

## Room for Rent

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### Chapter 8: Time to Be Little

Robbie's finger pointed squarely toward the diaper. Colt was surprised. He hadn't expected Robbie to acquiesce to full-time diapers so soon.

"Are you sure, little Robbie?" asked Colt with a smile. He could already feel his malehood growing in anticipation and pressed his body close to the bed so Robbie wouldn't be distracted by the monster snaking down his pants-leg.

"U-um... I mean... I can go back to pull-ups if I don't like it, right," he asked, his heart beating like a hummingbird's. Robbie's cock was rock hard as his finger pointed to the diaper. Maybe it was his horniness talking, but the chance to be babied so completely by his roommate was too good to pass up. It was what he'd secretly fantasized about since the day he moved in. Since he saw that magazine on the coffee table... the one with the man on the changing table, happily getting changed into a big thick *diaper*. And here Colt was, offering his fantasy up on a silver platter.

"Let's just see how you like it first. Let's give it, say... a week?"

"A w-w-week?" asked Robbie, trembling.

"I'm sorry if that sounded like a question. Yes, a week. And we're going to be making some more updates to the lease." Colt said this with an air of authority that did not help Robbie's erection abate.

Colt picked the naked boy up by his armpits before he could change his mind and regarded him at arm's length. Robbie had a full-body blush going, both from what Colt was implying and from his hard-on which was sticking straight out into the air.

"Aww, was somebody excited to admit what he really wants? Such a good boy for admitting what we both already knew." Colt .

Robbie blushed and looked away.

"Let's go, little dude," said Colt, cradling his roommate on one arm. He grabbed the thick diaper, set it on top of Robbie's tum tum before walking the boy out to the hall. Robbie got very squirmy with the diaper sitting on his tummy like that, knowing full well it was about to go on his butt. When he looked up and saw where they were going, his eyes widened. He'd never been in the *locked* room yet and was suddenly very curious.

"W-what's in there?" he asked,

"Your new bedroom, Robbie," said Colt, grinning down at the boy.

The door was already ajar. Colt nudged it open with his foot and brought the boy inside. Robbie's breath caught in his throat as he was brought into a full-blown nursery featuring a big blue crib with a plastic-lined mattress and a mobile hanging above, a

huge toy chest next to a big happy rocking horse, and most exciting of all, a big padded changing table with a baby character pattern and stacks and stacks of *diapers* lining its shelves. Robbie was immediately hit by the smell of diapers and baby powder, bringing memories and feelings from childhood flooding back. A nervous feeling ran through his body and his cock was so hard he could feel his heartbeat through it.

"I-I-I-Is Is this... I-I-Is this all f-f-f-for.... Hhhh....me?" he squeaked.

"Yes, little one," said Colt, barely able to contain himself. "All for you."

"...W-why? H-how did you know...?"

"Because I know my adorable little roomie loves and needs to be little. His cute little pee-pee tells me so when it knows it's going into a cozy comfy diaper, and so does his adorable blushy face when he gets to do all the things he really wants whether it's watching cartoons, hugging Mr. Cuddles, or having squirmy sticky accidents because he thought about his diapers."

Colt planted a kiss on Robbie's head and the combination of horny and lovey feelings just about broke his brain. As Colt carried Robbie through the nursery, his eyes fixated on the big changing table. Knowing that in mere moments he was going to be laying there on his back, he felt a lurch in his stomach. This was so hot, yet so outlandish. He felt like he was doing something wrong... like he was on display in some circus. Everybody step right up and look at the world's biggest baby! Robbie began to wriggle in Colt's arms.

"N-no... This is wrong... I c-can't... I- I- It's too m-m-much..."

"Shhh, shhh, It's okay, Robbie," said Colt, draping Robbie over his shoulder and rubbing his back so he couldn't look ahead. "There we go. Just breathe. You're gonna make yourself sick if you don't calm down." Colt bounced him a bit and shushed him. "Shh, shh shhh.... It's okay... you're okay. This is happening. I will not have you hiding your true self any more, kiddo. Not from me. But you can trust me when I tell you you're completely safe. It's just you and me here, okay, little guy?"

Robbie whimpered and nodded, squeezing his eyes shut as Colt laid him down on his back. Mr. Cuddles was waiting there for him and Colt handed the bear to Robbie, who took him up immediately and held him close. Robbie could feel the cool padded plastic of the changing table on his back, squeaking with every little movement he made, which only made the butterflies in his tummy multiply. He was on a baby table... being diapered like a baby... he was going to be a *big baby* for Colt.

"Just snuggle your bear, lil buddy. I'll do the rest."

Robbie held the bear tight and looked around as Colt rubbed his tum-tum, careful to avoid his stiff pee-pee. The room was painted baby-blue with classic cartoon characters in baby form bordering the walls. Directly past him his eyes fell on a diaper stacker by the crib filled with yet more diapers, and an extra large diaper pail beside that. Then he looked straight ahead and saw a massive mirror mounted on the ceiling.

He could see his entire naked self on the changing table. His hairless little tushie surrounded by the smiling dinos decorating the plastic. His bear in his arms. His thumb in his mouth. He hadn't even realized he'd started sucking his thumb! Robbie couldn't look away from the baby he saw in front of him. Was that really him?

His attention snapped back to Colt as his roomie fluffed out the diaper with a loud crinkle. Colt made a show of fluffing up the diaper and lowering it to the table, giving Robbie plenty of time to see what was about to go on his butt. Judging by Robbie's wide-eyed stare, it was working. Colt cooed and smiled at the boy gently, but just beneath his pants, his raging erection was fighting to break free. The table was coincidentally level with Colt's bulge and it was only the diaper in his hands that obscured his tenting pants from Robbie.

