

Babied by Billy

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

Chapter 30: Research & Development

Once again, I found my stroller strolling into the lobby of the all too familiar Center for Adult Baby Studies (C.A.B.S. for short). The colorful sights and lively sounds meant to give off a sense of adventure and excitement just like going to a theme park on every visit. But the flip-flops in my tummy were not excitement. They signified dread. *This* was the place where my life had changed completely. Where I signed away my life. Where I underwent possibly permanent modifications to my body and mind. Every time I came here my life changed a little bit more, pushing me further and further into permanent babyhood. Who knew what was next to come?

At the front desk was a familiar mousy and energetic young woman who knew me on sight.

"Oh, hi cutie!" said Beth. The moment she saw me, she was already reaching into her pocket to pull out her little fox plush.

"Hi there, Jimmy!" said Foxy. "Is Theodore with you?"

I held up Theodore Teddy and Foxy got excited, falling all over himself to say hi to his friend. I felt kind of silly as I made Theodore say 'Hi' back, but I smiled all the same. I couldn't help myself. I liked Beth. And Foxy.

After a quick round of hellos, Tank wheeled me through the security gate and we went deeper into the gigantic building. Off to the right was the medical wing. Straight ahead was the atrium and the offices above, where Dr. S spent much of his time. But off to the left, there was the research hub, an area I had yet to explore.

The hub was where C.A.B.S. did all the research and development for their flagship *Fresh Start* program that rehabilitated even the most hardened of criminals into soft and pliable adult babies. It was where they filmed my favorite show, *The Diaper Pals* using state of the art AR, XR, and VR technology. It was also apparently where the C.A.B.S. labs were, where the 'white paper' research was conducted with hypnotists and neuroscientists and the like. We went down the hall, which was painted in dark blues and purples, accented by bright and colorful accents such as neon streaks, checkers, lightning bolts, neon handrails, and other touches straight out of a 90's science show.

Down the hall was a big metal door with a sign that said 'Staff Only' and black and yellow hazard stripes painted around the full frame. This marked the entrance to the C.A.B.S. research labs. Tank rapped on the heavy door with his big fist, and a bald man with thick glasses and a white lab coat peeked his head out to look at us.

"Oh! Is it time already? Well, come in." He spoke in a nasally voice as if his nose was plugged. "Hello Jimmy, hello Tank. Right this way."

"Does he know us?" I whispered to Tank.

"Everybody knows you," Tank whispered back. I blushed. He wasn't wrong. On this campus, everyone probably did.

"The name's Melvin in case you were wondering," said the man over his shoulder. "You coming?"

We followed the scientist and I soon discovered the floor was textured with bumpy rubber, which had the plug in my butt battering my prostate with each bump in the ground. With me in just a diaper and T-shirt, there was no hiding my reaction as I squirmed in sexual frustration. However, there was enough interesting stuff to see to distract me at least somewhat.

Instead of a boring office with a bunch of pencil pushers holding clipboards, the space was expansive. The far walls in the wide entryway were painted black, and this area had computer servers with many lights, as well as screens with graphs. A big black hallway led further into the facility lined with big windows of one-way glass to allow for the easy observation of what was happening inside.

I saw a person that I recognized from Friday's ceremony in a chair covered in electrodes as scientists measured the effect of various stimuli. Another trainee was in a big room floating in a huge fluid filled cylinder in a fetal position. It looked like some sort of submersion tank just like in the movies and there were several more lab coat people standing around and taking notes. In another room, someone sitting back in a reclining chair and relaxing with an eye mask on as a man in a lab coat spoke to him, reading from a clipboard. I could hear through the room speaker that they were doing hypnosis.

Finally, we reached an empty room that contained a padded seat with stirrups. That was the room for me, and I was quickly transferred and strapped into the chair, snug and comfy. Some helpful assistants got to work attaching electrodes all over with this weird goo stuff.

"Okay, kiddo," said Melvin. I'm just going to ask some questions, and then I'll ask some questions of your "Daddy". Sound good?"

I looked to Tank, who gave a reassuring smile and nod before turning back to Melvin and nodding my assent. Melvin smiled.

"Great! Now, let's get started. Jimmy... you're a *good boy*."

I smiled a bit despite myself. Melvin and the assistant all started scribbling notes in their notebooks as fast as they could.

"Excellent response to positive reinforcement... Jimmy... Do you like your diapers?"

"I wuv to make stickies in my thick wet diapees!" I said, beaming with enthusiasm. My eyes went wide and I covered my mouth at the sudden outburst. Where had that come from?

