

## Room for Rent

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

What does Robbie see when he opens his eyes? You're about to find out as Colt and Robbie's grocery store adventure gets a little more interesting...

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### Chapter 11: Cleanup on Aisle 9

Robbie's heart immediately leapt into his throat when he realized where Colt had taken him. It was the *baby aisle*! He was both elated and nervous as he saw the rows and rows of diapers, baby powders, creams, lotions, baby food, and baby accessories before him. He imagined Colt going down the aisle and picking out one thing after another - all for him - and tossing it all into the cart. His diaper grew tight at the thought of it and he began to shake in nervous anticipation.

"Aww, look at you, you're shaking like a leaf!" said Colt, putting his hand on Robbie's shoulder to check in with him. "Are you excited, little guy? Scared?"

"Boff," said Robbie looking up to Colt with big eyes, his thumb in his mouth and his teddy held tight. "Is dis weawwy happening?"

"Yes," said Colt, smiling, "it's really happening. You're a baby, and this is going to be a regular part of our grocery run from now on." This surprised Robbie, and made him feel even more horny and nervous. Colt moved his warm hand up to Robbie's cheek, and planted a big kiss on his forehead.

"It's okay, sweetie. I got you. We'll take this one step at a time." Colt's voice was so reassuring. He always made Robbie feel safe, and he always assured Robbie that things would be alright. Up until now, Colt had kept that promise, and Robbie had no reason to doubt him. But of course Robbie knew that there would be no question in anyone's mind who Colt was shopping for in the baby aisle. Robbie looked back to the aisle. There was no one there, so it was safe... for now.

"One step at a time, Dada..." echoed Robbie, softly.

Colt smiled. Robbie was back to calling him Daddy instead of Colt. This made Colt very happy. It meant Robbie was settling into his little boy mindset away from home. Colt got hard in his shorts thinking of how he and Robbie would soon be past that big boy ego of his, so Robbie could stay his happy baby self anywhere and everywhere. His shorts got tighter and tighter as he pushed Robbie a little further down the aisle, a little further along toward complete babyhood.

"Okay, baby boy, first stop num nums. Let's see here..." Robbie looked at the stacks and stacks of baby food jars and blushed. Of course he had been eating out of a high chair for weeks at this point, but he hadn't actually eaten out of a baby jar. Somehow, that idea just gave him butterflies in his tummy.

"Well," said Colt, picking up a jar of puréed pears and studying it with a frown. "I heard that a lot of these have heavy metals in them. Not super healthy for my baby boy... I might have to get some recommendations from the staff," he said, looking over to Robbie. "Who do you think would know about baby stuff?"

Robbie blushed harder and buried his face in his bear again. "*Daddyyyyyyy... Stop embarrassing me!*"

"What? I'm just shopping for my *baby*. There's nothing embarrassing about that. I just want to make sure his food is healthy and good for him like any good Dad would do. In fact, instead of fusses, I oughtta get a good Dad award, don't you think?"

Robbie groaned. Colt was beginning to sound a little *too* much like a dad. Five minutes later they were still at an impasse as Colt studied the ingredients of each jar like he was trying to decipher latin, which he probably was. Eventually, a woman happened to enter the aisle and immediately went for a jar of organic baby food. Colt was in luck.

"Um, excuse me ma'am? I was wondering if you know what foods would be safest for babies."

"Oh, I know *all* about it," she said, looking their way as if she had been just waiting for someone to ask. Then, she did a double take.

"You were saying?" asked Colt, leaning on the cart and smiling. "I hope you don't mind my asking. You just look like you knew what to go for there." The lady looked slightly confused, but her desire to give her authoritative advice won out in the end.

"Ah, well... yes. Yes, I've done plenty of research, believe me, and I don't feed *my* little boy anything with rice in it. Or anything from a brand that begins with G for that matter. I stick with the *safest* options - veggies. The rest I make myself. *This* one looks big enough for solid foods," she said, raising an eyebrow as she looked Robbie up and down, "but if you want to feed him baby food from the jar, avoid rice and carrots, stick with peas, sweet potatoes, and squash. They're the safest." Robbie was as red as a beet by this point, stuck in the baby seat while the grown-ups talked about his new diet.

"Thanks," said Colt, looking back at Robbie with an *I told you so* expression on his face. Robbie was looking extra adorable as he tried to hide behind his little Teddy. "Uh oh, looks like someone's getting a little blushy."

"Well, I'm glad I could help, dear," said the woman. "Oh, by the way," she added, "you might want to use the family restroom soon. Looks like your, erm, baby needs changing."

Colt looked down to Robbie's shorts, and his eyebrows went up as he noticed how much his little guy's shorts were bulging out compared to earlier. "Oh. Uh, thank you!" he called after her as she walked off. Colt then grinned and reached right up the leg of Robbie's shorts, poking his finger inside the leak guards of Robbie's diaper and brushing Robbie's pee-pee in the process.

"Hnnf!" Robbie said, biting his lip and resisting his urge to moan out loud.

"Shh, calm down baby boy. I'm just checking. You're wet, all right, but I think it'll hold. We can get you changed after we finish our trip through the baby aisle." Colt gave Robbie a couple pats on his padded crotch, leaving Robbie at a loss for words. How was it that his diaper had gotten so wet without him - or Colt - noticing? Was he really losing control beyond just bedwetting? Would he really need diapers for good? Why was that idea turning him on even more?

This was the *baby aisle*. They were really shopping for *him*. And while they were there, he had even wet his diapers without knowing, just like a *baby*. Now that it was just them again, Robbie could fully appreciate just how awesome it was to be here shopping with Daddy, though he made a face when Colt loaded up the cart with mashed peas, squash, string beans, and sweet potato puree.

"I told you I'd be feeding you more veggies," said Colt. Robbie stuck out his tongue. Some parts of being a baby weren't all they were cracked up to be. Luckily, the good far outweighed the bad, and Robbie and Colt moved onto things they could *both* be excited about.

"Do you like this brand of baby powder?" asked Colt, holding up a bottle to Robbie so he could see. Robbie nodded, then blushed as Colt added, "Oh wait. Why am I asking a *baby*? I should probably just be picking those things myself, huh?"

Robbie was now tenting in his diaper very hard, and with the strap holding his diaper tight against his crotch, it was getting quite uncomfortable.

"Uh oh, is the strap too tight, buddy?" asked Colt. Robbie sighed at the relief as Colt loosened the strap between his legs. "I didn't realize you were gonna be such a super soaker, kiddo. Guess I need to make sure I give you more space down there from now on."

Those words made Robbie even more flustered and turned on, and his little pee-pee grew to take up all the space Colt had just freed up. It felt so good nestled in

the warm and squishy padding. "Oh my, this baby is very squirmy now. I wonder what could have gotten him so excited?"

Colt was wearing a naughty grin. He knew exactly what he was doing, and he gave Robbie another deliberately intimate diaper check through the leg of his shorts, allowing his finger to tickle Robbie's pee-pee again before stopping and continuing down the aisle. Every time they stopped, Colt would pick something up, deliberate if it was right for his baby boy, then put it in the cart and do another diaper check. He went down the whole aisle this way.

"Aww! Look at these cute paci clips! What do you think, baby boy? Monkeys or dinos?" Robbie pointed to the dinos. "Dinos? Oh, that's a great choice, baby boy. Do you know what sound dinos make?"

"Rawr," said Robbie, holding up his hands like claws and Colt had to get a picture.

"Come on, baby, do that again. Now, now, don't be shy. I just want to be able to look at my baby boy being a cutie whenever I need a mood boost. Aww, there we go." Colt snapped the picture and looked down at it for a second, whispering, "So stinkin' cute," before looking up and ruffling Robbie's hair. Robbie found himself smiling. He was learning that he enjoyed being fussed over, at least if the fusser was his Daddy.

When they got to the diapers, Colt made a point of stopping by the training pants first. "Well, I guess you won't be needing any of these anymore, unless they're stuffing a *real* diaper."

Robbie's eyebrows went up at the reminder that not long ago he had been in pull-ups. Seeing Robbie's reaction, Colt continued.

"That's right. Little Robbie just isn't ready for big kid pants, and that's okay by me. I think he's much cuter in his baby pants anyway." He grinned and ruffled Robbie's hair. Robbie felt a mix of emotions from pride to embarrassment, to sheer horniness. This feeling was growing in Robbie's tummy, and Robbie wasn't sure if he liked it or disliked it. Colt wheeled the cart further down the aisle, becoming bolder by the minute now that Robbie was showing more comfortability with being himself in public. This was really new territory for the both of them - both in terms of literal location, making their dynamic public, and behavior. It was a volatile mix, as Colt knew, but it was easy to forget that on such an exciting day, in such an exciting place as the *baby aisle*.

"Well, look at *that*," said Colt, once they arrived at the baby diapers. "Size 14. Well, I'll be darned." Robbie's eyebrows flew up once more.

"Wha? Lemme see!" He'd never heard of baby diapers that big, but there they were. Colt pointed to the size and weight chart and sure enough, it was just right for Robbie. Little did he know these products were becoming more commonplace as regression programs like the one Brandon signed up for began to gain momentum, adopting out more and more reformed babies to happy homes.

"Let's see, is my baby more of a Blarney baby, or a Muppet Avenue baby? Or maybe this new brand, baby bears?"

Robbie's jitters had returned full force. He felt so keyed up and horny looking at all these diapers and imagining them on him that he felt as if a stiff breeze could set his little pecker off. "I-I-I-I... unff... g-g-g-guess....." Before he could finish his thought, Colt reached into the emergency bag and grabbed Robbie's pacifier.

"There, there, baby. It's okay. No more big boy words for now, alright? Just suck on this for a while til you calm down and let Daddy do all the thinking." Robbie blushed and nodded, giving his teddy a hug when Colt shook it to remind him it was there. Robbie might have worried that other people would notice the paci in his mouth and tease him, but by this time, it was too late. With a cart full of baby goods and Robbie in the seat, there was no hiding who the baby was. He was just grateful that he had his soother to suck on. Despite everything, it really seemed to help. Colt did the rest.

"Look at me, baby boy. Just focus on Daddy. That's it. Let me see that cute little smile. Yeah? A cute little smile from a little cutie? Awww, *thaaat's* it. There we go! That's my good boy!" Once Robbie seemed to settle down a bit, Colt turned his attention back to the diapers.

"Now where were we? Oh yes, deciding which diapers are the best ones for my little boy. Hmm, I just can't decide. I guess we're just going to have to try all three." And just like that, three packages of diapers made their way into the cart. Robbie turned around and there they were, three shiny plastic packages of baby diapers sitting in the cart where anyone could see them.

Robbie's heart was beating hard again and there went his pee-pee, threatening to squirt stickies at the slightest provocation. One more diaper check would do it, and he both anticipated and dreaded what would happen if Colt checked him right then and there. Robbie was so distracted with his fantasies as they exited the diaper aisle that he was totally blindsided by what they saw on the other end.

It was a group of Robbie's former co-workers, all excited to talk to him and Colt. Of course, they had spotted the pair cavorting in the diaper aisle but waited respectfully for them to finish. It was clear as day that the boys were having a moment, and luckily Chloe had been there to spell it out for the less perceptive ones. Besides, the Youtube

video of Brandon seemed to be plenty enough to captivate their attention. After all the abuse they had suffered at his hands, watching their former manager hump this big teddy bear in nothing but a baby diaper for all the world to see had them in stitches. Everytime they finished it another person would chime in, saying "Play the video again," until finally, she pulled up Brandon's Youtube playlist.

"Here, why don't we see what else he's been up to?"

"You mean there's *more* of this stuff?" asked an incredulous co-worker.

"Hours of it," said Chloe, sounding like she'd known all about it for weeks instead of mere minutes.

While the staff of SuperDuper Mart gawked at their manager's fate, Robbie had been dealing with a distraction of his own. He had been constantly cycling from excitement, looking back to check that the diapers were really there, to nervousness, thinking of how everyone *else* would see them there as well. When he and Colt left the baby aisle and suddenly found themselves swamped by Robbie's old co-workers, Robbie almost crapped his crinkly pants. However, it was Colt who got the lion's share of attention. The co-workers knew by now what he had done and they all had something to say about it.

"Oh my gosh. You're the guy! You really got rid of the Asshole!"

"You're a legend, bro!"

"Yo, what's up lil' dude?" said Jerry, one of Robbie's quieter coworkers who always wore a beanie to keep his dreads out of the way. He had strolled around to the other side of the cart and smiled, leaning forward and holding up a fist to Robbie. Robbie hesitated for a moment, not sure of whether to hide his bear or hide *behind* his bear, but finally he made a fist of his own and bumped it. Jerry had always been really nice to him. He had dreads and a chill vibe about him that just said everything was going to be alright. "So this is you, huh?"

Robbie blushed and nodded.

"That's cool, man. I wish I could be that confident."

Jerry calling *him* cool? Now that was surprising.

"Yeah, I'm with you," said Jerry, eyeing Robbie's pacifier. "I don't always need to talk. Sometimes, it's nice to just be quiet for a while."

Robbie looked over to Colt, who was holding the attention of the other employees and keeping it off himself. He was happy to let Colt do all the talking. He felt so naked

like this, even though he was fully clothed. Then he felt something else. A wet spot on his leg. His eyes went wide and his stomach sank. He tried to get Colt's attention, but Colt was distracted by the deluge of questions from the SuperDuper Market employees.

"Yeah, that's right, he's in the reform program for good. No, he won't ever be growing up again, unless his Daddy wants to see him behind prison bars instead of crib bars. No, I can't send them after your ex, but wouldn't that be something?"

"What's wrong, dude?" asked Jerry. "Whoa!" Jerry jumped back as he felt a little wetness splash on his feet. "Uh oh..."

"Haha. Yes," said Colt, "the little dude is doing just fine. As you can see he's very happy now, and adorable as ever."

"Uh... Colt?" Chloe said, looking over toward Jerry, who was waving his arms at them. "I think your little man needs some attention..."

Robbie's face was contorted as he pushed down on his crotch, and he had a pained look on his face.

"Robbie? Robbie, what's wrong?" said Colt, standing up and suddenly looking concerned.

Robbie began to cry out loud, his pacifier falling out of his mouth and hitting the floor. Colt rushed over to him and crouched slightly so they were eye level as he put his hands on the boy's shoulders.

"Shhhh, shhh, little dude. What happened? Why are you crying?" Colt looked around to see who was responsible for making his little boy cry again. Then, he heard it. Colt's eyes went wide as he became aware of the sound of water hitting the floor. Drip. Drip. *Splash*. Robbie was full-on leaking!

"I had an accident!" cried Rob, heedless of who heard him. He was completely humiliated, and for this to happen in front of all his co-workers, *that* was the worst thing that could possibly happen. Not even Colt could console him.

"Hey, shh, shh, shhh, It's okay, It's- h-hey, can anyone tell me where the family bathroom is?" A number of fingers pointed Colt in the right direction. "Hold on, baby boy," he said, before taking off as quickly as he could with Robbie in his arms. He made it about ten steps before doing an immediate one-eighty to grab Robbie's emergency bag and one of the new diapers and running off again as fast as he could.

"I'll watch the cart," yelled Chloe as Colt went barreling through the meat section like a chicken with his head cut off. She shook her head. "That boy's a mess..."

"Which one?" asked Jerry, leaning on the cart again.

"Right now, both of them," said Chloe. "Can somebody grab the mop?"

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Colt barged into the family restroom on a mission. No sooner had he locked the door than he had his bawling baby boy on his back on the changing station, shorts off, diaper open with wipes at the ready. Colt did his best to calm his baby boy down as he wiped Robbie's crotch and legs clean of pee. Robbie was still crying his head off, and nothing seemed to be able to console him. Colt taped up the fresh diaper with Sugar Monster's smiling face on the front and gave his boy lots of kisses and a big hug and only then did Robbie begin to quiet down a bit.

"I'm sooo sooo sorry, baby boy," said Colt, feeling absolutely awful. He was nearly in tears himself. "I don't know what happened back there. I-I just got... distracted, and..." *And I completely failed at doing my job of looking after and protecting my little one*, said Colt's inner voice of doubt. His stomach lurched. There were so many words that Colt wanted to say and they wanted to rush out of him all at once. "I didn't mean to make you feel *ashamed* of being *little* or needing *diapers* or... or having a *Daddy* or... or being *yourself*. I was being selfish, Robbie. I'm so sorry. I'm so, so, so, so, sorry..."

Robbie had halted his crying mid-sob, his mouth open in shock as he watched this rock of a man he called his Daddy breaking down in front of him.

"D-daddy? Daddy?!" Now it was Robbie's turn to be alarmed as he saw his Daddy cry for the first time ever. Robbie suddenly forgot his own tears and embarrassment and got up to try to pull his Daddy's hands down from his red tear-stained face and look him in the eyes.

"Are you okay, Daddy?" Robbie asked, softly. He had never seen Colt like this before. Never seen him with anything but a confident smile, a sympathetic look of condolence, or that fierce glare he got when protecting his baby boy.

"I'm sorry, Robbie. I screwed up. I'm not fit to be your Daddy. I have *no* right calling Brandon the asshole when *I* humiliated you and made you cry in front of *everyone*. *I* should be the one getting sent to... to..."

"**NO!**" yelled Robbie, and Colt froze, shocked to hear such a forceful word come out of his gentle baby boy's mouth. "Don't you *dare* finish that sentence, Daddy. You're *nothing* like Brandon. And you're not going *anywhere*. Promise me." Colt gulped back his tears as he looked down into Robbie's stern face.

"I-I... I promise, Robbie. Oh baby boy, of *course* I wouldn't leave you. I m-mean, if you would have me- Oof!"

Colt wheezed as Robbie threw him into a fierce hug. Daddy didn't know his little Robbie had the strength in him to do that, and he was totally thrown off guard by Robbie's fiercely passionate reaction.

"B-b-but I *hurt* you, baby boy... How could you forgive me? I'm such a-"

"Stop it right now, Daddy. You're the nicest Daddy in the world who loves me for who I am, and protects me when I need protecting and helps me when I need help. You're the best thing that's ever happened to me..."

"Robbie..." Colt was about to disagree that he was all that but stopped and took a deep breath. "I hope I can live up to that..."

"You are," Robbie said, smiling confidently.

"...So you forgive me?" Asked Colt with a guilty look.

"How could I not?" asked Robbie, picking up Colt's hand in two of his own. "After how nice you've been to me all this time? I know you didn't mean to do it. And anyone who would cry over me like that has to really care about my feelings..."

"I do," said Colt. "More than anything."

They hugged a while, Colt holding Robbie against his warm body. Finally, Colt spoke up. "Thank you, baby boy."

"Thank you, Daddy ...And if I *ever* hear you finish that sentence 'I'm such a' with anything but the words great Daddy, sweetheart, or cutie pie, you'll be sore for a week."

Colt, chuckled softly, wiping his face dry. "You learned that from me, huh? Like Daddy, like baby."

"That's right," said Robbie, making a stern face. "And don't think I won't spank you if you step out of line again."

"Oh... *Robbie*," said Colt, "You're such a *cutie pie*..."

