

**Babied by Billy**  
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**Chapter 12: A Nice Massage**

“Ooh, here we go, this’ll be a nice one!”

Tank brought out a onesie covered in little footballs and basketballs, with the words ‘most valuable pooper’ emblazoned all over. I groaned but stepped in regardless as he held the legs open for me. I could have at least tried to dress myself, but I knew by now this was a battle I wasn’t going to win.

“Mitts again?” I asked, as he slipped the padded mittens from the night before over my hands.

“Sorry, lil guy,” said Tank, looking anything but. “We gotta keep your little hands out of the way until you learn to let grown-ups do things for you!”

“But why?” I asked with a whine.

“I think you know the answer to that, little guy. Tell Uncy Tank why you need to let grown-ups do things for you.”

“Because I’m not a man, I’m a little boy?” I asked, rhetorically.

“That’s right, punkin. You’re so smart! Now you wait here,” he said, parking my butt on the bed, “and I’ll be right back with your baba.”

He soon returned with my bottle, and Theodore, who he rescued from the stroller downstairs.

Tank sat me in his lap and pulled me in close, holding me from behind and bringing the bottle to my lips.

“There you go, sweetums. Drink it all up!”

I lay there and hugged Theo, feeling a bit silly as I let Tank hold the bottle to my mouth with one hand and rub my belly with the other. Yet as silly as I felt, I drank eagerly. I realized that this was worse, in a way, than when Billy did it. Worse because I realized I was actually enjoying this treatment, and I didn’t really want to enjoy it. I didn’t even really mind the flavor of the formula anymore. It was by no means delicious, but my association of sucking with nourishment overrode any disgust I should have felt from the iron-flavored beverage. My body was getting *used* to being fed like an infant, and the bottle was quickly drained.

“There we go,” he said softly, “all done! Aww, somebody’s already falling asleep with his full tum tum!”

My eyes were indeed drooping. I could feel my dinner slosh around as he got up from behind me and laid me on the bed. Tank kissed me on the head and popped my pacifier in before grabbing a pair of headphones and placing them over my head. I drifted off just as a soothing lullaby began to play in my ears.

I'm sure it wasn't that long of a nap, but when I woke up, my cheek was lying in a puddle of drool and the music was still going. It was mostly just music, but I made out words here and there – they sounded like my own voice. I pushed the headphones off with my mittened hands, and wiped my cheek, which only served to smear the drool around. I huffed and got up to leave the room with Theo under my arm. It wasn't easy with two mittened hands and round doorknobs, but I managed to get out into the hallway. Billy's room was closed – he'd probably sulk in there for the rest of the night, and I was more than glad to let him. David's room was open, and I could hear the sound of the TV coming from the living room below. Probably another grownup movie. Unfortunately, there was a wall blocking my view. I wondered if I could sneak a peek without Tank finding out.

“Okay Theo,” I whispered to my bear. We gotta be extra quiet, ‘cuz we’re gonna sneak downstairs and watch grownup shows. We’re secret spies. Ninja assassins. And this is the big test, so we gotta be silent like the wind!”

I dropped down to the floor and belly crawled to the stairs so I couldn't be detected. Unfortunately I was foiled by a baby-gate at the top of the stairway.

“Don't even think about it!” came Tank's voice as I began to lift a leg to climb over it.

I suddenly realized that the sound of the TV had stopped some time ago. So much for that plan.

“Aww! How'd you know?” I asked, disappointed as the big man appeared at the bottom of the stairs.

“We could hear you crinkling from the hall, little dude,” called David. “Nice try, though, ninja warrior.”

I yelped and hugged Theo tight as I was lifted high up over the gate and carried down to the living room. I felt like a plush toy myself being carried around everywhere.

“See,” he said to David, “this is why you can't leave these little guys alone for even a minute. Jimmy, don't you know that little boys shouldn't be playing near the stairs?”

I just shrugged. I still had the sense to be slightly embarrassed, but after so much baby treatment I was starting to just get used to comments like these.

Tank plopped down next to David on the couch and popped open my crotch snaps to check my diaper.

“How’s it lookin’ over there?” asked David.

