

## Babied by Billy

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

### Chapter 28: Daddy Time

Since puberty, David had been obsessed with his appearance. He kept his hair immaculate and wore only the most fashionable designer clothing. Now, looking at him with his messy hair, humping a stuffy with wild abandon, he couldn't look more different. How had this happened?

At first, David just had us sitting in a circle playing with blocks in the playpen and singing along to nursery music, pretty standard stuff, if you could call anything we did 'standard stuff' anymore. But then, the inevitable happened. All that formula that we were drinking continued to do its magic, making us wet more, which led to us getting more stimulation, which led to Billy and me being very squirmy in our diapers. David noticed our desperation and seemed to sympathize with us.

"Aww, we've got some needy boys. Does somebody need a hump plushie?"

If I had had any dignity left, I might've said no, but I was desperate to cum and couldn't help myself. I immediately blushed and covered my face.

"I-I want to make stickies in my diapers," I said, unable to stop myself.

"Awww, alright, kiddo," said David, setting down a medium-sized laying bear and patting its rump for me to mount. I immediately did so and wasted no time humping away.

Billy had a shit eating grin on his face as I debased myself, but he didn't last much longer.

"Um... can I have one too?"

"I don't know," said David. "You were a pretty bad boy and only good boys deserve treats..."

"Aw, c'mon, dude, don't make me beg..."

David just stood there with his hands on his hips, the sound of my moans and grunts in the background as he stared down at Billy.

"Okay, okay, please, man. Please! I need this!" Billy was whining now, and I clocked it as pretty pathetic even as I was humping my plushie with wild abandon. David smirked, clearly ready to take full advantage of his newfound power over Billy.

"Why don't you say it in a cute way like Jimmy did?"

"Are you serious, man? There's no way I'm... I..." Billy bit his lip as he gripped the front of his diaper evidently flooding it again. "Hnnf... okay, okay... I.... I want to m-make... stickies... in my diapers..." David smiled big, then winced and adjusted the front of his diaper, which seemed to ruin the moment for him a bit.

"Okay, fine, you can hump. But you have to call me Uncle David from now on... And you have to promise to keep your hands to yourself, and to do whatever I tell you when I tell you and no back talk..."

Billy pulled a face, but after holding out all of ten seconds, he nodded.

"Yeah, fine, whatever... Uncle... David..."

Satisfied, David selected a big white and pink smiling plush bunny and laid it on its back. It was wearing cute bunny diapers and had its arms open as if to give a big hug.

"There you go, you can look into your new boyfriend's face while you hump him in your diaper."

Billy blushed bright red, but his horniness won out and he mounted the bunny, attempting to close his eyes and, I assume, pretend he was anywhere else.

"No, no, little one. Open your eyes and look at your new boyfriend. Show him you really care as you rub your crinkles together."

Billy opened his eyes and looked at the bunny as he humped but I could tell from his face he was very embarrassed. It didn't really matter, however. Humping felt so good and the way we were constantly dribbling into our diapers only enhanced the stimulation thanks to our electro-stents. Davey pressed a button on his little controller and I felt a light stimulation start up in my prostate as if my plug was thrusting into me. The way Billy's butt jumped forward, I knew he felt it too.

David looked on as we filled the room with the sound of panting and crinkles. He started to take pictures as he rubbed the front of his diaper, but between panting and squinting my eyes in the search for stickies, I could see that he was becoming physically uncomfortable, wincing more and more as he talked himself up.

"Oh, yeah, that's it. Show everyone what big pampers humpers you are. You look great, Billy, like you really love, nnnff... g-giving it to your new b-bunny, urgh... b-boyfriend. J-jimmy, you're so cute. I've always imagined you... like this... F-fuhhh... Fuck. You guys are such babies. Such big babies humping your diapers to nursery music. Ow. This effing cage..." He gripped the front of his diaper and winced again, clearly frustrated by his body's inability to complete an erection. What he was seeing in front of him was just too much to bear.

"Fuck it," he said, finally, throwing his phone down and grabbing a big purple dinosaur that he immediately mounted and started to hump. The nursery music in the background continued, only adding to the horniness of the situation for him, I was sure.