"Jimmy... why are you wearing your diapers?"

"I'm a big baby who can't control my pee pee and poopies!" I blurted out without thinking. "Wh- why am I?"

"Shhh... just relax, Jimmy. Relax. We were just testing out a few of your triggers... they're still intact, quite a surprise since they usually wear off pretty quickly for most people... I have a few more questions, Jimmy, and these *aren't* trigger questions, just regular ol' questions." Melvin pushed his glasses up on his nose in a way that was quite disarming, but I was still wary. "When did you realize you liked your diapers?"

"Um... a week or so ago... when, uh.... Billy hypnotized me..."

"Are you *sure* you didn't like diapers before? You've been such a *good boy* all this time, after all, and it's hard to imagine such a good boy didn't like his diapers..." The assistants were scribbling loudly and pointing and murmuring as they watched the readings from all the wires hooked up to my body. "Don't look at them. Do your best to just focus on my voice and answer my questions..." I paused.

"Well...I'm pretty sure... I mean... I never thought about diapers *before* Billy...uh..."

"Now, Jimmy, come on. You said you *needed* this treatment, remember? I'll bet you know just what it feels like to *need* something... comfort... diapers... Daddy... to be called a *good boy*... And it feels so *good*, doesn't it?"

"Y-yeah..." I said. "W-wait, wha?" My mind was a bit muddled... I was finding it harder and harder to follow him, as all but the last question seemed to fall from my mind. *Feels good, doesn't it? Feels good... doesn't it?*

"In fact, you were *always* a good boy, little one, weren't you? A good boy for your parents. A good boy when you came here to be taken care of by Daddy... that's why you are here, little one... because you're a good boy and you needed to be taken care of... isn't that right?"

Hold on, I thought... *That's not why I came to-*

"You're a good boy, aren't you?" said Melvin, instantly wiping away all my thoughts. I grinned like an idiot.

"Y-yeahhh.... I'ma good boy..."

"And you're so good at going into trance... and answering my questions.... Can you say a bad word for me?"

"F... frick..."

"Very *good*, Jimmy... and can you tell me what you need help with?"

"I need help... f... feeling little..."

"Excellent, Jimmy, you're doing so well... and what do you need to do sometimes in your diapers when you get all squirmy and funny in the tummy, little one?"

"I... huff... I need to make stickies in my diapees..." I began to rub the front of my diapers, but was stopped by Melvin, who grabbed my hands and gently returned them to their resting place.

"Yes, you do... Now, just relax... I'm going to ask your *Daddy* a few questions, and then we'll try some new suggestions..."

I lay there, relaxed and in trance but completely aware of the conversation happening beside me. I was aware, but I didn't care, because I was just enjoying a nice relaxing lie down... enjoying the nice trickle of warmth going into the front of my nice thick diaper, which began to feel even better as it swelled up around my bits. A pleasant tingle began as the electrostim activated in my stent, just enough to feel good but still leave me relaxed.

"Tank. How effective would you say the hypnosis has been for Jimmy?"

"Extremely effective, I'd say. More effective and faster acting than anyone in the program, at least since I've been here."

"Why do you think that is?"

"I don't really know. He seems to take on just about any role someone else assigns him. Maybe it's just empathy."

"I see... And is there anything you've noticed that he responds especially *well* to?"

"Well, positive reinforcement, as you can see. And direct commands. Those are two things he seems to really respond well to. The Diaper Pals immersive XR Experience seems to be super effective, too."

"What about specific types of suggestions? Any themes or categories that seem to work better than others?"

"Hmm... not really. Jimmy responds to everything pretty well, though I think the physical suggestions work best for him. I think he shows occasional resistance to more mental suggestions."

"Hmm... can you give me an example?"

"When Billy told Jimmy to get on the ground the first time we met, Jimmy literally slammed himself on the ground and hurt himself... I don't think he would have done that if he could help it. But for some other things... Like, I'm pretty sure Jimmy could curse if he *really* wanted to, but he's such a good boy, he won't."

"Of course. He's a *very* good boy. And he'll definitely listen better if he's reminded of that fact."

"Exactly."

I could feel hands petting me and a few more murmurings of '*good boy*'. I couldn't make out the rest because I was so relaxed I was positively melting thanks to all the praise and petting I was receiving.

"3...2...1... awake and alert..." *SNAP* *SNAP* *SNAP*

My eyes fluttered open and I looked around. I was still on the table. Tank and the scientist were smiling down at me. I felt pretty good.

"Aww, he's so adorable," said the Scientist.