"Hey, little dude," said Colt, fighting to keep his voice calm. Robbie stopped looking at the diaper and focused on Colt. "There you are! Hi there buddy! Eyes up here. Let me see those cute little peepers!"

Robbie blushed and smiled and covered his face as Colt lowered the diaper toward him. Colt could see he was in a hyper-reactive state from being overstimulated. Almost the complete opposite of where he had the boy last night when he was laying in Colt's arms. However, that wasn't necessarily a bad thing. In fact, it might be the perfect time to snap Robbie into a different state of mind that would help his transition. But in order to do what he wanted to do, he'd have to stimulate Rob even more.

He raised Robbie by his legs and set his cute little bum down on the diaper with a crinkle. Robbie gasped and froze up, and Colt stepped back for a moment to pull out his phone and snap a picture of the naked boy on the open diaper. It was too adorable to pass up.

"W-what...are you..."

"Shh, just a little something to remember this special moment."

"But I don't-"

"Babies don't complain about pictures. Just trust me, sweetie." he said, tweaking Robbie's little winky and making him squirm. "I would never do anything to hurt you. Now hold on just a second, champ," Colt said, pulling up an app on his phone and leaving Robbie to watch himself lying there on the open diaper. After a few moments, he cued up the playlist he wanted and happy sing-along music started to play from hidden speakers in the nursery. "Do you know that song, Robbie?"

Robbie thought for a second but before he could answer, Colt pressed another button and stars and rocket ships were projected across the walls, circling around them. "Look at the rocket ships!"

Robbie followed the spinning stars with his eyes, mesmerized. Colt began to rub lotion into Robbie's diaper area, causing Robbie to glance downward but Colt chided him as his hands went over every inch of Robbie's diaper area. "Ah ah ah, little buddy!"

You keep looking at those rocketships. And try to sing along to the music. Try not to look at the little baby in the mirror. And don't forget to snuggle Mr. Cuddles! He wants to know you love him! Show him, Robbie, give him a nice big snuggle!"

Robbie went from trying to follow the rocket ships to attempting to follow the sing-along words, to staring at himself in the mirror and snuggling his teddy with all his might, Colt's continuing stream of words flooding his mind with more and more information. Robbie was sporting an unmistakable stiffy and he was beginning to squirm with all the stimulation as Colt spent a little longer than he needed to on his pee-pee zone.

"Keep looking at those pretty lights, little guy! I'm watching you. And snuggle that teddy!" He tickled Rob's foot causing him to curl up and giggle involuntarily, "Calm down there, little guy, or we'll never get through with this change. And I see how *excited* you are to get into your adorable little diapees!"

Robbie was now embarrassed on top of everything else and hid his blushing face in his teddy.

"Aww," said Colt, "So cute how much the little boy likes diaper time!"

"Collllt!" whined Robbie, squirming even more. "Blushyyyyyy!"

"Awww! Little guy is getting fussy," said Colt. Does he need his paci? Robbie just moaned and bit his lip in response. He could think of one paci he wanted to suck and it wasn't made of rubber. The boy was clutching onto his teddy for dear life and looked cute as a button on the table. Colt guided the boy's thumb into his mouth to quiet the boy, talking baby talk to him the whole time.

"Shh, no more big boy words. You're just a cute little *baby*! Yes you are! You keep that in there or there will be consequences little man," said Colt, letting a little bit of authority creep into his voice.

This only excited Robbie further as he imagined Colt taking charge and delivering another spanking. He screwed his eyes shut and nodded as he sucked obediently. Then came the baby powder, which hit his nose like a haymaker, intensifying the babyish feelings he had felt when they first entered. Colt rubbed baby powder on Rob's hairless body, running his big hands over the cute boy's tummy and sides and arms and legs and little feet, scenting him with its sweet smell and leaving his skin even more sensitive. Then he squirted some pink 'magic diapee gel' into the front of Robbie's diaper, spreading it around before pulling it up snugly. The entire time he continued his stream of baby talk and instructions, working the boy toward a critical mass of clashing sensations.

Rob gasped at the sensation of the diaper against his baby-smooth diaper area. It was like he could feel all the air and every fiber that touched him. He was a hair's breadth away from busting as his caretaker taped up the tapes. Robbie's little erection was now trapped, and he wanted so badly to cum but as he reached down to touch it, Colt began to give him light tickles all over his little body. The powder had made him

ticklish everywhere, and Robbie found he couldn't stop squirming and giggling no matter how sexually frustrated he was.

"Ah, ah, ah! That's my job, little guy. Good little boys don't play with their pee-pees or they get tickles from Daddy!"

Robbie's eyes shot open as Colt used the 'D' word, but Colt attacked his tummy with his mouth gobbling it up before he could fully process what he had just heard, and making the boy giggle and squeal as he kept gobbling, tickling, rubbing his diapers, and coming back up to give Robbie kissies on the face and nose and remind him to focus on all the things he was supposed to be paying attention to.

Robbie was worked up into a state of utter horniness and confusion when Colt finally ended it by planting a kiss on Robbie's mouth and pressing his diaper front firmly. Robbie was overwhelmed with his intense feelings of shock, lust, and love in quick succession before the orgasm tore through his body.