The two of them laughed. And Colt gave Robbie a big hug cheek to cheek.

"You know, your shorts are totally soaked. You won't be able to wear them out like that... Hey, you gonna be ok?"

Robbie's Face went white when he realized he'd have to go out in just his diaper and shirt, but he gulped and nodded because he didn't want Colt to worry any more. "Yes, Daddy," he squeaked.

"Aww, c'mere little guy, " said Colt, picking up Jimmy and giving him lots of kisses till he giggled and smiled.

"We're past the worst possible thing, right?" asked Robbie.

"Yes, but don't tempt fate by saying it out loud," said Colt.

"Um... Before we go out, I think you should check your shirt."

"Huh? Wha- oh. Well, looks like your shorts aren't the only thing that got soaked."

"Sorry," said Robbie, looking abashed. "Guess I really *am* a super soaker."

"Now what did I say about saying sorry?" asked Colt, stripping off his shirt and stuffing it in the emergency bag with Robbie's shorts. Colt blushed as he looked down at himself. Robbie wasn't the only one that was going to feel naked when they went out.

"Uh.. what were we talking about again?" asked Robbie, distracted by his shirtless hottie of a Daddy.

"Well, we gotta go out sooner or later," said Colt, taking a deep breath. "Here goes nothin'."

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Going out with Colt also half naked and self-conscious made Robbie feel better about being pantsless.

"Between the two of us, we're completely clothed," he said, patting his Daddy's chest as they made their way back to the cart. The rest of the employees had long since dispersed so it was just Chloe standing there scrolling through Youtube.

"Thanks for watching the cart. We're good to go." said Colt, as he reached the cart with Robbie.

"Took you long enough," said Chloe, still looking at her phone. "What did you fall in- oh lord, he's naked." She covered her eyes, and then opened her fingers to get a second look. "Good god, man, do you have a license for those guns?"

Colt chuckled nervously, blushing and crossing his arms over his chest. "I- I mean, I work out. I don't usually take my shirt off at the grocery store, though..."

"It's fine..." said Chloe. "I mean *really* fine. Come one, let me find an open register and ring you up before anything *e/*se happens."

"Thanks."

Chloe rang them through right away, and even gave them the employee discount on groceries. "You earned it, big Daddy," said Chloe, "and as for Robbie... he's *family*."

Rob and Colt looked at each other and smiled, both feeling really happy to hear such praise.

"But I did have a question... are you two... *boyfriends*, or..."

"He's my Daddy! And he's the best Daddy in the world," said Robbie, proudly. He looked up at Colt who was positively beaming.

"That's right," he said, ruffling Robbie's hair.

"Cool, cool." said Chloe. "So you two haven't... you know..."

"Not in front of the baby," said Colt, covering Robbie's ears. "But hopefully eventually, when he's ready. If he wants to." Then he took his hands off Robbie's ears and Robbie looked up at the two of them.

"What? What did he say? What did I miss?"

"Nothing, just grown up stuff," said Colt, with a smirk, and Robbie was back to blushing, crossing his arms with a huff.

"You too are so cute," said Chloe. "And good luck," she said to Colt, with a wink.

And just like that, the shopping trip was complete, and the two of them waved goodbye to Chloe and headed back to the car.

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Back at the house Colt brought in the groceries and he made Robbie help.

"You're not going to get a nap until we get all of this food put away, and *then* decide where to put your baby stuff."

"Aww, do I hafta?" asked Robbie.

"Yes, you hafta," said Colt. Robbie blushed as Colt made him pick out a place to put all his baby food, and then they went upstairs, found a place for all his baby things, and stacked all his diapers. The diaper stacking was perhaps the most blush-worthy for Robbie. Thinking about all those diapers that he would be wearing as he stacked them,

one after another. It reminded him of those worry beads some old ladies counted at church, only he was meditating on his *diapers*.

"Thanks for calling me Daddy in front of Chloe," said Colt, as he helped Robbie into his crib for his nap. "You didn't have to do that."

"It's okay, Daddy," said Robbie. "I think... if you're brave enough to be my Daddy all the time, then I can be just as brave. As long as we're together."

Colt smiled. "That's good, baby boy. Now go on and get some sleep. Oh, and here's Mr. Buzz Buzz. I heard Mr. Sugar Monster and Mr. Buzz Buzz are good friends, so you should let them play a bit before you go to sleep."

"Okay Daddy," said Robbie, blushing fiercely. "And you have fun with Mister Snakey." Colt blushed and instinctively pressed his crotch closer to the crib where he could be sure it was hidden.

"W-what?"

"It looks like you have a big snake in your shorts when you get excited," giggled Robbie. "So I call it Mr. Snakey."

"Okay, baby boy," said Colt, with a chuckle. "Well, we're- I mean, I'm just gonna, you know. Work out. Sleep tight."

"Have fun working out Mr. Snakey," called Robbie giggling. He felt a lot more confident after seeing Daddy break down like that at the store. He realized that Daddy was human too and needed reassurance and care just like Robbie. Robbie felt a new determination that he hadn't felt before. That he would try to be brave and supportive like Daddy was. He nodded, as he turned on the buzzer. It was time for Mr. Sugar Monster to say hi to Mr. Buzzy.

Meanwhile, Colt's hand was saying hi to Mr. Snakey. He had immediately run to his room and stripped, sniffing Robbie's piss-soaked shorts as he replayed that day's shopping trip over and over in his head. The cart. The diaper aisle. Robbie's cute new diapers. The wonderful things that Robbie said. Robbie calling him Daddy in front of someone else. He couldn't decide which one turned him on the most, but he flew through multiple orgasms trying his best to figure it out. In the end, he decided that he liked all of it as he lay there on his bed, spent, letting the cum dry on his belly as he fell into a nice deep sleep and took a much needed Daddy nap.

**Room for Rent**

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## Chapter 12: Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?

A few weeks later, Robbie's determination to be brave and supportive for Daddy was put to the test. He had gotten more used to going out with Daddy, and less shy about who noticed. He had also started working out with Daddy to build up his stamina, so he didn't have to ride in the shopping cart every week, and each week he lasted a little longer on their shopping trip before asking for uppies and being put in the cart.

Robbie and Colt were in the gym when a call came in on Robbie's phone. Colt had gotten it for him as a surprise gift to replace his old beat up one and get them on the same contract, where he could coincidentally restrict Robbie's screen time and access to adult content. Robbie went over the entryway where the phone was charging. The moment he picked it up, Colt watched Robbie's face drain of color.

"I-i-it's... my *mom*."

Colt was immediately on high alert. He had been prepared for this eventuality. He'd looked forward to it, in fact, but even his heart was beating when the moment finally came.

*This is it*, he thought, rushing over to where Robbie was standing.

"What do I do?" asked Robbie, shaking his hands in panic.

"Answer it," said Colt. "Find out why she's calling. Tell her how you're doing..." Robbie gave him a look of total fear. "Shh, it's okay, silly. She can't see you."

Robbie nodded his gulped and answered the phone. "H-hello?"

"Robbie, dear. Did you forget my number? It's your mother. Why haven't you called?"

"Hi, Mom," said Robbie. "I-I'm sorry I haven't called. How are you?"

"How am I? Oh, I'm fine, aside from the fact that my son never calls. Listen, we're having Thanksgiving at your brother's house," she said.

"Which one?"

"The one with the house. Harry. Are you alright, dear? You sound out of breath"

"Yeah, I'm f-fine," said Robbie. "Just happy to hear your voice."

Colt smiled and nodded. "Good one," he whispered. Robbie gave him a little smile.

"...for Thanksgiving?

"What was that, Mom?"

"You weren't listening, were you Robbie? You're just like a little kid, always getting distracted."

*If only she knew*, thought Robbie.

"I *said*, are you **actually** going to bring anyone with you to Thanksgiving dinner this year? A girlfriend perhaps? Or boyfriend?"

"*Mooooommm!*" said Robbie, blushing fiercely.

"I'm just asking..."

Colt pointed to himself. "Me! Me! You're bringing me!" he mouthed to Robbie.

"Uh- y-yes, actually. I *am* bringing someone." Robbie was beginning to sound more confident already.

"Aah! That's amazing! Fantastic! Who are you bringing?"

"It's my Da- er room-, er... w-well... i-it's a surprise," he said, finally settling on the only true statement that wouldn't lead to more questions.

"Oh come on," she said. "You can't do that to your mother. Tell me their name at least..."

"H-h... uh... his name is Colt," said Robbie.

"Colt! That's a great name! And what does he do?" This at least was a question Robbie knew she would like the answer to.

"He's a lawyer."

"A lawyer! Oh, good job, honey. I can't wait to meet him. A lawyer! Oh, my son is dating a lawyer."

"I didn't say *dating*, mom,"

"Okay, sweetie, you can tell me when you get here, then. I'll just go ahead and let you get on with your day. Oh, he finally found someone. I have so many people to tell..."

Robbie hung up, about ten shades redder than when he started the conversation.

"Well, that went well... I think?" said Colt. "So, I guess we're going to Thanksgiving!"

"Yeah, I m-mean... If you're not already planning something with *your* family..." said Robbie. He hoped Daddy would be able to come, since he always had such a hard time with family gatherings.

"Nah," said Colt. "My little brothers all have a life of their own, though they sometimes visit. My cousins too," he said, with a wink. Robbie blushed. Those had to be the *bedwetting* cousins that Colt had mentioned before.

"You look like you've got something blushy on your mind," said Colt with a grin. "Are you looking forward to meeting them? I know they're looking forward to meeting *you*." This comment just made Robbie more bashful.

"I don't know... I'm kinda shy around new people... old people too, to be honest..."

Colt smiled. "I know, and it's adorable! Okay, mister blushy pants. Let's finish our workout and then we can get cleaned up, have lunch, and talk about Thanksgiving." Robbie nodded. That sounded good to him.

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Soon Robbie was sitting in his high chair, drinking his veggie smoothie from a sippy cup while Colt grilled some lean chicken breast and fixed up a quick greek salad.

"This is pretty big boy food for a lil' guy like you, but we gotta eat right after a workout," said Colt, as he finished plating the food. Robbie had never been a big fan of salad, but thanks to Colt's cooking skills, he now looked forward to it. His little tummy liked it too, and thanked him by halting all the tummy aches he used to get from all his junk food.

"Here you are," said Colt, setting the two plates down - one on the high chair tray, and one on the table. "Bon appetit!"

"Hey, that doesn't sound like Greek to *me*, Daddy,"

"Gosh, you're right!" said Colt, looping a bib around Robbie's neck and tying it securely. "I'll have to look that one up..."

Before Robbie could touch his salad, Colt had the colorful plastic fork in his hand, loaded and ready for landing.

"It's cute that you still think you're gonna feed yourself. When was the last time I let you do that?" Robbie blushed and put both his hands into his lap, squeezing them between his legs and hiding his blushy face in his shoulder.

"Face forward, baby boy," said Colt, gently cupping Robbie's chin and bringing it forward. Robbie didn't resist. He just opened his mouth, looking into Colt's eyes as he took his first bite.

"Mmm!" he said, forgetting his shyness as soon as the deliciously seasoned salad hit his tongue.

"Do you like it, baby boy?"

"Ni lum im!" said Robbie, as he chewed.

"No talking with your mouth full, little dude," said Colt, raising an eyebrow as if daring him to talk back.

"Norry..."

"That's *two*," said Colt. "I'm beginning to think you *like* Daddy's spanks. Robbie just giggled in response because it was true, of course.

Once Robbie was fed, it was Colt's turn to eat. Robbie knew he'd have to just sit in the high chair until Daddy let him out. Colt grinned as a yellow spot appeared on the front of Robbie's diaper, spreading out around the strap between his legs. He loved to see his boy using his diapers like he should.

"Didn't even complain. Such a good boy."

"Daddyyyy," said Robbie, blushing once more. He had been fussy at first about being confined, but he quickly learned that Colt was no pushover, not even for potty breaks. *You're wearing your potty* was his common retort those first few days.

After a few minutes of watching Daddy eat, Robbie got bored. "Can I have my phone back? I wanna play games."

"Not until we talk about Thanksgiving, kiddo."

"Aww! When are we gonna talk about thanksgiving?"

"As soon as I finish my meal," said Colt. "The less questions, the faster I finish..."

"Oh," said Robbie, shutting his mouth. He did his best to sit still, but a minute later he was fidgeting again. "So what did you want to talk about?" he asked. Colt just looked at him. Then, he grabbed a silicone ring from the table and handed it to Robbie.

"Chew on this, kiddo."

Robbie took the ring and began chewing on it, looking abashed. He liked his teether, but it did make him feel pretty darn babyish. Normally that wouldn't be a problem but after talking with his mom, he was having a hard time getting into the baby headspace. It was as if her voice had flipped a switch and all his insecurities had returned full force.

Colt finished the last bite of his salad, put away the dishes, and dabbed Robbie's face. Then he took the tray off the high chair and helped Robbie down. Any pretense of Robbie helping with the dishes had gone the way of his underwear. It was just *not safe for babies*.

"Come on, baby boy," he said, leading Robbie to the sink and washing his own hands as well as Robbie's. "All clean! Yayyy!" That's what they always said after washing their hands, and it always made Robbie laugh and smile. "Ready to sit in Daddy's lap and talk about Thanksgiving?"

"Yeah!" said Robbie, still feeling excited and giggly. Colt knew that being positive with Robbie and giving him something to look forward to would make all the difference in lightening up the potentially difficult conversation.

"Okay, let's go to the living room and you can sit in Daddy's lap."

Robbie was soon sitting comfortably, held securely by Colt as they talked about Thanksgiving plans.

"Wait, you mean I'm gonna be little around my *family*?"

"Robbie, you *are* little around your family. You're just going to own it now." Robbie made a face worse than all the times he had to eat vegetables combined.

"Daddy, I can't do it. It's too hard!"

"But you'll have me with you. Didn't you say you could be brave as long as we're together?"

"Yeah," said Robbie, uncertainly.

"Well, I'll be with you the whole time. I won't let you out of my sight until we both feel safe with me doing so."

Robbie looked at Colt a good few seconds before responding.

"Well... I can't go wearing *baby* clothes," he said, finally. Colt wasn't going to let that one slide, however.

"And just what other clothes do you have to wear, buddy? Are you just gonna walk your little tushie to their front door in your cute diapers?" Robbie blushed at the thought and shook his head. His old clothes were long gone, so once again, he had to concede.

"But... what if they don't like my new... clothing?" Robbie asked, looking down at his diaper, which was peeking out from under his colt-sized battlemon shirt.

"Well, I can have a chat with them ahead of time and make sure they *do* like it."

"No, Daddy, you *can't*!" said Robbie, in a panic.

"Sweetie, this has to happen," Colt said, giving Robbie a reassuring squeeze with both arms. "They're gonna find out one way or another, you *know* that, baby boy. Besides, we didn't spend all summer building good habits only for us to hide our relationship like some shameful secret."

Robbie nodded and let out a long, frustrated breath.

"Do I *really* have to be little around them, Daddy?"

"Baby boy, I don't think you could be any other way if you tried. Aren't you proud of who you are? Daddy's brave little boy?"

Robbie was fighting an internal struggle, but Colt was winning out. After all, Colt was the one who was present in his life every day. Colt snuggled Robbie and gave him a kiss on the cheek, which pretty much clinched it for Robbie, though he was happy to milk out a few more snuggles from his Daddy by looking unsure.

"Look, I'll make it easy for you, kiddo. Do you wanna talk to them, or do you want Daddy to handle it?" He looked down at Robbie who had the biggest pair of puppy dog eyes. "Those puppy dog eyes aren't going to work on me twice," said Daddy. "What's it going to be?"

"D-daddy," Robbie said, finally. Part of him was relieved to let Daddy handle all of it. The other part of him was terrified. What would Daddy say? He didn't want to know, but curiosity would drive him crazy!

"Okay, baby boy. You can rely on me. Next time she calls, you just hand me the phone and I'll talk with her."

"Okay, Daddy," said Robbie. "Um... can I have my phone back now?"

Colt smiled at how quickly little Robbie's attention could go right back to his toys. "Yes, you can. But only for a few minutes. It's just about nap time and we still haven't watched our afternoon cartoons!"

"Yay! Phone time!"

Robbie opened up the phone and swiped the colorful oversized icons until he found his favorite game, *Dino-Mania*. He played it right there in Colt's lap while Colt kept up a steady stream of commentary and encouragement.

Ever since he'd gotten Robbie his new phone, Colt had kept it in kid mode limiting his hours, apps, and content on the phone. Nothing naughty was allowed and no social media - only age appropriate apps and sites were within Robbie's reach. Beyond that, Colt could track Robbie by his phone if anything ever happened like that time when they almost got separated at the mall. Most importantly, he didn't want Robbie to get addicted to staring at his phone screen. At the fifteen minute mark, Colt called an end to it.

"Okay, kiddo. That's enough phone time for you. Let's pick out a cartoon before it gets too late for your nap."

"Okay! Can we watch Greenie again?"

"Sure, kiddo."

So they reclined on the couch, Robbie cuddling up in Colt's lap, and as often happened, the two of them ended up falling asleep on the couch.

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"Up we go, baby boy," said Colt, waking up a few minutes later. Robbie barely stirred, so Colt picked him up. "It's time we finish this nap in a proper bed, huh?"

Robbie made a nonsensical sleep-noise as Colt carried him up to the nursery to finish his nap in his crib. He laid the boy down, patting his thick diaper, which was already well on its way to being soaked. Then, he quietly left the room, carefully closed the door, and went back to his office where he could get a nice view of the latest updates on asshole Brandon's new life. He unzipped his pants and began playing with his cock in anticipation of what he would see.

Sure enough, Colt was not disappointed. The asshole Brandon was progressing in his baby reprogramming. He was now hairless from head to toe, and looked just the part of a chubby baby spending most of his time in nothing but his thick diapers. Colt watched as Brandon was brought over to the high chair in his nursery for another meal. Whether it was in the nursery or at school, the procedure was the same. First he was

secured in the chair, one specially designed to give a perfect view of his face as well as his diaper. When restrained, his legs were kept wide apart to show off his slowly yellowing diaper, leaving no doubt of his condition as an incontinent, helpless baby.

Aside from his daily routine and his appearance, Brandon's speech was beginning to regress as well. It was obvious the moment he opened his mouth to complain.

"I dun wanna dwink miwk. I wan big boy food!"

But Brandon's protests fell on deaf ears as a nurse held up a bottle and shook it in front of his face. Their expression was unsympathetic - neither comforting nor vindictive as they asked the simple question:

"Will you drink the bottle?"

"NO!"

"Will you drink the bottle?"

"NO baba!" yelled Brandon, his face turning red in anger. The nurse set the bottle down on the tray. He knocked it down. They set it upright again. He pushed it off the tray.

"Drink this bottle, or you'll get the feeding hose again," warned the nurse, before setting the bottle down a third time.

"NONONONONO!" yelled Brandon, knocking it off again.