“He’s pretty wet, might be due for a change soon.”

“Hey!” I yelped, blushing and trying to push Tank’s hands away as I was manipulated in this giant man’s lap. I didn’t like having my diaper checked out in the open like this – it felt too naked.

“What’s wrong baby boy?” said Tank, grinning and batting at me like a boxer. “Got your pampers in a bunch? You wanna start something?”

“Stop takin’ off my clothes and showin’ my diaper in front of David,” I said, trying not to laugh.

David grinned, and gave my diapers a squeeze as Tank rendered me helpless with a big bear hug from behind.

“No fair,” I squealed, as the two of them teased and tickled me. Pretty soon my onesie was off, leaving me completely exposed to their mischievous fingers.

“Gimme back my clothes!” I said, reaching out as David inspected the design and laughed.

“Oh are these your clothes, little guy? Are you Alpha Beta’s most valuable pooper?”

“N-no! That’s not what I-”

“Yup,” said Tank, ignoring my outburst. “that’s what it sounds like to me! He’s a big pooper and wants his favorite onesie back to prove it! And after all that fuss he put up about baby clothes earlier.”

Once again, I was being talked about like I wasn’t there and not being taken seriously. My meal and nap had put a little fight in me, so I decided I was gonna push back for once. I managed to wiggle away and hopped to my feet as the two guys continued to joke amongst themselves. I stomped my foot to get their attention and put on my best serious face despite being in nothing but a soggy space diaper.

“Uh, oh!” Said Tank, “Looks like the little man has something to say!”

“Speech!” said David, grabbing a beer from the side table and clinking it with the bottle opener.

Oh, I’d give ‘em a speech alright. I was gonna let ‘em BOTH have a piece of my mind!

“I need help feeling little!” I said, crossing my arms and nodding with satisfaction. It took me a second to register what I had said. My eyes went wide, and I jerked my head back, stunned at my own words. Why had I said that?

“Aww!” said Tank, whose expression quickly changed from amusement to aww. “C’mere lil’ guy!”

I was pulled into his lap, and when I tried to stand up, he just gave a little downward push on the small of my back at just the right time to halt my momentum, causing me to drop right back down. He pulled me into him, showering me with kisses. I scrunched up my face and tried to wiggle away but I was caught.

He paused and turned over to David who was watching us with a sort of dazed expression.

“This little guy isn’t allowed to watch big boy programs. We’re gonna have to change it to something else.”

“Uh...oh, yeah, right,” said David, snapping out of it and grabbing the remote.

“Can I pick?” I asked, hopefully.

“Sure, you can kiddo. Do you wanna watch Pawsome Squad or Greenie?”

I scrunched up my face again. I didn’t want either.

“Greenie it is, then,” Tank said, booping me on the nose as David switched over to children’s programming.

I looked down at my exposed diaper and bare legs and blushed at my nakedness as the cartoon dog family danced on the screen. This isn’t what I had in mind when Tank said I would get to stay up.

“This is a baby show.” I mumbled. It was all I could really think to say.

“Then I guess it’s perfect for you, huh, little guy?” said Tank, giving me another hug.

I just whined at this and tried to force my way out of Tank’s lap. Tank was treating me like a two-year old, and David was watching on fascinated like my life was the best show he’d ever seen. If this was my only option for hanging out, I’d rather go back upstairs.

“Shhh, baby boy. Settle down. I said settle!”

Tank smacked my thigh firmly enough to get my attention. I stopped and looked up.

“That’s better. Why don’t you just lay down in Uncy tanks lap? There you go. Just lay down and relax, and look at the little doggies.”

As he said this, he began to run his fingers lightly over my belly, my legs, and the edges of my diaper - light enough to tickle but just firm enough not to make my body jerk away in response. I instantly relaxed and let out a soft sigh as my eyes drooped.

“I think he likes it,” said Tank, looking up at David and back down to me. “Look at him, he’s totally zonked out.”

“Wow, dude. Where did you learn that trick?”

“It’s just something my mom used to do. But it’s usually not this effective. God he’s cute like this.”

