tell Daddy *anything*?"

Robbie shook his head again and giggled and wiggled his bum. Colt could barely keep from melting right then and there, but he held it together and gave his boy a naughty grin.

"Okay, then. Daddy's gonna... hafta... GOBBLE YOU UP!!!!"

Colt then attacked Robbie's tummy with gobbles making his little roomie squeal and giggle in delight.

"I wike da snoofs! I wike da snoofs!! And da pee-pee tickows! Pweeze give me mow, Daddy," said Robbie, finally, hoping to get more of that wonderful attention around his diaper region. Colt was happy to oblige and soon the giggles were replaced by moans as Colt got more and more excited burying his face in the fluffy soggy padding of his little man and tickling his tiny pecker.

"Mmm... does Robbie want more of... *this*?"

"Unh... y-yes Daddy!" Robbie was feeling very overstimulated and thanks to Colt's blushy questions, he knew exactly how to make his boy feel good. It wasn't long before Colt's special attentions had him squirting in his pamps. What a way to wake up!

Colt smiled proudly as he took the diaper off the young man he now called his and wiped him down. He had been gradually introducing more naughty things into their dynamic, always being careful to get consent from his little guy. No, not in an explicit way that involved busting out his lawyer-speak and a lengthy contract; the way he did it felt natural. Simple phrases were all he needed. Phrases like: "Does that feel good?"; "Do you like this?"; "Does Robbie want..."; or his favorite, "How does that feel, baby boy? Use your words." Robbie could answer those questions and have some control while still feeling cared for and feeling guided, and his responses told Colt all he needed to know to make sure he was making his little boy feel as good as he felt when they played. It worked amazingly well, and Colt was hopeful that they would get to have more intimate naughty fun soon now that Robbie was settling into his new role as the baby of the house, but that would be up to Robbie. For now, Colt had other plans for this day. Colt finished taping up Robbie's new diaper and kissed his tummy, calling him a good boy for using his diapers so well and showing how much he enjoyed them.

"Are you ready for your big day, little guy?" asked Colt as he sat Robbie up. Robbie sat with his hands gripping the edge of the changing table and his legs dangling and swinging as he watched Colt pick out his shirt for the day.

"What do you mean my big day, Daddy?" he asked, cocking his head. "Am I gonna be big today?"

"Haha, not a chance, bud. Today's your big day out, remember? We're going grocery shopping!"

"Oh yeah, that. I guess that's fine. Does it really have to be at my old place of work, though?"

"Of course it does, silly. You know how much all your co-workers must miss you and I'm sure they wanna see how cute you are as a little baby boy!"

Robbie's heart dropped into his stomach as he imagined himself being carried through the grocery store like a baby.

"D-daddy, no! You're not seriously going to make me go to the store dressed like a baby, are you?"

"*Little boy,*" said Colt, laughing and ruffling the young man's hair. "You *are* a baby. You're *my* baby, or did you forget? Arms up."

Robbie obediently lifted his arms and Colt slipped him into an adorable shirt with some Pawsome Squad pups playing basketball. "Good boy! Now you're gonna be a good baby for Daddy today while we're out, aren't you?"

Robbie nodded and sighed. "Yes, Daddy. I'll be good."

"Alright, kiddo." Said Colt, poking Robbie in the belly button and making the boy giggle.

The hem of the shirt came to rest right above Robbie's belly button, showing off his little baby belly which stayed just the right size thanks to Colt's balanced meal plans. Of course, it did nothing to cover his diaper and up to that point, it hadn't really bothered either of them up to now but Robbie was now thinking about just that feature when Colt made to help him down off the changing table.

"There we go. Now we're all dressed so let's go downstairs for breakfast." Robbie looked down at his bare legs and thick diaper and felt a sinking feeling in his stomach.

"No, Wait! What about my pants? Or my shoes and socks?"

"Silly, boy. You don't need those. It's too hot out today and besides, how will I know if you need a change?"

"N-no! I can't!" cried Robbie, as Colt tried again to pick him up.

"And why not?" asked Colt, putting his hands on his hips.

"Cause..." said Robbie, fiddling with his hands and staring down into his lap. "Cause everyone will *know*."

Colt's face grew stern. "Now, Robbie. You know better than that. We had this conversation yesterday, and what did I say?"

"Be proud of who you are," said Robbie, with a sigh.

"Exactamundo, little boy," said Colt proudly. He saw Robbie was not convinced, so he decided to take another tack. "Did I ever tell you about my coming out story?" asked Colt.