"Okay then," said the nurse, reaching up and grabbing hold of the inflatable feeding gag that was hanging from the ceiling. It had been fashioned to look like an adorable pacifier, but it was really meant to inflate and stay in place for whatever substance they wished to pump into Brandon's tummy. On today's menu was formula and oat mush with extra fiber.

"Mmmff!" yelled Brandon into the rubber bulb as it was inflated to stay in place. With practiced hands, the nurse quickly brought the straps of the gag around his head and secured them behind. Brandon, whose hands were secured to the chair, had no chance of stopping this from happening. He could only sit there and watch while the mush-formula mixture was pumped down the tube toward his mouth. He knew from experience what came next. A large meal of pabulum that would swell his belly and make him use his diapers even more than he otherwise would. He also knew that the cameras were capturing every minute of it, and he knew that because the screen showing the live feed was up for him to see on a giant tv monitor in front of him. He could watch

himself in high definition as he grunted and struggled, watch his tummy expand, watch his diaper turn yellow as his body released more liquid in exchange for his meal.

And all the time, he could see comments about him running up the right side of the screen. Some rude. Some blush-worthy. None of them making him feel any better about his predicament. Brandon's tummy rumbled and his eyes widened. Clearly he feared a lot worse would be captured on the lunch cam today.

"Just think, little Brandy," said the nurse. "This could *all* have been avoided if you just drank the bottle."

Colt could practically read Brandon's thought process as he took this statement in. Maybe it was better to just drink the bottle. The nurse shook the bottle in front of his face again. "So do you want to try drinking from the bottle now?"

Brandon hung his head in shame before looking up, and giving a slight nod.

"Very good, baby Brandon. We're making progress!"

That's about when Colt shut off the video, and coincidentally, when he unleashed another huge load.

"Unnnhhh!" he yelled, as ropes of cum shot from his straining purple cockhead and splattered all over the desk. He tried to catch some of it in his hand, but it just spilled over, dripping all over his gym shorts. It didn't really matter. When he finally finished, he looked down at his goop covered hand and shook his head. "What a mess. I gotta get a splash guard for this desk, or start wearing condoms when I do this."

Still, even the mess couldn't wipe away his smile from seeing The Assole losing one more piece of his awful adult self. After what he did to Robbie, and who knows how many others under him, Brandon had no right to have any power again. Colt was going to see Brandon turned into a complete baby and adopted out, and he knew that C.A.B.S. would get the job done, even if it had to be through pure attrition. And Colt would be there watching the whole time, savoring the journey as much as the anticipated destination.

"Bye bye, Brandon," he said to himself as he stood up from his desk to leave. "See you tomorrow."

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Overall, things were going well for Robbie and Colt. Summer had given way to Fall by this point, and Colt was already making plans for their first holidays together.

"What do you want to be for Halloween, Robbie?" he asked his little boy as they were cuddling on the couch.

"Halloween? I... uh, I don't know..."

"What's the matter, buddy? Don't you like Halloween?"

"Sure, I do. Halloween is one of my favorite holidays, but... I haven't dressed up for it in a while..."

"Well, you're going to dress up this year, because you and I are going trick-or-treating." Robbie could tell Colt was even more excited about it than most kids, and he didn't have the heart to spoil it. He tried his best to sound enthusiastic.

"W-well, I guess if you're coming with me I won't be so bad..."

"It'll be a blast, I *promise*," said Colt. "You could be an astronaut..."

"Nah, that's too easy. I already have the pajamas."

"*True*... Ooh, I know! You could be a favorite character from one of your shows. Seymour Galaxy... Pawsome Squad... Pride Defender..."

"Ooh! Pride Defender! I want to be Kondo, the little lion leader!" Cold chuckled at that.

"Hehe, okay, baby boy. You can be Kondo."

"And you have to choose a costume too!" Colt raised his eyebrows, still smiling.

"Oh! I guess I do, don't I? What do you think I should be? Do you have any ideas? ...How about a lion tamer?"

"You're silly, Daddy," giggled Robbie as Daddy began pretend-tickling him. "You should be Kondo's dad, Shumba!"

"Oh I should?" asked Colt, smiling. "Gosh, I dunno. If I dress up like a lion... I just might *eat you up!* Om nom nom!" Robbie giggled and squirmed as Daddy buried his face in his boy's belly and pretended to eat him up. Of course, Colt couldn't say no to his little boy, so the two of them quickly agreed it would be a matching costume set - one being the daddy lion, the other the son.

Shopping for a costume was a fun process for both of them. Once they had agreed on what they wanted, they used Colt's tablet to search from the comfort of the couch.

"Hmm, this adorable little sleeper should do it," said Daddy, as they browsed online for the right outfit. Robbie blushed lightly. "Oh gosh, that's... uh... that's really cute, but it's, uh... sized for a baby..." Sure enough, the adorable outfit was only available in baby sizes. "Well that's no problem," said Daddy, saving the link, "we can just get it made." Robbie was a little shocked.

"You don't mean *hire* someone to do it, do you? What will they think?"

"They'll think it's pretty darn cute, is what they'll think! Don't worry, I've been doing cute clothes for years and I have someone in mind. Or did you forget that I had baby stuff on hand *before* you moved in?"

"Oh, I guess that's true," said Robbie, rubbing his chin. "How long have you had all the baby stuff anyway?" asked Robbie. Colt ruffled Robbie's hair.

"I've liked taking care of little ones like you since *I* was a kid," said Colt, replying honestly. "In fact, those cousins I always talk about used to always play baby with me when we were growing up. I guess it kinda stuck."

Robbie giggled, thinking of how cute that must have looked. "Cute. I can just imagine you all little, playing Daddy..."

Colt grinned. "It doesn't compare to having my little Robbie, though."

"Aww geez, Daddy," said Robbie, as Colt planted a big kiss on his cheek. "Cut it out with all the mushy stuff. You're killing me." Robbie pretended to hold his neck and played dead.

"Uh oh! We've got an emergency! Good thing I'm an Emergency Medical Tickler!" Robbie was thrown into another fit of giggles. Daddy often used the tickle technique to check if his little boy was playing dead or for really any excuse at all. When they were finally finished, they hugged.

"I love you, Daddy," said Robbie, giving Colt a big hug.

"I love you too, sweetie," said Colt, returning the hug and giving Robbie a kiss on top of the head. "I'm glad we can spend these holidays together."

Then Robbie's phone rang, startling both of them as it vibrated loudly on the hard surface of the coffee table.

"Oh! Geez..." said Colt. Robbie leaned over and picked it up, his face quickly losing color as he looked again.

"Uh oh, it's Momma again..."

Colt gave Robbie a knowing look. They had both prepared for this, but it was still nerve wracking for both of them.

"Well, you'd better answer it... and then hand it over to me when you're done telling her what you want to say." Robbie nodded, gulping. He felt like he was being sent off to the gallows.

"Hi, Mom!"

"Robbie, hello hon. Just checking in. Thanksgiving is only a month away, you know. Have you gotten off work so you can come this year? I know last year you said your manager wouldn't let you have Thanksgiving off, but it's no excuse this time. I'll call him myself if I have to..."

"Whoa, Mom, slow down," said Robbie. "It's no problem, I can come. Brandon isn't even my manager any more... he got fired..."

"Oh! Well, that's a relief... good riddance to bad rubbish."

"Yeah," said Robbie, remembering how awful those last days on the job were. "Anyway, I'll be fine to come, and Colt's really excited too... He, um..." Robbie was tongue tied for what to say next, but Colt was right there, a warm hand on his shoulder to comfort him as he spoke softly to Robbie.

"Just say as much as you need to say, Robbie, I'll take care of the rest..." Robbie gulped and nodded.

"Uh, so how are you and Dad doing?"

"Oh we're just fine. Retirement is treating me well, but your dad still hasn't really gotten used to the idea of not working, to be honest. He's always building something out there in the garage. I can go get him if you want to talk to him... I might be able to drag him away..."

"No, no, that's okay mom, really. So was that all you wanted to talk about?"

"What, you want to get off the phone already? Geez, okay."

"No, Mom, I didn't mean it like that..."

"No, I get it. You're all grown up and have a life of their own."

"I'm sorry, Mom, I'm sorry..." Colt's antennas went up on that one. He was beginning to see just why Robbie used to apologize so much...

"...details about your trip..." Colt's attention was immediately brought back to the conversation at the mention of travel plans. "When are you arriving? Are you going to stay in a hotel or stay at your brother's house? How long can you stay?"

"W-well, I don't know... Colt kinda takes care of all that sort of stuff... I... uh..." Robbie looked to Colt for help and Colt nodded, sticking out his hand. "Here, why don't you talk to Colt? He's here, now..." Colt accepted the phone and began talking, his voice sounding quite different than the one he used with Robbie.

"Hello, Mrs. Walker. Nice to meet you. I can answer all those questions..." And so he did. Colt was surprised at her reaction when he told her about Robbie's stay at home lifestyle. "No, he doesn't work there anymore. Honestly, between the settlement and my income, he'll never have to work again."

"Probably for the best. He never was very mature. Wait, hold on. What settlement?"

Colt didn't like the way Robbie's mom talked about her son but he let it slide and just focused on the settlement, since he wanted to get off on a good foot.

"I can understand why he didn't tell you. It was pretty awful. That manager ended up doing some pretty nasty stuff and... well, let's just say SuperDuper Mart is paying handsomely for it, as is that manager."

"What nasty stuff did he do? What did he do to my baby?"

Colt looked down at Robbie, who looked aghast at the turn the conversation had taken. "I really can't tell you, it would violate the terms of the settlement... I'd really rather talk about Thanksgiving..."

"I'm his *mother*, I think I deserve to know."

"Well, if you really want to know..." Robbie was frantically signaling for Colt to stop, and Colt was having a heck of a time talking on the phone while also trying to get him to calm down. "Shhh, Robbie, calm down... hold on, Mrs. Walker... Robbie is... *really* being a handful right now... One second..."

Robbie soon found himself in his playpen on his padded butt with Colt looking down at him.

"Stay right here, little dude. I'm going to finish this call in my office... unless you want to tell her about us yourself?" Robby vigorously shook his head no and Colt gave his boy a little smile and a rub on the cheek. "Didn't think so. Don't worry. Daddy's got this."

And with that, he unmuted himself and walked off toward the office. Robbie only caught a few words before Colt was gone from sight and out of earshot.

"Okay, I'll explain what I can... And then we really have to talk about Thanksgiving. There's some things you should know before we come..."

Robbie was biting his nails in worry when Colt came back...

"Daddy! What happened? Did she get mad? Am I in trouble?"

"Don't worry, baby boy," said Colt, reaching down over the playpen wall and picking Robbie up. "Everything is taken care of..."

That's all Colt would tell Robbie. It was taken care of and that's all he needed to know. Robbie reluctantly agreed, glad that he didn't have to broach the subject with his parents. After that, he tried his best to put his mind off it, and Halloween served as the perfect distraction.

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By the time Halloween rolled around, Robbie and Colt had decked their house out with halloween paraphernalia inside and out. Bats under the balcony. Spiderwebs in all the windows. A front yard that would be the envy of any theme park in the country. It was something they could build together, a new way to bond through teamwork.

"Are you *sure* we can't stay here and just hand out candy?" Robbie looked up at Colt with puppy dog eyes as the man snapped his custom lion onesie up between his legs.

"No, Robbie. If we did that, we'd miss out on all the fun!" Colt was wearing his own lion outfit, though he looked considerably more mature in it, having his legs covered with no diaper bulge jutting out from his crotch and butt.

Robbie looked at himself in the full length mirror by the door, turning this way and that to see if his diaper was too obvious. It was. Colt held up Robbie's pillow sack and motioned toward the door.

"Come on, kiddo. Stop admiring yourself in the mirror, we've got some candy to collect!" Robbie gave himself one last look and then sighed. He knew he wasn't going to win this one, and besides, he'd been out in worse. He grabbed Daddy's hand and the two of them walked out into the evening.

For the first few houses, Robbie was nervous and shy, and he wouldn't let go of Daddy's hand to go and knock on doors by himself. Colt was good natured about it, though, and had no problem accompanying his boy to each porch and door. But the

reactions of all the adults who saw the pair were so effusive and encouraging, that Robbie soon ceased worrying about getting teased or yelled at, and began to enjoy trick or treating in earnest.

It soon became apparent that Colt was a competitive trick-or-treater. He laid out a strategic plan to maximize candy acquisition and had him and Robbie running this way and that as they filled their sack heavier and heavier. Robbie was glad for all the exercising they'd been doing, or he'd never have been able to keep up. He was really getting worn out when he finally spotted an opportunity to take a rest.

"Daddy, look!" said Robbie, pointing to a neighbor's yard. They had opened their garage and turned it into a haunted house that continued past the line of sight.

"I don't know, Robbie. It looks pretty scary for someone your age..."

"Aww, come on," said Robbie. "*Please?*"

"Oh, alright. But you've got to hold on tight to Daddy's hand, okay?"

"Okay," said Robbie, relieved that Daddy agreed. A man in a red and white striped suit with a half-skull mask on was standing at the front of the garage.

"Step right up, step right up. Come right into the haunted house." The man spotted the couple as they approached. "Ah, welcome fearsome beasts! Come right in. I promise you won't regret it, and I'm not lion! Bwahaha!" Robbie giggled at the man's joke, and Colt ruffled his hair. It looked like it would actually be pretty fun.

As they passed inside, they went through a corridor, which was hazy thanks to a fog machine somewhere nearby. A spooky halloween soundtrack was playing and Robbie could only really see what was immediately in front of him. The fog scattered the light making visibility poor, so Robbie and Colt had to follow the walls, except some of the walls were curtains - or hung up bed sheets. They rounded a corner and ended up in a strobe light area. Robbie felt disoriented as everything was blinking and it looked like he and Daddy were moving in stop-motion.

"Daddy," yelled Robbie, over the noise around them. "Which way is out?"

Colt said something that Robbie couldn't understand. He spoke up again. "Out! Which way is out? I don't wanna do the haunted house any m-AAHHHH!!!"

Robbie screamed as a scary skeleton jumped out at them. Colt jumped as well, but as the skeleton retreated it became clear that it was just a pop-up halloween decoration. Robbie tried to calm himself down as they continued on. Colt ruffled his hair, which made him feel safe. Then, they passed out of the strobe light area through a

corridor lined at the corners with blacklight reactive piping. Colt smiled down at him and he could see Colt's teeth glowing in the UV lighting. It was so weird.

"Pretty cool, huh, kiddo?" said Colt. Robbie nodded, though he wasn't sure if Colt could see him. He was feeling a little better until someone dressed in all black snuck up behind him and grabbed him. He shrieked and held onto Colt's hand for dear life. Before he knew it, the person was gone, but the damage had been done. Robbie had completely emptied his bladder, and his onesie was probably the only thing keeping his diaper up. He could feel the tears coming. *Oh no! Not here!* He thought, but he couldn't help it. Robbie began bawling right there in the middle of the haunted house.

Colt immediately picked out the sound of his little boy crying and picked him up.

"Come on, baby boy. Let's get you out of here." Robbie buried his face in Colt's shoulder as he was carried out to the backyard where the haunted house let out.

"Shhh, shh, shhh, It's okay, kiddo. Look, we're back in front already." He gently sat Robbie down so they were both sitting on the curb. "I'm sorry, buddy. I guess it was a little too scary for you after all."

Robbie nodded, still crying. "I'm- I'm- I'm sorry, Daddy... I don't know why I got scared. It's so *stupid*..." Robbie was angry - angry at himself for being unable to handle a little haunted house.

"Shhh... it's okay, sweetie. It's not stupid. And why are you apologizing anyway? You didn't do anything wrong..."

"I know," said Robbie. "But I cried like a big baby and ruined it for you..."

"Sweetie, we went in there for *you*. I'll be just fine."

Robbie was still breathing kind of erratically between sniffles, but his heart slowed down.

"Looks like *you* need a change though," said Colt, looking at the bulge in the front of Robbie's sleeper. The plastic that was peeking out of both leg holes was yellow, and it was obvious that Robbie was wet.

"Are you two okay?" came a voice from directly behind them. Robbie screamed and jumped, startled at the sudden appearance of a skull-face behind him. "Oops, sorry, didn't mean to scare you..."

"We're fine," said Colt. "It was just a little too scary for the little one..."

Ah, I see. Hmm, you know, there's a gentler one a couple blocks up. I think it's fairy themed if I'm not mistaken. Mostly little kids go there, but something tells me it might be right up your alley..."

"Heh. Thanks, neighbor," said Colt.

"No prob, friend. What's your name?"

Colt and Trevor hit it off right away. The man was a pretty charismatic guy, and he had Robbie smiling again in no time.

"We'll all have to hang out sometime. We'd love to have you over. There's not a lot of gay couples in the neighborhood, you know?"

"Couple?" asked Robbie, blushing at the idea of being Colt's boyfriend.

"We'd love to," said Colt, answering for both of them. "That sounds like fun."

"Sorry again, kiddo," said Trevor. "But the fairy place is real close and I think you'll love it. I hear that if you're lucky, you'll get to meet a *real* fairy! How cool is that?"

Robbie felt a little excited despite himself and gave a shy smile.

"Sounds great," said Colt, ruffling Robbie's perpetually mussed hair for the umpteenth time. "Ready to go find the fairy kingdom?"

"Yeah!" said Robbie, speaking for the first time since the skull-man showed up.

They left the scary house and went a couple blocks up to the fairy house. It was a completely different vibe with lots of soft lighting, and shimmery sparkling lights.

"Well, hello, cuties!" said a woman dressed as a fairy queen who was at the front of the yard. "Welcome to fairy land. I see it looks like we have a Daddy lion... and a *baby* lion! Oh, how cute! Chloe, come out here, you have to see this!"

Chloe? Robbie and Colt looked at each other... no, it couldn't be...

"Coming, coming... oh hey! How cute, they've got matching... Oh my gosh, is that *Robbie?*!" Chloe, who was also dressed up as a fairy queen ran up to Robbie and gave him a big hug, followed by Colt.

"Oof!" Even the muscular Colt had the wind knocked out of him. When she pulled away, his fur was covered in glitter.

"Oh my god, you guys! You two are *adorable!*"

"Aren't they, though?" said the first fairy "I didn't realize you already knew them."

"Oh yes, you haven't been introduced. Cassie, this is my former co-worker, Robbie, and this is his boyfriend, Colt. Colt, Robbie, this is my girlfriend, Cassie."

"Oh, nice to meet you!" said Colt, shaking her hand.

Robbie followed suit, though his greeting was considerably quieter than Colt's.

"Oh, you two are cute. Did you come to see the fairyland puppet show?"

"Puppet show? Heck yeah we wanna see a puppet show," said Colt, grinning down at Robbie. Robbie was also interested, but at the moment he had his mind on other things, namely the soggy bulk between his legs.

"What's wrong kiddo? Oh, I know..." Looking down, Colt saw the problem right away. They hadn't taken care of his diaper yet. "Do you think you can hold it a little longer kiddo?" Robbie looked from Colt to the two women and back, embarrassed to admit that he probably wouldn't, but also worried about leaking at the puppet show. Chloe caught on right away.

"Oh! Hey, you two can go inside if you need to, you know, use the *bathroom*..."

