

## Be Careful What You Wish For Pt. 2

By Champ ([Patreon.com/ChampTehOtter](https://www.patreon.com/ChampTehOtter))

“Unghhhh!”

James shuddered as Daddy wiped his butt and balls clean. What immediately followed was an explosion of goo that shot out from his little locked peepee and dirtied his butt and balls all over again.

“Uh oh,” said Daddy. Did little Jamesie have an accident? I guess he just got so excited from Daddy’s touches that he couldn’t help himself!”

Daddy poked James in his soft tummy (all Daddy’s doing) while James covered his face and blushed bright red. James had been in chastity for several months and absent the stimulation to his little peepee, his body had become more sensitive to touch, so of course these things were bound to happen. Instead of sending all the blood to his peepee when he was turned on, his body sent blood to the parts that mattered – his hole, his skin, pretty much anywhere that Daddy touched – making him so receptive that a mere caress could have him moaning. The fact that Daddy kept him hairless only increased that effect, enough that sometimes his clothes had him drooling and staring off to space as they glided over his smooth skin.

“Aww, that’s a good little boy,” said Daddy, grabbing another wipe and wiping James’ cummy butt down all over again.

In the past several months, subscribers to JayJay and Daddy’s FanaticsOnly account had been witness to James’ new training regimen in chastity. They watched as James struggled with the hornies for the first few weeks. They saw JayJay’s first anal orgasm as Daddy fingered his prostate to oblivion, sending James down the path to becoming a hungry bottom. They salivated as James gradually became more and more sensitive, slowly accepting the fact that his peepee was not related to orgasms in any way, or even a necessary part of sexual gratification at all but just a little dangly bit that helped him soak his diapers, occasionally tweaked by Daddy and called so cute when the cage had to come off for cleaning. The Fanatics had seen it all, and the Fanatics loved it.

“See, I told you we would train you up and teach you new ways to feel good. You love how Daddy makes you feel, don’t you baby boy?”

James nodded and sucked his thumb. He felt like Daddy’s baby boy, and when he tried to fight it, he found his thoughts would flip and go right back where they came from. He didn’t even have the vocabulary to assert his adulthood anymore, and when he tried to remember Daddy’s name all that came back was Daddy. After all the hypnosis and training, he found it harder and harder to think of him any other way. Daddy gave his smooth round belly a little pat, taped him up in his extra thick dinosaur diaper, and carried him out to Daddy’s armchair for some much-deserved TLC.

“Always remember that your little one needs aftercare after they have big experiences like that. I do it because I’m responsible for JayJay and his wellbeing. Plus it helps keep him from slipping back toward emotional independence. Isn’t that right sweetie? Yes, it’s okay, you just let Daddy take care of everything.”

James curled into Daddy as the man hugged him and shushed him as he came down from the intense experience. They stayed like that for fifteen minutes or so, until Daddy finally patted JayJay on the bum and gave his head a kiss.

“There we go, sweetie. All better? Good. Now let’s go out and get some lunch, okay?”

James knew that Daddy would get him dressed in a cute outfit and take them out, probably earning a few new fanatics along the way, charmer that he was. He handed out his cards like it was candy – one week free to see this little diaper butt’s life in every detail. Just scan the code. And of course curiosity compelled them to take a peek. Just for a moment. Once they saw a little bit, they were hooked. Watching Daddy and JayJay’s life together was addictive, and Daddy always kept it interesting. This afternoon was going to be no exception.

"Come along, little JayJay, we haven't got all day," Daddy said, slipping on his suit jacket after dressing James for the day. James reluctantly toddled over to his stroller, which he knew from experience he would never be able to get out of on his own. Yet in he went without complaint and Daddy strapped him in, wheeling him out to the minivan, where he was loaded into his car seat. Of course, Daddy had to record this live as well, because why not? What was cuter than little Jamesie getting ready for his big day out?

Daddy stowed the stroller and jumped in the front seat.

"Ready to go champ?"

"Yes, Daddy," said James. As if he had a choice. Just like the stroller and car seat that kept him secured and restrained, his public outings were an inevitability.