"Yeah, and completely soaked," added Tank, reaching down to pat the front of my diaper. I looked down and blushed when I realized I didn't even notice it until Tank pointed it out. My diaper was incredibly swollen, warm, and squishy and it was completely yellow front to back. The scientist nodded.

"Let's get this little guy changed before we have our hypnotists test out their suggestions." The scientist reclined me so that I was lying completely flat in the exam chair. He then opened a side drawer and brought out a plain medical looking diaper along with some wipes and powder.

"Do you have anything... cuter?" asked Tank. "I think it'll help with the suggestions." He said that, but I suspected he just wanted to see me in some more cute adult baby diapers.

"Oh, don't worry," said the scientist. "This is just the first layer. I'll grab the outer diaper next, and I'll make sure it's *extra* cute." Sure enough, the scientist brought out a diaper covered in adorable cartoon puppies. "See these, Jimmy? The puppies look so playful. Wouldn't *you* like to be a puppy?"

I blushed at the idea. I hadn't really considered it being a *puppy* before and it seemed kind of silly. After a moment's consideration, I shook my head. The scientist and Tank looked at each other, but I couldn't read their look, and Tank made no mention of it, instead switching to the task at hand.

"Alright, my good boy. It's change time, yes it is! I know a *good boy* like you loves his changies! We're gonna get you alllll changed so you can try out a few fun new suggestions without flooding the *whoole* research wing. "

Tank opened up my diaper, letting in a blast of cooler air that instantly had my already small pee pee shrinking. I looked down at the hairless wrinkled skin between my legs and felt that I really didn't look like a big boy down there at all anymore, if I ever did in the first place. The wipes were predictably cold as Tank's big warm hands ran them across my skin, but thankfully he didn't dwell on that part. In short order, he was grabbing my ankles in one hand and lifting to get at my butt, jostling the plug and causing me to gasp and moan. He barely paused at that, though, balling and handing off the dirty diaper only to replace it with two thick fresh clean diapers that the scientist had provided. My butt was then lowered onto the waiting padding with a *paff*. I sighed in relief at the familiar comfort of the soft inviting cushioning while Tank hummed a happy tune and sprinkled some cool powder over my bits. Next came the part where he rubbed it all in with his big warm hands, which was one of my favorite parts of changes. The powdery rubs felt so nice against my skin and made me feel so protected, just as the embrace of a nice thick diaper did. Tank lifted my legs again and continued the same treatment on my bum, giving it a few powdery pats at the end for good measure, before lowering me back down and pulling up the whole mass between my legs.

Immediately I could feel that this combo was going to force me into a prominent waddle. I could feel the thick padding pushing my thighs apart and preventing my legs

from coming together before he even taped it up. There was no hiding such an immensely thick diaper, even with the baggiest of clothing. But why would I want to hide it? I was a *good boy*. And *good boys* never hide their diapers.

Finally, Daddy taped up the diaper tapes and gave me a pat on the front to signal he was done. He nodded to the scientist, who smiled and called in the hypnotists-in-training.

"Alright, guys. This will be excellent training for you, and we can even make it a bit of a contest. The suggestion which sticks the longest will get you a little bonus from Dr. S." This statement seemed to cause a stir as the four hypnotists looked at each other and gave general murmurs of excitement. "The theme is puppy play," said the Scientist. *Now*, the doggy-themed diaper made sense. However, I wasn't into being a puppy, so I doubted their hypnosis would have much effect.

The first hypnotist, Alex, put me under with a quick countdown and then said, "Good puppy... yes, you're a good puppy... you know you're a good puppy because you love to be called a good boy. Good puppies love to be called a good boy. And you are a good boy, and a good puppy. You want to be a good puppy. Good puppies get called a good boy all the time. And you're a good puppy and a good boy... I can see you're smiling, and that means you feel good and accept my words as true because you're a good puppy..."

Right off the bat Alex was deluging me in praise, and he didn't let up for a moment. And indeed I did feel good and happy as he said these things. After a few minutes of making me melt like butter, he finally came to his point:

"...And for the next hour, you may feel a natural desire to bark... that's right... you might bark while you're talking... or just bark at something you see... or just bark because you want to... but for the next hour, you will probably feel a natural desire to bark... and it's okay to bark because you're a good puppy, and good puppies bark... Now I'm going to count you out of trance and let me know how you feel by barking like a good puppy... 3.. 2... 1... awake and alert. How do you feel?"

"I feel BARK pretty good! I'm a good boy BARK and that makes me happy BARK!" I could see everyone giggling as Alex gave a smug grin and crossed his arms. "What? What's so funny, BARK?"

