

## Babied by Billy

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### Chapter 29: A Sticky Situation

"Come on, kiddo," said Tank, picking me up and holding me out at arms length. Let's take you to the bathroom and get you in a bath." I began flailing. "Hey, now! Calm down, kiddo."

"Daddy, you can't be serious!" I whined.

"I'm always serious," said Tank. "Now you can fuss all you want, kiddo. It won't change anything except to draw more attention to the sticky little guy I'm carrying to the bathroom."

That shut me up. I didn't want to draw more attention to myself than was necessary. As we stepped into the hall, I knew that everyone could tell I was covered in Daddy's man milk, and there were plenty of fraternity members milling about to witness. The reaction was positive, to say the least. Tank got more than a few high-fives and congratulations as he carried me to the bathroom.

"Hey there, stud. Did you have fun?" asked Ace.

"Uh oh, looks like somebody's covered in baby batter!" said Bull.

"Way to go, bud. We were wondering how long you'd last before you finally creamed the cutie," said Jason, patting Tank on the shoulder. Tank blushed slightly at that final comment, but he was clearly pleased as he pumped out his chest a little bit more.

"I just wanted to make sure the little guy was ready before we did anything too... adulty..."

"Aw, was a little guy ready for some big boy fun?" asked Jason. I blushed and nodded. I didn't manage to squeak out an answer nor was I expected to.

After what felt like an eternity, we finally reached the bathroom and walked through to the baths. The bathtub was much larger than the one at the old house. Big enough to fit Tank and me both easily. The trade-off, however, was that it was quite public. All the tubs were right out in the open where anyone could see. Tank sat me, still dripping with cum, on the edge of the huge tub as he tested the water with his hand to make sure it was the right temperature. A freshman frat member stood at attention nearby.

"I drew it myself sir. It should be the perfect temperature for the baby. Not too hot and not too cold." Tank nodded, but I could see the hint of a frown tugging at his lips - only for a moment before returning to his regular cheery smile.

"Look, Jimmy! He even brought your favorite bath toys! Here's Henry the tugboat... and Wally the whale..."

"Willy," I corrected.

"Oh! Right, Willy," said Tank with a chuckle. "That was just a test. Let's see what adventures they get up to today. What do you say, champ?" I nodded, blushing. I was beginning to forget that I was covered in Tank's baby batter as he distracted me with my fun bath toys.

Tank lowered himself into the tub. Once comfortable, he gently removed my diaper and helped me in as well, sitting me right between his legs as the attending brother took my diaper and dropped it in the nearest diaper pail. I relaxed a bit more as the warm water enveloped me. I thought that maybe I could get used to this. That's when I pooped in the tub.

"Nooooo!" I cried, mortified. "Daddy, I didn't mean to!"

"Shhh, it's a good thing. It means you've truly given up all your potty control. Now let's wash you out and they'll clean out the tub." The two of us got a quick soapy rinse with a special fast shower that had a pull cord. "See, good as new?" said Tank.

I was beside myself. I couldn't even take a bath normally anymore! I had to be quieted with a pacifier as I was strapped down on my back for an enema. A big inflatable plug was brought between my legs and pumped until it made a complete seal with my anal stretching ring. My eyes bulged as I saw a couple of bathroom attendants hooking up a gigantic enema bag to the bottom of it.

"Don't worry kiddo. We'll get you all cleaned out. The plug will make extra sure there are no more accidents!"

"Nnngh!" I winced and whimpered at the warm water filling my bowels. I was once again made painfully aware that nothing in my life was normal now.

"Shhh, shhh," said Tank, petting my head to calm me as we watched my belly swell. "That's a good boy... just relax and let it happen. Soon you'll be in a nice warm comfy bath with Daddy and you'll get to play with Willy and Henry and all your bath buddies.

My whimpers quieted and the flow slowly decreased. Finally, one of the attendants put his finger over the button to deflate the bulb.

"Okay, we ready to pull this sucker out?" he asked. I shook my head no violently.