They drove out to Park North, also known as Little Italy, one of the most popular places to go out for a walk and a nice (expensive) meal. They strolled into a wide plaza with a grand fountain that was surrounded by fancy Italian eateries. James very much liked this part of town, but he would have liked it more without the gawkers. He wished Daddy wouldn’t make such a spectacle, but today he wanted James to go full baby and not even allow him the dignity of wearing a passable outfit like overalls, or even walking. No, today he was in an adorable pair of pink stretchy shortalls that accentuated his diaper bulge to an almost obscene degree, pink sneakers and socks, and a pink baby tee with rainbows on the chest and sleeves. He might as well have had 'sissy baby' printed on the front of his outfit. But Daddy seemed to be in that mood today. In contrast, Daddy was dressed in a fine pressed Italian suit and tie with polished shoes

which clacked with every step. Next to the adorable, but juvenile looking James, his poised demeanor was even more striking.

Daddy decided on a delicious looking panini from one of the restaurants, and picked his seat in the plaza, which had plenty of tables set up for diners to enjoy. James wasn't even let out of his stroller, just wheeled up to the table while Daddy sat next to him, sipping an Italian soda. James missed soda. He missed a lot of things that he couldn't have anymore. But he was just a baby now. Everything he drank came out of a bottle or sippy cup. That's just the way it was.

Daddy's sandwich came and James' mouth watered as he smelled the grilled chicken, the garlic, the basil.

"Aww, I'm sorry, kiddo," Daddy said, not looking very sorry at all, "you can't have any. It's not good for little tum tums. I ordered you something special though."

James got a grilled cheese sandwich. It might not have seemed like much, but he was ecstatic. Daddy laughed at the boy as he clapped and kicked in his seat, his mouth an 'o' of excitement.

"That's right, silly boy. You get to have some big boy food today! How about that?"

"Thank you thank you thank you!" said James, bouncing up and down in his stroller. Daddy cut it up into little pieces and forked a bite to his mouth. James blushed a bit but knew better than to say anything and opened his mouth without fuss.

"That's a good baby. You're so well behaved today, little one. Your training has really paid off."

"Yes, Daddy. Can I have more please?"

"Aww, yes you may. But first you have to drink your baba."

Daddy brought out a big pink bottle with a pink penis topper and James' eyes went wide. He blushed brightly and looked around.

"H-here, Daddy?"

"Yes, little one. Can't let you get out of practice." He handed it to the nervous boy and patted his knee. "If you don't want anyone to see, you'd better hurry up and start sucking."

James did just that, gulping down the sweet liquid as he did so.

"Drink up Kiddo. Daddy needs to eat too, ya know."

Daddy was about to take a bite of his sandwich when someone came up.

"H-hello? Oh my gosh, are you... a-a-are you James' Daddy?"

Daddy turned to regard a young man in a soccer shirt and shorts with tan skin, short black hair, and a baby face. James blushed. The boy was cute. He felt a stirring in his diaper that the cage quickly suppressed. Daddy smiled his irresistible smile.

"Yes, that's me. Are you a fan?"

"Y-yeah... you c-could say that," he said. "My... my family owns the restaurant where you got the panini, and I know I'm not your waiter but when I saw you I just I just I had to... uh... come say hi!" He was fumbling nervously. "I can't believe it's really you," he added, quietly.

"In the flesh," said Daddy, laughing. "Well, this is interesting! So, your family owns that restaurant, huh, kiddo?"

The boy blushed at that word and Daddy's grin grew wider.

"Y-yeah. Oh, my name's Nico by the way."

"Nice to meet you," said Daddy, shaking his hand. "You can call me Daddy."

The young man looked like he was about to melt.

"Th-th-thank you D-daddy." He said, his face reddening further.

"Run! Get out while you can!" James wanted to yell, but he couldn't take the bottle out of his mouth without showing this cute guy the fat pink cock he was sucking on.

"Such a polite boy. I'm having a meet and greet here after lunch if you'd like to stick around. Everyone's very excited about the hunt for JayJay's big brother. By the way, are you eighteen?"

*Oh god, thought James. He actually is thinking of doing it. Say no, kid!*

"Just turned it," said the boy, looking abashed.

