

Babied by Billy

By Champ (Patreon.com/ChampTehOtter)

Chapter 21: The Gloves Come Off

*Even though I thought I knew you
I'll admit I didn't check
It's pulling me
Back into a nightmare*

*Even with a bitter taste
I miss every moment in your space
So sad in me
And leave me alone*

1010 Benja SL - Wind Up Space

While Tank and Shelly chatted, and Billy ran off somewhere with Carly, I was left in relative peace to sit on the conference table and swing my legs.

"Hey, Jimmy!" came a female voice from behind me. "You did so good!" I turned around. It was Katie, classmate and babysitter from my Biology and Spanish classes. I blushed.

"Oh, hi Katie. I didn't know you were watching that," I said, unable to look her in the eye. All I could think was how she just watched me pee all over the place as I got my diaper changed on camera.

"Of *course*, I was watching, silly. I wouldn't miss the big meeting. After all, I *am* gonna be babysitting you."

"You are?" I asked her. "When?"

"Well, tonight, for starters. We're all gonna hang out and do study group at Carly's place."

"I *guess* that counts," I said, fiddling with my mitts. "I don't really know what I could study, though..."

"Well, you do have that *big assignment* for Spanish," she said, in an exaggerated manner. I scoffed.

"Oh, you mean the cartoons I'm supposed to watch?"

"Hey, Flora the Explorer is *very* educational. It's won awards and stuff," she said, with a smirk.

"Uh huh," I said. "Well, I'm sure nobody here wants to watch that dumb baby show so I guess we'll have to tell the good professor to give me an F."

"I'll watch it with you," said Katie. "We can make fun of how bad it is, or maybe it will be good! Have you ever watched it before?"

"Well... no," I admitted, "but I'm sure it'll be boring as heck."

"Oh? Just like that diaper pals show you seem to like so much you wear them on your pampers?"

"Hey, that's a low blow," I said.

"Yeah, she said, I'm sorry for hitting below the *waist*." She couldn't stop from laughing a little as she delivered the terrible joke, and I made sure to groan appropriately to let her know how bad it was.

"Hey, what are you two up to over here?" asked Tank, coming up with a friendly grin. "It sounds like you two are having too much fun." I immediately clammed up and looked away, crossing my arms.

"Oh, Jimmy and I were just... we were just..." Katie's laughter died down as she saw my change in demeanor. "Uh... talking about... homework? Jimmy, are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," I said, quietly.

"O-kay, well, anyway, we were talking about his homework from Spanish class. He's got to watch the whole first season of *Flora the Explorer*. Can you say 'diez fácil'? That's Spanish for Easy A!"

"Well, that's cool. I was planning on joining you guys but I wanted to make sure if I was welcome first."

"Oh, sure, I don't mind," said Katie. "You're more than welcome."

"Well, I actually wanted to see if Jimmy minded..." Tank said softly, looking over in my direction. I still wouldn't look him in the eye, but I was listening. "I kind of... uh..."

"Oh? Oh. I'll give you two some space." Katie backed off and pulled Carly aside just as she was coming back to join us.

"Hey, kiddo, listen," Tank started, raising a hand but hesitating to place it on my shoulder. "Uh, can I...?"

"Back off," Billy growled, coming up between me and Tank. "It's still *my* turn."

"Whoa, dude," said Tank. "Chill out. I was just talking."

"You've had enough time to talk with the baby. He's mine today."

"Grow up, Billy," said Tank. "You don't own him."

"No, I don't, but C.A.B.S. does, and..."

Tank's eyes went wide with shock, and Billy looked like he had just said something he really shouldn't have said.

"C.A.B.S. does *not* own people," Tank said, in a hushed voice. "That's..."

"Oh come on," replied Billy, getting defensive. "You know what I meant... I... erm..." he coughed uncomfortably, realizing that this conversation was going nowhere good. "Whatever, man. Stop smothering him. Little Jimmy and I need our *bonding* time." I looked between Billy and Tank, hoping that this conversation would get them *both* a spanking. Tank and Billy looked like they were ready to slug each other, and I was here for it. Unfortunately, Carly and Katie came to the rescue.

"Hey, let's go," said Carly. "Shelly needs to lock up." The lights flicked on and off and I saw that Shelly was at the doorway. Carly helped me down into my stroller and I got distracted by all the fuss as she strapped me in. When I looked up, Billy was calling after us to hurry up and Tank was nowhere in sight.