"Oh, yeah, could we?" asked Colt, looking hopefully up at the two women.

"Yeah, sure, it's fine, right Cassie?"

"Totally fine! Go inside. Go get freshened up."

"Thanks," said Colt. Robbie blushed at the grownups all negotiating his diaper change between themselves.

"Oh, don't give me that look, crinklebutt," said Cassie, with a canny smile. "Chloe's told me all about you two. We're totally cool with it. Just hurry up so you don't miss the show!"

Robbie didn't have a chance to argue because Colt grabbed Robbie's hand and quickly pulled him inside. He wasn't waiting for anyone to change their mind before he could change his baby boy's diaper.

"Come on," said Colt, as they got inside and navigated their way to the bathroom. He had had the foresight to bring a diaper change just in case. He followed the rule of thumb that you should always bring one more diaper than you think you need. It was a habit he learned to keep up without exception taking care of littles, and especially with Robbie, who was 24/7 and would always need a change sooner or later.

Robbie blushed as he was laid on his back on the bathroom floor and Colt opened the tapes up. No matter how many times it happened, public changes were always embarrassing to him, and anything out of the house was a public change to him.

"What are you blushing about, Kiddo?" asked Colt. Of course, Robbie didn't have to answer. "My little lion just needs a diapee change is all. Ooh, boy. You really soaked these ones, huh kiddo? Was the house *that* scary?"

Robbie looked up at Colt and nodded. It was also really surreal and embarrassing to him being changed by such a hottie. How was it that this amazing guy was his Daddy? How was it that he found someone who was willing to engage with him this way? To be *enthusiastic* about it, even. He could feel his heart beating for a completely different reason than fear as Colt wiped him clean.

"Uh oh," said Colt, noticing Robbies little pee-pee going stiff. "Well, this is going to be a problem, buddy boy. I think we'd better take care of it so we can get a new diaper on you, don't you?"

Robbie whimpered and nodded. Colt smirked and reached in the bag for a bottle of baby lotion. Soon, Robbie was biting his lip and moaning as his Daddy rubbed his little pee-pee with his magic Daddy hands, murmuring encouragement to his little boy.

"Aww, you like that, little one? Does that feel good? You like it when Daddy makes you feel good? Hmm? You like to make sticky creamies in your diapees? Huh? Yeah?"

Robbie felt a special mixture of pleasure and happiness when Daddy did his baby talk and touched him like that. He had jacked off every day since he first started puberty, but it never felt quite like it did when he was being brought there by someone he loved. Daddy was the first person who'd made him feel like that, and he loved it so much. Soon, those feelings of love, happiness, and pleasure reached a peak.

"Unh!" he cried in the cutest tiny voice, before spurting out his sticky seed, painting the front of the padding, which Colt had the presence of mind to cover his pee-pee with.

"*Thaaat's* it, baby boy. That's a good boy... You did so good being a good boy for Daddy today. I'm so proud of you..." Robbie panted, out of breath from the intense experience. Colt kept up the steady stream of encouragement as he removed the used diaper, and diapered up his boy in a fresh diaper. He stuck the used one in a plastic bag he'd brought for such a situation, and stuffed the bagged diaper into the diaper bag. "All done, kiddo. Now let's go out to the show!"

When they got to the backyard, which had been completely decked out in sparkly lights with softly glowing lights covered in gauzy sculptures reminiscent of a snowscape or a cloud city. Colt sat with Robbie in his lap, hugging his boy from behind as Robbie giggled, clapped, and laughed at the silly puppets on the puppet stage.

Robbie and Colt very much enjoyed fairyland, and by the time they got up to leave at 9pm, Robbie was falling asleep on his feet. He wasn't used to so much walking and it was only the regular exercise regimen that made it possible for him to do it without the help of a stroller. But it was well past his bedtime, so they said their goodbyes to Cassie and Chloe and promised they'd all hang out soon. Then, they left with their haul of candy, and the two went back home.

Of course, Colt put the bag in his office as soon as they got back, saying it was too late for Robbie to have any candy and it was time to brush his teeth and go to bed instead. Colt wasn't about to let Robbie eat candy until he inspected it himself. He wasn't about to let his guard down for even a second after the shopping incident. The haunted house had been a close enough call for him.

Robbie slept like a rock that night, completely worn out from all the walking, the frights, the meltdowns and the warm Daddy hands that brought him to the wonderful climax. Colt also slept well, knowing this was the first of many wonderful holidays they'd have together.

## Room for Rent

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

### Chapter 13: Getting There is Half the Fun

With Halloween out of the way, Robbie's Thanksgiving worries were back. Now, the dreaded family visit was closer than ever, and Robbie didn't know what to do about it. He doubted he could go back to acting big for several days on end. On the other hand, he couldn't blow off his family and stay here either. His parents would kill him! Robbie sat in his playpen stacking Brickos into a more or less even block as he puzzled over his situation.

Colt peeked into the living room, drying his hands on a dish towel. "Hey, kiddo. How's your Bricko set? Having fun with it?"

Robbie set down the bricks and sighed. "I don't know, Daddy. I guess so."

Colt immediately came into the room, tossing the dish towel over his shoulder and crouched down on the outside of the playpen.

"You still worried about that trip, tiger?"

Robbie looked up at Colt with his famous puppy dog eyes. "What if they get mad at me? Or laugh at me? That's going to be so awkward."

Colt sighed and reached into the playpen. "C'mere, kiddo. Put down those Brickos for a sec, okay?" Colt helped Robbie up and over the wall of the pen and held him close, patting his padded butt through his dino pajama pants. "You're gonna make yourself sick worrying about this trip, baby. I told you, Daddy's got it *covered*."

Robbie hugged Colt tight. He was led to the couch to lie back in Colt's arms. He closed his eyes and relaxed as he felt the warmth and smelt the scent of Daddy. Finally, he spoke.

"What did you tell her?" asked Robbie, softly.

"I told her exactly what she needed to know, lil dude. *Nothing naughty*," he added with a chuckle when he felt Robbie's body tense up. "It's okay. Your family is cool with it. No one is going to give you a hard time for being little."

Robbie's breath stopped.

"Really?" asked Robbie, looking back at Colt. Colt gave him a squeeze of reassurance.

"You know it kiddo. If they do, we can go straight home, and I can nom on my own little turkey butt." Colt held Robbie tight with one arm and tickled his padded behind, making Robbie giggle in a high pitched squeal. "*There's* my happy boy..."

Colt's free hand went from tickling to massaging, rubbing Robbie's stomach, his legs, softly kneading his diaper. Robbie relaxed and let out a big breath, nuzzling into Colt's chest.

As far as either of them were concerned, they could stay like this all day, and they did stay there for quite a while, Colt lightly petting the boy, occasionally patting his diaper or tugging up the waistband. This left Robbie totally relaxed. Entranced, but completely present to feel each and every touch, hear every sound from the crinkle of his diaper to the rumble of Colt's chest on his back as, just like that first time on pizza night, Colt held Robbie and spoke softly in his ear.

"Little dude, little dude. You're a *baby*, don't forget. This isn't make-believe, you really well and truly *are* my baby boy. Isn't that right?"

Robbie smiled and nodded, his eyelids remaining shut.

"That's right, kiddo. You're *my* little guy, aren't you...? Mine and nobody else's... No matter where we are... or who we're with... Isn't that right, baby boy?"

"Mmm," said Robbie, nodding again as Colt cupped his diaper secure in his palm.

"No matter what, I'll be with you. And I'm not gonna lie, there will be some awkward moments as people you know adjust... But you can come to Daddy and give me a hug whenever you need it, and just focus on us. You and me."

Robbie said nothing. He just absorbed Colt's words.

"Whenever. Even if I'm in an important meeting in my office. And on Thanksgiving, we'll have a nice family dinner with your family. And we can be ourselves... And if we need to go, we'll go... But nobody can touch you when you're with me. That, I promise. Alright, baby boy?"

Robbie nodded again.

"That means you're going to be little the whole time, because you aren't a grownup, are you, baby boy?"

Robbie shook his head.

"No, you're not. And you don't *want* to be, do you?"

Robbie shook his head again.

"That's right, good boy. I think we *both* know what's best for you. You need to stay in diapers and stay a little boy forever and ever with Daddy. And after the holidays, there will be no more reasons to hide. All our friends, all our family... everyone will get to see adorable little Robbie. And they're gonna smile... they're gonna *love* you just like I do. Does that sound good to you, lil dude?"

Robbie nodded and smiled. He was now looking up at Colt with his eyes open. Colt's words had reassured him.

"Yes, Daddy."

"Do you think you can do it?"

Robbie took a deep breath and nodded. "It's gonna be *tough*, but I think I can do it..."

"We can do it, kiddo. Together."

"Yeah," said Robbie, smiling back at his Daddy. "We can do it." It was hard to worry about anything when Daddy held him in his arms. Robbie rolled over onto his belly and quickly became aware of a fleshy tube in Colt's pajama pants. It was so warm.

"Um, Daddy?" asked Robbie, blushing as he felt the hot meat pressing against his tummy.

"Yes, little one?" asked Colt, looking just as blissed out as Robbie had been a moment ago.

"I- is Mr. Snakey up because he wants to *play*?"

Colt's eyes went wide as he shifted Robbie's weight off of his lap, and scrambled to hide his erection.

"Oh! Geez...! I'm sorry, little dude!" Colt's face was red and his gym shorts were now obviously tenting despite his best efforts.

Robbie giggled at the sight of Daddy looking completely flustered. Colt was never overt about it, but Robbie knew that Daddy was just as excited by their Daddy-Baby relationship, and the evidence was clear - no matter *how* careful Colt tried to be.

"Aw, geez, I'm sorry, kiddo. Daddy needs to go get some ice..."

Colt turned to leave but Robbie reached out and grabbed a hold of Colt's shirt.

"Wait, Daddy...You don't have to leave!"

Colt stopped, and looked at the boy, surprised. Robbie continued.

"I- I mean...." Alarm bells were already ringing in Robbie's head yelling retreat! Retreat!

Colt stopped, sat down, and put a hand on Robbie's knee. "Relax, kiddo. Take your time, and tell Daddy what you want to say." This was more familiar territory, despite the pesky protuberance still poking up between his legs.

"I *like* Mr. Snakey." Robbie finally blurted out. "I- I mean... uh... I want to, um... do the stuff that *other* guys do... you know," Robbie lowered his voice to a whisper, "*sex stuff...*"

Colt smiled in surprise. "Oh *ho!* That's a mighty big *word* for such a little baby boy. Have you ever *done* any... *sex stuff...* with a guy before?" Asked Colt, fighting the urge to grin.

"Well, no but..." Rob looked down at his hands touching his fingers together and blushing red. "I... I've been saving myself for someone *special.*"

"Oh, I see," said Colt, raising his eyebrows. He managed to keep a straight face as if taking this information in very seriously even though Robbie was being adorable as hell. Robbie continued, looking away as he said the words.

"A-and... I think... maybe, uh... I mean if you *want...* I think that someone could be *you.*"

The final words rushed out of Rob's mouth before he could stop them, and he involuntarily flinched after he said them. What would Colt say? He hadn't ever been so forward with his Daddy before. He didn't want to ruin what they had already. He risked a look back at Daddy and saw that Colt's poker face had completely dissipated.

"Awww! Baby boyyyyy!" Colt scooped Rob up into a big hug and patted his padded bum. "Of *course* I'll be your first."

He gave Robbie a hug and snuggled his cheek, causing the smaller guy to smile and giggle. Robbie felt better. He had done a very good thing; Daddy was happy, *and* he had told the truth!

Robbie then looked bashful again. "S-s-so... um...."

Colt pulled back and looked at Robbie questioningly.

"A-are we gonna do it *now?*" Robbie asked, innocently.

Colt laughed. "Haha, No, baby boy. No, no. It's too soon."

"But I'm ready *now*," protested Rob, before catching himself and lowering his voice. "I-I mean... I'm ready if *you* are." He finished the sentence so softly it was more of a whisper.

"I know, baby boy, I know. But first, you've gotta learn to take my finger." Colt held up his index finger, which looked impossibly thick to Rob's virgin eyes. "I mean... if you want to do *butt* stuff..."

Rob gulped and nodded, his erection was already tenting his diaper, and his heart was pounding in his chest.

"We can start with a finger at bed time, when we put you in your night diaper," said Colt.

Of course, Colt had fantasized about doing naughtier things with Robbie since he first laid eyes on the boy, but he had certainly never put pressure on Robbie to provoke *this* response.

"B-bedtime? That's so far away," said Robbie, knowing that the anticipation and anxiety of such a long wait would drive him crazy.

Colt felt the same way, and he was rock hard - and practically gushing precum - because of it. "I'll tell you what, kiddo... Daddy has to go use the potty, and when I get back... we'll talk about something else to get our mind off of all this."

"Like what?"

"Well... since Thanksgiving is this month, why don't we talk about the things we're thankful for?"

Robbie sighed and nodded, and Colt quickly made his way to the nearest restroom.

It didn't take a genius to figure out what those sounds coming from the bathroom were whenever Daddy had to take a sudden unscheduled 'potty break'. Whenever it happened, Robbie would find himself listening intently and rubbing his diaper with his hand or on the nearest plushie as he listened.

This time was no exception. Robbie was feeling pretty excited and nervous about doing something more with Colt. If he had to be honest, Colt had been about as intimate as one could get with him - bathing him, taking him to the potty, and of course, changing his diapers. But sex was a whole different level for Robbie. He'd never done it with anyone before, and certainly no one as mind blowingly hunky as Colt. All these thoughts

went through his mind as he listened as close to the bathroom door as he dared stand, rubbing his diaper to Colt's moans. Robbie couldn't wait to see Daddy getting off like that up close and in person.

By the time Colt was done both men were flushed and sweaty, having blown their loads in their respective corners. Robbie had ample time to return to his seat on the couch while Colt cleaned up.

Colt soon returned looking happy and refreshed. He cuddled up with Robbie in the living room again and they counted their blessings.

"What are you thankful for, Daddy?"

"I'm thankful that I have the cutest little boy in the world under my roof," said Colt, smiling and booping Robbie's nose.

Robbie stuck his tongue out at Colt and said, "Well, I'm lucky I have the nicest Daddy, even if he is a **goof** sometimes..."

"Goof? I'll show you who's the goof...! I'm going to tickle you until you take that back and admit that *you're* the goof!"

"No, Daddy! Heeheehee! You can't make me!" Robbie giggled hard as Colt tickled him all over.

After a bit of silly fun, they eventually ran out of all the tongue in cheek comments and started listing off the things they were well and truly grateful for. Good health. Good friends. Awesome cartoons to watch. Each other.

"I'll make you a bet, Robbie," said Colt.

"What's that?" ask Robbie.

"If you can get all the way through Thanksgiving without telling one lie, I'll give you something very special afterwards."

"Oh really?" asked Robbie, looking Daddy up and down and imagining just what that could be.

"Really," said Colt with a coy grin. "It'll be like a game!" Robbie got excited. He liked games.

"What kinda game?"

"A truth teller game."

"That doesn't *sound* like a fun game," said Robbie.

"Oh, sure it is. Why don't we practice, huh?"

Robbie nodded. "Okay. Fine. I'll take your challenge, mister!"

"Okay buddy. First question... When was the last time you peed your diaper?"

Robbie's eyes went wide. "Coming out with the hard ones right out of the gate, Daddy! Geez!"

"Is that one too hard for my baby boy's baby brain?" asked Colt, speaking in exaggerated baby talk. He knew that it made Robbie's pee-pee happy to be talked down to.

"No," said Robbie, blushing, but he still didn't answer.

"Well, then when was it?"

There was a pause of several seconds as Robbie worked out some seemingly very difficult calculations in his head.

"I don't know," Robbie admitted, finally. "I... I don't know *when* I peed last... I wasn't paying attention..."

Colt's face lit up. "Ding ding ding! We have a winner! Way to answer honestly, baby boy!"

"But I didn't even *know* the answer," said Robbie, confused.

"Exactly. You *didn't* know the answer, because you *don't know* when you are peeing your *pampers*. That's why you need them, little dude."

"Aw, geez!" said Robbie, blushing and covering his face in embarrassment.

"It's okay, buddy. Daddy has you covered. But, this was only the first question, baby boy! We have a lot more practice to do to get ready for dinner with your folks. Let's keep going..."

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Eventually, the day came when they had to leave on their big trip to see Robbie's family. By this time they had gotten plenty of practice in for the holidays, so they felt prepared, but they were both still nervous.

"Come on, kiddo, the driver is waiting. We've got to go!" said Colt, checking his Pear Watch as Robbie continued to find reasons to delay.

"Hold on, I know I'm forgetting something..."

"You've said that a dozen times by now," said Colt. "You got Mr. Cuddles, your diapers, a pencil bag full of pacifiers, your toothy brush, some snacks for the trip, some games, and your favorite clothes. What else could a little boy possibly need?"

Robbie played with his hands nervously as he thought about it. "I know there's *something*... Uh... I need... I need..."

"You *need* to calm down, little boy. Here," said Colt, reaching into his 'day bag' and shoving a familiar and well-loved bear into Robbie's arms. "Everything you need is already packed. *You* just hold onto Mr. Cuddles."

"But the Ryde driver will see..."

"And he'll see a lot more if you keep complaining, turkey butt."

That shut Robbie up quickly.

"O-okay, Daddy," Robbie said. He whimpered, slightly embarrassed but happy to have his most favorite comfort object in his arms as Colt waved the driver off and loaded their two suitcases into the trunk himself.

The whole way to the airport, Robbie sat next to Daddy, holding his teddy. Robbie was feeling especially self-conscious as they approached the airport, imagining all the people at the airport who would see him holding his teddy bear.

"Breathe," he said to himself, quietly, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath. It was one thing to go to a familiar place and be little around people he knew, but this was a *new* place for Robbie full of strangers and who knew what else.

Colt was about to check in to see if Robbie was okay, but he stopped and smiled as Robbie began to take deep breaths and repeated his affirmations to himself so he began to calm down. It made Colt super proud to see his boy using the techniques they had practiced to deal with his anxiety - and not just rely on his comfort objects like before. After a minute or two, Robbie finally opened his eyes and nodded to himself with a look of determination.

"Great job calming down, Robbie. That's my good boy," said Colt.

"Th-thanks, Daddy," whispered Robbie, blushing and playing with his hands. He hadn't realized he was being watched.

"Feel better?"

"Uh huh," said Robbie.

Colt nodded. He knew the difference between pushing Robbie to progress and trampling all over his boundaries, and he was always careful to check in with Robbie to make sure he was still able to make that determination. The rest of the Ride was peaceful enough. When Robbie asked for some game time on the phone, Colt knew for sure that he was back to his regular self, and that put Colt more at ease too.

When they arrived at the airport and got out to unload the luggage, Robbie noticed that both suitcases were locked. He looked around at the throngs of people around them and back down at his teddy. "Uh... Can I put Mr. Cuddles away now?"