He began to suck his thumb and babble like a baby as he humped away at the big purple dino.

"You're gonna be in big baby diapers forever. You... nnnngg... wuv humping diapows... I... hhnnggh... I wuv humping dem too... I wuv Blarney. I... I wuv my diapees..." David was really getting into it, now. "I wanna be a diapow humping baby, too..."

"That can be arranged," came a deep voice from behind us.

David practically jumped off of the dinosaur, his face, bright red as he was caught red handed, and yellow pampered. It was Tank. Billy and I froze mid-hump.

"I see somebody is being a good little babysitter, teaching all the babies how to hump their diapers. Good job, kiddo."

David looked like he wanted to sink into the floor as he stood there with his hands folded behind his back, staring at the floor as Tank patted his diapered butt. Tank then looked down at Billy and smirked, walking over and squatting leaning down to speak in a quieter voice.

"I hope you're enjoying your diapers little Billy. Because that's the only thing your little baby dick is good for now." It was quite a blow for a braggart like Billy, and for once, he had nothing to say back.

"And how is my baby boy?" Tank asked as he crouched down by me.

"I'm OK, daddy," I said, blushing and looking down at my teddy. Tank looked at me and cocked his head. "Did you have... any interesting conversations while I was gone?"

I shook my head and hid my face in the bear, still too embarrassed about being caught humping to say anything more.

"Umm... Jimmy got bullied. Billy did it!" It came out sounding more childish than probably even David expected.

"Shut up, tattler!" growled Billy. Tank shot a withering glare at Billy, and my stomach flip-flopped by proxy at seeing Daddy's mean-face. He was clearly done with Billy mistreating me.

"I don't know what you expected kiddo, but I'm glad you're okay, unlike a certain bad boy in a moment. I'll deal with you next, Billy, but first..."

Tank grabbed Theodore, my teddy, and handed him to me. I immediately grabbed Theodore and gave him a big hug, inhaling Tank's scent from the plush fabric and flopping down on the bigger teddy that was still beneath me. I instantly felt so calm and relaxed. Tank then walked right up to Billy and grabbed him.

"What are you gonna do, spank me?" asked Billy, staring Tank in the eyes to show he wasn't afraid.

"No," said Tank. "We don't do that kind of punishment on my watch. You're going in the corner."

Billy scoffed as he was taken to stand in the corner and told to stay there. I was sure he was going to disobey as soon as Tank turned away from him, but Tank leaned forward and whispered something into Billy's ear as he stood there. Billy instantly went rigid as if he had been shocked and stood rooted to the spot.

"What did you do?" I asked Tank when he came back, smiling down at me as pleased as punch. "Did you shock him? Speak a trigger word?"

"No," Tank said. "I just told him that if he didn't like my punishment we could always let the doctors pick his punishment instead."

"Ohh... that's far worse," I said, shaking my head.

"We'll see how long that lasts," said Tank, glancing back at Billy. "I don't think he can stay out of trouble for long... he's got a long way to go before he's a good boy."

"Do we really have to use that language unironically?" I asked, giving Tank a sidelong glance.

"What? Aren't *you* a good boy?" he asked. I instantly melted, as he said the words 'good boy' in reference to me. That trigger was still working strongly, and I could tell by the warmth in my chest as well as the warmth in the front of my diaper as I couldn't help but smile at the endorphin rush Tank had just given me like a punch to the gut.

"N-no fair," I managed to mumble out before blissing out and snuggling into the big teddy beneath me.

"Um... sorry to interrupt but, I think I might need a little help," said David, his face crinkled up in an expression of embarrassment as he stood there with his soggy diaper sagging between his legs.

"Davey! Did you have an accident?" Tank's irrepressible smile told me he wasn't surprised in the least, but David didn't seem to notice it at all, such was his embarrassment. He was in his own little world, where he had completely failed and was this close to becoming a baby like me.

"I'm sowwy," he said, sticking his thumb in his mouth and sniffing. I was amazed that with a few well chosen words from Tank, I could see David going back into little boy mode before my very eyes.

