

Babied by Billy

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Chapter 27: David the Diapered Sitter

Jimmy wants some alone time with Billy to gather some intelligence, but Tank isn't taking any chances. David - Jimmy's horndog ex-bestie - is in charge, with his little soldier in chastity just to be safe. No Problem. This intelligence operation is completely secure. Or is it?

It was my turn to be changed in front of everyone. You might think I would have been used to public changes by now, but you'd be wrong. After all, it wasn't long ago that I was a big boy like any other guy my age.

"Okay, little von," said Dr. Windelmann, smiling down at me with his avuncular smile. "Let's take a look at how you are doink down below!"

Without further ado, the good doctor quickly undid my tapes and exposed my hairless nether region to everyone in the room: The other alpha beta members helping, everyone that had come to watch, and whoever was seeing the recording that was surely streaming from the cameras of the ever present frat camera crew of Jason and co. I blushed, staring down at the friendly faces of the diaper pals on the front of my thick soggy diaper, but my pamper packing pals soon disappeared from view as it was opened up.

"Very gut job, little von! Look at all that healthy yellow pee pee! You did such a gut job filling those diapers, mein little schnuckelschnecke." I blushed beet red as the doctor gushed over my 'accomplishment'. "I can't believe all that came out of that tiny little hairless pee pee! Vell, let's check how you are doink mit the stent und the anal stretching plug, hmmm?"

The doctor then proceeded to move and fondle my boy bits with his gloved hands. I gasped at the feeling of the gloves touching my hairless penis and balls. I was quite sensitive down there from being so pent up, and being hairless only enhanced that sensitivity as his gloved hands tickled my bits. As the doctor continued his examination, I could feel my heart rate quickening and only hoped he wouldn't make me cum in front of everyone. Being examined in front of all these people like this was embarrassing enough without me shooting gobs of baby batter everywhere.

"Oh, you are doink so gut, little von. I think you deserve a little reward..."

"Reward?" I asked, trying to keep my voice from cracking as I tamped down my pleasure.

"Ja! Why don't vee play mit a little hidden feature of your stent..." The doctor held up a small device with a screen and some buttons and showed it to me, and then the room. "You see... it has electrostimulating capabilities, und if I activate it mit zis magnetic tool here..."

At this moment, Doctor Windelmann pressed a button and held the device up to my taint. Suddenly I felt a sensation of stimulation tickling all up and down my urethra, and I began to moan from the pleasure, dripping pre out of my tiny shrunken pee pee.

"I think he likes it," commented Tank, smiling and ruffling my hair. He, too, was wearing gloves in the event that he could help as well.

"All gut boys deserve to feel good, ja?" asked the doctor. I didn't think it was a question meant to be answered, but I answered in a way with my moans of pleasure, my quickening breath, and the steady flow of pre-cum coming from my pee pee.

"That's a gut boy," said the Doctor. "Tank, vill you help me examine his butt hole und see how ve are doing mit that permanent gape vee are vorking on?"

Tank agreed to do so, and I was left to fight the daunting battle of trying to keep myself from cumming while they wrestled the stretching ring out of my hole. It was a difficult task for them, what with the big metal object not wanting to release, but with Tank's massive hands pulling my buttcheeks apart and the Doctor's efficient and gentle extraction technique, they were able to claim victory. I groaned as the plug came out with a loud pop.

"What do you think?" asked Tank, gazing into my gaping butthole. "How is he progressing down there?"

"He is doing remarkably vell!" said the doctor, pushing his hand into the hole and meeting little resistance. "I think ve can size up again! Why don't ve try the Giga-Gaper zis time?"

I gasped and groaned as I felt the doctor's gloved hand invading my insides. It felt so weird, but good. Was he really in all the way? I couldn't tell from my vantage point, and the two of them didn't allow me to sit all the way up to get a better look. I did, however, catch a glimpse of what was going inside me next. My eyes bulged out as a big metal stretching ring the size of a large grapefruit was selected. Unlike the last one it wasn't just a thin ring, but seemed to have petal-like protrusions meant to press deeper into me.

"Th-there's no way that thing will fit in me!" I said, sweating bullets as I attempted to clench around the doctor's hand in fear to little effect.

"Oh? Is zat a challenge?" asked the doctor.

I instantly regretted my words, because next thing I knew, Tank was again spreading my buttcheeks while the doctor was forcing the gigantic stretching plug into

me. I groaned as I felt it going in. It was so intense, I felt like it was trying to push my bones apart. It didn't seem like there was enough room inside of my pelvis to accommodate the object, which seemed to press my flesh flat to the bone, giving me an intense feeling of fullness on the edge of pain. As always happened, I could feel it reaching its thickest point and knew the worst was almost over. In a moment, my body would suck it in, and it would cease to feel so intense. However, when my body did suck in the gargantuan behemoth, an intense feeling of fullness followed, with the toy mashing hard against my prostate. Further, I realized that this was still a ring and so it was meant to keep the widest point stretching me wide.