"Nothing, nothing," said the Scientist, still chuckling a bit himself. "You're doing just fine. You're a good boy! Now just relax and listen to Jenny. Take it away, Jenny."

Jenny took me down in much the same way as Alex but she incorporated touch, putting pressure on my body in various places at key moments as she spoke... it felt like she was pushing me deeper and deeper into trance as she did so, and it happened so quickly. Once I was under, Jenny proceeded to give me a very different but equally silly suggestion that I was sure was *not* going to work, even while in my hypnotized state.

"Such a good puppy. You already know you're a good puppy, and you know what good puppies do. And one thing that good puppies do is they get on all fours and squat when they go potty! And so do you! When I bring you out of trance and say "Time to go potty, puppy," you will get on all fours and squat, completely convinced that it's time to go potty! Give me a wag if you understand... good boy!" She praised me as I wagged my butt in response. "3... 2... 1.... Awake and alert. Time to go potty puppy!"

I immediately found myself on the floor on all fours smiling and getting pets from everyone in the room. I was being such a good boy, and I could feel my diaper getting warm and heavy, which meant I was doing a great job going potty. After potty time was finished, I was led back up to the chair and told to lay down for the last hypnotist, Juan.

"Okay, good boy, you're doing such a good job listening to these suggestions. You're such a fast learner! You already know how to *bark* and you know how to go *potty* when it's *time to go potty*. Now, it's time to learn how to *play* like a puppy." As he spoke, he seemed to look me in one eye and then the other... back and forth... emphasizing this word and that... and before I knew it I was completely out of it in trance. "Good puppies love to *play*. And *you* like to play... You love to wiggle and wag your *tail*. Can you show me how you do that?"

I wiggled my butt in the seat.

"Good puppy. *And* you love to get down on *all fours* and *bark* and *roll around*. Can you show me how you do that?"

I sat up and got on all fours and barked, and almost rolled onto the floor before Tank jumped in and caught me.

"Gooooood puppy! Very good! And you love to give *puppy kisses* and *licks* to everyone, because playful puppies are full of so much *love*. And you're a playful puppy, aren't you? Yes, that's right. You *are* a playful puppy. Be a good puppy and give me three barks to show you agree and understand! Very good. Such a good boy, such a good puppy! And you can be a playful puppy until I or another human says "Playtime is over." After a little more reinforcement, he brought me out of trance, and suddenly I was all over everyone in the room giving them licks and jumping up on them, and Daddy had to order me to 'sit' to calm things down.

"Well, you've all done quite well," said the scientist, "and it looks like we have a very happy puppy on our hands! We'll let you know who was the most successful after some deliberation."

"But be more careful next time. If this little puppy hurt himself because of one of your suggestions," here he looked pointedly at Juan, "you would not be walking out of here with-

"Now, now," said the scientist. "Let's not threaten the trainees. Thank you all for your participation."

Tank's gaze lingered on the hypnotists as they left. Juan in particular seemed to be in quite the hurry to get out of there, managing to outrun the speed of sound as his apology seemed to reach our ears from the hallway.

I whined in concern as I saw that Daddy was upset, he assured me I had been a good boy and that I would even get a good boy collar and leash as a reward. He talked to the scientist for a little while about how helpful this visit had been, and then they shook hands and he clipped on my puppy collar which had me beaming with pride. Despite the leash and collar, he still used the stroller to wheel me over to the puppy playroom, reasoning it was just *too far* to walk for such a *tiny* puppy.

The human puppy play area was like an indoor playground crossed with a puppy obstacle course. Aside from the ramps and tunnels and posts that you might see at a typical dog show, there was a trough with fresh running water where some pups were drinking, an area with comfy pillows where a few pups were dozing, and even a fire hydrant. I saw a trainer leading a thickly diapered pup to the fire hydrant on a leash.

"Leg up! Make peepees, puppy." The puppy lifted his leg automatically and I could see his diaper turning yellow and swelling. He was being such a good puppy!

The floor was all padded to keep puppy paws comfortable when walking on hands and knees. It was necessary, as everyone seemed to be wearing outfits that prevented them from standing up in one way or another, whether it be tight fitting rubber, spreader pants, or straight up restraints keeping arms and legs folded securely and neatly together. Completing the look were plenty of accessories such as mitts, puppy hoods, bone gags, and puppy-themed plastic pants. Those who weren't clad in lycra, rubber, leather, had big poofy diapers showing and tended to be topless, regardless of their gender. I cocked my head as I watched a woman walk by on her knees and elbows, her breasts swinging under her and her mouth muzzled. Was she a bad puppy?