"Don't worry kiddo," said Tank, petting my hair still. "All you have to do is be a good boy and relax." I evidently didn't have a choice because as soon as Tank gave the nod, the guy deflated the bulb and pulled the plug out of me with a pop. A torrent of water came rushing out of me and right down the drain below. With the permanent stretching ring in place, there was no way for me to stop it. Then Tank started to rub my belly as he spoke softly.

"That's it, little guy. Get it allll out. All out for Daddy. You're doing so good." I was getting so blushy and squirmy with his encouragement. "You're Daddy's good little pooper, yes you are! So cute and helpless. That's okay, sweetie. The big boys will take care of everything."

A week ago I would have absolutely detested such talk, but now it felt good in a weird way. Why was I enjoying this odd mix of humiliation and praise?

"He looks good to go!" said the attendant in charge of the enema. "We'll just plug him up and he can have his fun bath! You may have to hold him down so he doesn't float, though. The plug needs a lot of air to stay in *this* hole."

I tried to angle to get a good look at my hole. How wide had they stretched it anyway?

As embarrassing as this whole *extremely* public episode was, I felt somewhat comforted knowing that there was nothing coming out of my behind until that plug came out.

"How about we take out the paci now, little guy?" asked Tank, pulling out my paci with a pop.

"Thanks, Daddy," I said, sniffing a bit.

"You're welcome, kiddo. I'm sorry, for letting that happen. I forgot that you really have no control now. I promise I won't let something like that happen again." I looked down and looked back at him.

"Does this mean I'll *never* have control over my poopies again?"

"No, kiddo, not at all. You'll be ready for potty training *some* day. Just not any day soon. For now, just enjoy it while it lasts. Not everyone gets a second chance at childhood."

While I was inclined to disagree on principle, I had to admit being cared for did feel good. Even after my big accident, I was taken care of quickly and I was cuddled and comforted. A gradual realization formed that being here was messing with my head. If I didn't get out soon, I might be truly lost to babyhood. The scary thing was, I wasn't completely sure I wanted to escape anymore.

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Having little else to do at the moment, multiple freshies were now hovering over us once we sat in the freshly drawn bubble bath.

"Sir, you're soap sir."

"Sponge?"

"Hey guys. Why don't you take a break?" asked Tank. As I was sitting in his lap, I couldn't see Tank's expression, but the edge to his voice made it clear that this statement was more than just a friendly suggestion. It was now the attendants' turn to look like they were going to shit themselves.

"Oh, sorry sir."

"Right away, sir."

"Excuse me."

The freshies were practically tripping over each other as they all hurried away. Tank gave me a gentle squeeze.

"That's better, kiddo. It's just you and me now. Sort of."

I looked around. We were still in a very open area, and the fact that really, Billy and I were the only babies in residence at the moment meant that we were the main attraction for everyone in the area. Nevertheless, as Tank began to engage with me, it became easy to lose myself and let the world drop away. Soon, we were playing with Henry the tugboat, and Willy the whale in their next grand adventure voice by us.

"Gosh Henry, look at this huge ocean! This is pretty cool, huh?"

"Yeah! There's so much room to swim in. Oh, but we have to be careful. Because there can be whirlpools here."

"Oh, yes. We know all about the whirlpools, don't we?"

To my surprise, bubble jets suddenly came on in the tub, making a fun, massaging whirlpool around me and Tank and swirling the toys all around.

"Wheeeee!"

After our fair share of toy time, it was time for Tank to scrub me down with bubbles. I giggled and wiggled as Tank cleaned me off, getting the last of the sticky cum off of my tummy and face. I protested a bit and scrunched my nose up as he wiped my face clean with a washcloth, but he shushed me and told me to let Daddy do his job. When he was finally satisfied, it was time to drain the tub once again. After the refreshing scrub, my skin was positively glowing. Tank wrapped me up in a big towel and carried me in his arms over to the changing table.

"OK baby boy. Let's get you into a nice fresh diaper. We could take that big old plug out of you too! He popped the plug out, having me squat over the nearest drain just in case there was any water still hiding inside of me, and then dropped my tush onto a changing table, smack dab in the middle of a big cloth diaper.

"What's this?" I asked, looking in bewilderment at the fluffy cloth around me as Tank grabbed some adorable ducky pins.