Then, as I squirmed, I realized something else. Those protrusions that pressed my prostate moved around as I squirmed, causing additional stimulation. I didn't stand a chance. Between the new anal invader and the electrostim tickling the inside of my peehole, I came *hard*. My eyes glazed over as I watched pearly ropes of cum shoot out from my hard little two-incher, glazing my soaked yellow padding with a coating of white semen as I gave up my pent up juices, much to the delight of onlookers.

"Wow! Look at all that cum!"

"Didn't know he had it in him!"

"Little guy sure likes his baby treatment, I reckon!"

. After dumping my load, I promptly collapsed on the changing table. I didn't have the energy to even react to the amazed comments from the peanut gallery. I was completely spent. For the rest of the change, I lay there, docile as a lamb while the men above me wiped me down and diapered me up in a brand new fresh and thick diaper. Luckily for me, the doctor deactivated the electrostim and handed the remote to tank, instructing him to turn it back on to a lower level whenever I recovered to keep me a happy little boy in my diapees.

The nursery and playroom was a sight to behold. There were rows upon rows of adult-sized cribs for the new babies, big changing tables, and of course the personal touch: the names of each baby or pup emblazoned on the headboard of their crib. Such a detail really drove home the sense that this change was permanent, or at least, it wasn't a short-term thing. Even I felt a little flip flop in my tummy when I saw my name on a crib, though when I looked up at Tank, he kissed my head and said,

"Don't worry sweetie. You'll be sleeping with me every night, I can promise you that." I nodded, somewhat reassured. "Although, it would still be useful for your naps, since big boys like me don't take naps." He chuckled in his deep baritone when I gave him an annoyed look, and I just rolled my eyes. He really was having too much fun treating me like a little guy, but that was nothing new, and unlikely to change.

"H-hey is it true what I heard?" asked David, struggling to keep up as he waddled after us in his thick Pizza Turtles diaper.

"What did you hear, diaper butt?" asked Tank, as he looked down at David's exposed diaper, his shorts having been too soiled by cum to be of any use after his diaper change.

"H-heyyy..." muttered David, covering the front of his diaper, as if that helped in the least. "That's a low blow. I was just gonna ask about the viewing and the adoptions..." Tank sighed.

"Yes, Davey. Adoption is possible from here, but we don't need to talk about that right now. That's a ways off, and-"

"And what about Billy? And Jimmy?" David asked, looking over to the formerly cocky jock and then to myself. Tank's eyes widened, and he looked over to me as well. "Don't you worry about Jimmy. No one is adopting him but- I-I mean..." He looked over to me and then back to David and it was like I could read his thoughts.

"Oh, you called dibs, huh?" asked David, smirking.

"That's enough from you, diaper boy," said Bull, who was leading Billy by the hand right behind us. He smacked David upside the head with his free hand - lightly but it was enough to get the point across.

I looked over to Billy, whose face was a mask of jealousy and resentment. Nobody had voiced any interest in calling dibs on *him*, but then again who would want to? The doctor was right about one thing: That bad boy still needed a *lot* of training. But that shortcoming could become my advantage, or so I hoped.

"Okay, Davey. You're on diaper duty for the afternoon. I know you've babied lots of guys, so this should be a piece of cake for you. Just make sure everyone plays nice - and make sure they drink plenty of fluids - doctor's orders. We've programmed their stents to give them a very special reward for staying hydrated, which I'm sure they'll love." Here, the other guys gave naughty grins at me and Billy and I just knew they had done something devious. "Oh and if you have to go potty, use the potty chair in the corner, Davey. You are not to leave this room while you're babysitting, got it?"

"Got it," said David, gulping and looking nervously at the potty chair.

"Good. Alright, Jimmy, you be good. You too, Billy," added Tank, glaring at Billy as Bull led Billy into the playpen alongside myself. Billy just glared right back, his mouth still gagged by the pacifier. Tank handed something that looked like a key fob to David and I heard him murmur, "Just in case."

Soon, Tank and Bull were off, leaving me and Billy with David. I looked at him as he addressed us, watching his hand instinctively creep to the front of his diaper and start to rub as he spoke.

"Hey, kiddos. Your uncle David is here so have no fear. Okay, you heard the man, time to get you both something to drink so you can piddle your pamps like good boys. Hrrk... darn, cage is really getting tight."

I fought the urge to roll my eyes at my horndog friend.

"Juuust a second," David said. I stood up and waddled to the bars of the playpen to try to get a better vantage point as he walked over toward an area off to the side. "Good thing they have snacks and a mini fridge in here. They thought of everything!"