All I could do was make little noises of contentment in response as he continued the heavenly massage, pausing to pat my diaper from time to time. We must’ve gotten through four episodes and I had no idea what I watched – I was too busy blissing out.

“Watch this,” said Tank, after a while. “Do you like it when Uncy Tank gives you rub rubs, baby boy?”

I nodded and smiled, barely opening my eyes to look up at Tank’s gentle face.

“It feels so good to be a little baby boy, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah,” I mumbled, “I..I love being a big baby...”

“You don’t want to grow up at all, do you, little guy?”

I shook my head. “Never ever.”

“Wow,” said David, quietly. “Why is he like that right now?”

“Dr. S said that when they’re really really relaxed, they’re more open to suggestion.”

“So like... after a massage... or... an orgasm?”

“Yeah,” said Tank. “That’s exactly right. You just have to use positive statements. Why don’t you try it?”

“Me?”

“Yeah, go ahead. Give it a try, buddy.”

“Hey little dude,” said David softly. “Hi there.”

“Hewwo...” I mumbled back.

“You’re not mad at me still, are you?”

I shook my head no. I wasn’t mad about anything at that moment. I felt too good.

“Are you excited to be the Alpha Beta house baby for the next four years, little guy?”

I nodded and smiled.

“All the guys are gonna help take care of you, including me! That’ll be fun, don’t you think?”

“Yeah...” I said, giggling softly as I imagined all the cute guys looking after me.

“Jimmy... uh... I don’t know how to ask this but... do you like boys?”

I didn’t respond. My mind wasn’t clear enough to formulate an answer or even process the question.

“Remember, positive statements, dude. You like da da da, don’t you? Like that...”

David tried Tank’s advice. “You like boys, don’t you Jimmy?”

I nodded and smiled. “I fink so... I wike Tank...”

“What about me, little guy? You like me too, don’t you?”

I nodded again, totally unconcerned with what I was admitting.

“We still haven’t talked about the birds and the bees with this one, yet,” said Tank. “But we have some rules you need to know about that kinda stuff, so cool your heels on that for now,” said Tank.

“Dude, he’s so fucking cute, though,” said David. “I don’t know if I wanna eat him up or fuck him!”

“Hey, language. Not in front of the little one, you horndog. I’m going to get you a chastity cage if you get to babysit this lil’ guy. Seriously.”

“S-sorry, sir. It won’t happen again. This is still new to me, and I’ve known Jimmy for a long time. I’ve just never seen him this relaxed or this open. He- I think he’s peeing, dude!”

“Good boy,” said Tank. Before I could respond to David’s comment a wave of warmth washed over me and my world went fuzzy. I sighed as Tank moved his hands, putting a little more pressure onto the diaper as the warmth spread over my crotch. I began to moan and move my hips and he put my pacifier in to quiet me.

David's eyes were bugging out of his head as I responded to Tank's touch like an ignition switch turning on a sports car.

He was so gentle about it, he wasn't really groping me so much as making me feel good in my diaper. Nevertheless I found myself getting very squirmy, and I began trying to rub myself through my diapers – a task made nearly impossible with the mitts and the thick diaper.

Tank Chuckled and moved my hands away. "Now, now, little one. You should know better than to try that. I think it's time for the little one's nightly milking. David. Get the lube."

"Lube? What are you talking about?" He stopped as Tank gave him a sharp look. "Right. Lube. Right away sir." David scrambled off to grab the requested item.

"And bring a rubber glove while you're at it," Tank called after him.

David quickly returned with the items and Tank brought me up so my head rested up by his shoulder.

"Put your arms around my neck, sweetie." He said, smiling gently down at me.

I obeyed hugging him and sighing contentedly. I was too blissed out to really put two and two together, even when I heard the snap of rubber. My eyes shot open when I felt him reach down the back of my diaper, though. I tensed up and tried to wiggle away, but he shushed my whimpers.

"Shhh, sweetie. It's okay. Let Uncy Tank do what he needs to do."

I squeezed my eyes, expecting discomfort like I had felt when the doctor first stretched my hole, but to my surprise I felt nothing at all as his fingers seemed to pass right into me without any resistance. And then I felt him, and I relaxed.

"I'm in," said Tank.