"SLEEP!!!" Colt barked out, and suddenly Robbie went limp. Colt continued in a soft and gentle voice as he softly lowered Robbie's head back to the changing mat. "That's it baby boy, nice and relaxed. Nice and relaxed. You're so safe here with me. Safe to relax and go into trance. Safe to relax and be yourself. Be the cute little baby you want to be. And as you go into that nice deep trance, I want you to give me a little smile to show me that you are listening, that you are feeling happy and safe... just a little smile..."

Robbie smiled as he lay there on the table, bringing his thumb up to suckle on.

"Oh that's a very good boy, Robbie. Very good. You can feel completely comfortable letting your baby side show. Do whatever you want that feels comfortable for you. So easy to let all your cares and worries about what others might think fall right away. Whether that's sucking your thumb, or hugging your teddy, or talking baby talk. You can do whatever it is you need to do and know that, when you're with me, you can just be yourself wherever we are..."

This was something that Colt wanted to be very careful with. His goal was not to ask Robby to 'obey', but more to make it easy to accept the things he wanted to do and embrace them. He wanted Robbie to find it easier to go with his little nature than to go against it. But that didn't mean he couldn't encourage Robbie's need and attachment toward his comfort objects and baby desires, or add a few triggers that told Colt the hypnosis was working.

"...enjoy being little... that's right, you can just relax and enjoy being little whenever I say those words. It's okay. It's a good boy thing to do. And it's very cute, little one..."

Robbie smiled and curled up into himself, cooing and gurgling quietly as he accepted this input. Colt smiled too, knowing that he was on the right track.

"Yes... it feels so good to be called good boy, doesn't it? You're a good boy when you get little and do baby things. And you don't have to wait until you're anxious to put a pacifier or thumb in your mouth... no, you can have those in your mouth any time. You can have those in your mouth all the time if you want... and I want to add one more suggestion, little Robbie... are you ready to hear what it is?"

Robbie nodded, his eyes still closed.

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Robbie slowly came to with Colt holding him close, bouncing him, shushing him, rubbing his back and patting the back of his diaper.

"Shhh shhh shhh... Daddy's got you... Daddy's got you..."

Robbie buried his head in Colt's chest and smiled big, breathing in his scent. It felt so nice, so warm to be in Daddy's arms. So nice to be Daddy's baby. Then, as he slowly came back to full awareness, it struck him. Since when had he called Colt Daddy.

"C-colt... what... what are you... saying Daddy for?"

Colt looked at him directly and raised an eyebrow. "Well, Robbie. Tell me this. Would you *like* to call me Daddy?"

"Yes," said Robbie before he even thought about the answer. His eyes went wide and he covered his mouth, blushing bright red. "I didn't... I didn't mean to..."

But Colt kissed him on the forehead before he could finish that thought. "Aww, look at you. You're such a **good boy** for telling Daddy how you really feel. Such a **good boy** today!"

Robbie was immediately filled with warmth and happiness at hearing those wonderful words and he melted into Colt, burying his head into Colt's chest once more and sucking his thumb as warmth trickled into the front of his diaper.

Colt smiled knowing that the hypnosis had worked. Robbie was already showing several promising signs, and he knew that they were all truly expressions of Robbie's inner needs and desires. He knew it was only the beginning, but he was happy just to be there in that moment with the boy he loved. And that was Colt's truth, he realized, as his breath caught in his chest for just a moment. He *loved* Robbie. And he wanted nothing more than to see his precious boy grow into his littleness and be the happy, carefree, rambunctious little guy that Colt had only glimpsed in snatches here and there over the past few days.

"Okay, kiddo," said Colt, "You don't get to be the *only* one running around in your underwear today. Let me put you down... hey!" Colt chuckled as he tried to set Robbie down on the changing table and the little guy refused to let go. This was too precious, and of course Colt caved immediately. "Okay, haha, okay. Daddy will carry you down to the living room for cartoon time. *Then* you gotta let me go so I can be in my undies too, okay? ... ..Okay?"

Robbie responded with a reluctant, "Mayyyyybe."

"Maybe? Maybe? I'll show you maybe," said Colt, smiling and tickling the boy in his arms until he giggled and wiggled and let go, plopping down onto the table.

"Heyyyy! No fair!" said Robbie, still laughing, and making no effort to hide the yellow front of his diaper, which had only gotten wetter with the tickling.

"And who makes the rules, little dude?" asked Colt, smirking as he pulled off his shirt to reveal his muscular form.

"You do," Robbie said quietly, blushing after he managed to stop drooling at the hunk in front of him.

"That's right!" said Colt, shucking off his pants and no longer tenting but still with plenty of salami to stare at. Then he caught Robbie's eyes and saw the boy being pulled out of little space and into a much more adult frame of mind. He paused. "Onnn second thought, I think I'll wear my pajama pants tonight..."

"Awww," whined Robbie before covering his mouth again and blushing.

Colt caught it and gave the boy a sly grin. "Now, now, kiddo," he said, ruffling the boy's hair. "You're not thinking *naughty big boy* thoughts are you? *Are you?!*"

"Noooo. Noooo." said Robbie as he was tickle-attacked once more and sent into a giggle fit before he had too much time to be embarrassed. He was whooshed away to the bedroom and plopped on the bed while Colt jumped into a pair of scarlet silk pajama pants, then Colt picked him up and carried him down the steps calling "Fe Fi Fo Fum" like he was a giant who had just captured tiny little Robbie.

By the time they got to the bottom of the stairs, Robbie was all out of breath from giggling so much. Colt deposited him on the couch and then told him to wait right there and pick out a show to watch while he brought in a surprise from the garage.