Daddy Frowned. "Oh? And I'm guessing you didn't just start watching our little journey last week, hmm? That's very naughty, kiddo. You should know better than that."

"I'm s-s-sorry, Daddy," said Nico. "I know I shouldn't have... You're just... and JayJay... and... I mean..."

Daddy shushed the boy and patted his lap.

"Don't worry, kiddo. I think I can set you straight. Now come, have a seat on Daddy's lap and tell me all about yourself."

Nico looked around nervously. "H-here?" he asked, blushing.

"Daddy doesn't like to ask twice," said Daddy. "I guess I must have read you wrong, my apologies. I'll just go ahead and get back to my-"

"No, wait," said Nico. "I..." He looked around once more, closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and sat down. "I can do it."

He took a seat on Daddy's lap.

"There we are," said Daddy, putting his hand around the boy's waist and giving him a big smile.

"S-sorry," said the boy, who was clearly nervous. "I just, my family doesn't know."

"Know what? That you're a kiddo who wants to sit on Daddy's lap?"

Nico practically choked at that comment. "N-no. That I'm... gay."

"Well, that's okay. You don't have to hide from me. I can see exactly who you are, kiddo, and that's just who you should be around me."

Nico looked down and took a big breath. "Thanks. I'm... I have a big family and I kind of do my best not to stick out. I love soccer but I have to help out a lot around the restaurant. Doesn't leave a lot of time for me."

"I'll bet that's tough," said Daddy, rubbing the young man's leg. "But you found time to look at us, didn't you?"

"Y-yeah," said Nico, blushing. "I... I guess, I always had this fantasy... I just... I like the way you two live. So free... to be yourselves... and... well," he blushed. "The baby stuff is hot too."

*Free? Ha! If only he knew,* thought JayJay, who had almost drained his huge bottle without even realizing it. His overalls were practically bursting at the snaps, not that he could tell with his chastity cage on.

"Oh? Would you like to be babied sometime? Or baby someone else?"

Nico's eyebrows went up and his face went red. Before he could even think, he had blurted out, "Both."

Daddy looked a little surprised too, but his surprised expression was quickly expressed by a wide grin.

Nico tried to explain. "I-I'mmm... I'm a... little... uh... I like to feel like I did when I was happiest. Old enough to go to school but young enough to still play with my little baby brothers and sisters. Uh... I keep my little lion close...or what's left of him anyway."

He pulled out a tattered old lion plush that was missing its stuffing, and explained that it was the only thing that wouldn't get thrown away by his parents or older siblings, who would chastise him for having 'baby stuff'. The lion was only safe because he kept him by his side. Daddy listened patiently, asking questions where appropriate, as the young man opened up. The sandwiches were all but forgotten. This conversation was cut short as a large man stormed out of the restaurant.

"There you are! Nico, I've been looking all over for you. What the hell are you doing on that man's lap?!"

"I-I'm Just- I'm just- I'm just-" Nico couldn't get the words out.

"Not this again. I thought I spanked this out of you, but It looks like my slut of a son hasn't learned his lesson. First, we catch you with your classmates, and now this? You think you can just hit on our adult customers because, what, you think you're a *man* now? Just you wait. Get inside right now."

The man was yelling, and the eyes of dozens of people enjoying their meals in the plaza turned their way. Nico looked terrified, and Daddy instinctively pulled him closer, wrapping his arms around the boy's midsection and legs.

"Hey, don't you talk to him like that," said Daddy. "Don't even think about it. And lower your voice. You're scaring the baby."

As if on cue, the snaps holding back JayJay's soggy diaper burst open with a series of loud pops. JayJay, who was agitated by the angry man, pulled the now empty bottle out of his mouth with another pop, revealing the big ol' pink dick he'd been sucking on. Then, he began to cry.

The man looked the boy up and down in surprise. A grown man dressed as a baby, in pink shortalls and a pink baby tee festooned with rainbows. "Are you one of those 'homosexuals'?" he asked, incredulously.

Jay Jay didn't answer, he was too busy pissing himself as he cried, and the leak that he had just sprung was quickly soaking the front of his shortalls.