Robbie shook his head. Colt hadn't ever even really explicitly said he was gay, but even Robbie had figured out that much. Or at least that was his hope. He listened to Colt and nukked his paci with rapt attention as his hunky Daddy began to tell his story.

"Well, little man," said Colt, leaning against the changing table and propping himself up on his elbows. "I was twenty two or so when I finally told my family I was gay

- right around the time I was starting law school. I had known for years. Since I was a teen, at least! But I never told *anyone*... well, anyone aside from the boys I hooked up with - and even that wasn't many. I felt a lot like you, little dude; so afraid that nobody would accept me. Especially the people I loved. I waited until I was at least able to support myself just in case. I think seeing other people being out while I was in college - both in classes and in my internships - that helped a lot. It made me feel like I could have a normal life - well," said Colt, looking around the nursery and giving Robbie a sly wink, "as normal as I *wanted* it to be, anyway. But when I finally *did* come out between graduation and going into law school, my brothers and sisters rallied behind me and with the support of my family, it was okay."

"Um... but... did anyone give you a hawd time, Daddy?" asked Robbie, who hadn't even had sex before, much less entertained the thought of coming out as gay.

"Well, Dad was awkward at first, but even he came around eventually. To be honest he just tried to avoid the subject, but I didn't want to go home without closure."

"So what did you do?" asked Robbie, scooting closer to Colt. Colt chuckled and ruffled Robbie's hair and gave his pacifier a boop.

"Eventually, I cornered him one night just before I had to leave for law school. He said it just wasn't something people talked about in his generation, but that it wasn't *my* fault he was brought up in ignorance. That was as close as he ever came to an apology, but I took it for what it was."

"He really said that?" asked Robbie.

"Well, he used more 'colorful' language than I will repeat for your little ears, but that's the thrust of it. So yeah, we settled on a firm handshake, then I was like, no way Dad, we're hugging, and I gave him a big ol' bear hug. I don't think Dad ever hugged any man before that day, but I sure as hell wasn't letting him get away with a *handshake*."

Colt laughed, but Robbie was lost in thought. It was hard to imagine being as confident as Colt around his own family. Robbie was always the baby of the family and runt of the litter. His family mostly made decisions for him until he moved out to live with friends. Robbie looked down at his hands and fidgeted. Then he looked back up at Colt, still conflicted.

"And... um... are you glad you came out?"

"Oh yeah," said Colt. "Most definitely. I mean hindsight's 20/20, but I wish I had done it sooner. Trust me, life's a lot easier when you don't have to hide who you are. If this is how you want to live, you're gonna have to do this sooner or later or that stress will eat you up, kiddo. And that's the Daddy monster's job. Yes, it *is*." He cuddled Robbie and gave him a few little tickles to get him giggling again, then let him go. "You'll feel better if you do it sooner. And I'll be right here with you, okay lil' dude?"

"You'ww be wight hewe wif me?" asked Robbie.

"Yes, Baby boy. Cross my heart. So are you ready to come down for breakfast, so we go to the store, lil one?"

Robbie hesitated. "Can I at least wear pants?" asked Robbie hopefully.

Colt appeared to consider this for a minute and very reluctantly he said, "Mayyybe...." It was now Robbie's turn to convince *Colt*.

"Oh pwease pwease pwease?" asked Robbie.

"Well... *okay*. You can wear pants over your diaper, but no fussing when I have to give you diaper checks, little guy. Okay?"

"Yess," said Robbie, smiling as Colt went to grab him some pants. "Do you fink I could wear my puww-ups too?"

"Don't push it, baby boy," said Colt, holding up a little pair of elastic shorts with a cartoon T-Rex on the leg. "I still don't know if I should let you wear *these*. It seems so... *big boy*."

Robbie grinned feeling big as Colt lifted his legs and pulled his shorts up over his padded bum. Colt was happy too. By ratcheting up the tension with the possibility of going pantless and then giving him a small concession by letting him wear the pants, he got Robbie to agree to going out in toddler clothes and a diaper with minimal fuss. Colt just wouldn't mention how obvious the diaper looked, perfectly outlined under those cute little shorts Or the fact that you could see the design through the thin material.

"Okay, big boy. *Now* are we ready?"

"Ready!" said Robbie, throwing up both fists, then opening his hands for uppies.

"That's my good boy," said Colt. "Let's get some nummies in your tummy, okay? I made your favorite. Monkey salad! Oo oo oo!" Robbie giggled as Colt acted like a big ape and carried him downstairs for a healthful breakfast of fruits and veggies.