"Hmm, I think you'd better hold onto him. You wouldn't want him to get lost, now would you?" Robbie's eyes went wide and he shook his head, clinging to Mr. Cuddles tightly. Colt chuckled and patted Robbie's head. "That's what I thought. And there's *no way* I'd let you try to hide a friend because you're *embarrassed*. That would earn you so many spankings..."

Robbie blushed. *Busted*.

Even as they got to the front of the line to check bags and pick up their boarding passes, Robbie was still looking all around to see if anyone was looking at him with his teddy. He noticed that he wasn't the only one with a teddy bear companion for his trip, though he was probably one of the oldest. Still, no one seemed to give him a second glance, as busy as they were with their own holiday concerns. Robbie fantasized that, dressed as he was, maybe a toddler was all they saw. This thought led him to remember, and then be extra self-conscious about the thick crinkly diaper under his pants as he waddled forward to speak to the ticket agent.

Daddy did all the talking, checking the suitcases and picking up the boarding passes without worry. The moment both bags were out of Colt's hands, he grabbed Robbie's hand to keep the boy from wandering. But that didn't keep Robbie from looking at all the distractions around them in the busy airport and daydreaming. He drifted in and out of the adults' conversation, and only happened to catch the last few words.

"...and I spoke ahead with the airline about special arrangements for this one's seat," said Colt, glancing over the boarding passes one last time. Robbie's ears perked up.

"Oh yes, you can just talk with the ticket agent at the gate." Colt thanked her, slung Robbie's 'day bag' (a.k.a. diaper bag) over his shoulder, and tugged gently on Robbie's hand to get him moving.

"What was that about?" asked Robbie, as they walked away from the long and winding baggage line and toward the long and winding security line.

"Just some safety precautions," said Daddy, giving Robbie a blush-worthy pat on the bum. "Don't worry about it."

Robbie pursed his lips and nodded, hoping no one had noticed. He was learning to believe Daddy when he said there was nothing to worry about. Of course, when you try *not* to think about something, you often end up thinking about it more, at least that was the case with Robbie. Robbie imagined all kinds of blushy contraptions he could find himself in, and the fantasies were making his diaper tight. He was so busy thinking about what 'special seating' he would get that he was taken completely by surprise when they found themselves right at the front of the line.

"Whoa! We're here already?"

"Global Pass," said Colt, giving Robbie a lopsided grin. "No muss no fuss, just like I like it," he said, giving Robbie a swat on the butt. Robbie blushed hard as Colt set his 'day bag' on the scanner belt.

"You'll have to send Teddy through too," said Daddy. "And we'll get to see what his stuffing looks like!"

Robbie's heart began to beat as he saw the rows upon rows of people getting their bags scanned. Security was going to see his *diaper* bag and everything inside of it. He quickly placed his Teddy in the plastic tub and walked through the scanner, not daring to look at anyone there. He breathed a sigh of relief when they waved him forward and didn't pat him - or his poofy butt - down. However, he wasn't so relieved to see the contents of his diaper bag on full display on the big scanner screen. He wanted to throw a blanket over it so people couldn't look. Colt put a reassuring hand on his shoulder as they waited for everything to get through.

"Don't worry, kiddo. It's nothing to be ashamed of," he said into Robbie's ear.

Daddy's reassurance just made Robbie *more* blushy and squirmy, and his diaper tightened up uncomfortably. He attempted to adjust the front of his diaper as best he could without being too obvious.

"What's wrong, kiddo?" asked Daddy, noticing the boy looking extra antsy. "Do you need a change?"

Before Robbie could answer, Colt had pulled back the elastic waistband of his jeans to check. Robbie made a strangled noise of surprise and covered his mouth, as a few heads turned their way. Robbie wasn't upset, just surprised, but he was *really* surprised by what Colt said next.

"Yup. You sure do, sogger. Let's change you before we board." Robbie was speechless. He had no idea he was wet.

Of course, Colt had no reservations asking the nearest employee for directions. "Excuse me, can you tell me if there are any family or companion care restrooms?" he asked one of the agents collecting tubs at the end of the security scanner. That's all Colt had to say and it was immediately clear who and what the bathroom was for. To Robbie's embarrassment the agent immediately pointed them toward terminal 7 where they were assured they'd find a place to change the little boy.

"Aww, geez, Daddy," said Robbie, blushing as Colt brought him into the spacious public restroom and started setting up shop on the adult-sized changing table with everything that he'd manage to stuff in the diaper bag.

Robbie looked nervously at the people doing last minute touch ups in the mirror nearby and whispered to Colt. "Do you really have to change me *here*?"

Colt replied at full volume as he pulled open Robbie's waistband once more. "Well, you certainly aren't staying in *that* for three more hours, super soaker," said Colt.

Colt didn't seem flustered in the least that they were in full view of everyone who entered or left the bathroom and Robbie was nonplussed by Colt's matter-of-fact treatment of his diaper regimen.

"I can do it myself, you know..." said Robbie, "in a stall..."

Colt laughed at this. "You don't know the first thing about changing a diaper, little one. Now get your tushie on the table before I stick a pacifier in your mouth and spank you."

Robbie had never scrambled up onto a changing table faster. He pushed himself up onto the table, letting out a little yelp as Colt gave his butt a playful swat..

"Okay, kiddo. You just lie back and let Daddy do all the work."

Robbie nodded and squeezed Mr. Cuddles as he shut his eyes to what was happening. The people passing by may have looked, but they didn't say anything. Probably they assumed that he had special needs, which was true, in a way. Regardless of what anyone thought about it, getting changed was embarrassing, especially considering the fact that Robbie's diminutive penis was at full mast the entire time.

"We're gonna have to leave that pointing up for now," muttered Colt, once he finished oiling Robbie up. He knew better than to give Robbie his stickies in public, as

adorable as the fantasy might be. "We'll adjust it later. Just try not to pee all over your pants before that happens, okay kiddo?"

Robbie squeezed his eyes shut tighter and nodded.

Mercifully, Colt was fast, and he was quickly taping a fresh diaper on Robbie snug and secure. Robbie had to bite his lip as Colt ran his fingers along the leg cuffs to ensure a proper fit. He almost moaned out when Colt gave a naughty grin and surreptitiously brushed his balls while checking the leak guards. Robbie's penis throbbed slightly at the intrusion, smearing a bit of precum on the waistband of this diaper. He was going to have a hard time getting his pee-pee down without the usual relief that his Daddy provided in such situations. And yet, once they were at the gate and Daddy was talking to the ticket agent, his mind was once again off in lala land. Robbie was thus totally caught off guard when Daddy suddenly reached down the front of Robbie's pants and tucked his softening pecker back into place.

"Gotcha!" said Daddy, grinning. He had finished talking with the agent and had taken the opportunity to adjust his distractible boy's pee-pee when he wasn't looking.

Robbie's face looked like a ripe tomato and his maleness immediately tried to rebel against its poofy prison, as he realized he had *indeed* been 'got'.

Colt couldn't keep a straight face. He loved how cute Robbie was when he was blushy. "Hehe, well, anyway, we have a little time, little man. Why don't we get us something to eat?"

Robbie was pleased to learn that Colt was going to let him have a sandwich and *not* try to feed him baby food in the middle of the busy airport. But of course, Colt wasn't going to make it *that* easy. Sure enough, once they had gotten their food, Colt insisted on having Robbie sit on his lap and hand feeding him. He used some excuse about the airport being too crowded for them to sit apart, or some such nonsense.

"Open up, buddy. Take a big bite!"

Robbie whined and looked around but Daddy wasn't having any of it, and so Robbie was obliged to open his mouth and accept the food.

"There's a good boy." Colt smiled and began to chub up as he watched his boy obediently eat the food offered to him by hand.

By the time the flight began boarding, the two of them were in quite a state of arousal. Ironically, with all his layers of protective padding, Robbie was doing a much better job of hiding his arousal than Colt, whose trouser snake would not be contained and ran down the right leg of his pants.

"Yes, it's a banana in my pocket," Colt joked when he caught one of the flight attendants staring as they entered the cabin.

The man's pale cheeks tinged with pink when he realized he was busted. His voice cracked slightly as he said, "welcome in, sir, enjoy your flight."

"Oh look, here are our seats, right at the front," said Colt, pointing toward two large, plush, leather seats by the window.

"First class?" squeaked Robbie, shocked. "We're flying *first class*?"

"Of course," said Colt, matter of factly. "I always fly first class. And now, so do *you*." Robbie marveled at the accommodations. He was beginning to think Colt was an even bigger deal than he thought. But before Robbie could admire the upholstery too much, Colt quickly moved them both out of the way of the other boarding passengers.

"Why don't you have a seat kiddo?"

The two of them sat down, and Colt put the diaper bag down at his feet. Robbie tried to buckle the belt but it seemed to have a lot more straps than he expected.

"Need help there, buddy?"

"What the heck is this?"

"Language, little man."

"But I only said *heck*.."

"I don't care if it's not a bad word, the *tone* behind it is what's important. And don't think I won't spank you in front of everyone at Thanksgiving if you show any attitude there, either!"

"Sorry, Daddy," said Robbie, abashed. "Um... can you please help me?"

"That's better," said Colt, adjusting and snapping together several snaps around Robbie's limbs and torso. Robbie gasped as he realized he was being secured into a six point harness, designed to hold his body securely to the seat and keep him mostly immobile. The snug feeling of the straps hugging his body felt relaxing, and the extra straps between his legs meant that the harness would not press uncomfortably against the middle of his diaper like most infant harnesses did.

On the flip side, however, the six strap system forced his legs apart and bunched up his pants, outlining and underscoring his diapered status so no one could miss it. As soon as Colt moved his hands out of the way, Robbie sat Mr. Cuddles in his lap in an effort to cover up the bulge. It didn't help. Instead it just further highlighted his poofy

padding as Mr. Cuddles looked like he was comfortably seated on the *diaper matterhorn*.

Colt smiled and gave Robbie's cheek a rub, paying no mind to the passing passengers. "You're so cute, little man."

Robbie was indeed cute, flustered or not, and his adorable outfit did not go unnoticed. Before they took off, the flight attendant whom Colt had called out earlier came by with a pin and held it out for Robbie to see.

"Hey, little guy! I got something for ya. Look! It's your Junior Pilot's wings. You might have to ask your," the man paused as he looked up at Colt, who was clearly too young to be Robbie's father, "your uh... companion to help you with this. The pin in back can be a little pokey so you'll have to get a grownup to help..." The attendant looked back to Colt, holding the wings up. Colt looked over to Robbie and slapped his knee.

"Wow, you hear that Robbie? You're a junior pilot! That's *super* important." Colt grinned as he looked at the nametag on the attendant's chest. "Rodrigo, I think you should do the honors. Go ahead."

"Me? Sure. Alright..." Rodrigo gingerly took up some of Robbie's shirt material like he was afraid he would break it, and carefully slid the pin through the fabric. "There we go. Pretty sharp looking, don't you think?"

Robbie shrunk back a bit as the two men talked about how cool Robbie looked with his official (jr.) pilot wings. It made him feel very little, which was nice, but all the attention also made him feel very shy.

"Aww, he's a *bashful boy*," said Colt to the man. "Say *thank you*, Robbie."

"Thank you Robbie," said Rob; his way of cutting the tension. Rodrigo looked surprised to hear Robbie talk, but after a second of awkward silence, the two men burst into laughter. They laughed a little too hard for such a bad joke, but it made Robbie feel a little more at ease that it had worked.

"Enjoy your flight, you two," said Rodrigo. "And if you two need anything... *anything*," here the man raised his eyebrows, holding Colt's gaze momentarily, "just hit that button right there and ask for Rodrigo."

Robbie's eyebrows went up as well and he looked back and forth between the man and Daddy, who was wearing a canny and confident little smile.

"Thank you very much, Rodrigo. We'll keep that in mind." Colt smiled down at Robbie, "Right, **good boy?**"

"Right," said Rob, smiling and hugging his bear tight as Colt gave him the warm fuzzies with his special phrase. Rodrigo was smiling too at the undeniably adorable sight, but he quickly excused himself to his station as the crew prepared for takeoff.

After the obligatory spiel about exit routes and the proper use of safety equipment, the plane was ready for takeoff. Colt held Robbie's hand as the plane started going into position.

"You're doing great, buddy," whispered Colt. "I'm so proud of you. How do you feel being a baby on your trip so far?"

"Really good, Daddy. Um... but this special belt is pretty embarrassing, isn't it?"

"Not at all kiddo. It's there to keep you safe and be comfortable. Nothing embarrassing about that... unless you *want* there to be." Robbie gave a little guilty grin that told Colt all he needed to know. "Hmm... that's what I thought, turkey butt. I'll bet you're glad you have that thick diaper on to cover up mister pee-pee. He's probably so excited..."

Robbie could have died on the spot. The plane had already taken off by the time Robbie had managed to calm his little pecker down. Once he was able to get his thoughts in order, he remembered the incident with the flight attendant, Rodrigo, earlier and asked Daddy about it.

"Did he... Was *he*... *flirting* with you?"

"Probably," said Colt, with a little smirk, "it's been known to happen. But I have my guy already, buddy. And he's *you*."

"Oh my gosh, Daddyyy..." said Rob, happy, surprised, and touched at the same time. He never thought he was anything special, especially compared to a hottie like Daddy. "I don't want you giving up your adult fun just for *me*..."

"Not at all, Kiddo. We can find some playmates we *both* feel comfortable with, but only if we both agree, and only if they understand it's a two for one deal. Don't you think that's best?" Colt smirked. "Or were you thinking of looking for a *boyfriend*?"

"No, Daddy," said Robbie, laughing at the silly idea. "Boyfriend? Haha, that's ridiculous. I already have a boyfriend- or... Uh, I mean... uh... a-a Daddy... I, um..." Daddy smiled at the flustered boy and kissed Robbie's forehead.

"You're so cute, you know that? Is that what we're going to call me at Thanksgiving? Boyfriend?" Robbie looked totally puzzled for a second but didn't have a chance to answer.

"Ahem." The two of them looked up and were surprised to see a flight attendant standing over them with a cart full of peanuts and beverages. How long had she been there? She gave them a knowing grin and said, "Peanut?"

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The service on the plane was excellent. Despite all his fears, Robbie seemed to be the most popular tyke on board with the other first class passengers chatting Daddy up on the way to and from their seats, and flight attendants finding this excuse and that to stop by and shower the boy with affection. Colt attributed it to the fact that Robbie was coming out of his shell and, more often than not, that meant he could be his giggly, adorable self. No one could resist that cute boy when he was like that, and Colt knew that once Robbie's family got to see Rob like that, they would all love and accept little Robbie too. At least that was his hope. But of course it was hard not to think about what could go wrong as well, and many of the same worries were on both their minds as the plane touched down in Detroit.

Colt held Robbie's hand as the seatbelt sign dinged off. He looked over to the boy and spoke.

"So, kiddo, are you ready to do this?"

"Ready as I'll ever be, I guess," sighed Robbie. "I'm just nervous."

"I know sweetie. But don't worry. I know they're gonna love you just as you are."

"I wish I was as confident as you, Daddy..."

Of course the reality was, Colt was a nervous wreck- who wouldn't be? But he would never in a million years let Robbie see that. Colt didn't want to give his boy any doubt about being true to himself at home, around family, anywhere and everywhere. And if things went south at the family get-together, they would be on the next plane home, simple as that. Of course, 'that' was far from simple.

It was a 20 miles or so from the airport to Ann Arbor, where Robbie's brother lived. Once they were finally seated in a cab, each held the other's hand tightly, as if afraid the other might disappear at any moment.

"You two going to see family?" asked the driver, a youngish man with a boxer's face and a driving cap on his head.

"This one's," said Colt. Robbie nodded, giving Mr. Cuddles a squeeze.

"Well, that's real nice. Always good to have family to go home to this time of year. I know a lot of you LGBTQ types don't have that."

"Yeah, thanks," said Robbie, shifting uncomfortably in his seat. He wasn't used to this sort of conversation and it felt cringey. Colt, however, jumped right in.

"Yeah, hey you're not wrong, bud. My family were complete assholes those first few years. They came around eventually, though. Everyone can learn..."

The man nodded. "Yeah, I hear that. Even a schmoe like me."

"What about you, bud?" asked Colt. "You doing anything for the holiday?"

The guy scratched his stubbly chin and sighed.

"Yeah, not *really*. I'm not big on holidays anymore..." The man shifted his grip on the steering wheel as he spoke, but aside from that he didn't convey any particular emotion but nonchalance. Robbie felt a little bad for him all the same.

Over the next 20 minutes, Colt and the driver hit it off, and even talked a little bit about what Colt and Robbie's relationship was *really* all about. The driver was surprisingly open minded.

"Hey, I drive a taxi. There isn't much that surprises me anymore, y'know. And as far as that goes, you two?" He made a dismissive nose. "Ah, you're just *cute* together. It's a breath of fresh air, I mean it. Hey, I'd take you two over a drunk or a fighting couple any day." The driver gave a hoarse laugh.

Colt grinned. "Do you hear that, Robbie? He says we're cute together!"

Robbie blushed and nodded. "I heard."

Colt laughed and put an arm around his shy boy, squeezing him and kissing him on the head. "Those shoulders are so tense! Oh my gosh! We're gonna have to find a way to loosen you up before we get to your Brother's house."

"Hey, a little massage never hurt," said the driver.

"Yeah, I think he just needs a little rub down," said Colt, beginning to work Robbie's shoulders with his strong hands. Robbie was soon melting into the seat. Closing his eyes and just *melting* as the two men continued talking. The voices of the men faded into the background as he sank into the cushioned seat.

"And there he goes..." said Colt.

"Oh yeah, that's doing the trick," agreed the driver, whose name was Cleo.

Before Robbie knew it, they were pulling up to his brother Andy's house.

"Hey there, bud," said Colt, breaking Robbie out of his daze. "we're here!"

"Wha?" asked Robbie, yawning and opening his eyes. "We're here already?!"

"Yeah, bud," said Colt, chuckling. "You kinda went off to lala land for a minute. Come on, let's get our bags."

Colt stepped outside and began taking out the bags while Robbie sat there, still looking out of it.

"Thanks for the ride," said Colt, shaking the driver's hand once he had gotten everything out of the vehicle.

"Hey, no problem, anytime! Here's my card." The man handed Colt a dark business card and tapped the number on the bottom. "You call me any time you need a ride. Even on the holiday. I'm local."

"You got it!" Colt looked back in the car and saw Robbie hadn't moved an inch since they'd stopped. "Uh... you okay, little man?"

Robbie had to finish his breathing exercises before he was even able to answer, but after half a minute, he finally nodded. He could do this. He knew he could. He looked at the big white door, just waiting for them to come calling, then down to the teddy in his arms. He looked back up to Colt.

"Don't even think about it, bud. You carry him, got it?"

"Got it," said Robbie, sighing. This wasn't going to be easy.

## Room for Rent

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

### Chapter 14: A Home for the Holidays

Robbie's brother Andy had been doing pretty well for himself as a doctor, and had been able to afford what he called a 'comfortable' place for his wife and kids, the youngest of which was already in the first grade. But calling Andy's lifestyle 'comfortable' didn't adequately describe the grand home where Colt and Robbie had been dropped off. This was a classic *colonial* style house, all brick with a *portico* over the door and plenty of glazing spread to each side on *both* floors. It was house enough to comfortably house *two* families and then some, which made it the obvious choice for this year's family gathering.