"Already? How many fingers have you got in him?"

"Three."

"Whoah. How is he that loose back there?" asked David, in awe. Tank's fingers were literally as big as sausages, bigger depending on what brand you were talking about.

"Dr. W. put a hollow stretching ring inside of him. He'll stay open as long as it's in there."

I might have known this if I had ever been allowed to touch my diaper area, but my hands hadn't traveled below my waist in days. Tank's fingers radiated warmth inside of me, and it was a

strangely comforting feeling. At least until he began to move them. I gasped at the sensation as he brought his fingers up toward my belly button, just as he had seen the doctor do.

“Shh, baby boy. Just relax. I got you.”

I whimpered at that and let out a little moan as he pushed that special spot deep inside of me that made my dick jump. I felt another spurt of pee hit the front of my diaper and knew he had found the right spot.

“What are you doing to him?” asked David, taking note of my muffled moans and the way I was clinging to Tank’s neck.

“Dr. W showed us how to do this today. You have to curl your finger up toward his belly button. That’s the prostate. You just bring your finger in like you’re... uh...”

“Fingering a pussy?” asked David, breathlessly.

“I was gonna say beckoning someone over, but yeah. That too.”

“Fuck yeah, dude.”

“Language!”

“Sorry! Sorry!”

“Don’t do it again or you’re next. And I won’t use lube.” Tank’s voice had an edge to it that I hadn’t heard before. One that commanded respect. David gulped audibly.

Tank had already turned his attention back to me, though, picking up the pace of his ministrations.

I held on tight and my moans increased along with his pace until my voice was just one continuous moan. I pressed up against him as hard as I could. Whatever was left in my bladder soon warmed the front of my diaper as he continued to massage there. His efforts were making that feeling of stimulation grow and grow. It felt like the root of what it felt like when I masturbated – that part that builds until it passes the point of no return and spills over into an orgasm. Yet without any stimulation to the front of my body, it was frustratingly slower to build. I usually lasted less than a minute, and this felt like it went on forever.

And the whole time I could feel him. Curled up against his huge warm body, I could feel him breathe. I could hear him grunt occasionally, or shift to quicken his pace. I could hear his heartbeat as well. And the smell – that same smell that always comforted me when I held his old teddy Theo close. It was comforting to be with him through this intense and unfamiliar experience. It seemed like he was my security blanket through the whole experience of the past few days, and I wanted to hold onto him as tightly as possible.



My heart was beating in my ears as I tried to catch my breath, every stroke sending me further into the sensations that told me by body was going to have a big release. Whether that was an orgasm or going potty I found it difficult to tell. Then, my body involuntarily pushed out, trying to force his fingers out, and when that didn't work, my hole spasmed around the invading appendages. My mouth hung open and the pacifier fell out as I moaned loudly, unable to care who heard me or think about anything but the intense sensations coming from back there. I scrunched my eyes shut. I was coming close. My body was at its limit and just as I thought I could take no more, I suddenly went rigid, my legs shooting out behind me and pushing me up over his shoulder. He adjusted his grip up toward my neck and held me down, as I spasmed and jerked on his fingers like a fish on a line.

He talked softly into my ear the whole time, whispering words that slipped right past my awareness deep into my mind as my yelling quieted down, leaving behind just the occasional whimper and moan as I jerked from the aftershocks.

“Oh my god, dude. I just came in my pants,” said David. “That was so f- I mean... that was hot.”

“It's not like that, D. It's just something the little guy needs to stay healthy. Doctor's orders.”

“Uh huh, sure. I also know your shorts didn't have three legs a minute ago. Don't tell me you didn't enjoy that.”

“I always like making my little guy feel good. But I'm not a pervert like you, D.”

“Yeah, keep telling yourself that. So who gets to keep him when he's finished? I heard...”  
David's voice trailed off.

As the hazy post orgasm state slipped away, it was quickly replaced by a heavy blanket of exhaustion that pulled me rapidly toward slumber.

“Well...”

“You think...?”

“...what about Billy?”

“Well, I have a plan...”

The conversation continued in hushed whispers, but I was already losing consciousness.

“I'm listening...”