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Soon, the adorable pair was walking through the SuperDuperMarket, a place that was very familiar to Robbie as it was where he worked until very recently. Robbie was nervous about being recognized. Colt had asked him several times if he needed his binky or his teddy but he staunchly refused. No way he wanted to look like a baby in front of all these people. It was weird being in public with Colt. He was still halfway in little-space thanks to his roommate's presence, but it was also his first time wearing outdoor clothes in a week, and the shorts felt very strange on his hairless skin.

Robbie wasn't used to so much walking, either, and he was clearly getting cranky. He had insisted on wearing his Croco-Clogs so he could walk through the store 'like a big boy' alongside Colt, but they had only cleared the produce aisle and he was already getting tired. He was tired of holding onto the cart with one hand. Tired of trying to pull down the back of his shirt to hide his diaper with the other. He was just plain tired. Finally, Robbie stopped walking altogether and when Colt told him to keep up he began to make noises of frustration.

"I'm tired," whined Robbie. "I don't wanna walk any more. I wanna go home..."

"Look, you may be okay living off of delivery pizzas but not me. Now let's get moving or I'm gonna have to put you in the baby seat like I wanted to do in the first place."

"No. I'm not going." Robbie crossed his arms and pouted.

"Alright, kiddo. That's it. No more fussing. I'm going to put you in the baby seat and that's that."

"But I don't wanna-ooop!"

Robbie was quickly picked up and his shoes were tossed into the basket before he was plunked down right into the seat at the top of the shopping cart. Before he could even get his bearings, he heard a click and felt the pressure of a strap at his crotch, holding him securely in place. He looked down to see his diaper bulging out around the snug strap, the edges now peeking out of the waistband and leg holes of his bunched up shorts as his bare feet dangled below.

"N-no, Daddy!" He yelled in alarm, then he covered his mouth and looked around. He quickly discovered that the strap was tamper-proof and not budging an inch without Colt's help. Robbie now only had a view of Colt standing over him as he pushed the cart. He couldn't turn around to see where they were going, he couldn't get out and

hide, and he didn't want to make too much noise and draw any more attention to himself than he had to.

"Shh, it's okay, chill out, lil' dude. I'm sorry to do this, but you said it yourself. You're just too tired to walk through the store on your own. I'm gonna have to get you started working out if you wan-"

"Colt, I can see my *diaper*..." he said in a harsh whisper. He tried to pull his shorts to cover the peekage from his waistband and leg holes, but the tight strap bunched them up such that he couldn't do both.

"The only one who can see you in your cute little shorts is me, and what I see is a little cutie wearing *exactly* what he needs to wear." Colt tickled the adorably flustered boy's chin and gave him a kiss on the lips. He bent over and murmured into Robbie's ear, making him shiver. "You look so cute right now, little Robbie. I really like how you look right now in that seat..."

"Hhh... r-really?" asked Robbie, who was feeling all hot and sweaty sitting up there like a fool. But then, Colt thought he looked good like that and that felt really good. But he still felt like other people could see him and that made him feel embarrassed. But that kiss made him want to melt.

"They don't matter, sweetie," said Colt, grabbing Robbie's chin lightly to keep him from craning his neck. "The only one you need to look at right now is me. It's your choice if we make happy memories together or let our fears take over instead. Let's just enjoy spending time together while you rest your little feeties, okay, cutie?"

Robbie looked into Colt's eyes and slowly nodded. It did feel good to focus on his hunky crush who thought he was so cute. "Okay, Daddy. D-did it have to be *here* though? Someone I know might-"

"Oh my gawd! Is that *Robbie*?!" squeaked an excited voice from the other end of the cereal aisle. It was Chloe, the woman Colt had spoken to when he followed Robbie into the store the other week. She looked positively beside herself as she barreled down the aisle to greet the adorable baby boy. "Robbie robbie! Are you okay? It's been too long. And look at how *cute* you look. Oh my gosh!"

Robbie went from blushy to shocked to trying to stutter out an answer to simply overwhelmed with all the positive attention. That was what confused him the most. He had only anticipated negative attention and so hadn't prepared for the love bomb that had just exploded all over him. "B-b-b-buh..."

"Aww, he can't even use his words. What a little cutie bean!" she squealed.

"Alright, alright, give the little guy some air," said Colt, chuckling.

"Sorry, I just wasn't prepared for this," Chloe said.

"Neither was I," sputtered Robbie, clearly no longer thinking about how his shorts looked as his attention was instead captivated by his overly enthusiastic co-worker.

"I know," said Colt. "He's too cute to handle. And I get to see him like this *every day!*"

"Tch, lucky! So how *are* you, lil' guy?" she asked, putting her hands on her knees and lowering herself to speak to Robbie face to face. Robbie blushed. This talking down to reminded him of Colt and it was pressing some serious buttons to make him feel really little.