Robbie was curious but wanted to be good so he did as he was told. He picked up the remote and turned on the TV to scroll through the channels. He selected Pawsome Squad without even thinking about it and began to giggle and bounce as the theme song played.

When Colt reappeared he had to smile at Robbie picking such a juvenile show. At least the others could be somewhat entertaining for older kids and maybe even some adults, but this one was completely for babies.

"Having fun there, kiddo? That's a pretty *cool* show you put on there."

"Yeah! It's so cool... I'm..." Robbie peeled his gaze away from the screen, realizing too late that Colt didn't really think the show was cool. He had always avoided picking that show around Colt, knowing that it was really just for babies. Why had he suddenly forgot? He treid to play it cool. "...um, I mean... yeah it's okay, I guess."

Colt wasn't buying his cover-up, however. "Uh huh. None of that now, baby boy. You picked it so you must like it."

"But I- wait, what is *that*?" asked Robbie, his objection already forgotten. He saw Colt had brought in what looked like several pet gates and some foam matting.

"Hmm, I don't know. Where do babies stay when the grownups have to go cook lunch?"

It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what Daddy was building in the living room.

"*A playpen?!*" gasped Robbie, blushing bright red as his favorite characters laughed in the background.

"Yes, it's a playpen, Robbie. And you get to help me build it. Come on."

Robbie couldn't believe he was going to help build his *own* playpen. He was extremely embarrassed about the tent that was starting to show in his diaper, but also totally excited to sit in an oversized playpen. With Colt's Direction, he snapped together foam pieces, and held up plastic gates until before he knew it, the playpen had been built right around him. He tried to climb out but Colt chastised him.

"No, no. Babies do *not* leave their playpen, little dude, and neither should you. Because if you do... Mr. Spankie is going to have a lot of fun talking to Mr. Tushie!"

Colt held up his hand, causing Robbie to blush and unconsciously bring his hands to his hiney. "Ahh... I won't..."

"Good," began Colt, but Robbie interrupted.

"But what if I have to go to the potty?"

"You're wearing your potty."

"Oh," said Robbie, blushing and looking down... "But what if I get hungry?"

"We're about to have lunch pretty soon here, kiddo. Can I get you a bottle of juice for now? Would that make little Robbie happy?"

Robbie nodded and stuck his fingers in his mouth to suck on them.

"No, no, Robbie. You haven't washed your hands. I'll get you another paci in a sec. Just... hold on."

Colt rushed out of the room to tide Robbie over with a bottle and then came back shortly after with a pencil bag.

"Here you go Robbie take-" He stopped and his mouth hung open as he saw the most precious thing he had seen all day. It was Robbie on his back in nothing but his wet diaper, smiling and drinking from his bottle. He quickly took a picture before he was



noticed by the blissed-out baby boy, and quietly approached, stepping over the gates and kneeling down next to Robbie.

"Here you go, baby boy," he said gently, holding out the pencil bag. "It's got lots of pacis inside for you."

Robbie opened his eyes slowly and turned his head to look at Colt, smiling. "Thank you," he said, setting down the bottle.

"Oh, it's no big deal. I had them lying around as backups since they're so easy to lose."

"No, I mean thank you... for this... all of it." Robbie looked all around and back to Colt, giving not a little boy's smile but a more affectionate smile full of gratitude. Colt understood that it was the big Robbie thanking him and nodded.

"You're welcome baby boy..."

"Daddy?" asked Robbie, trying out the unfamiliar word in his mouth.

"What is it, lil' bean?"

Robbie glanced down at the bottle in his hand and then looked up at Colt. "...Why are you so cool with me being this way?"

Colt gave a knowing grin. "Don't you know by now?"

Robbie shook his head, his eyes wide and curious, so Colt explained.

"Because you *need* to be little, and I've known many other boys like you who needed the same thing, as you might have guessed from the nursery we have upstairs. That's why I picked you to be my roommate, Robbie. Because I think this is *just* what you needed all along. And I'm so proud of you for finally getting the courage to tell me what you want."

"I still can hardly believe it myself... I didn't even *know* it was what I wanted before I came here."

"Well, there's a lot little guys like you don't know," said Colt with a grin. "That's why you have adults to look after you and teach you."

"Daddyyy," said Robbie, blushing and covering his face.

"Aww, there's the little boy again," said Colt, hugging and tickling Robbie. "That was a very grown up conversation for little boys. Huh? Did somebody sneak in and teach the baby adult words?" he asked, tickling Robbie all over.

Robbie just giggled and shook his head, denying all of it.

"That's much better," said Colt, smiling and letting Robbie back down onto the soft foam floor. "I know you have lots of big boy questions, but today, your big boy brain

deserves a rest. So for the rest of the day, I want you to be a **good boy** and just relax and turn off your big boy mind for the day. That's my **good boy**."

Robbie closed his eyes and smiled as the wonderful feelings of being called a good boy washed over him.

"That's better. Now finish your bottle and watch your show," said Colt, giving Robbie a few pats on the crinkly butt.

He left Robbie to enjoy more of his pawsome pals' adventures, noting to himself that he was going to have to stock the living room with diapers so he didn't have to go up and down the stairs all the time. He felt like a kid at Christmas at the thought of changing Robbie right there on the floor of the playpen. He was so distracted by his fantasies that he almost burnt lunch.

"Whew, just saved it," he said, as he pulled a slightly overdone grilled cheese sandwich off the burner and put it onto a plate. Once the table was set with Robbie's high chair right beside it, He was ready to roll. He strolled out into the living room saying, "Okay, Robbie, lunch time!"