"Just a little something for nap time. It's better for stopping leaks. Besides, we have the laundry facilities to use cloth now so it's not such a hassle." Tank held the pins in his mouth as he laid me on my back and pulled the cloth around my waist and between my legs. He secured it nice and snug with the pins on each side, and for the first time ever, I was pinned into bona-fide cloth diapers.

Securely pinned, they were soft and comfy, but certainly in no way were they discreet. The cloth bulged out around my crotch and butt, pushed my legs apart wider than ever before, and even bulged out on the sides. Tank held up a big pair of colorful baby print plastic pants and fed them over my legs. I thought I was used to thick diapers, but this was ridiculous. I felt like a cartoon character with just how ridiculously poofy my diaper was.

Tanke made sure to take me to the nearest mirror so I could fully appreciate my new look. Looking down at the carousel print covering my bright yellow plastic pants, I felt more embarrassed and babyish than ever. Daddy began to pick me up but I held out a hand, feeling a need to assert some measure of self-determination.

"I'm not a baby. I can walk back on my own." Tank stood back and crossed his arms with a smirk.

"You're welcome to try," he said. I soon found that, in fact, I couldn't walk at all. I could only unsteadily toddle, and I almost ended up falling down onto my hands and knees. Luckily, Tank caught me before I fell and picked me back up.

"Nice try, kiddo. You're lucky if you can even manage to crawl in that get up, and as clean as his bathroom is, I'm not letting my baby boy crawl on cold tile." He smiled and stuck a pacifier in my mouth, then tweaked my nose. "No more big boy for now." I blushed. Despite my best efforts, I felt like a bigger baby than ever.

Back in our room, Tank found me a cute little diaper shirt with a cute baby fox on the front and once again made sure to show me off to myself in the mirror.

"You're having way too much fun babying me," I said. "I could still be angry at you, you know."

"But I can't help it," he whined. "You're just so cute!"

I couldn't argue against Tank's puppy dog eyes, so I just huffed and looked away, blushing.

"Aww, it's okay to be grumpy, kiddo. It's getting close to your naptime after all."

"Aww, c'mon. *Naps?*"

"Little babies have nap times. That's just the rules. Besides, you still have a full day ahead of you and you'll need your rest! We have lunch, then naps, and then it'll be time for a visit to the C.A.B.S. labs. But first, maybe we can answer some of those comments on the social medias, huh? Your friends have been waiting."

"OK, I guess," I said, blushing as I remembered just how many people knew of my situation.

Despite the initial shock and embarrassment, It was actually empowering to answer everyone's comments on my content. It felt good to see all that positive feedback, even if I didn't ask for it. Tank didn't say that the comments were curated or anything, but knowing the resources C.A.B.S. had, I imagined that any negative comments were quickly filtered out or deleted by the social media team. Heck, for all I knew, anyone daring to raise a critical comment would be hunted down and turned into a baby themselves.

Then, I got curious.

"Hey, Tank. Could we check out some of the older posts?"

"You sure, kiddo? I mean it's a little late to answer those ones..."

"Yes, I'm just curious..." After a moment's hesitation, Tank went to the archived posts and I soon noticed that posts older than a day or so already had responses to all of the comments. Some of them were from the 'C.A.B.S. team', but some of them were ostensibly from me.

"Wait a second, I didn't answer these."

"The social media team answered a lot of these for you. I guess I didn't think to bring it up before, but they kind of treat it like a mascot account, you know? I'm sure they're doing the same for Billy's account right now too."

"They what?!" I was seeing red. "That meanie. I can't believe this. Dr. S has gone too far this time." The fact that someone else had been speaking for me hurt in a way that hadn't really hit me before. This was yet another aspect in which Dr. S had taken my agency. Reading through the comments, I could see that they were building a narrative of their own.

"It's all in your agreement, kiddo," said Tank. "I'm sorry."

""I'm glad I finally get to be my true self? 'Thanks to C.A.B.S. for giving me the freedom to be who I always wanted to be'? What is this horsie doodie?" I asked, unable

to properly curse. "Ooh, I'm so mad. I just want to... Ooh just let me answer some of these, Tank. Let me at 'em! I'll show them my true self, all right."