"Aww, it's okay, sweetie," said Tank, gently taking Davey by the hand and leading him over to the changing table. "Little guys like you sometimes have accidents, but that's why Daddies like me are here to help! Just remember, it's okay to have accidents." Tank picked David up like he was nothing and plopped him down on the table. Then he leaned in and grinned as if telling a big secret. "Besides, everyone knows wet diapers feel better."

David sniffled and nodded, happily accepting a stuffed bunny to hug while Daddy Tank laid him back, opened his wet diaper, and wiped him down. I could see him relaxing and knew the exact feeling he was experiencing - that special relaxing feeling of being cared for and put into a fresh clean diaper.

"There we go baby boy, Daddy's got you. Now, now, don't feel too bad. You can still be the babysitter, honey, you'll just have to stay diapered, and don't you dare try to go off again and try to find a potty like a bad boy."

David's face went red as Tank smirked and tweaked his chastity cage.

"Y-you knew about that?"

"Daddy knows everything," said Tank with a wink as he fluffed up a fresh thick pizza turtle diaper and reached for a nice thick stuffer.

"This combo oughtta last plenty long since you won't be having any potty breaks for the rest of the day..."

"The rest of the day?!" asked David, practically choking as he eyed the thick diaper.

"Well, you *did* just break a big rule, little guy, and that can't come without consequences. Nothing too big. We all make mistakes, and you're just learning. Do it again, though, and you'll have corner time too, just like little Billy there.

David stuck his thumb in his mouth and I swear I saw his cage jump as he looked down and said, "Yes, Daddy." That's when I was absolutely certain that he was really enjoying this baby treatment after all was said and done.

After he changed David, Tank walked to the door of the nursery and called out,

"Alright guys. You can come on in and get things set up now."

Suddenly, freshman members of Alpha Beta Delta Lambda streamed into the room to set up. Next thing I knew, the room was abuzz with newbies personalizing and setting up the cribs, checking their notes from the seniors assigned to them to make

everything ready for the new arrivals. Once again, I was reminded of just how much sway Tank had here. He was a leader, but I only knew him as daddy. Seeing him lead made me admire him all the more, even if I didn't quite agree with all that was happening here.

"Remember to do a good job both for your seniors, and for your friends who are now in the regression program."

One crib had the word, Daniel emblazoned on top. I could see that a freshie was making it extra soft with an adorable pastel bumper all along the bottom of the crib and matching fleece restraints.

My crib, much like Billy's, hadn't been modified too much. There were no restraints and the only unique feature, aside from my name, was a patterned mattress cover and matching pillowcase with the characters from my favorite show, *The Diaper Pals*, all over it. I smiled. Even though I didn't particularly want to be a baby, it felt good to have to see something that was made special just for me. Of course, part of me was starting to like it, as much as I hate to admit it.

Meanwhile, I could see that Billy's crib was being significantly beefed up with heavy restraints. I could tell that nobody really trusted him to be a good boy, but that was OK, because that's what the adults were there for. They would help us all be good. I shook my head. Where had that thought come from? It was a weird line of reasoning when I thought about it, but something told me it felt right. Was I being brainwashed?

I saw Jason and the camera crew stroll in and start recording everything that they could capture.

"Yo, check out all these personalized cribs. As you can see, the Freshies are hard at work making sure that everyone has their special setup just how they might like it. The upperclassmen are so excited to see their little ones come home - everyone gets one 'little bro' to take care of for the rest of their time on campus. And here's our little Jimmy, and Davey... Davey, are you getting in on the baby action too, or are you babysitting? It's kinda hard to tell right now..." David blushed in cover his face

"Not on camera, dude."

"Aww, he's shy," said Jason, winking at the camera. "But not our little Jimmy. He is our little social media star isn't he?"

I looked up at the camera, knowing full well that hiding my face was a lost cause at this point.

Tank intervened. "Our little Jimmy is a little tired right now. Why don't you go check in on Billy?"

Jason, grand and looked over. "Oh, is that Billy I see in the corner? I wonder what he did to get into trouble this time?"