After another blushy and bumpy ride through campus, where I nearly creamed my pampers several times due to the vibrations traveling up from the stroller through my stretching ring, we found ourselves in the lobby of the dorms. It was just me, Katie, Carly, Shelly, and Billy, and no Tank, which was good since I was still trying to break away from that intense co-dependence I'd fallen into. Shelly was back to her shift at the front desk, but luckily, she was able to join us because our study group was happening in the lobby. I say lucky because I really didn't trust Billy and the more people that were around, the safer I felt from his bullying.

The lobby was empty, as usual, because who wants to hang out in the lobby unless they're waiting for someone or chatting with Shelly? It had comfortable couches, and even a TV, which Shelly was able to switch to NewFlix so Katie and I could watch the first season of Flora while the rest of them did some *real* studying.

"Give it a chance," said Katie, setting her hand on my shoulder like a big sister would, and I nodded.

"Okay," I said.

As long as I was going to be little, I might as well try and make friends who wanted to hang out without actively trying to turn me into a baby. Katie was happy I was willing to give it a try, and she pulled me into her lap and held me while we watched the cartoons. To my surprise, it wasn't half bad. Her comments made me laugh, and the show itself was pretty entertaining. Pretty soon, we were responding to Flora's prompts in Spanish, and giggling. I didn't even pay much attention to the others in the room as I was so engrossed in the show. After about six episodes, Billy and Carly got up and stretched. Katie agreed this was a good stopping point.

"We're gonna go upstairs and get ready for bed," said Billy, putting his arm around Carly, which immediately got under my skin.

"Oh! Does that mean Carly is going to change your pull-ups?" I asked, in a fake-innocent voice. Billy's face went red.

"Aww, that's so cute," said Shelley, who had apparently overheard me. "No, honey. Jimmy's a grown-up. He doesn't need pull-ups."

"Yes, huh!" I said. "I saw the Director give him a whole pack. I'll bet he's super proud too. Why don't you show them off, Billy?" All eyes turned to Billy, who said nothing. He was staring daggers at me, and I decided to push him just a little bit further. "Hey, if you like 'em, maybe you'll end up back in diapers like me!"

The girls laughed. "Baby billy *does* have a certain ring to it," said Katie, stifling a giggle. They were all having a good time at Billy's expense, but Billy was reaching his breaking point.

"Now listen here, you little punk!" said Billy, grabbing my shirt. Almost immediately Katie and Carly grabbed his arms and pulled him away and Shelly jumped out of her seat. I acted more scared than I was - which was already pretty scared - and he was left looking like the asshole he was.

"No, Billy," said Shelly. "Absolutely not! You *cannot* get physical with little ones when you're upset. Besides, Jimmy doesn't know any better. You *should* though." Shelly looked pissed, and I was glad that she wasn't giving his bullying behavior a pass like everyone else seemed to. Billy glared right back at her, obviously outraged that someone who wasn't even part of the program would lecture him. His dislike of Shelly was palpable to me, and I half-hoped he'd do something more to further alienate the people around him.

Instead, he stomped off toward the exit. "Come on, Carly, let's get going." My three babysitters looked at each other. "I *said* we're going."

"I don't know," said Shelly. "It seems like you're not ready to be a caretaker. Maybe you should just go away and think about it. Or am I gonna have to put in a phone call about this?" she asked, raising up her phone.

"NO!" Billy said, panic rising in his voice. He took a few steps in from the door. "No, please don't do that. I'm sorry. It's been a really stressful week and I have all this pressure on me from school and sports and C.A.B.S. and Alpha Beta. I shouldn't have taken it out on my little buddy, and I promise it won't happen again." Shelly looked over to Carly who gave Shelly a nod.

"See that it doesn't," she said, smoothing out her skirt and sitting back down. "You feel okay to go, Katie? Jimmy?" I nodded automatically, still under the effects of Billy's suggestion, and Katie seemed to accept Billy's apology.

"Call us if there's any trouble," said Shelly, loud enough to let Billy know he was being watched.

"I'll be fine," said Carly. At some point, optimism became naivety, and Carly had definitely crossed that line with Billy. As she strapped me into the stroller, I just hoped that my provocations didn't get her hurt.