"Shhhh," said Daddy, reaching over and caressing JayJay's sensitive cheek. The touch was enough to quiet the hypersensitive boy down with a moan and a shudder as his eyes rolled into the back of his head and he filled his diaper in a different way, splattering the front of his diaper with his stickies. Daddy eased his thumb into his mouth and patted his soaked diaper speaking softly. "There you go."

Daddy then turned his attention back to the angry man and the crying boy in his own lap.

"Get away from my son," growled the man.

Daddy's grip only tightened on the crying boy. "He's 18 now. He can make his own decisions. Oh, and just so you know, there are a lot of eyes on you right now and you're being recorded." He tapped the glasses he was wearing, then he looked to Nico and said, "You don't have to stay here with him. You can come with me if you want. I don't normally move this fast but in this case, I'll make an exception." Nico hugged onto Daddy and nodded his head while Daddy glared at the angry father.

The man clenched and unclenched his fists. He looked like steam would pour out of his ears at any moment, but he stopped short of getting physical after Daddy's

warning. Finally, he growled out, "If you choose this lifestyle, Nico, you're no son of mine."

The man stomped off and the other people in the plaza quickly went back to their meals and conversations in an attempt to put the ugly altercation behind them and enjoy their day.

Daddy held the boy tight and murmured softly into his ear. "It's okay, boy. You're safe now. You can come home with Daddy and stay little forever. Would you like that?"

The boy nodded as Daddy held him close and gently rocked him. Daddy guided Nico's thumb into his mouth and closed his eyes telling him everything would be okay now that Daddy was there.

A group of about five young men and women came up. One of them said, "Oh my gosh, we saw what happened! I can't believe we still have bigots like that in this day and age. Are you all okay?"

Daddy nodded. "We'll be okay, just had a little scare is all. I was going to have lunch before my meet and greet at the fountain over there, but I've suddenly lost my appetite."

"Oh, you're not the only one. We're going to let everyone know what happened today. They're gonna lose a lot of customers." Exclamations of agreement came from some of the other groups members. "Hey, what did you mean by 'meet and greet'?"

Daddy smiled and pulled a handful of cards out of his back pocket while his two adorable boys sucked their thumbs with their eyes closed. He gained several new followers that day.

The meet and greet at the fountain went well. Daddy had balls of steel and was not going to let the mean man stop him from doing what he wanted. Daddy sat by the fountain answering many questions from his Fanatics, signing autographs and assuring them that he and the boys were alright. JayJay was even able to answer a few questions, though Daddy did most of the talking. If Daddy looked good dressed up with an adorable boy on his lap, he looked positively heart stopping with one on each knee. He looked like a king, and it was easy to see he was enjoying this very much.

"Everyone, I'd like you to meet JayJay's big brother Nico. Say hi, Nico!"

Nico opened his eyes, and blushed, giving a shy little wave to the Fanatics.

"He's my little soccer player. Maybe he'll be on a team when he grows up!"

Nico smiled and cuddled into Daddy, hiding his face.

James blushed as Daddy announced that a guy much younger than himself was to be his big brother. It was humiliating enough to be kept as a diapered infant full time,

but as Daddy discussed how little Nico would get to wear pull-ups, play sports, and eat big boy food (albeit with plastic tableware and a sippy cup), it seemed less and less fair.

"Little Nico wants to be a soccer star when he grows up, isn't that right, buddy?"

Nico smiled and nodded, still looking a little shy as he stayed cuddled up to Daddy with his thumb in his mouth.

After the meet and greet they went to the parking lot to go home, but not before changing a very soggy James in the back of the minivan.

Nico watched in fascination as an embarrassed James was undressed and undiapered right there, in view of any passer by. His yellow diaper and shiny pink cage were on display, but he knew better than to cover it up. All he could do was hide his face as Daddy emasculated him with yet another public diaper change.

Daddy noticed Nico staring and spoke up. "Do you want to introduce yourself to the little soaker? You haven't formally met yet, have you?"

Nico looked surprised but recovered quickly. "Hi, JayJay. S-sorry I'm so used to just watching I forgot I'm actually *here*... Uh... Nice to meet you."