Once again, he was met with the adorable sight of Robbie engrossed in the show and sucking his fingers.

"Silly boy. You didn't even open your pacifier bag." Robbie looked up at him and smiled. It was the cutest most innocent smile and one against which Colt was powerless. "Aw what the heck, if it makes ya happy suck on your toes for all I care."

Robbie smiled at the idea and did it, and Colt was floored to see the boy actually fit his toes into his mouth. His mouth hung open and his pajama pants did little to hide the effect *that* little trick had on him. Robbie grinned mischievously. He was slowly starting to realize that Colt wasn't the only one that could press buttons in this house.

With remarkable self-control, Colt excused himself to ice his dick, then came back with a stack of fresh diapers. "We're gonna change you after lunch, little dude," he said.

"Is that what those are for?" asked Robbie, sitting up and looking at his own diaper. "Oh my gosh, why am I so wet?"

"Cause you're tiny," said Colt, chuckling. "And no, these are just in case you need a change when we're down here. It's just more convenient. We'll change you upstairs and put you down for a nap after lunch."

Robbie blushed at the idea of being changed right there in the living room. Even more so at the talk of changing things around for Colt's convenience. It really made him feel little to know that his life was being organized like a little kid's, even though Colt was talking to him and answering his questions like he would with anyone older. He didn't mind that part, and thought that was much better than being treated like he was stupid. Then he had another idea for something he hadn't tried.

Colt practically melted when little Robbie sat up tall and held his arms up in the universal sign for 'uppies'. He was happy to lift the boy up and zoom him over to the high chair, and he felt butterflies in his belly as he did so. He wanted to fly Robbie like a rocketship but he just couldn't resist cuddling the cutie and nuzzling noses instead.

"Okay kiddo. Park your keister right here."

Colt sat Robbie down and snapped in the tray.

"Bib!" he said, like a surgeon requesting his next instrument, as he tied a pawsome squad bib around Robbie's neck. "Cup! Plate!" A matching sippy cup and plastic plate followed. What he didn't include in that list was any utensils.

Robbie was excited to see grilled cheese on the menu, but blushed as Colt quickly moved to cut it into bite size bits for him.

"Do you think you can feed yourself, Robbie?"

"Um... I dunno..." said Robbie, blushing and hoping Colt would take the hint.

"Oh, I see, little dude wants *Daddy* to help, doesn't he? *Doesn't he?*"

He tickled the blushing boy when he tried to deny it, and gave him a kiss on the forehead telling him that that was just fine and that he was happy to help feed his good boy. Robby was grateful. Colt always had a way of making him feel better whenever he was starting to become self-conscious and embarrassed.

"I think you can drink from your sippy cup on your own, though, can't you, small one?"

Robbie nodded and raised the sippy cup up to his mouth to show Colt he could do it. Colt chuckled as Robbie sucked down what he thought would be juice, but he coughed when something much thicker, though equally delicious, came out.

"Whoa there, buddy," said Colt, patting the coughing boy's back. "Maybe I spoke too soon.

"S-sorry, I didn't expect it \*cough\* to be a smoothie. Guess that's why it's not in a bottle, huh?" He looked up at Colt, who had his hands on his hips and was raising one eyebrow. Then Robbie realized his mistake. "Oo-oops... I forgot I wasn't supposed to say sorry," he squeaked.

"We'll take care of *that* later, mister," said Colt, clearly enjoying the prospect of giving out another spanking. "Now drink up. That smoothie has all the fruits and veggies you need."

"Aww, *fruits and veggies!* Yuck!" said Robbie, sticking out his tongue.

"Just for that I'm gonna make sure you have an extra helping for dinner. "We gotta get your bowels moving so you don't hurt your tum tum."

Robbie made a face. "I won't have to... y-you know..."

"Go poopies?" asked Colt, with a knowing grin. "Only if you want to. Most boys don't like to do that. Heck, I wouldn't even change them if they did. But for you I'd make an exception. If that's what you really wanted."

Robbie shifted in the high chair uncomfortably... "No... I don't think I will. At least... not on *purpose*."

"Well, we'll try and help you make it to the potty if you need it then. But I know little boys have accidents sometimes, and that's perfectly okay. You never have to worry about being in trouble for something you did on accident. And don't you *dare* try to hide it from your Daddy little dude, or you're gonna be in biiiig trouble."

"Me? Hide something from my Daddy? Haha, never!" said Rob, looking rather guilty and blushing once more as he chubbed up in his diaper.

If the Daddy comment made him blush, getting fed lunch by his hot Daddy had him absolutely steaming. Robbie's diaper felt two sizes too tight as Colt fed him bite by bite.

"It's so cute how red you turn, buddy," said Colt. who had to stop and shake his head and chuckle.

"I-is that a bad thing?" asked Robbie, starting to feel self-conscious again.

Colt frowned. They had a ways to go to get Robbie's self-consciousness under control. But that was okay. He'd never expected that to happen overnight. It was remarkable that they were where they were already. He set the plate aside.

"Robbie, nothing you do is a bad thing. You're a **good boy**. And I *love* your blushes and all the cute things that you do. Especially when ***it's time to be little.***"

Robbie's ears perked up. Those words made him feel very good. Very little. And he found himself smiling and bouncing in his chair as he anticipated more yummy sandwich bites. Robbie had again gone from shy and awkward adult to quintessential energetic little boy.