He came back with what looked like a wine carrier holding six bottles of formula and a snack container that said 'baby puffs' on the front and had a big smiling baby on the front.

"What are those?" I asked, pointing to the snacks.

"Just baby snacks," he said, pouring out some on a little blankie he laid down in front of me and Billy. Billy just sat there with his arms crossed looking pouty as David began unbuckling Billy's gag.

"Hmm," I said, looking down at the so-called meal he offered me and frowning.

"Hmmm, what?" said David, smirking as I stared at the snacks and the bottle of formula.

"Who made this formula?"

"I dunno, it's just here," said David, sniffing the bottle.

"You don't even know. How do you expect us to eat that when you don't even know where it came from?"

"There's nothing wrong with the food," said David. "I promise."

"Then why don't you try it," I asked.

"Oh, come on," he said. "I can't drink this. It won't agree with my stomach, what with all the- I mean, uh... I'm just not used to drinking formula."

"Why are you talking so fast, David? Did you say something you weren't supposed to say? Are you going to be in trouble if I tell on you?"

"No," said David. "Don't be silly. Look, I'll prove it. I'll drink some." He took a sip, grimaced at the flavor of the formula, and then forced a smile. "See?"

"That's not enough," I said. "You should drink a whole bottle."

"Aww, come on. Billy likes it, right Billy? Why don't you show him what a good big bro you are and drink your ba ba?"

"Nah, he's right," said Billy, sneering. "You should drink a whole bottle. Or are you saying you don't trust the stuff you're feeding us? Because that would be pretty messed up. I don't think I could trust a babysitter who tried to feed me something bad, I don't know about you, Jimmy."

"No, I think you're right, Billy." I said. "You hit the nail on the head. He's clearly a bad babysitter, and we'll just have to tell the others when he gets back and he can explain to them why we didn't drink anything like we were supposed to. Maybe they'll demote him to house baby like he was supposed to be all along."

"No, guys, don't do that," said David, beginning to visibly sweat. "I'm a good babysitter, I promise! L-look, I'll drink it. But you guys have to drink yours too, okay?"

"Hmm... fine," I said, finally. Billy seemed satisfied with that too. And so, we each got two bottles and a pile of puffs to eat together.

"See? Nothing to it," said David, gagging as he finished the last of the bottle of formula.

"Don't worry, you'll get used to it," I said. David's eyes widened.

"I hope not."

"Oh, really? Because you sure seemed excited back in the bathroom earlier," I quipped back.

"Yeah, that's true," said Billy, smirking. "I think he secretly *wanted* to be put back in diapers."

"Did not!" said David, his face growing bright red. "I'm the babysitter, not the baby."

"Looks like you'll find out soon enough because clearly you're not far behind," said Billy, looking David up and down.

"What is that supposed to mean?" David asked.

"Isn't it obvious? It's clear that the doctor is tying up loose ends. First me, then who do you think is next?"

"You're crazy," said David, shaking his head. "I'm moving up in this house. I'm one of the big boys!"

"Yeah, so was I," said Billy. "All it takes is one fluff-up to change that, though, and you're not exactly a genius, kid. Just sayin'."

"Shut up," said David. "You were a loose cannon. It's not my fault you made everyone- I mean... you know what this conversation is over. You haven't learned anything."

"Yeah, it's almost like this whole stupid baby treatment doesn't work," I said, in a sarcastic tone.

"You know what, I think you two are getting cranky," David said, standing up and putting his hands on his hips. "I think It's time for a nap..."

Suddenly, David got a shocked expression on his face. He threw his hands over his crotch, his knees bending together crinkling around the green smiling faces of the Teenage Pizza Turtles.

"Oh shit... I g-gotta go..." he said, looking over at the training potty. "Oh geez..."

"What's the matter? Too good to go to the big boy potty?" snickered Billy. "Doesn't feel so good when it's you, does it?"

"Sh-shut up! You're such a hypocrite, Billy," said David, doing the potty dance.

"You can go use the bathroom," I said, finally. "We won't tell on you."

"You two better behave, I'll be right back! Don't you try any funny business while I'm gone!"

Davey was already running out of the nursery while he said that, and the two of us busted up laughing.

"Guess he can't handle his diuretics," Billy said, laughing before accidentally rolling back onto his butt, making his eyes go wide as he put pressure onto his anal plug. "Oof! Hnnng...." He moaned as his diaper turned yellow and at first I thought it was just because he had mashed his plug up against his prostate, but then I felt something too. I looked down at my own diaper and began moaning as waves of pleasure began shooting through my penis. I saw a yellow spot spreading across the front of my diaper and realized just what they had done: They had set the electrostim feature on our stents to activate whenever we flooded our diapers. Now, peeing felt almost as good as cumming.

"C-crud," Billy said. "I don't wanna get turned on by peeing my diapers..."