James didn't answer.

"James, use your words and say hi," said Daddy. "Aren't you excited to have a big brother?"

James reluctantly mumbled a hello and Nico smiled. It was bad enough that he had to play younger brother to an 18 year old, but the fact that he was exposed in front of this cute guy that would never see him as anything but a baby was more than he could handle.

"I think he's a little shy, kiddo," said Daddy, patting JayJay's belly. "He'll get over it."

"Don't worry, little bro. I'm gonna be a really good big brother," Nico assured him.

"Hey, you know what? Why don't *you* diaper him this time? Show your little brother what a helpful big bro you are!"

"Yeah! I can do it," said Nico, happy at the chance to help.

Daddy addressed the audience at home as he always did with an explanation of what he was doing. "It's important to teach our little ones how to fill their roles, and there's no better way of learning than doing!"

James' face was as pink as his outfit and he hid his face in his hands as Daddy showed Nico how things were done. With Daddy's guidance, Nico wiped the boy down, put a new diaper under him, oiled and powdered him, and got the tapes on just right.



Daddy praised him for a job well done, and Nico looked proud. The only person who wasn't all smiles was James.

"Sorry, Nico. James is a little grumpy pants today. We'll have to put him down for a nap."

They went home with James in the car seat. Daddy made Nico sit in the back too, commenting that he'd have to get a car seat or booster seat for the boy as well. Soon enough, they were home. Daddy unbuckled a grumpy James and a happy Nico from their car seats and brought them inside, showing Nico his new room first.

Nico was overjoyed. It was the quintessential little boy's room with toys, comics, fun themed furniture, and even a race car bed.

"We can redecorate if you want, kiddo. Maybe do a soccer theme?"

Nico just shook his head. "It's perfect. I've never even had my own room before!"

Daddy smiled and ruffled his hair. "Such a polite boy. Let's go put your little bro down for his nap, shall we?"

Thus, James found himself put down for a nap while his much younger, yet somehow 'bigger' big bro got to have play time. But then, Nico said something that made both JayJay and Daddy smile.

"Um... c-can I nap with my baby brother... i-in the crib?"

"Aww, of course you can, sweetie! But we better get you padded up so you don't have any accidents while you sleep, okay?"

Nico was more than happy to oblige, and so JayJay got to enjoy a nap cuddled by his cute big bro. The first of many, it would turn out.

With the addition of a new brother to the mix, the popularity of Daddy's content exploded, and JayJay and Nico became a household name. Even Nico's Daddy showed up one day to apologize after having been humbled by his wife, for whom the angry outburst and resulting loss in business was the last straw. It seemed that she had mysteriously received a book a few days later about how all husbands are really babies inside and should be treated as such, and she took a liking to the message.

Nico's humiliated father was quickly set up for a few playdates, having to play blocks and piddle his pampers with baby Jay Jay while his son ran around as a big boy in pull-ups and used the training potty right in front of them. Of course, the biggest embarrassment was when his wife let slip that he was now locked like JayJay, and that she and her favorite strap-on would give his testy prostate all the milking it needed on a nightly basis. The formerly macho patriarch was reduced to a blubbering mess by the end of the conversation, and his wife decided it was time to take him home for his nap.

Nico got to be the little boy he always wanted to be, and Daddy supported him every step of the way. He even had the lion plush restored and restuffed for the dear boy, and even Jay Jay thought it was adorable when his big bro first saw it. He ran all around the house with it whooping in glee, and carried the lion with him everywhere after that, making no effort to hide it.

The rambunctious boy got better and better at soccer and eventually did get to play for a local soccer team. They were happy for the extra attention and fans that packed the stands at every game. He even gained the attention of his favorite team from Italy, who flew him out to participate in a game and kick the ball around as a 'Jr. Teammate'. He got to meet the lion mascot, who shook his hand and the paw of his favorite plush. He had never been happier.

As for Jay-Jay, he was stuck in diapers for good and never allowed to grow up. But he didn't complain. After all, this *is* what he wished for, and he would have to live with his decision as Daddy's forever diapered and humiliated baby.