"Now, don't do anything hasty, baby boy. If you do that, we'll *both* be in trouble, and, well life could get a lot harder for both of us. I'd hate for them to take you away from me cause I let you misbehave online."

I hated that he was right, but I relented.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't want to upset you, kiddo. And there's nothing you can do about it anyway." I slumped back in defeat.

"You're right," I said, "but I still wish you had told me."

Even though Tank was on my side, I had to remember that he was working for the enemy. But what was I supposed to do? He was my only friend right now.

"Are you mad at me baby boy?" I sighed.

"There's no point in us turning against each other now. This is bigger than both of us. But... is there really nothing we can do?" Tank squeezed me and was quiet for a long time as he held me in a hug.

"You remember what Baby Billy told you?"

"He said that there was no way out of the program."

"No way... except for one," said Tank. "It's simple: you just need to complete the program."

"And what does that look like?" I said. "Will I even want to try and be a big boy after that?"

"Maybe not, but when the program is done, you'll have the option to try."

"Daddy, I'm scared. The longer I stay like this, the less I want to go back. This program is changing me."

"Well, that's sort of the point, sweetie. But listen. If we can just get through this, then you'll finish the program and you won't be under Dr. S's control anymore. At least, then you'll have the freedom to choose what you want, even if it is a life of diapers, and cuddles with daddy." He gave me a snuggle, and I melted a little despite the gloomy topic.

"I heard college is a time of self discovery, but I never expected this..."

Just then, there was a text on Tank's phone. Tank picked it up and looked.

"Lunch is ready, kiddo. Let's go." Tank carried me down in just my cute, ultra thick diaper, plastic pants, and baby T-shirt.

Downstairs, lunch was once again served in a highchair. I was fed some sort of green goop, which I assume was strained peas. It wasn't very good, but seeing baby Billy have to eat the same thing made me feel much better about it.

"Open up for the choo-choo train," said Tank, smiling and bringing the big spoon to my mouth. I blushed even though this wasn't my first feeding. Tank was really hamming it up. Being fed like this felt good in a weird way and also a little embarrassing and also very intimate. It was a lot of feelings wrapped up in one and my little pee-pee was trying to get hard in my diaper.

Billy's pee-pee was larger and more noticeable as he got hard in his diaper during his own feeding, though certainly his prodigious dong had been shrunken to 'fun size' by whatever treatment Dr. Windelmann had given him. Bull and Ace made sure to tease him about it as they fed him.

"Aww, look at the little baby. So excited for his num nums!"

"Is that a tiny widdle chubby I see down there? Is the little man trying to get hard?"

Billy's squirming and blushing made my meal all the sweeter as I watched with glee, taking a few spoonfuls of peas to the cheek in the process.

Finally there was a third baby in a highchair with us for this meal. I was shocked when I saw that it was David sitting there being fed by a smiling Jason.

"Hey, buddy. I didn't know you were into this, but I am happy to help out." said Jason.

"I'm not really," mumbled David. "It's just... the chastity cage and the bottles of formula made me lose control for a little bit, that's all." I could see the David's Hero Turtles diaper was indeed pretty soggy. Jason chuckled and winked.

"Whatever you say, bro. No judgment here. Now, open up for the airplane!" David's face was 10 shades redder than either mine or Billy's as Jason moved the spoon toward his mouth. David's hands were strapped to the tray, but he didn't look like he was struggling. He was too caught up in the moment, drinking in every word and sensation. It was obviously all so new to him to be on this side of the tray.

"Yum! Isn't that tasty? Oh, I forgot to mention. You may have to be in diapers a bit longer after eating this," said Jason, as David swallowed down his peas.

"What?!" yelped David.



"Yeah, sorry. I forgot to mention. The num nums are full of special nutrients to help you be a good little baby. And you know that good little babies use their diapers, relax, and behave."

"Aw, geez," said David. Squirming in his seat and squeezing his legs together. "Erm, could we take the regression cage off already? I'm not babysitting anymore."

"No can-do, buddy. I don't have the key. Besides, I heard it helps babies be better."