"Come on," said Tank. "It's time for some daddy time. Just you and me." I smiled and nodded at him.

Tank took me out of the nursery, insisting on carrying me back to our room, where he jumped into the plush bed with me in his lap. He kicked off his shoes (I didn't have any shoes to kick off). Then, he cuddled me into his lap on the bed, sitting up with me between his crossed legs. He hugged me close with his two arms around my chest, then, he reached down and gave the front of my soggy diaper squeeze.

"My little man is going to need a change soon," he said, "but first, let's talk a bit. We can probably wait until your bath, kiddo."

I nodded and nestled into him relaxing. I had Tank and I had my Teddy. That was everything I needed at that moment.

"So what info did you get from Billy? Did he tell you anything revolutionary?"

"No," I said, shaking my head. "It was just more of the same negativity from him. He mocked me for even trying."

"I told you, baby boy."

"I know, I know. I just wanted to try *something*, you know? It just seems like everything I do is useless and hopeless. All I can do is fail." I could feel myself beginning to tear up and get the sniffles.

Tank bounced me a bit in his lap and hugged me gently in his powerful arms.

"Hey, hey, hey, it's all right. Now you *know* you're not a failure, pumpkin."

"I am too. I mean, look at me." I looked down at the thick soaked diaper between my legs. "I failed at being a man. I failed to stand up for myself and avoid all this from happening. And... And..." I began to break out in sobs.

Tank hugged me and just rocked me back-and-forth and kissed me on the head, and kissed me on the cheek and hugged me some more.

"Don't you say that about my baby boy. Don't you *dare* say that about my baby boy. You are amazing and special, and I love you. And you know what else? Other people love you too. Look! look at all the messages your friends have been leaving on your social media."

Tank pulled out his phone and showed me all the messages of love on my videos and pictures. Messages from people I knew, my friends, and people I didn't even know.

"Let's read them together," said Tank, and he proceeded to read each of them aloud.

*You're looking so cute Jimmy.*

*You rock. Never stop being you.*

*Love you, Jimmy. Come visit sometime.*

*I'll babysit you 😊.*

*I could just eat you up, a little guy.*

*How come you never told me you were this cute behind closed doors?*

*I love you, Jimmy. So glad you found happiness.*

*You inspired me to be myself too. Thank you.*

"But why?" I asked, unable to believe my eyes. "All I'm good at now is sucking down formula and pooping my diapers. Why the heck would anyone applaud that? Why the heck would anyone love me like this?"

"Because you're my amazing baby boy," said Tank, smiling down on me and looking me in the eyes. "There doesn't need to be any other reason than that."

I began sniffing again, feeling all warm and fuzzy despite my situation. And Tank showed me more, showed me all those comments of people who wanted to be like me, but didn't have the courage to accept that part of themselves until they saw me living my life. After reading all these comments with my own eyes, I began to understand that doing what I was doing was having a positive impact on the world in some strange and unexplainable way. I didn't understand it, but Tank put it like this.

"No matter what you do, baby boy, it's going to make a positive difference, because of who you are. You're a really good boy with a big heart. I've seen it. There's no denying it. You're nothing like Billy. You're sweet and caring and you care about *others*. That makes a huge difference and you don't even know it. I mean, it made a difference in *my* life," Tank added quietly. I turned to stare at Tank as he looked down and blushed. I hadn't really seen him like this before, being so adorable and vulnerable. My heart melted and I couldn't resist giving him the biggest hug.

"Oh, daddy. I love you!" Tank hugged me back and kissed me on the head.

"I love you, too, baby boy. I love you too." And that's when I noticed the fact that I was no longer sitting on Tank's leg. What I had *mistaken* for his leg with something very different. I looked down between my legs and blushed.

"Um, daddy? Is that... is that your, um... is it for *me*?"

Tank's face went even redder as he brought his hands down to, presumably, move me and cover himself up. I grabbed his arms and stopped him. Of course, he



could've overpowered me, but he stopped cold and looked at me, uncertain of what I was about to do or say.

"It's OK, Daddy. I... like it." I looked down again. "That's... That's for me at... Wow..."