"I-I'm... awright," said Robbie, as he began to feel his thumb making its way involuntarily into his mouth. His eyes widened for a sec and he made to stop and pull his thumb away, but he caught Colt's glare and decided it was best to be good and suck his thumb like he wanted to. Colt smiled approvingly.

"Aww, that's good," she said, patting his head as he sucked on his thumb. She then turned to Colt. "He looked really rough when you carried him out the other day. Is Robbie really okay after what that asshole Brandon did?" she asked.

"Yeah," said Colt. "I took care of him and made sure he had something better to remember in its place."

"Oh really," she said, raising her eyebrows and looking Colt up and down. "I can only imagine..."

"Oh, I doubt it," said Colt. "But you're welcome to guess."

She looked back at Robbie and then over to Colt again, eyeing the unbelievably large bulge in Colt's gym shorts. "But how on earth would it fit?"

"Oh my gosh!" said Robbie, hiding his face in his hands.

"Oh.. kay..." said Colt, rolling his eyes but unable to hide a guilty smile. "No, there was nothing like *that*. I don't think the little guy's quite ready for the birds and the bees yet."

"No, I guess he wouldn't be," she said, looking back at Robbie.

"Robbie, here, hold onto Mr. Cuddles," said Colt, as he noticed Robbie getting restless. Colt picked up the emergency bag he'd insisted on bringing into the store. It was the same one that Robbie had brought in to work before and it was packed with a diaper, pacifier, and of course Robbie's most important teddy. Robbie blushed but clung to the teddy as soon as it was shoved into his lap, snuggling him for dear life as he sucked his thumb.

"There, that should do the trick," said Colt, with a smile as Robbie closed his eyes and quieted down. "So much excitement for one little guy..."

"So what happened to that asshole ex-manager of ours?"

"Oh, you don't know?" asked Colt, grinning from ear to ear. Dr. S. had allowed him the pleasure of telling them himself. How thoughtful. "He got sent to a special reform program in lieu of prison time for what he did to little Robbie. Allow me to introduce you to the *new* Brandon!"

Colt whipped out his phone and pulled up Baby Brandon's playlist on the C.A.B.S. Youtube Account. Chloe gasped, then laughed her ass off as she watched her high and mighty manager making a total fool of himself humping an oversized teddy bear in nothing but a thick wet diaper.

"Oh my god... Oh my god... I can't breathe," she wheezed, laughing so hard she had to hold onto the shelf as she tried to keep from rolling on the floor. Luckily Colt had the presence of mind to support her weight and provide her something to lean on before she pulled the shelf down along with all the cereal.

"I hope you don't mind, but it looks like you're about to knock over the aisle, hon," said Colt.

"Oh, gosh... thank you," she said, putting a hand on his chest as she recovered.

"Anyway, you can see that he's not going to be a threat from *anyone* anymore. Their doctors and therapists specialize in this sort of thing. You can track his progress on their channel if you want. I bet your coworkers would like to see too..."

"Hell yeah," she said, with a smirk. "Sign me up!"

After a quick information exchange, Colt excused himself and Robbie to finish their shopping excursion.

"Bye, Robbie," said Chloe, waving to Robbie. "Don't be a stranger!"

"Wave back, sweetie," said Colt, holding up Robbie's free hand and waving it at Chloe, who was already running to show her co-workers the hilarious video. As they continued moving, Robbie beckoned Colt close and whispered, "What the heck was that about? She didn't think it was weird to see me looking like this?"

"She already knew," Colt said, grinning. "I wanted to make sure you got a warm reception on your first day out and about."

"Oh my gosh," said Robbie, burying his reddening face in Mr. Cuddles' fuzzy belly again. "I can't believe you told her!"

"Don't worry. Everyone took it really well. And after all, who can blame you for wanting to de-stress and do something that relaxes you after what happened with you-know-who?"

"Everyone? Who else did you tell?!" asked Robbie, looking up at Colt in horrified shock before burying his face deeper still. "No, wait. I don't wanna know!"

"Only your co-workers. I figured they should know since we'd have to go grocery shopping sooner or later. Better in a safe place than any old grocery store, right?"

Rob paused and thought about it for a second. That... actually made a lot of sense. In a way, Colt had done the best thing possible for him - if he *had* to be diapered and little in a grocery store, why not one staffed with people who wouldn't make a fuss or hassle them? He was almost ready to forgive Colt, *almost*, when Colt sprung the next surprise on him.

"Open your eyes, baby boy," Colt said. Robbie peek out from behind Mr. Cuddles and gasped.