The walk back to Billy and David's house was tense. Everyone seemed a little frayed after the long day, and for once I was happy to have an early bedtime.

"If you need to talk," began Carly.

"Oh yeah, we'll talk. When we get back," said Billy.

As soon as we got back, I was changed, fed my bottle and put to bed with my baby monitor set to broadcast. Carly insisted on staying in the room with me until it was time for me to sleep, and for them to have that 'talk'. I lay there in bed, legs kept apart by a triple thick diaper, thinking about everything that had happened over the past four days, and wondering if I could ever find my way back to normal. That's when I heard it - a moan coming from the monitor. My eyes went wide as I realized that the monitors had been switched. So that's what Billy meant by talk.

Billy proceeded to have vocal, angry sex with my crush as I was forced to listen. I tried to turn the monitor off, open the door and throw it out into the hall, even cover my ears, but none of those things was really possible with my poofy mitts. Besides, I could hear them through the walls - Billy definitely wanted me to know what he was doing.

I cried and hugged my pillow as the noises continued. As exhausted as I was, I couldn't sleep a wink. I'm ashamed to admit that it wasn't just for emotional reasons, either. The biggest reason I didn't fall asleep was I was too busy grinding my diaper against the pillow in my arms. As much as I hated Billy, his grunting sounds and the moaning of Carly were still sex, and I was understandably pent up after the constant edging I got from my diaper and plug. I felt so pathetic as I humped my little dick into that padding, unable to get enough stimulation through the multiple layers. Maybe the Director was right. Maybe part of me wanted or needed to be a big baby. But that wasn't possible, was it? I really didn't know anymore, and right then, it was easier to just stop thinking and follow what my body wanted to do.

I was so engrossed in trying to get off, that I lost all track of time until I heard someone come into the room. I looked up to see Billy walking into the doorway and I froze right there mid hump, propped up on my arms, knees spread wide.

"Aww is the baby cwyng?" began Billy, only to stop dead in his tracks, totally shocked. "Wait... are.. were you humping your pillow?" I didn't know what to say. I just stared at him, like a deer in headlights and watched a slow grin spread across his face. He was gonna make fun of me. He was gonna call Carly in to see what the pathetic baby was doing while they were fucking. All these ideas ran through my head, but I still didn't move.

Then, he began a slow clap. "Congratulations, diaper dweeb. You've graduated!"

"Wha?"

"You heard me. My work here is done. Let's get those mitts off you."

"Mitts? What, really?" I said, blinking and sitting up. All my tiredness was suddenly gone.

"Yeah, that's right. No more mitts. No more restrictions on using your hands." And sure enough, he came up to me and grabbed my hand as I flinched away. "Oh, quit being a baby," he said quickly undoing the straps. He pulled off the first mitt and held it up. "There, see? Now give me your other hand."

I reluctantly held out my other mitt, which he proceeded to remove as well, giving off a chuckle at my stupefied expression. "I thought you'd be upset about Carly but all you care about is your diapers, isn't it? And that's just how it *should* be."

I flapped my mouth as he leveled the accusation. "N-no. It's not like that, I just-"

Billy shook his head and stuck out his hand, cutting me off mid sentence. "Whatever, dork. Your dumb diapers are next. Come on, give me your hand. Let's get those diapers- SLEEP!"

The moment I reached up and his hand gripped mine, he barked out the order, and I went down like a sack of potatoes.

I woke up the next morning, feeling like I had a great sleep. Then I remembered Billy putting me to sleep and I sat up with a start, feeling my body as if I wasn't sure it'd still be there. That was a relief. Everything *seemed* normal. And then I realized - I could *feel* my body! My mitts were still gone! That was amazing. I moved my hand lower to make sure my diaper was still there.

"Oh thank god," I said. It was still there. I ran my hand against the front of the diaper and it felt as if an electric jolt ran through me. It was only one layer, and perfectly soggy so I could feel *everything*. It felt *amazing*. I blushed and listened for any noise in the house. All I could hear was my breath quickening and my heart thundering in my chest. I gave the front of my diaper another squeeze and sighed. Then another. Then a little rub. Pretty soon, I was frantically rubbing the front of my diapers toward another amazing orgasm.

"Oh fuck yeah.... Fuck yeahhhh fuck yeahh..." I moaned. That's when I realized something was *very* wrong.