"I'm not a baby," squeaked David, growing even redder. "I'm... I'm... hfffff..." I could see him, squirming even harder and from the way he was squeezing his legs together, I knew that he was loving every second of this treatment.

Tank leaned in and whispered to me.

"There's nothing in those peas he's eating. We're all just letting him *think* he's getting special regression supplements and accessories to see how far he'll take it."

"Are they going to make him a baby?" I asked Tank. Tank smirked.

"I think he's going to make *himself* a baby. But it's only fair. You know he was slated to become the house baby before you came into the picture. I think he was just delaying the inevitable."

"Yeah, and he had to drag me into it. Typical." I said, shaking my head. How many times had David roped me into his ridiculous shenanigans when we were in grade school? Too many to count.

For dessert, we all got stewed and strained prunes, which to be honest, I actually liked. Of course, I knew that they would come out explosively in the end, but it didn't make much difference anymore, given that I was completely incontinent. We finished up three huge bottles of formula each. It was admittedly a lot, but I had already gotten somewhat used to it, and my tummy was beginning to show it as well.

"Aww, your tummy is so soft and hairless now, kiddo," said Tank, rubbing the belly that bulged out between my diaper and baby tee as he fed me my warm formula. "Like a proper baby."

Finally we were all finished, and after a big burping, lunch was officially over. Billy, David, and I had our faces wiped with varying degrees of cooperation.

"OK, kiddo. It's nap time." Tank said. He pulled off the tray, picked me up, patted me on the thickly diapered rump, and said "Wave goodbye to your buddies."

I waved goodbye awkwardly as the other two were being helped out of their high chairs by Jason and Bull. I was quickly carried up to my room with Tank.

"I'm not sleepy," I said, looking up at my big Daddy as he sat on the bed with me. "I don't need naps."

"Just give it a minute or two till that food kicks in," said Tank, holding me close. While David's food may not have been laced, there was no such guarantee with my food, and sure enough, a wave of sleepiness hit me as I rested my head against Tank's big chest. It felt good to just rest on Daddy and let him cuddle me and hold me. I hoped I could fall asleep like this every day.

If I had any dreams, I didn't recall them. Perhaps it was the medication, or perhaps I was already in the most bizarre situation imaginable and there was nothing left to dream about. When I woke up, Tank was changing my diaper on the big changing table in our room.

"Wow baby boy, you're totally soaked. Good job!"

Being in a wet cloth diaper felt different. For one, I could feel it as soon as I wet. It didn't necessarily feel bad, but cloth didn't lock away moisture like a disposable diaper would. Second, it was *heavy*. The thick and strong ducky pins were really the only things that held it up in place, so I could see why they were so sturdy.

Tank changed me into a daytime diaper and after the cloth diaper it felt as thin as briefs. I moved my legs around, enjoying the freedom of movement these thinner daytime diapers gave my legs and Tank chuckled.

"What's so funny?"

"You look just like a baby kicking around like that," he said with a grin. I blushed, of course, not having meant to do something so babyish.

"I just like the fact that I could move my legs again." Tank smiled and ruffled my hair.

"Get used to thick diapers, kiddo. You're only in this thinner one because we're going to the C.A.B.S. labs, and you'll probably go through plenty of changes while we're there anyway.

"What's gonna happen at the labs, Daddy?" I asked. Tank's face lit up at my use of the word Daddy. He seemed to like the fact that I had started calling him Daddy in private, even though I didn't have to. Tank ruffled my hair again.

"It's research and development. They want to do some serious testing of hypnosis concepts and see where you are at. You haven't really been fully evaluated in terms of your hypnosis progress aside from observation of recorded video. They want to ask some questions and run a few specialized tests and suggestions. That's all."

"Oh, okay. So no invasive medical stuff then?"

"No, nothing like that. As much as Dr. W would like to have you back, he doesn't really have an excuse to see you again *yet*."

That made me feel a little bit better. I didn't really relish another visit with Dr. W. where I would lose more control of my body, and I definitely didn't want to visit Dr. S., who made my blood run cold every time I saw him. I imagined that this visit would be a piece of cake in comparison. Looking back, perhaps I was still a bit too naive.