"Oh, baby boy... I'm not sure, we're ready for..."

"It's OK, daddy. I am not either. Let's just... cuddle and see what happens naturally."

I lowered myself down facing him and cuddled him, his erection pressing against my diaper into my thick anal plug. I bet my lip as I held him tight and ground a bit on his bulge as he hugged me close.

"I love you, baby boy. "

My heart rate began to pick up as I looked him in the eyes. I had never felt this way before with another person. This was more than just making stickies in my diaper. I wanted to kiss him. I brought my face closer to his to try and kiss him, but he kissed me on the head, denying me that adult expression of intimacy.

I moaned as electrical impulses tickled up and down my urethra while Tank's hard-on forced my plug against my prostate and more urine trickled out into my diaper. It felt so good to be close to him enjoying my diapers like this. It felt right.

"Oh, baby boy. You are r-really just g-grinding on me... Are you sure you really want to... I mean, do you consent to..."

"Daddy, I want you inside me," I said, cutting to the chase.

"Baby boy... I... don't think you are quite open enough back there for Daddy's..."

"Please, Daddy, I need humpies," I whined.

"Calm down, baby boy. You're not ready for that yet, and neither is Daddy. But... We can keep doing this... This feels nice..."

"Y-yes, daddy..."

I continued to rub up against him, his hard-on now clearly poking out over the top of his underwear. It was so big that I could straddle it like a log jam ride. And that's exactly what I did, humping against it. Then, a wild idea came to me and I leaned forward, putting my mouth to the tip of his thick cock head. He gasped and sat up in shock, but I didn't stop.

"Baby boy, what are you- HOOOOLLLLLY SHIIIIIT!" He immediately threw his head back into the pillow and began moaning loudly, gripping onto the sheets as I

nursed on the tip of his cock head. It filled my mouth completely. I couldn't even get the whole thing in my mouth, but I got enough to make him feel great, flicking my tongue over the underside of his corona and frenulum.

"Oh, baby boy. You're making Daddy feel so *good*."

I moaned and nodded as I kept suckling. Daddy was panting hard. I could tell he was fighting to calm himself down, and I could feel the heat radiating off of his excited body, not least of all in my mouth. When he finally managed to utter out something coherent he said,

"Does baby Jimmy want Daddy's milkies?"

I suckled harder and nodded in the affirmative. Nothing was going to stop me from getting my milkies at this point.

"Oh, gods, baby boy. Daddy can't hold out much longer. I'm gonna... I am g-gonna..."

Tank let out a loud howl as his gargantuan cock sprayed my throat down like a hose. I swallowed down the warm, savory goop like thick musky pudding, and it kept coming and it filled up my tummy so full that it was bulging out. It was so good, better than formula because it was coming from Daddy. It was so much cum so that I couldn't swallow it all down and it began to spray out from my bulging cheeks across my face, my nose, my lips, my chin, dripping down. And even though I managed to gulp down at least 80%, there was still so much that got all over me. Enough to make me wish I had worn a bib because it splattered me like I had just had a huge meal in the highchair.

I didn't realize that I was running low on air until he finally stopped cumming and I got my first gasp of breath. I felt lightheaded. How long had I been chugging down man chowder? I pulled my head back, stunned, my face dripping with cum. I looked down at myself. I was all over my chest and tummy, dripping down onto the front of my diaper, and I could see the droplets raining down from my chin as well. I looked back up at Tank, still shocked.

Tank was still recovering, running his hand through his hair with his eyes rolled back in pleasure, and it was a moment before they flickered and he finally was able to look at me and perceive just what his eruption had done to me. He immediately burst out laughing.

"Oh my gosh, baby, boy! You're a mess! We need to get into the bath, pronto!"

I looked around for a towel, suddenly wanting to wipe myself clean before stepping outside. Not finding one, I reached for the blanket.

"None of that, baby boy. I don't want you making a bigger mess in here. I'll just carry you out as is. Besides, I want *everyone* to see how much I love my baby boy." My face went bright red as I looked at the door.

"Daddyyyy! You're embarrassing me!"

"Good. That's what Daddies do best."