Comfortable *indeed*, snorted Robbie. None of Andy's other brothers could get through a conversation with Mom without a long speech about how wonderful and successful Andy was. But this day, Robbie didn't have it in him to feel jealous, and his annoyance quickly fizzled out. He was just happy to have someone he loved standing next to him. Not just a loved one, but someone he found heart stoppingly *attractive* no matter how many days they spent together. And after all, it was a *nice* place. He'd have no problem spending the holiday there, if he weren't in fear of being totally outed as a big baby.

Colt whistled. "Nice place. Is that the beginnings of ivy I see on the *east wing*?"

"Yeah," giggled Robbie, standing in the driveway. "Imported from the *UK*..."

"Ooh! Fancy schmancy," Colt said, nudging Robbie in the ribs and making him giggle more. Colt always knew how to cheer Robbie up. It was as if he knew what Robbie was thinking whenever he worried. As if all that 'healthy communication' that Colt insisted on between them was actually paying off.

Colt threw the strap of Robbie's day bag with his juice and snacks and changing supplies over Robbie's shoulder, giving him a kiss on the cheek before picking up their two suitcases.

"Let's get a move on," said Colt, jogging in place. "It's a lot chillier than California out here..."

Robbie hesitated. The large driveway where Colt and Robbie stood already had several cars in it, along with all their luggage, meaning that the rest of the seasonal visitors were probably already inside. Colt gradually came to a stop and looked over at Robbie.

"Still nervous about seeing your family?"

"Yeah," Robbie nodded. "I'm more worried about them seeing *me* actually..." Colt paused for a second and set the bags down.

"Hey, *buddy*," said Colt, putting a hand on Robbie's shoulder and looking him in the eyes. "It's okay. We'll get through this together..."

"Easy for you to say," says Robbie. "You don't have to be a *baby* in front of them." Robbie had lowered his voice to a whisper as he said 'baby', as if someone in the house might be at one of the many, many windows listening in.

Colt sighed. "Look, if you don't want to be a baby in front of them, that's perfectly fine. That can be something you and I enjoy behind closed doors if that's what would make you happier..."

"Really?" asked Robbie, brightening up slightly before furrowing his brow. "But then why am I carrying Mr. Cuddles and wearing a..." Robbie looked around before whispering, "*diaper*?"

Colt couldn't help but chuckle just a bit. His hand was still resting on Robbie's shoulder and Colt gave it a reassuring squeeze.

"Well, you didn't let me finish. You can *try* to act like a big boy if you want to, but what you absolutely *cannot* do is hide the essential parts of you that *are* little because holding Mr. Cuddles and wearing your diapers are both *what*?"

Robbie recited along with Colt, "They're the healthy things I do to cope with stress."

"That's right my smart boy," said Colt, ruffling Robbie's hair and smiling with pride. "And your family is going to have to accept that. In fact, I believe they already have."

Robbie had been staring off as if deep in thought, but looked up when Colt mentioned that last cryptic tidbit of information.

"What? What do you mean by that?"

"You'll see," said Colt, giving Robbie a little peck on the mouth and a nudge toward the front door, followed by a crinkly butt pat to get him moving quicker. Robbie couldn't decide what was more blushy. The crinkly diaperpats, or the kiss. No, he decided, it was the kiss. Definitely the kiss.

The two of them looked at each other one last time as they reached the front door and stopped. Colt set their luggage down to hold Robbie's hand and he gave it a reassuring squeeze. "They'll be cool. And if anyone has a problem with who you are, you can just hold onto Daddy, okay?"

Robbie gulped and nodded, squeezing his teddy tight with his free arm. .  
"Thanks, Daddy," he whispered.

"You're welcome, sweetie, and before I forget," said Colt, pulling Robbie's arm forward and giving his butt a squeeze as he bent over. "Do you need a change when we get inside?"

"*Daddyyy*... Knock it *off*..." said Robbie, twisting. "I don't want them to *see*..."

Colt already had one hand on Robbie's tummy holding him steady, and the other was pulling open the back of his waistband.

"Well, that's why I'm checking you now before we-"

"Shhh, no, just hit the doorbell," said Robbie, squirming even more.

"Are you sure you want to shush me like that, buddy boy?" asked Colt, allowing Robbie's waistband to snap back into place. "Because you *know* what happens when you shush Daddy... his spanking hand gets *mighty* itchy..." Colt's stern tone was mitigated by the playful smirk he wore, and Robbie had to fight to hold onto his frown as Daddy gave his butt a few perfunctory pats.

"It's not funny..." said Robbie, managing to maintain his angry face, which was still very cute in Colt's book.

"I *know* it isn't," said Colt, grinning wider and rubbing his hand over Robbie's crinkly posterior. "Disrespecting your pops is a serious offense." Robbie didn't doubt Daddy would follow through on the threat of a punishment without hesitation.

"J-just hit the bell already."

"Alright, baby boy. Whatever you say."

Colt finally let go of Robbie and reached for the doorbell, but the door opened before he reached it, and the friendly face of a man in a plaid shirt and house slippers peeked out.

"Hey guys, took you long enough! What were you two doing out here? Waiting to become frozen turkeys yourselves?"

"Hi Andy," mumbled Rob, trying to edge behind Colt to avoid his brother's gaze.

The man glanced down at the teddy bear Robbie was holding and he paused for a second, looking at Robbie. "Aww... You still got that ol' bear, kiddo?"

Robbie instinctively gave Mr. Cuddles a squeeze, nodding yes before quickly looking away.

"Good. He's a good friend," said Andy, ruffling Robbie's hair. "And you must be Colt. Nice to meetcha. Do you want some help with those bags?"

"Sure," Colt replied. "Actually, we've only got these two, so if you could grab this one and Robbie's day bag, that would be awesome."

Robbie, blushed as the two of them talked over him with the unspoken assumption that bulky bags were none of little Robbie's concern. Typical. Even before he met Colt, Robbie's family always seemed to treat him like a kid.

"They're mostly Robbie's bun toasters," Colt said, giving Robbie another butt pat and getting a big reaction from Robbie, who whipped around and put both hands on his butt as he told Colt to quit it.

"Hehe, well it's certainly cold enough for it," said Andy, and Robbie could only hope his brother thought 'toasters' meant something else, like long johns or hand warmers. Andy opened the door and waved them both inside. "Come on in, guys, kick off your shoes. Everyone's in the sitting room, but feel free to go up to your room if you need to to freshen up. We've set everything up for you."

Robbie blushed at the mention of 'freshening up', as he was pretty sure that was a euphemism for a diaper change. And boy did he need it, as Colt would certainly have noticed the *first* time he checked.

"Well, let's see," said Colt reaching back and giving Robbie's butt another squeeze. "Mmmm... Yeah, we might do that once we put all our stuff away. Should at least say hi to the family first."

Andy had his back to them as he set the bags over by the stairs, but Robbie's heart still leapt into his throat as he prayed that his brother didn't turn around. Robbie felt more self-conscious than ever as his ears picked up on the loud crinkle of the diaper in his little shorts, which rang through the room with every movement he made. Neither could he ignore the way his soggy padding sagged between his legs, making his waddle all the more pronounced when he walked, and giving him a big round diaper bulge when he sat down to take off his shoes.

While Robbie was busy fretting over his diapers, Colt took a moment to get his bearings. This was a big colonial style house with wooden floors, and furnishings that

could have been taken straight out of a pottery barn, which is to say they were charming, homey, and whatever *looked* antique was probably less than a year old. He even caught a glimpse inside the kitchen, which had a giant island in the center, mint blue tile behind the cast-iron stove, and every pot and pan you could buy from Williams Sonoma.

"Nice place you got here," said Colt, raising his eyebrows as he looked back at Andy, who was clearly as concerned with appearances as his younger brother.

"It suffices," Andy replied, shrugging as he stuffed his hands in his pockets. Robbie rolled his eyes. He knew Andy must be loving this. A whole new guest to impress. Colt looked down at Robbie and smiled.

"Let's go say hi to your folks before we get you changed, huh?"

"They're this way if you want to see them," said Andy. "We can just leave your bags on the landing for now."

"Sounds good! I can't wait to meet 'em!"

"Oh, they'll love you. By the way, you look great. Do you work out?"

Robbie cleared his throat as the two men began to walk off, and they both stopped and turned to look at him. Robbie stared pointedly at Colt, raising his eyebrows, and nodded his head toward the stairs.

"Don't look at me that way, kiddo, or you're gonna make me think you need a nap before dinner..."

Robbie's eyes bugged out, and he clenched his jaw, squeezing Mr. Cuddles like his life depended on it. Robbie's thumb had already made it halfway to his mouth before he noticed and tried to stop himself, but Colt was too quick. Colt caught hold of Robbie's arm, guiding Robbie's thumb the rest of the way into his mouth.

"You remember the rule," said Colt, giving Robbie another crinkly pat. "That's *one*..."

Andy leaned forward to catch Robbie's eye and give him a little smirk as Colt spoke.

Shit. He *did* know. And now Robbie was going to have to greet his whole family in a soggy diaper, sucking his thumb and holding his teddy like a big baby. It was the most embarrassing situation Robbie could have imagined on top of the nerve wracking fact that this was his first time bringing a boy home for the holidays (or anyone for that matter).

Colt guided a very blushy Robbie by the elbow, making sure he couldn't hide behind Daddy. They went left, past the tall mirrored cabinet and through the double doors to the living room.

Robbie had only a moment to glimpse himself in the mirror as he was hustled away, but it was enough and Robbie couldn't get the image of the toddler in the mirror out of his mind as he was led toward the living room. Colt, on the other hand, was taking his surroundings as much as possible as they entered the lion's den.

Inside, there was an older couple, clearly Robbie's parents, sitting together; a man who looked younger than Andy but much taller and gawkier than Robbie; and there was a plump woman who looked to be in her 40s wearing a colorful knit sweater and scarf. All conversation stopped as everyone turned to face the newcomers.

"Well, look what the cat dragged in," said Robbie's dad with a big grin on his face as he caught sight of the adorable couple.

"Hi, sweetie," said Robbie's Mom. "Come over and give your mom a hug! What are you hanging back for?"

Robbie was nudged forward by his Daddy and stumbled a bit as his diaper began to sag lower and tug at his pants.

*Oh gods, not now*, thought Robbie, feeling the eyes of everyone in the room on him. He gripped the side of his shorts with his hand, holding Mr. Cuddles against his body with his elbow as he stumbled forward. Robbie just managed to avoid taking a spill, and he sighed with relief only to realize that he was still sucking his thumb when his mother opened her arms and said,

"You have to take your thumb out of your mouth to hug me! I guess we *never* really broke you of that habit, did we, Robbie?" Mrs. Walker backpedaled as soon as she caught a warning look from Colt, however. "Oh, it's fine, sweetie, go ahead if you have to. It looks cute."

Robbie blushed and pulled his hand free of his mouth anyway, wiping his thumb on his pants. "S-sorry," he murmured, giving his mom a hug.

"That's two," said Colt, patting Robbie's butt, then reaching over to shake Dad's hand while Robbie got the life squeezed out of him by his mother.

"That's a strong grip! Attaboy," said Robbie's dad, giving Colt several hearty pats on the upper arm. "Name's Ronald. It's nice to have another *man* in the family. Not, er, not that there's anything wrong with being anything *else*... It takes all kinds and all..."

Robbie cringed, and Colt did his best not to do so visibly. Ma and Pa were clearly trying, even if the delivery was a little awkward.

Colt made the rounds, greeting Robbie's family members one by one and shaking their hands.

Aside from Robbie's Mom Rita, his Dad, Ronald, and Andy who had greeted them at the door, Colt met Roger, the gawky one, who was the next oldest after Andy. He also met Aunt Rosie, whose personality was as colorful as her sweater.

"Well, ain't you a tall glass of woddah?" asked Aunt Rosie, as she pulled Colt into a hug by way of his handshake.

"Oof! A little more solid than that, I'm afraid," said Colt, who didn't often encounter hugs as strong as Aunt Rosie's.

Andy's kids were taking a nap so they wouldn't be up til it was time to eat. Rob was grateful that they weren't there to see their uncle come into the room looking like an overgrown toddler.

The only people missing were Robbie's brother Roy and his girlfriend Rachel, but that would change when Andy pulled his phone out of his pocket and unlocked it. "Oop. Looks like Roy is here! Last as always!"

From the phone screen, Robbie heard and saw Roy and Rachel standing in front of the door, clear as day.

"Hi, Big bro! You gonna let us in or what? I know you can see us with that new fangled camera set up you got!"

"Sure can! Come on through you two, I'm buzzing you in!"

Robbie's face went pale as he turned to Colt and whispered, "Did you see.... oh god..." Robbie felt like he was going to be sick. The whole family would have seen *and heard* everything that went on when he and Daddy were out there, that incredibly embarrassing diaper check that Daddy had done.

"Hey! Party's here!" said Roy, interrupting Robbie's train of thought. Roy strode right in and started slapping hands with his two older brothers before getting a stern look from his parents and calming down. Then, he noticed Robbie.

"Hey, squirt! Look at you! You look... adorable! Gimme a hug little bro!"

Robbie tried to push Roy away, but couldn't stop Roy from planting a big kiss on his cheek, then taking advantage of his hug to start tickling. Robbie had no chance to defend against the tickles, and Roy showed no signs of mercy. If there was anyone who

couldn't tell Robbie was diapered, that changed when Robbie's shirt rode up, showing off a good couple inches of crinkly waistband. The loud rustle of the squirming boy filled the room and Robbie was suddenly the center of attention as he giggled adorably and uncontrollably.

"Alright, Roy, enough," said Ronald, finally fighting down the grin he'd been trying to hide. "Leave the kid alone. He's tired and probably needs to rest before dinner."

"Yeah," said Colt, as Robbie ducked behind him to take refuge. "We should probably run upstairs and freshen up if you all don't mind."

Of course, no one did. "All your supplies are upstairs," said Andy, ruffling Robbie's hair, then taking a page from Colt's book and patting his brother's butt for good measure. Robbie buried his face in Colt's shoulder, his face as red and bright as a three alarm fire. The tickle fest had only made his waterlogged diaper sag worse, and the only thing holding his pants up at this point was Robbie's hands.

"Can I go now," whispered Robbie into Colt's ear, his voice choked with humiliation.

"Yes, you can, but don't- ....run..."

It was too late. In his haste to get out of sight before his pants fell any further, Robbie ended up falling and tripping, throwing his hands out to catch himself before he slammed into the floor. Of course this meant that there was nothing to hold his pants up, and the sudden drop in weight meant that they were pulled below the level of his adorable shirt, effectively pantsing Robbie and showing off the whole top of his diapers along with his little hiney.

"Oh, cripes, are you okay, sweetie?" asked Colt, rushing over to check on the poor boy. Robbie fought back tears as he sat there, gripping his pants tight so they couldn't fall down again. Nothing was wounded but his pride, but after the stress and exhaustion of the trip, this final humiliation was the last straw. Robbie began to cry out loud, and it was threatening to turn into a full-on tantrum.

"Oh, boy," said Colt, helping the sniffling Robbie to his feet. "I think he's a bit cranky from the trip. It might be time for a little rest."

"You two go get settled," said Robbie's Dad, looking sorry now. "Well be okay down here."

"Yeah, take a breather," said Andy, looking at his younger brother with some sympathy. "Towels are on the bed if you need to take a shower or a bath."

"That'll be nice," said Colt, "won't it Robbie? We'll draw you up a bath so you can get all cleaned up and relaxed." Colt placed a hand on Robbie's back and hurried the bawling boy out of the room.

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Robbie was distraught as they hurried up the stairs to their guest room.

"Hold up, baby boy," said Colt, following behind Robbie with their suitcases. "If you fall again, I'm going to make you crawl. I don't care how much you cry about it."

Robbie hurried ahead regardless, thankfully making it up the stairs without any major mishaps before waddle-trotting just short of a run. It seemed that even now Robbie still knew how to be a good boy for Daddy.

"That's better, but you should still wait for Daddy, and don't give me that look. I'm your Daddy, and I don't care who hears it. Be good now, and wait for me."

Robbie stopped in front of the door that was their room. Colt wasn't far behind.

"That's better, good boy," said Colt once he caught up to Robbie. "Let's get you cleaned up. I promise you'll feel right as rain once you're out of that soggy diaper."

Colt felt bad, but he knew that it was all or nothing when it came to convincing Robbie's family. If Colt had faltered or showed any doubt when he spoke to the Walkers last month, they would never have accepted the new way of things. But now Colt could see that their love and acceptance was only half of the equation. Robbie had been pushed too far too fast, and that was something Colt considered unforgivable because... Colt's stomach knotted up as the voices of doubt grew in his head. Because he was responsible for making Robbie cry. And after what he had promised Robbie...

Colt felt a lump in his throat, which he swallowed for Robbie's sake. Losing it now wouldn't do his boy any good, so instead of punching the door and cursing himself for his own stupidity, Colt placed his hand on the knob and turned. There was an audible gasp from both of them when they saw what was on the other side.

The room had been set up with a diaper pail, some changing supplies, stacks of diapers, which Colt had surreptitiously shipped ahead, and more than that; much of Rob's old baby stuff had been brought over so it really looked like Rob's old bedroom from when he was little. Robbie was amazed to see everything there just like he remembered. Amazed, and totally blushy. His family had never said anything about *this*, but it was clear they had prepared this all with him in mind.

Colt felt the knot in his stomach melt and he beamed down at his good boy.

"See kiddo? They *love* you. And how could they not? You're the cutest little boy in the whole wide world!"

Colt had been working hard to undo the catch 22 that made Robbie so anxious. On one hand, Robbie had been told to grow up, and shamed for the 'childish' behaviors that helped him cope with his anxiety. On the other hand, he was perpetually treated as a child. Colt and Robbie's Mom had had a serious discussion about Robbie's special needs before Thanksgiving, and this little gesture from Robbie's family would go a long way to healing the damage of the lifetime of shame that Robbie had endured for being who he was. At least, that was Colt's hope.

"W-where did they even get this?" asked Rob, gaping as he held up one of his favorite old toys: An old wind-up panorama toy that played 'row row row your boat'. He wound it up and watched it go, mesmerized as the boats scrolled lazily across the screen, tears all but forgotten.

Colt saw the note first, sitting on the pillow. He picked it up and showed it to Robbie, who looked at it, confused.

"What's it say?"

Colt felt silly. He'd have to read it out loud since reading was yet another casualty of Robbie's baby training.

"It says... Ma and Pa got all this stuff together. They filled us in on what was happening. Just want you to know you're my favorite brother (don't tell the others) and there's always a room for you two here, kiddo, okay? ~<3 Randy & Reina. Wait... Randy? I thought your brother's name was..."

Colt looked down from the note to see Rob standing there, quietly. *Uh oh*, thought Colt. Then Robbie began laughing and Colt was even *more* concerned.