"Aww, is somebody still hungry?" asked Colt, laughing lightly.

"Yeah! Yeah! More!" said Robbie, looking very happy.

Colt loved to see Robbie's little boy energy come out. Such a different feeling from when he was thinking about having to be big. Colt finished feeding the happy boy and made sure he finished his smoothie, then it was the time all little ones dread.

"Okay, little Robbie. It's nap time!" said Colt, snapping off the tray and grabbing Robbie under the arms to help him down.

"Awww! Do I hafta?" asked Robbie, still wound up from his fun time in the high chair.

"Yes, you hafta. Brush, teeth, and nap. Go on!"

"Well... can I at least help you do the dishes?" asked Robbie, hoping that would buy him some time and Maybe Colt would forget.

"What a helpful little boy you are. Well, I suppose you can wash your dishes while I eat up *my* lunch," said Colt, eyeing the chicken breast he'd prepared for himself still waiting on the table.

"Alright!" said Robbie, rushing to do that."

"But no running!" called Colt, shaking his head and trying to keep a straight face as the silly boy took off toward the sink. "I'm gonna make you crawl, you know. That oughtta take care of your running."

Robbie slowed down considerably as he made it over to the sink, washing the plates all on his own and putting them in the dishwasher. He felt proud about that, like it was some big accomplishment, even though it was something he'd always done on his own before coming to live with Colt.

"Good job, Robbie!" said Colt, who had been watching the whole thing as he ate. "What a **good boy!** Now go on upstairs, kiddo. Brush your teeth and wait for me in the Nursery. Wash your hands too. *And don't run.*"

Robbie nodded. It sounded like a lot of big boy responsibilities, but he was sure he could do it. He marched upstairs and got ready, excited to go back into that special room. Colt was excited too, and adjusted himself in his pajamas before finishing his meal.

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When he walked into the Nursery, Colt saw Robbie was sitting on the carpet rolling a toy truck over the city streets printed on it.

"Someone's gotten into the toys, I see," said Colt. "Well, I did tell you to wait for me. I never said anything about not playing. But it's nap time now, buddy. Put away your toy so we can get you changed and in your crib."

Robbie thought that sounded like a great idea. He'd never been in a crib before, and no question he was excited for another change from his hot Daddy.

Colt couldn't stop smiling as he watched the energetic boy put the toy away and hurry back to him with boundless enthusiasm. He couldn't imagine ever being cruel to such a sweet little boy and he was glad that the morning's tears were all forgotten.

He made quick work of Robbie's diaper, managing to get Robbie into a new one and set him in his crib without making him spurt. Robbie didn't look particularly sleepy, though, so Colt grinned to himself and decided to let Robbie in on a little secret.

"I know *something* that helps big little boys with too much energy get to sleep."

"What's that?" asked Robbie, curious as ever.

"This!" said Colt, bringing out a massage wand from between the crib and the edge of the plastic covered mattress.

"What's that for?" asked Robbie.

Colt handed it to him and patted him on the head. "You'll figure it out."

He raised the rails, dimmed the lights, and turned on the sleepy sheep mobile above Robbie's head before shutting the door, leaving a confused looking Robbie holding the wand. Colt listened through the door and soon heard a buzzing noise on the other side.

"Oh... ..Oh!... ..Ohhhh..." came Robbie's voice. These exclamations were soon followed by the moans of a very happy diaper boy in his crib. Colt knew that Robbie was going to be very good friends with that wand, and that was good. The more happy feelings and memories Robbie could associate with diapers and his new baby life, the better.

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Colt used Robbie's nap time to catch up on some paperwork that he'd been neglecting since a certain adorable little boy had come and become the center of his life. Of course these days it was rarely on paper. Aside from Robbie's lease and contract, he was mostly just answering emails, small questions here and there from C.A.B.S. legal department which he still consulted for from time to time, and a few automated company messages sent out by Smith and Klein. nothing too exciting. Then he came to the top of his email list and saw that the director of the C.A.B.S. 'Fresh Start Rehabilitation Program', whom he had spoken to earlier, had sent him a message titled 'Enjoy the Show'.

He opened the email and found a livestream link for the C.A.B.S. acquisition team that was set to go live that evening. And just after Robbie's new bedtime too. He grinned and chubbed up in his pants. This was going to be a very good night indeed. He made a note to himself to make sure his mini-fridge was stocked so he could enjoy a beer as he watched the start of Asshole Brandon's new life.

He pinned the message and then turned to the lease paperwork and the contracts Robbie had signed, smiling. Here was all he needed to make sure Robbie didn't backslide. And he knew that as things progressed, Robbie might want to. But one thing was very clear to him - Robbie needed the guidance of a Daddy or bigger brother in his life, and Colt was that person. The path that Robbie was going down meant that sooner or later, Robbie would need someone to take over some of his more grown-up responsibilities like taxes, medical decisions, and more. And part of the contract for the lease accounted for that, should Robbie become incapacitated for any reason. Colt certainly hoped that didn't happen, but he wanted to be extra safe about it. What was more, he still didn't know just how far Robbie would regress before all was said and done. He made a few more changes to the contract to account for Robbie's new baby

treatment, making a mental note to have this conversation with Robbie later. Still, even if he wasn't going to, the idea of turning Robbie into an adorable little boy by force got Colt hard in his pants, so he took the opportunity to pull down his pajama pants and relieve some of the tension he had been building up below the belt. He thought of baby Robbie's transformation and all the things that Robbie had allowed him to take control of already, jacking his hard cock to an earth-shattering orgasm that ended up being a little more messy than intended.