"Too late," I said, panting, as I rolled over onto my front and began humping. Billy started doing it too, humping the colorful foam alphabet letters under his tummy, but it was useless. With all the equipment shoved up his urethra, peeing himself or rocking on his plug were probably the only options he had for getting off now.

Finally, after a couple minutes of mindless wetting and humping, our streams subsided, and we could compose ourselves.

"So I guess it's just you and me now," said Billy, glaring at me and cracking his knuckles. "I could push your tummy and no one's here to stop me."

"Yeah, but you won't. You may think you have nothing to lose but you know what the doctors are capable of. Just hear me out instead. I can make it worth your while. I might even be able to help you."

Billy looked at me a good long while before Grunting and looking away. I figured that was about as close to a yes as I was going to get.

"What could you possibly do to help *me*?" asked Billy, sneering at the very notion.

"I know there's a trigger word that can reverse the effects of your regression, for one," I began. I paused for effect and then continued in a more excited tone. "Just think about it, Billy. If we work together, maybe we can *both* get out of here."

"Ha!" barked Billy. "Don't make me laugh!"

I was taken aback by his lack of interest in my offer, no, not just that, but the sheer derision in his voice. He continued.

"I can't *believe* you're so stupid. They're never going to let you go. Are you kidding me? You're too valuable."

"What are you talking about?" I said, gesturing to the cribs with all those names on them.. "They're coming back with dozens of new recruits, just look at this place. Why should they notice if there are a couple less of us tomorrow?"

"Have you already forgotten what Dr. S told you? You've got a *gift* for being hypnotized. Heck, you turned into a total baby and we didn't even have to try. That means you're the perfect test subject."

"T-t-test subject?" I asked, gulping.

"Yeah. Everything that works on you would work on others, but it would take ten times longer and be less obvious what worked. With you, we could test things in real time and see what happened right away. Develop better ways to baby others."

"But... I thought Dr. S. said it only worked on me because it's what I really wanted..."

"Dr. S is full of bull poopie. *I* made you a baby. *Me*. He knows how to spin a good story, but you shouldn't believe anything he says. Well, except that you're going to be his favorite test subject, whether you like it or not."

A chill ran down my spine. I should have known the good doctor was lying. What else was he lying about?

"You and Tank may think you're smarter than the doc, but whatever you have up your sleeves, I can guarantee you that neither you or I are going to see the light of day without a diaper on and plenty of restraints to keep us under control." I could feel my face getting red. I couldn't accept his answer. I just couldn't.

"Fine. Be that way. I'll find my own way out of here *without* you."

I stood up as if to leave, but then I remembered I was in a playpen and there was nowhere to go, so I kind of just walked a few feet off, plopping down facing away from him. It felt silly, but I thought I made my point.

"So, are we finished with your talk?" asked Billy, walking up behind me. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up, but it was too late. Billy grabbed me and put me in a headlock before I could move. "I may be censored now, but I still know how to wrestle, and I'm going to kick your bum bum."

"Billy stop," I choked out, as he began to squeeze harder.

"I'm going to make your life a living heccies," he growled in my ear. And then he yelped and fell backward, jamming his hands between his legs like he'd been kicked in the nuts..

"Stop! Bad baby." It was David, standing there with the little key fob style remote that Tank had given him. I sat up, grabbing at my throat. I looked in surprise at Billy clutching his groin and screwing his eyes shut.

"What was that?" I asked. "What did you do?"

"Electrostim can be for pleasure *or* for punishment. I'm sorry I had to do that, buddy," he said, walking up to the playpen and squatting down to Billy's level as he waved the key fob, "but you were being *very* bad."

"Fluff you," said Billy, his voice an octave higher than normal. David gave him another short zap and Billy yelped.

"That's enough talking back from you, kiddo," said David. "Don't forget that you're not the only one experienced at dealing with big babies."

"Thanks David," I said, looking back to my former best friend. "You really saved my- hey... uh... but... your diaper is looking a little wet there..."

He looked down and blushed.

"I, uh... I didn't quite make it to the potty..."

"Welcome to the club," I said, standing up and walking away from Billy toward the edge of the playpen. "Need a change?"

"Not yet. These turtles can hold a lot more, I'm sure. Hey! Stay down, Billy," he said, hitting the remote again and earning another yelp from Billy.

"What are we gonna do with him?" I asked.

"I don't know, but this is definitely going to get reported."

"But won't you get in trouble for not being there when it happened?"

"You said you wouldn't tell on me, right?" asked David.

I rolled my eyes, annoyed. I *had* promised that, and as much as I'd like David to get some punishment after throwing me to the wolves, I at least honored my promises

"Yeah, yeah. I won't tell."

"Thanks," he said, sitting down with a squish. "Don't worry, I won't leave you alone with him again. Let's play blocks until the boys get back."