"What're you laughin' about, silly?"

"It's just... something you wouldn't have known. Randy started going by Andy in high school because he wanted to be *different*. But he always signs his full name so... it's gotta be true, huh? They really wrote that, didn't they?"

Colt's expression softened. "Aww, of *course* they wrote it, silly boy. And I'm sure they meant every word."

Then, just like that, Robbie started to cry.

"Ohhh, shh, shh, shh, It's okay, baby boy," said Colt, bringing in Rob for a hug. Rob hugged him tightly back. "Daddy's here, Daddy's here. Shhh... you're okay."

Robbie tried to speak, but his words came out muddled by tears. "Th-th-they said..." Sniff. Sob. "And then.." Sob. "And... and..." Sniffle...

Through the bits of speech that Rob was able to get out, Colt gathered that it was a cathartic cry, not a sad cry, and he held Robbie, hugging him tight until his sobs had quieted.

Finally, Robbie's sobs died down.

"Th-this is really happening, isn't it, Daddy?"

"Yes, baby boy. It's happening for real."

"And... and they really like me... like this?"

Colt gave Robbie an incredulous grin. "You may not have noticed but everyone in that room was smiling when they looked at you."

"Nuh-uh!" said Robbie, twisting his mouth in disbelief.

"Yuh-huh! Even when you were bein' tickled. *Especiallly* when you were bein' tickled."

Robbie blushed and hid his face.

"Ugh, and then I got pantsed. I've never been more mortified in my life!"

"Oh, really?" asked Colt, mentally ticking off all the times Robbie had expressed that same sentiment since they had met.

"Yes, Really!" Robbie huffed.

"Well, if your family's reaction was any indication, you don't have anything to worry about. Seems like you being the baby of the family isn't news to them."

"Frighteningly enough, I think you're right," said Robbie, with a rueful laugh "They *always* baby me."

"Of *course* they do! It's what you need," said Colt, with an all-knowing smirk of satisfaction. "It's obvious to everyone but you. I'm glad to see you finally smiling about it."

Satisfied his boy had calmed down enough to leave the room without alarming the whole family, Colt sat Robbie on the bed.

"Alright kiddo, time to get down to business. Arms up! There we go! Now on your back. Leggies up!" Robbie's shirt came off, quickly followed by his pants and finally his

diaper, which Colt balled up for the Diaper pail. He tossed it in and turned to Robbie, dusting his hands. "I've got an important job for you, okay? Do you think you can help Daddy?"

Robbie nodded.

"I need you to carry the towels to the bathroom and wait for me there. Do you think you can do that?"

Robbie shook his head no.

"No? Okay, silly boy," said Colt ruffling Rob's hair. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were milking this whole 'baby in distress' thing..."

"Am not!" protested Robbie, puffing out his cheeks.

"Okay, okay," said Colt. "Take it down a notch or Daddy is gonna have to teach you what happens to little boys who raise their voices..."

"Eep! S-sorry, Daddy," said Robbie. "I'll carry the towels. Can we go together?"

Colt looked down at Robbie. "Do you have to do *everything* with Daddy?" he asked, bringing his arm around Robbie's shoulder and smiling down at his adorable little guy.

"Definitely!" said Robbie, with a decisive nod.

Colt laughed, grabbing the toiletry bag from their suitcase as well as a few of Robbie's favorite bath toys.

"Alright. I got what I need. Well since you're still here, we might as well just *wear* our towels to the bathroom. Now let's hurry up and get in the bath before they get dinner started without us!"

"We have like three hours..." said Robbie as Colt quickly tied towels around both their waists and began pushing Robbie toward the door.

"And who told you to keep track of time, little one? That's Daddy's job. Now off you go!"

In the bathroom, which was just as fancy as the rest of the house, Colt drew them a bath.

"You'd better sit on the potty while we fill 'er up so we don't have any puddles in here." Robbie was used to the routine, but still squirmed and blushed, protesting until he heard the tinkling of pee-pee in the toilet.

"You were saying?" asked Colt from the floor. He was once again monitoring the water temperature and trying to give his cock room to expand under the towel without flustering Robbie. "Water's almost ready. You gonna let Daddy wipe you without any fuss before bath time?"

Robbie just nodded.

"That's my good boy. You like it when Daddy helps, huh?"

It was true, after so much time as Daddy's baby boy, Robbie was not nearly as sheepish as he had been when they'd first started their bathroom routine. Colt was proud of that fact. So proud, in fact, that his hard-on began dripping on the tile floor and he had to rearrange his towel to catch it.

Once the water was ready, Colt sat in the clawfoot tub with Robbie between his legs, as usual.

"There we go, little guy. Oh, that's so much better, isn't it? You always find baths so relaxing..."

"Especially when I take them with you," said Robbie, looking back at Colt and smiling.

"Aww, is the little guy flirting with me? Hehe, alright casanova. I might just flirt back after this bath..." Robbie yelped and blushed as he felt Colt's cock flex against his back.

"D-daddy! I thought that was your *leg*..."

"Eyes forward, silly boy, and head back," said Colt, soaping up his hands with shampoo. "We've got a job to do,"

Robbie began to relax as Colt set about washing his torso while the shampoo sat in his hair. He barely even made a sound as Daddy moved down to his most private regions, having long since lost his awkwardness about being cleaned up by another man, and a handsome one at that. Colt was Daddy, after all, and Daddy helped him with everything.

Colt smiled, appreciating just how much Robbie had given him already. It was more than anyone else had given up for Colt, and yet here they were with Robbie's family, taking things even further with Robby's baby treatment. Was Colt greedy? Maybe. But over the past six months, Colt had seen who his boy was and what he needed, and he had made up his mind. Robbie was going to be his baby all the way, and Colt wouldn't stop until every barrier, every bit of shame and repression was gone from Robbie's life and he could live 100% as Colt's baby.

"Daddy! You're doing it again!" said Robbie, as he was poked by Colt's erection.

"Oops, sorry, baby boy. I didn't mean to. I guess I'm just excited to be here with my baby boy."

After a quick rinse with the showerhead, it was Colt's turn to clean himself, but he had several toys to distract Robbie in the meantime.

"Okay, we've got your rubber duckie... Quack quack! Your floaty animals... Rawr rawr splash! And your very *favorite*... mister sea serpent!"

Robbie giggled as Colt plopped each toy in the tub with its silly introduction, but blushed when Daddy brought out mister sea serpent. Mister sea serpent was one of the toys Daddy was using to train baby Robbie for their first time. Robbie had gotten to know mister sea serpent *very* well.

"Daddy I don't feel ready for mister sea serpent right now," whispered Robbie, staring hard at Mister Duckie.

"No? Well, what would baby Robbie say to some special treatment from Daddy's hands after our bath?"

"You mean we can have *special naptime*?" asked Robbie, softly, as he turned to look into Colt's eyes. Colt smiled and ruffled his little guy's hair. "'Course we can. Remember, we're training you back there because you asked. I already told you that Daddy would love you just as much if we didn't have sex at all..."

"But I want to, Daddy," said Robbie, turning to look Colt in the eye. "I want my first time to be with you and I want to be ready when it happens..."

"Aww, you've been training very well, my little buttercup," said Colt, rubbing Robbie's cheek. Robbie tilted his head away.

"Daaaaad... don't call me *that*."

"What?" asked Colt. "I can't call you my little buttercup?"

"Ugh, no," said Robbie, scrunching up his face and sticking out his tongue. "That's too... *girly*."

"And what's wrong with that," asked Colt, raising an eyebrow.

"Nothin'," said Robbie turning back to his duckie and making it go through the water.

"Okay, then, my little buttercup," said Colt, stealing a kiss on Robbie's cheek while the boy was distracted. "I'll just be a minute."

Robbie twisted his lips to the side and wiped at the spot where Colt had kissed, but he couldn't hide the little smile he had. He was Daddy's boy after all, and he was so happy he had Daddy in his life, even if he did call Robbie his buttercup.

Soon, the two of them were toweling off, Robbie with Daddy's help, before Colt moved on to himself, as was Colt's way with most things they did.

"We still have plenty of time for our nap before din-din," said Colt, opening the door, "Let's go get comfy. And no running this ti- hey!" Colt's hand shot out to stop Robbie before he could tear down the hall and trip on his towel. "You'd better slow down, kiddo, or you'll be *crawling* the rest of your time here. I mean it, Robbie. Don't make me ask you again."

Robbie's eyes went wide with fear. He blushed and quickly looked down, abashed. "Yes, Daddy," he whispered.

"That's my good boy," said Colt, kissing Robbie on the head as he led him at a more reasonable pace back to the bedroom. "I'm not angry; I just want to make sure you don't hurt yourself."

"That would be the smart thing to do," said Robbie's mom. Robbie jumped nearly a foot when he heard his mom's voice out of the blue.

"Oh, Mrs. Walker! I didn't hear you come up," said Colt, resting a steady hand on Rob's shoulder.

"I had a little headache," Rita said, rubbing her temples. "Don't mind me. Robbie would probably be having one too if it weren't for you. I can't tell you how many times he tripped over himself running around the house when he was growing up. Some things never change."

"Well, I know how to deal with that," said Colt, winking at Robbie, who blushed beet red.

"I heard." said Mrs. Walker, causing the two of them to look at each other. Now they were both blushing.

"Oh, don't worry. You two are adorable together. Go on then, go take your nap. I'd say that sounds like a swell idea. I'm going to go take one myself."

"Alright Mrs. Walker, feel better," said Colt, smiling and nudging Robbie.

"U-um, yeah Mom! Feel better!"

The two boys quietly hurried into the guest room and shut the door.

"Holy smokes," said Robbie. "I nearly peed myself when she showed up."

"Which is exactly why we need to get you into your little toasters, good boy."

Robbie nodded and jumped on the bed, assuming the position without even being asked.

"Such a good boy today," began Colt. "Do you want your spanks now or at bedtime, when everyone else is upstairs too?" Robbie's eyebrows went up in shock.

"What?! You can't!" Rob spluttered.

"What are you saying I can't do?" asked Daddy. "Whatever you think you're going to finish that sentence with, my spankin' hand will be happy to teach you different.

Robbie gulped. He could tell Daddy was being serious.

"A-alright, then... I'll do it now, I guess..."

"Alright, little boy. Hold up your feet with your hands." Colt grinned, chubbing up as Robbie grabbed his feet and held his legs above his head. "Good job. You've gotten so flexible, Robbie! Just like a baby..."

Robbie looked blushy but was also clearly enjoying the teasing as his little pee-pee was responding almost word by word. Colt grinned, pulling back his hand. He knew he could go harder now that Robbie had 'warmed up' to the concept of spankings from Daddy.

He gave Robbie's butt a medium-strength smack, and got a muffled yelp from Robbie, who's dick jumped as he was hit by the surprise swat. It was just enough to jolt him, but not so much as to set his ass ablaze with pain.

"How many is that, Robbie?" asked Colt.

"O-one," Robbie said, in a quiet moan.

"One more," said Daddy, pulling back his hand. He waited a moment, two, three, so that Robbie couldn't predict when it was coming, then he gave a second smack, earning a delighted little yelp from Robbie, who definitely felt the sting that time, but it was already over at that point.

"Two," said Robbie, knowing by now when he was expected to count the spanks himself.

"Very good, little guy. And can you remind me why you got those spanks?"

"F-for sayin' sorry when I shouldn't have, and for not suckin' my thumb when I wanted to."

"And what do we say to mister thumb when that happens?"

"I'm s-sorry mister thumb," said Robbie, almost choking with embarrassment. "I'm very proud of you and thank you for makin' me feel better." He then unceremoniously jammed his thumb into his mouth and began to suck. Robbie hated this part of his rules. It was so embarrassing, but he had to do it.

"Next time you try to pull that with Mister Cuddles or your thumb downstairs, you'll be apologizing to them in front of everyone. Understand?"

Robbie's eyes went wide at this, and he sucked his thumb that much harder. Colt smirked as he got Robbie's next diaper ready. He wasn't bluffing and Robbie knew it. It remained to be seen if Robbie would be able to hold up his end of his agreements, or he was in for more embarrassment when they went back downstairs.

## Room for Rent

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

### Chapter 15: A Family Dinner

In the next 30 minutes, Robbie and Colt got very little napping done. Robbie was too excited after the spanking, and it turned him into a total cuddle bug, but Colt knew how to calm him down.

"Shh, there there, little guy," said Colt as the two of them cuddled in bed - Colt in his boxer briefs and Robbie in just his diaper. "Let Daddy take care of that pesky little pee-pee."

Robbie whimpered and whined as the thick, soft padding of his diaper was massaged around his hard little dick. The sound of crinkles only made it better as he let Colt take the lead in touching him down there. Every once in a while, Colt would poke a finger in past the inner leg band to play with Robbie's little bits. The feel of Colt's fingers on Robbie's smooth thigh and balls tickled just a little bit, making Robbie shudder in pleasure. Colt's fingers would trace around, teasing before briefly stroking his little hard pee-pee, gripping it on both sides of the padding, causing Robbie to gasp and moan, and beg for more.

Colt leaned in and spoke softly in Robbie's ear. "Little guy is all pent up... I think that bath helped you de-stress, but let's get it *all* out, okay Robbie?"

"Uh huh," said Robbie, nodding and whining.

"That's my good boy... ah, ah, ah, no helping Daddy. You keep your hands above your belly button."

"But it feels so good, Daddy," whispered Robbie, leaning his head back against Colt's shoulder as Colt continued to manipulate his package through its plastic layer of protection.

"Here," said Colt, handing Robbie his Teddy. "Hug Mr. Cuddles tight, and enjoy the ride, little guy, okay?"

Robbie did just as Colt suggested, squeezing his eyes and biting his lip as he felt his coming orgasm build, and build.

"Is my little one gonna make stickies in his padding like a good boy?" asked Colt, sensing the tension in Robbie's body.

"Yes, Daddy... It feels good, Daddy," gasped Robbie.

"I know it does, sweetie." Colt picked up the pace then, making Robbie grit his teeth and hump into Daddy's hand without any self-control.

Robbie soon couldn't help it. He felt his sexual energy rolling toward the point of no return as his big handsome Daddy held him there in their bed, surrounded by Robbie's favorite baby things, and all the diapers that he knew were just for him. Robbie's cute whines and whimpers were reaching a fever pitch as he knew he couldn't hold back. The loud sound of crinkles filled the air as Daddy continued his offensive, and Robbie's little butt cheeks tightened as the moment of climax drew near. Robbie was stiff as a board as Colt held him close.

"Daddy loves you," said Colt, kissing Robbie on the head just before he came, crying out,

"Oh, Daddy!" and collapsing on the bed as all the tension left his body.

Colt held his boy close, stroking his hair softly, and whispered, "That's my good boy." But Robbie was already fast asleep.

Colt smiled with self-satisfaction, having made certain that the only place Robbie made stickies was into his waiting padding where it belonged. But now, Colt had his own problem to deal with. He rolled onto his back and pulled back his covers to reveal a massive monster snaking out the bottom of his underwear and leaving a pre-cum slicked mess on his thighs and the sheets.

"Free lube," he said with a chuckle, as he pulled down his undies to free his massive schlong. "Hello, Mr. Snakey. Now it's Daddy's turn."

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"Hey Robbie," said Rachel, guiding Robbie from the bottom of the stairs as Colt let the terrified big tot on toward the dining area. "Gosh, you're cute. Come on, let's get you to dinner."

"Is it really okay?" Robbie asked, twisting around to look at the seat of his blue jersey knit cotton sleeper and make sure his butt wasn't too poofy.

"You're fine, sweetie," said Rachel, rubbing his back as she led him forward with a light grip on his right arm. Robbie was okay with this. He actually felt a little less intimidated being greeted by Roy's girlfriend than he would facing his own dad or brothers.

With Colt's comforting hands firmly on his shoulders and Rachel guiding his arm, he felt safe, but the moment he caught sight of the dining table and tried to back away, he realized what this arrangement really meant - the two of them had complete control

over his movement. While Robbie tried to dig in his heels, they led him inexorably forward, comforting and shushing him, assuring him that everything would be alright if he just relaxed and went along with it.

Robbie stopped struggling and gasped as he caught sight of where he would be seated. Robbie thought he might end up at the kids table with Andy and Reina's kids, but it was much worse than that.

"Th-th-that's a high chair!" Robbie squeaked.

"And it's all yours," chimed in Andy, with a friendly smile. "Really, It's no problem. My kids have outgrown it anyway."

Colt just smirked and said, "You always eat in a high chair, Robbie. You should feel right at home in this one."

"Aww, isn't that *pwecious*?" cooed Roy, earning him a stern glance from Mom and Dad and an elbow in the ribs from Aunt Rosie, not that Roy seemed to care. Auntie Rosie stood up and walked over to the high chair.

"Oh, bring the boy here, Colt. I'll help feed him! It's been *too long* since I got to take care of my babies." Rosie then shot a glance at Roy. "Although I can think of another young man who might just end up in a high chair if he's not careful."

Roy blushed and said, "Hehe- j-just kidding, little bro."

"That shut him up," said Aunt Rosie, nodding with satisfaction as she helped Colt secure Robbie in his special chair for dinner.

Robbie soon found himself strapped into the large high chair, squeaking on the padded vinyl, his thighs held wide by his thick diaper as Colt clicked the tray in place and Aunt Rosie tied a bib around his neck. It was surreal.

"Oh, dear, look at him. Just like when he was two. Such a cutie, he was... *is, still!*"

Colt stood on one side of the high chair while Aunt Rosie stood on the other.

"He really loves being a big baby, but he loves his diapers most of all," said Colt, reaching below the tray and giving Robbie's cum-soaked diaper a squeeze.

"I know, we heard," giggled Aunt Rosie. There were murmurs of agreement from the others, who began talking about all the cute little things they adored about the new Robbie.

Robbie couldn't believe he was sitting there in his cummy diapers at thanksgiving while his whole family talked about what a baby he was. But it was something everyone

could agree on. Something that brought everyone together. Everyone seemed to be getting along great until dinner was served and it came time to feed Robbie.

"I always feed the tyke by hand. It's my job," barked Colt, snatching the spoon from Auntie Rosie's hand..

"Oh, but I'm his Auntie! I know just how the little stinker likes to be fed," countered Aunt Rosie, snatching the spoon back just as quickly.

"I think he'd be much more comfortable if I fed him..." said Colt, grabbing the spoon. The two of them began wrestling for it over Robbie's head as Robbie looked on in horror.

"You two had better stop," said Andy, standing up and throwing his napkin on the table. "There will be no fighting in *my* house; this is Thanksgiving! Why don't you *both* feed him?"

Daddy and Aunt Rosie looked at each other, surprised, and then, they both smiled.

"Yeah!"

"Sounds like a great idea!"

And so, Robbie found himself being fed double time by his boyfriend/Daddy and his auntie, two spoons scooping up his pureed peas, his cranberry sauce, his mashed potatoes. Before he knew it, Robbie was as stuffed as the turkey.

However, no one seemed to pay attention to Robbie's protests that he was too full to eat another bite, because they were having too much fun with the baby. The whole family's attention was on adorable Robbie and Aunt Rosie's theatrics. Colt had to go over the top too just to keep up.