A fit young man in a charcoal-gray spandex outfit came up to me and squatted down to my level, running his hand through my hair without a second thought as I waggled my butt in happiness.

"These puppies are going through puppy training! You probably recognize a lot of them from Alpha Beta house, huh? Dr. W's pup Spritzer is helping teach those rubberpups in yellow how to be waterdogs. Isn't that cool? Hey, I'll bet *you'd* be really good at teaching some of the newbies how to be good puppies too! What do you think?"

"Yeah BARK! I can teach them how to be good puppies!" I said, wagging my butt harder and panting in excitement.

"I'm Trainer. Welcome! Everyone will be so excited to see our new visitor today! But... it might be better if his *Daddy* watches from the wings. Just so we can see how the puppy behaves on his own. If that's okay with you, I mean," he added, looking at Tank. Tank smiled.

"Alright, sounds like you're in good hands, little puppy. I'm going to let you out of your stroller, and head out of the room, but Daddy will be right outside watching, and if you need me, just call out, okay, sweetheart?" I looked over at the mirror and back to Daddy.

"Okay, Daddy! BARK!" Daddy smiled, telling me what a smart pup I was for understanding, and with that he let me loose into the play area.

The moment I bounded over to an open area a gaggle of diapered human pups scampered my way, sniffing and licking me all over. I smiled and laughed as I was attacked by the affectionate puppies, knocking me over onto my back and tickling me all over with their curious sniffles and licks. Trainer came over to intervene before Spritzer and the water dogs managed to force their noses in under the leg bands of my diapers.

"Alright, alright, everyone, back up and give the newbie some room. That's better. Well, I can see you've *already* got a warm welcome from the other puppies." I giggled and nodded, wagging my butt. "I think what those curious sniffers were telling me was that somepuppy is due for a change. Is that right?"

I sat down with a squish and looked down between my legs and back up at Trainer, cocking my head.

"Aww, that's right. Puppies don't know any better, do they? That's okay, little guy. Just lay down and I'll give you changies...*lay*."

I immediately obeyed, and Trainer wasted no time getting my soaked diaper off and wiping me down only to replace it with a brand new thick and crinkly puppy diaper.

"See everyone? This is how a good puppy behaves when it's time for changies! Such a good puppy, *yes he is!* I bet you can all do just as good as little puppy Jimmy here if you try!" I beamed, feeling so proud that I was being a good boy. I was learning so much in college after all!

"Wow, that was a heavy diaper," said Trainer, hefting the completely soaked padding. "Just think how much faster you'll be in a fresh one!" I barked with happiness as I felt the fresh new diaper feeling so good and light. Trainer was right! I'd be able to play much better with a fresh diaper on!

Playing with the puppies was so much fun, that before I knew it, it was already time to go. When I saw Daddy walk in with the stroller, I whined in disappointment.

"Can't I play a little longer, Daddy? Bark!"

"Sorry, little one. We have to get going. But maybe we can come back later, okay?"

"You did so good today, Jimmy," said Trainer, making me feel so proud. "I know you're just a temporary pup for today, but if you ever want to play puppy again, you're welcome any time!"

"Bark! Thanks!" I said. And with that, Daddy lifted me up and plopped me into my stroller, making me giggle as he strapped me in counting. "One! Two! Three! Four! Click! Click! Click! Click!"

I giggled and clapped. Daddy knew how to make even the smallest moments fun and silly, and I loved him for that. As fun as this little trip turned out to be, the magic couldn't last forever, and as we left the research and development area, I could already feel my puppy mindset fading away.

"Unh... wh-what happened?" I asked, as we strolled out into the C.A.B.S. lobby.

"You just helped a little bit with the R&D for our new puppy program is all. You sure make a cute puppy, by the way."

"I-I did? I do?" I asked, feeling a little embarrassed. "Oh geez, I must have looked so silly. What does puppy play have to do with age regression therapy anyway?"

"It's just a new avenue of research based off of Dr. W's progress with his own puppy Spritzer and Spritzer's, uh... friends. All reformed bullies now. Those puppies you just met? Most of them came from Friday's ceremony, and they're going to join us at the Alpha Beta house soon along with the newbies who got sent to the regular regression program."

"Right. I noticed some of the pup stuff at the frat house, along with all the baby stuff. I still don't really get what puppy play has to do with 'Adult Baby Studies', though..."

"Puppy play has more in common with age regression than you think!" I instantly stiffened as I recognized Dr. Stannopoulis's familiar professorial tone behind me.