"Whoo... Oh, gosh... Oops.. Didn't mean to cum so hard!" He looked from the cum-splattered underside of his desk to all the way above and behind his head where his cum had splattered his law degree and was already dripping down over the frame. "Guess I've got some clean up to do," he said, chuckling a bit. He couldn't wait til it was Robbie that was taking those huge squirts of Daddy milk.

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"Rise and shine, little dude," said Colt, raising the lights back up on a sleeping Robbie. The Crib had no blanket, just a cartoon-print plastic mattress and some plush toys, but the room was comfortably warm. Little Robbie had fallen asleep with his teddy in the crook of one arm and his thumb in his mouth. In nothing but his diaper, he looked incredibly babyish and Colt had to snap another photo as the sleepy boy began to come back to the land of the living. "I guess you slept well. That's what happens when my good little boy makes stickies in his cozy comfy diapers. Isn't that Right, Robbie?"

Robbie nodded, smiling and blushing as he buried his face in his Teddy.

"No need to be embarrassed, Robbie," said Colt, as he lowered the crib rails. You did all the things a **good boy** does. You took a nap, you snuggled your teddy, you sucked your binky as you cuddled up nice and cozy, and you enjoyed your diapers. And you know that good little boys wear and enjoy their diapers all the time. And that's what you do now, don't you Robbie?"

Robbie nodded,

**"Good boy."**

"Why?" asked Robbie, confused.

"You were honest when you agreed and nodded your head and listened like a good little boy, right?"

"wait... b-but you said... I mean...", he lowered his voice to a whisper, "I didn't know it was an option to disagree..."

"Of course you didn't. You're just a baby..."

Robbie squirmed and smiled as he felt his diaper starting to tent again. Even though he must have cum three times before dozing off, he was really getting worked up by Colt's words.

"Um, Colt?" Robbie asked, cupping his hands over the front of his diaper as he was lifted under the armpit and set on his feet on the nursery floor. "Can I wear my Battlemon shirt please?"

"Sure ya can, buddy. Let's go get it out of the big boy room."

Big boy room. Only a few days ago, they both would have agreed that the room looked like it was made for a six-year-old, maybe a pre-teen, *maybe*. Now it was the big boy room. Colt grabbed Robbie by the hand and led him over to the other room which still held all of Robbie's stuff, including his super comfortable knee length (for Robbie) hand-me-down Battlemon shirt from Colt. Colt chuckled as Robbie was forced to lift his arms for the shirt, blushing bright red as his tented diaper was revealed. Of course Colt had already seen the boner Robbie was sporting, and knew that the shirt was probably just his way of making it less noticeable, but then Robbie sniffed the shirt, catching Colt's scent, and visibly relaxed. Colt smiled knowing that even his scent could put his little guy at ease.

"Ooh, one more thing," said Colt, zipping open the paci bag from his pocket. Colt brought out two ribbons with clips on the end. "You need a paci keeper so you don't lose all your pacis. Do you want rocket ships or baby animals? Go ahead and point it out, buddy." Robbie pointed to Rocketships, and Colt wasted no time securing it around the best-matching paci ring and clipping it to Robbie's battlemon shirt. "Go ahead and try it," he said.

Robbie looked confused so he pushed the pacifier into Robbie's mouth and told him to spit it out. It just dangled there on the ribbon and Robbie was tickled.

"Oh wow! This is super duper useful."

"Yup!" said Colt. "Sure is. So what do you wanna do now? You wanna play with your toys some more, or watch more TV? Dinner is a few hours away so we can do whatever we want."

They ended up having a fun time on the carpet playing with Robbie's toys, and then they played Pawsome Squad, and Colt was a bad guy and Robbie was Dash. They just had lots of silly fun, and before they knew it Colt's watch went off alerting him that it was time for dinner.

"This early?" asked Rob, seeing that it was still light out.

"Babies have early dinners and early bedtimes," said Colt, grinning.

"No fair! You never told me about *that* part." said Robbie, crossing his arms.

"You mean you didn't know that babies go to bed before ten? Come on, now, Robbie. You know better than that. Tell you what, why don't you be my kitchen helper again today. Hmm? And then we can watch some more of your show after if you're a good helper and do everything Daddy tells you."

Robbie rubbed his chin for a second. "Mmm... YEAH!!!"



"That's the spirit! Let's go."

There was only one little problem. Robbie knew he wasn't supposed to cook on his own, but in his excitement Robbie had forgotten the rule about never touching anything in the kitchen without permission and once Colt was finished helping him wash his hands, he grabbed a knife to help cut up some veggies for Colt's 'super special' mixed grill. Colt just couldn't have that. He quickly took the knife away and scolded Robbie for touching sharp objects.

"Robbie, you're to stay right here at this part of the counter, and if you leave this spot without asking, you're gonna get triple vegetables tonight. Got it?"

"No, no, no! I mean yes. I got it. No to triple veggies! Eeyuk!"

"I'll get you liking veggies sooner or later," said Colt, giving Robbie a devious grin. "Just wait til you try 'em grilled!"

"I prefer grilled cheese," said Robbie in a haughty accent as he turned up his nose. Colt took the opportunity to tickle his neck and Robbie knew he wouldn't be doing *that* again.

Once the food was ready, Robbie made another faux pas by grabbing silverware for himself and Colt.

"No, no, Robbie. You have to use the plastic forks and spoons. And no knives."

"But then how can I cut up my food?"

"You don't. That's Daddy's job, got that?"