"Okay, baby boy, open up for Daddy. No more fussing now, unless you want a spanking in front of everyone..."

"N-no, Daddy! No!" yelled Robbie, sitting up suddenly. He looked around, confused as he saw that he was in the guest room in bed. "Huh... what?"

"Shhh, Robbie, you were only asleep," said Colt, smiling and kissing Robbie on the head.

"Unh... what time is it?" asked Robbie.

"Almost time for din dins," said Colt. "You must have been really tired because you conked right out after your special cuddle time..."

"I did?" asked Robbie, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. He was still feeling disoriented, the memories of his dream still playing through his mind in bits and pieces. Colt was already up, however, and he wasted no time pulling off the covers to help his baby boy out of bed.

"Um... Robbie... baby... did you have a good dream?" asked Colt.

"Unh... I dunno... why do you ask?"

"You're really tenting in that diaper... And... I'm betting when I change you, I'm gonna find more stickies in there than you fell asleep with..."

"*Daddy*," whined Robbie, blushing and hiding his face. "Don't tease me! You know I just got a dry one..."

"Well, it's not dry anymore!" said Colt, reaching down and squishing the front of Robbie's diaper. Robbie was shocked to look down and see he was soaked and hard.

"Th-that's not," Robbie began, but his sentence quickly petered out as he had nothing to follow up with.

"Not what? Not your diaper? So did you go and put someone else's on, silly boy? I don't think so..."

Robbie just blushed as Daddy laid him out and got the changing supplies ready, whistling a happy tune.

That's when a knock came on the door.

"Come in," called Colt before Robbie could even get a 'no' out of his mouth.

"Hey, guy -OH! Uh, heyyy..." said Roy, covering his eyes and looking away before glancing back at them.

"It's fine," said Colt, casually flipping out a wipe from the wipe dispenser. "I'm just changing the baby."

"Uh, ahem, yeah," said Roy, coughing awkwardly. "Uh, anyway, I wanted to apologize for getting so rowdy down there, Robbie," he said, glancing down at his little brother. Robbie stared back like a deer in headlights, but Roy respectfully held his gaze, completely ignoring what was happening below Robbie's waist as Colt wiped the boy clean and prepared another diaper with a *\*fluff\* \*fluff\* \*crinkle\**

"We square, lil bro?"

"Y-yeah," croaked Robbie, wishing this change would be over soon.

"Good," said Roy, taking a few hesitant steps forward and Ruffling Robbie's hair. He seemed to relax as he did this, and let out a chuckle.

"I gotta admit," he said. "I was a little surprised to hear that you chose this lifestyle, but..." he smiled up at Colt, then looked back down to Robbie. "I think it suits you."

Robbie's eyes went wide as his face went completely red from nose to ears.

"Th-thank you," he managed to choke out, having been taught to always be polite.

"You're welcome, buddy... And thank *you*," Roy said, turning to Colt.

Colt stopped mid-motion, one hand holding Robbie's legs up and the other one positioning the new diaper under Robbie's butt.

"For what?" asked Colt, confused.

"For loving my baby brother... and taking care of him. Anyway... see you two at dinner. Don't take too long getting ready or I'll eat up all the cranberry sauce before you get any!"

Roy flashed the couple a cool guy smile with a wink, point, and cluck of the tongue before closing the door behind him.

"Well, your family seems to be taking things well," said Colt, patting Robbie's secured diaper and turning to open the luggage. .

"Yeah... Roy was actually *n-nice*," said Robbie.

"Well, they're all nice, as far as I can tell," said Colt, pulling out some clothes for them both. "Let's get you downstairs so we can eat some turkey as a family."

"Yeah, sure, I-" Robbie, stopped mid-sentence as he looked at Colt in shock.

"What's the matter, Robbie? You look like you've seen a ghost. I was just going to ask which one you wanted to wear." Colt held up Robbie's space sleeper in one hand and a blue footed jersey knit sleeper in the other...

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"Are you sure you're okay eating in a big boy chair?" asked Colt in a hushed voice as he led Robbie by the hand down the stairs. Robbie scoffed and pulled his hand free.

"Of course I'm sure! Come on, Daddy, I'm not *that* helpless."

"I'm just makin' sure," said Colt, being his usual overprotective self. Robbie rolled his eyes and almost lost his balance as they descended.

"Whoa there buddy," said Colt, lunging forward to put an arm around Robbie. "Eyes forward when you're going down the stairs."

Robbie blushed, shaking his head as they made it to the landing. "I'm such a klutz. Why am I such a klutz?"

"I wasn't kidding when I said I'd make you crawl, kiddo," laughed Colt, giving his little man a crinkly pat on the butt to usher him toward the dining room. "Go on then. Let's get seated, before I change my mind and put you in a high chair..."

Robbie seemed reluctant to go in, so Colt gently took his hand.

"You wanna stick close to Daddy after all, huh? That's what I thought..."

"Such a Daddy's boy," said Roy, startling them both. Robbie blushed hard, while Colt was flustered and tried to recompose himself. "Heh. Sorry."

Roy looked a little sheepishly at the two of them.

"You two look great together, really. I just want to give you fair warning. I'm gonna poke fun at you, but I do it to everyone. Try not to take it too personal..."

"Oh, we won't," said Colt, squeezing Robbie's shoulder, "But if you go too far - fair warning - I'll give you a good spanking no matter how big you think you are. Try not to take it too personal. Right Robbie?"

"Yup!"

The two of them watched as Roy's face went bright red.

"Hehe, yeah. That's fair, that's fair. Erm... I really just wanted to warn you about Mom... she's... sometimes a little... judgey... with her comments. But don't worry, bro," he said, punching Robbie lightly on the arm. "Your bros have got your back. Just... be yourself, you know?"

"See, Robbie?" said Colt, kneading Robbie's shoulder and looking down at him with a smirk. "Isn't that just what I always tell you?"

"Yes... Daddy," said Robbie, forcing himself to say the 'D' word despite how embarrassing it felt to say it in front of his brother. Colt smiled, proud of Robbie for making so much progress so quickly.

"Come on, lil boy. Let's go into the dining room before dinner gets cold."

Both Robbie and Colt's hearts were hammering in their chests as they walked toward the big feast. The other guests looked their way as they entered, and Robbie's adorable outfit raised a few eyebrows.

"Footie pajamas?" asked Mom, looking Robbie up and down. "Well...I guess it *is* pretty cold today."

"Oh, isn't it adorable?" asked Aunt Rosie, looking to Mom and back to Robbie. "I haven't seen the little guy in one of those in ages! Not since at least junior high!"

"Don't remind me," muttered Robbie, thinking of his embarrassing sleepover where all his friends got to see the childish pajamas he wore. That was the last time he ever wore a sleeper until Colt came along.

"Well, we like to keep him comfortable," said Colt, leading Robbie by the hand to the table and pulling out a chair. "Come on, buddy boy. Up you go." Colt slid in the chair for Robbie as he sat down, then tucked Robbie's napkin in his collar before he could protest. "That's better. All good?"

Robbie just blushed and nodded, looking around the room to see who was staring. Everyone was watching and smiling, with varying degrees of trying to hide it. His dad, Ronald, had already taken a bread roll and was chewing on it to keep his composure, while Rosie seemed enamored with the love birds.

"Colt, I have to say. I'm so impressed with how well you take care of Robbie. I think I speak for all of us when I say that."

"Thanks," said Colt, smiling. "He needs looking after, and I'm happy to do it!"

"And all while doing your own law practice? Where do you find the time?" asked Mom.

"I work from home," said Colt. "I have more than enough time for my little guy. Anyway, Robbie's a good boy."

"Well," said Dad, "We raised him good."

Robbie, who had been staring into his lap the whole time, tugged on Colt's sleeve, and whispered into his ear.

"You can have sparkling apple cider," said Colt, to Robbie, pouring him some of the non-alcoholic beverage before thanking everyone for the kind words. "Thanks,

everyone, but really, I'm the fortunate one, you know. I really lucked out with this guy. Robbie's the sweetest love bug I ever met. I can't believe we found each other!"

Everyone smiled at this comment. If he hadn't already won them over, Colt was easily doing so now. Then Rosie asked the question. "How *did* you meet, anyway?"

"Well, it's a funny story," began Colt. "It all started with a Greg'slist ad..."

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"Turkey's ready!" Called Andy, who had at some point escaped to the kitchen with Reina to take out the essential holiday bird.

Everyone was hungry and eagerly awaited their turn to get a piece of meat before hungrily helping themselves to the various delicious foods on the table.

"The white meat only please," said Rachel.

"Dark meat for me!" Rosie and Rita both agreed that the dark meat really was the best, though clearly this fact was in dispute.

"What do you think, Colt?" asked Ronald. "Can you help us resolve this little disagreement?"

"Well, if you ask my opinion," began Colt, "they're both good! They may be very different, but they complement each other perfectly." He looked at Robbie and gave him a wink, earning a blush and a little smile despite the eye-roll Robbie gave him.

Colt loaded up Robbie's plate, then leaned over and cut up Robbie's meat for him. Robbie sat back, face red as he watched Colt cut up his dinner for him.

"I can do it myself," hissed Robbie.

"And so can Daddy," said Colt, looking back at the boy and raising his eyebrows as if daring him to argue.

Robbie's brothers were all smirking as they watched.

"Better do as he says," said Roy. "You know that Daddy's spanking hand gets mighty itchy when you don't. *Ow!*"

Rosie, who had given Roy a smack on the back of the head for being such a smart alec, played it off as if she was yawning, and Colt had to grin.

"What did I say?" asked Roy. "I'm just repeating what *Roger* told me."

"Hey, don't bring *me* into this," said Roger.

"Boys," said Dad with a warning tone. "If *you don't stop...*"

"Oh my gaaaa..." Robbie buried his face in his hands. So they really *had* heard the whole conversation out front. They had really heard that. They had really *seen...* "Oh my gosh..."

Colt had to chuckle to himself. The illusion of order at the dinner table had been broken as the chaos of a *real* family dinner revealed itself. He was glad, actually. It put him more at ease knowing that he was now seeing them the way they really were, which was imperfect and human, just like everyone else.

Robbie, on the other hand, was completely thrown off. The moment he reached for his apple cider, he knocked it over.

"Oh, yikes!" cried Colt, jumping up to avoid getting splashed.

"Oh *Robbie*," said Mom, her voice full of disappointment. Robbie's brothers, however, were eating it up, enjoying the lively and chaotic situation as a welcome change from being bored out of their minds from a stuffy dinner.

"Calm down, calm down. Let's get you cleaned up," said Colt, soaking up the spill as best he could with napkins as Andy rushed over with some kitchen towels. The two men set about the task of cleaning up the spill, and Robbie.

"Those Jammies are gonna have to come off," said Andy, conferring with Colt.

"Okay," said Robbie, making to stand up and go.

"Oh, no, you don't," said Andy, putting a hand on Robbie's shoulder to keep him from moving. "You're all wet! You'll get juice everywhere."

"Well, you don't expect me to get undressed right here, do you?" Robbie paused as he saw the men's intent expressions. "You *can't* be serious!"

"We'll get you your space man pajamas instead, sweetie. It'll only be for a second."

"But... But..."

Robbie looked around the table for help, but nobody seemed to be on his side. "You mind your Daddy, sweetheart," chided Mom. "We don't want you catching cold."

That's when Robbie knew he was doomed. "Okay," he said Glumly.

"That's my good boy," said Colt. "Reina, could you run up and get Robbie's other pajamas? They're just on the bed."

Robbie was then obliged to stand there while his Daddy unzipped his sleeper.

"Aww, poor dear," said Aunt Rosie. "He's shivering!" Though whether from fear, cold, or simply the embarrassment of having his diapers exposed for all to see, no one could say.

"Oh, they're cute!" said Mom, when they all saw Robbie's colorful baby print diapers. "They're just like baby diapers! Is that an alligator?"

"Sure is! These are his favorite," said Colt, giving the embarrassed boy's butt a crinkly pat.

Andy came back from tossing all the wet napkins and kitchen towels holding a fresh towel and a sippy cup in hand. "I think we'd better take the precaution with this little guy."

"A sippy cup?!" cried Robbie.

"It's not like you drink from a big boy glass at home, either," said Colt. "I don't know what I was thinking, letting you have one."

Colt traded Robbie's wet pajamas for the fresh towel and the sippy cup.

"Okay kiddo," Colt said finally, setting a towel on the chair to catch any 'spills'. "Let's get you in your space man suit so you can sit down again."

Once again Robbie was struck by the fact that all the adults were taking care of things for him. He really did feel like a little kid in that moment.

"Hey, those pajamas are perfect for him," said Roy. "He's already got the space pants. Just like a real astronaut!"

"Ooh, yeah! Pretty cool, baby boy," said Colt, trying to cheer Robbie up.

"I'm jealous," said Roy. "Really!"

Daddy stopped and looked over at the man. "Oh yeah? We have plenty extra if you want to wear cool space pants too..."

"I mean, I was just trying to help... I, er... that is..."

"Yeah, that's a swell idea," said Roger, patting his brother on the back. "Roy always was the cool one, so it'll suit him just fine!"

Everyone had a good laugh at Roy's expense, and the ice was sufficiently broken that the rest of dinner wasn't awkward at all. Well, maybe a little from Robbie's perspective.

Of course, Robbie wasn't the only one getting used to such extreme changes around the holiday season, because back at the Center for Adult Baby Studies, Robbie's former manager, Baby Brandon, was having a very different thanksgiving of his own.

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While the Walkers enjoyed their dinner, Brandon was still at C.A.B.S., and about to experience his first holiday there.

As it was a holiday, no preschool classes were in session, so Brandon was in the big nursery with all the other adult babies. There, he could be found in the corner straddling his favorite teddy and humping away in nothing but a diaper. He had no shame now, having abandoned himself to the constant pleasure of horny diaper humping whenever and wherever he could. Brandon didn't even care that his diaper was patterned in back like turkey tail feathers, giving his hump session a particularly silly and festive flair for the viewers online as well as anyone else in the nursery who happened to be watching.

"That's a good boy!" said a nurse, coming up and patting Brandon's padded butt. "You're being such a good boy for Mommy! But it's time for din dins now. Let's get off Mr. Teddy and get some num nums in our belly!"

Brandon whined and humped his soggy squishy diapers harder, his flabby thighs jiggling with newly acquired baby fat. "No! Wan humpies!"

Brandon whined more as he was physically pulled off of his teddy. Although he was much larger than the nurses he called 'Mommy', Brandon had grown more timid and compliant over the past months. He put up next to no fight as the nurse pulled him away aside from his pathetic whimpers of complaint.

"No humpies for you now, little one. It's time for din dins!"

The nurse repeated herself, as if speaking to a very small child. Brandon hung his head as she led him over to the long table, where several other big babies were already being readied for the feast. With a tug of the wrist, Baby Brandon climbed up into his high chair and dutifully paced his arms and legs in position to be strapped in. Nurse Mommy, as he called her, clicked the tray in place and said, "Today is a special day, you know. You know what day it is, don't you? It's Thanksgiving! That's why we have this big table set up for all you babies!"

The Nurse didn't even wait for a response from Brandon, knowing he was ignorant of the passage of time, and by now, possibly of even the concept of a holiday.

"Wanksgiving?" Brandon said, looking up and down the long table dumbly. Up and down the table, big happy babies, and some not so happy ones, were being fed their liquid feasts. The caretakers could dip a ladle in any of the various pots to serve green beans, cranberry sauce, pumpkin puree, and of course, the yummy turkey.

"That's right, baby boy," said the nurse, smiling brightly as she tied up his thanksgiving themed bib. "What a smart little boy you are!"

Dimly, Brandon realized he must have been in 'baby jail' for months now without even knowing it. But that wasn't possible, was it? All the days had sort of blurred together, so it was hard to tell.

"I dun bweeve you," he said, not wanting it to be true. Surely his father would have intervened by now, if only to have him at the table for Thanksgiving.

"Of course it is, sweetheart. Why do you think you're wearing that cute diaper? And look what I have for you," Nurse Mommy added, holding up a bowl of mush. "Turkey puree! Yum yum!"

Brandon drooled, having long since given up his disgust for eating anything and everything in liquid form. Whatever thoughts had been in his head were replaced by the overwhelming need to eat his num nums like a good baby.

"Oh, yes! That looks yummy doesn't it? Let's feed baby up so hims can be big and stwong, okay?"

Brandon smiled and opened his mouth. He would have clapped if his hands had been free, but he was well restrained, arms and legs held open so the cameras could get a good view of his soggy thick diapers, his big belly, and his silly bib as he was fed. Brandon looked nothing like the fiery and defiant man that the C.A.B.S. field operatives had wheeled in months ago. Now, he was a bald, dumb, and drooling infant.

"Such a good boy," said the nurse as she brought the spoon up to Baby Brandon's mouth.

The nurse fed the big happy baby several bowls of mush before speaking again.

"It's just about time to put you up for adoption you know..."

Brandon had been in a blissful haze, too busy gulping down his Thanksgiving mush to care what Nurse Mommy was saying until she mentioned adoption.

"Adoffon?" Brandon asked, awareness slowly returning to his eyes.

"No talking with your mouth full, sweetie," said the nurse, setting the bowl aside and wiping up Brandon's face with his bib.

"Sowwee..."

"That's a good boy. As I was saying, you'll be adopted soon. All our charges are. You might get a mommy, or a daddy... you might even be purchased by a training program for educational purposes, or to help rehabilitate criminals into caretakers themselves."

"No! I go home with Dada!" Brandon said with conviction. Even in his dumbed down state, he knew that much. The nurse just twisted her mouth and shook her head.

"No, sweetie. Your Daddy doesn't *want* to take care of a baby. But don't worry, we'll find you a new home. Mr. Smith has said he will make sure of it personally."

Brandon shuddered. That man. The one who had put him there. Just what did he have in store? Brandon's ominous thoughts were soon chased away as a familiar VR visor was brought over and he got excited, very excited from what his viewers could see. Brandon could already hear the Diaper Pals' theme song as the headset was brought down over his head, and whenever he heard that song, he got an instant erection.

"That's better," said Nurse Mommy, smiling to herself as she wiped up the tray. Taking care of this little one was easy - she had specific instructions of what to say and do with him every day, and she was paid a handsome bonus for it. She didn't know what he had done, but she was sure he deserved it, and she hummed the Diaper Pals theme as she walked off to her next charge, knowing that all was right in the world.

Brandon sat there in the chair, moaning as his cock was caressed by the warm wet folds of his thick and soggy diaper, thrusting his hips as much as his limited mobility would allow, mindlessly taking in every word and image fed to him by the immersive edutainment system.

"Hey there, Pal! You know what today is right?" asked Barry the beaver.

"I dunno," said Dusty the donkey. "What day?"

"Thanksgiving of course!"

"Oh boy!" said Dusty the donkey, clapping. "Uh... what's Thanksgiving?"

"That's the day we give thanks for many good things. Come on, let's go join our pals for the big baby feast and we'll teach you allll about it!"