"Okay...", said Robbie, blushing furiously at the implication that he was too young to cut up his own food.

Robbie wasn't used to all these rules and Daddy could see he was starting to get a bit crabby, especially when he found out that *his* dinner would be blended into baby food. But the moment he was plopped in the high chair and Colt started to feed him, he brightened right up.

Mealtime in the highchair was quickly becoming Robbie's favorite event. To Robbie, there was nothing more exciting and blush-inducing than the image of a half-naked Colt sitting in the chair in front of him, making silly noises while feeding him mush. The contrast of Colt's v-shape body couldn't be more obvious now that he had started going around without a shirt on, and Robbie could spend all day staring at that v that started above Colt's thighs and disappeared down into his pajama pants.

"Eyes up here, buddy," said Colt, holding back the fork-aeroplane and preventing a mid-air collision with Robbie's forehead. Robbie blushed and tried to apologize but got another mouthful of mush instead. Colt just grinned, knowing he had made his buddy blushy and squirmier than ever by feeding him like a toddler. Unfortunately, all good

things come to an end and eventually both their plates were empty, as well as Robbie's bottle of Juice.

"Okay, kiddo. Daddy's gotta put you to bed now."

"But I wanted to watch some TV! You *said*..." Robbie pouted as Colt wiped his face clean with his baby bib and cleaned off the tray.

"I know, buddy, but we just had *too much fun* eating dinner and now it's late. Look, the sun is already going down and it's almost 7. Let's get you all ready for bed now. And don't forget that if you're good, you'll get to do what good little boys do and make stickies with Mister *Buzz Buzz* in your cozy comfy diapers again..."

"O-o-okay," said Robbie, blushing red and trying not to show how excited he was to do that.

They quickly cleaned up and Colt led Robbie upstairs to once again help him brush his teeth and use the potty for bedtime. And this time Robbie was able to go number one and number two with Colt's encouragement. He still found it extremely embarrassing when Colt wiped his butt, Daddy or no, but he was learning to tolerate it. After a quick diaper change without the usual happy ending, Colt brought out a cute space-suit sleeper for Robbie to wear to bed. Robbie was reluctant.

"I can't take it off of myself. The zipper is hard to reach, and I get hot at night."

"Aww, c'mon, try it. Your crib doesn't have any blankets and this will keep you warm. If you get overheated I'll come and help you take it off. All you have to do is call. Look, I'll leave the baby monitor right here."

Colt patted the monitor which Robbie hadn't really paid any mind to before that. Robbie blushed at being monitored with a baby monitor and shyly agreed to do it. Colt clipped the space-themed paci clip to the front of it and called him an official astronaut, which made Robbie giggle.

The last thing they did before bed time was to remember their favorite parts of the day.

"What was your favorite part of the day, Robbie?"

"Mine was when I got to see my new nursery!" said Robbie, before blushing and fidgeting his hands.

"Oh my gosh. Me too!" said Colt, laughing. "You were so surprised. I wish I got it on camera. Oh wait, I did!"

"Heyyyyy!" said Robbie, blushing even redder. "You better not show that to anyone."

"Are you telling *Daddy* what to do?" said Colt in a playful shocked tone. "That's very dangerous, little boy. Very dangerous indeed!" He brought out his tickling hands and Robbie giggled and tried to push him away.

"Okay, okay. I'll have mercy on you *this* time. Here ya go," said Colt. "Maybe you can tickle yourself with Mister Buzz Buzz."

"*Daddyyyyyyy*," said Rob, blushing redder than ever.

"What? *I* know what you're gonna be doing after I go."

Robbie huffed but he couldn't deny it.

"Sleep tight cutie," said Colt, finally. Kissing Robbie on the forehead and making to leave.

"Daddy!" Cried Robbie, stopping Colt in his tracks.

"What is it lil dude?"

"C-can I sleep with you tonight?"

"Oh boy. I'd better get flood insurance."

Pretty soon the two of them were cuddled up on Colt's bed, the pacifier in Robbie's mouth turning his words into baby talk as Colt rubbed him and patted his diapers.

"Daddy," he said sleepily, as Colt continued to rub him. "You make me feew funny in da tummy."

"awwwww... that's good to hear, baby boy." said Colt. He smiled, knowing that feeling all too well himself because that's just what Robbie was doing to him.

Not long after that, Robbie was sound asleep in Colt's arms, and Colt popped in his pacifier and watched a smile appear on his lips as he suckled. Beer could wait. It was time to watch the show and having his little guy in his arms frankly felt much better.

Colt lay in bed with the sleeping boy in his chest as the glow of the phone screen lit his face.

"Clear! Move in!" called the alpha team captain as three C.A.B.S. employees made their way into Brandon's house. They found him in his room jacking off to cartoon pony porn.

"Hey! Who the fuck are you? What the fuck are you doing in my home?! You can't-"

"Target acquired. Gags and restraints are in place. Proceeding with the extraction."

Colt watched as the team strapped a terrified and confused looking Brandon down to a gurney and wheeled him out to their van with his short fat cock flopping out in the wind. Before the Van was even out of park, they had his clothes cut off and were inserting his first catheter. Brandon, who had turned completely red as he yelled muffled profanities into his gag, was clearly not liking it.

Colt was glad that Robbie would remember today for the wonderful nursery and not his traumatic encounter with Brandon. He'd rendered Brandon powerless in that way too, and that felt good. Good enough to get him another climax or two as he held his little guy close and watched Brandon say bye-bye to grown up life.