

## Room for Rent

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### Chapter 7: No More Big Boy

As Colt stepped inside the grocery store, he looked left and right. Rows of cashier stands stood to one side, the produce area on the other, both devoid of any Robbie.

“Now where did that little boy run off to?”

He wandered around a bit looking for someone who looked like they worked there. Eventually, he found someone stocking the cereal aisle.

“Hey, have you seen a kid named Robbie who works here?”

“Who’s askin’?” said a heavy-set woman with blond hair tied back in a pony tail and gloves on for handling heavy boxes.

“I’m Colt, his... guardian,” said Colt, after a short pause. “He lives with me.”

She looked him up and down. “Is that what they’re calling it these days? I mean, whatever floats your boat.”

“I really do need to speak to him,” said Colt, growing impatient. “I’m concerned about his safety.”

“What the heck you talkin’ about?” she said.

“Well, yesterday he had a run in with Brandon-“

“Ohhhh. The asshole. Say no more. Yeah, he’s miserable to work for, but he’s mostly harmless unless you get him really angry. You don’t have to worry about your boy Robbie doing that, though. The kid’s as sweet as can be.”

“Well, I’m not so sure Brandon *is* harmless after what happened yesterday...”

Colt proceeded to tell the woman, whose name was Chloe all about what Brandon did to Robbie.

“No... He didn’t!”

“Yeah, he did. Robbie was an absolute mess when he came home. Wet pants, crying like no tomorrow. I had to help him into the bath, he was so upset.”

“Damn. That’s sadistic, even for Brandon,” said Chloe, shocked at what Brandon had done.

“It was totally fucked up. I gave Brandon a call to straighten him out, but I still have an uneasy feeling about it...”

Chloe went pale.

“Wait... you didn’t... call *Brandon*, did you?”

“Yeah, I told him off. Why do you ask?”

“Listen, this is very important,” she said, choosing her words carefully. “What exactly did you say?”

Colt gave her the gist of what he had said. “...and I made sure he knew that if he messes with Robbie he messes with me.”

“Oh boy,” she said, wiping her forehead. Beads of sweat had appeared despite the store’s cool temperature. This isn’t good, my man. This is *not* good.”

“What, you think I’m scared of some store manager on a power trip? What’s he gonna do, dock my pay?”

“No,” said Chloe, the look of panic evident in her eyes. “You don’t get it. You need to find Rob *now*. Brandon isn’t harmless. He’s... he’s crazy. He could do anything to that kid...”

Colt’s stomach did a flip-flop. “Is my little boy in Danger? Where is Brandon?”

“Well, I don’t know but maybe you should start with Brandon’s office. It’s over that... way...”

Colt had taken off running before she could even finish her sentence.

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Robbie whined as the last bit of resistance went out of him and his bladder muscles failed. He had to go pee and he couldn’t hold it any longer.

Brandon smiled with glee as he watched Robbie give in. He relished the mixed look of relief and shame that showed on the smaller man’s face. He looked down at Robbie’s crotch in anticipation of the wet spot that would surely appear in Rob’s jeans. One second... five seconds... but nothing appeared. He frowned.

“What the... what’s going on, loser? I *know* you pissed your pants, you little pants wetter. So why aren’t your pants getting wet?”

Robbie’s face went bright red. “I- I- I’m n-not a p-p-pants wetter.”

“Oh really? You want to see the video again?”

Brandon pulled out his phone with his free hand to show Robbie the video from yesterday, but Robbie managed to yank his hands free. Robbie turned to run out of the employee area but Brandon grabbed a hold of his wrist, stopping him before he could get out of reach.

“Not so fast, you little pipsqueak. I *know* you just pissed yourself. I’m gonna find out what happened.” Brandon began to undo Robbie’s belt.

“N-no! Please let me go!” cried Robbie, feeling completely violated and scared. Robbie reached a shaky hand into his pocket to call Colt. But as he pulled the phone out of his pocket, the pacifier fell out as well.

Brandon’s eyes zeroed in on the pacifier as it clattered to the floor, gripping Rob’s wrist more tightly, and causing him to cry out in pain.

“What the fuck are you, some sort of *freak*? Is widdle Robbie a big baby? No wonder you piss your pants.” Brandon grinned down at the terrified boy, feeling like he had won. “Fine. This is perfect, in fact...” Brandon’s grin grew more devilish as he began to undo his own belt. “I’m going to teach you what happens to pants pissers who show up late to work.”

“Not so fast,” came a voice from the employee entrance.

It was Colt. Robbie had never been happier to see him.

Startled, Brandon released his grip and Robbie ran to Colt, hugging him and burying his face in the larger man’s belly.

“You came! You came! Don’t let him get me, please!”

Colt picked Robbie up and gave him a big hug and a kiss on the cheek.

“It’s okay, baby boy,” he whispered in Rob’s ear. “I’m here now.”

Rob was so scared he was shaking, and Colt shot Brandon a look that could kill before looking back at his boy and gave him a kiss attack, causing Robbie to giggle a bit despite his tears and look up at him lovingly.

“Hi,” said Colt, looking his beautiful boy in the eyes. “You’re safe with me. I’ll never let anything happen to you. Do you understand?”

“What the fuck is happening right now? Who are you?” asked Brandon, completely confused and angered by Colt and Robbie’s actions, and the fact that they were ignoring him.

Robbie looked back over to Brandon in a panic, but Colt swung around so he blocked Robbie’s view of the big bully. He began to walk toward the exit while Brandon was still talking.

“Just look at me, sweetie.” He said to Robbie, holding the boy’s gaze. “Don’t take your eyes off of me.”

“Where the fuck do you think you’re going? If you leave, you’re fired, Rob. Do you hear me?”

Colt just kept walking. "Don't listen, baby boy. He can't hurt you now. We're leaving."

"I'll upload the video to every video and porn site there is, Rob! You'll be famous! You want that, you little pants pisser?"

Colt stopped dead with his hand on the door handle. He saw the pain and terror in his little boy's eyes and he couldn't take it anymore. He opened the door and set Robbie down in the main shopping area.

"Sweetie," he said, putting his hand on Robbie's shoulder. "I want you to stay here and cover your ears, okay? Just wait right here and cover your ears and I'll be right out."

"Please don't let him do it," Rob said, panicked, but Colt just shushed him.

"I won't, sweetie. I promise. But I need you to be my brave boy and stand outside for just a minute."

Robbie was still terrified to leave Colt's side.

"B-but what if he h-h-hurts you?"

Colt gave him a half-smile and ruffled his hair.

"Don't worry about that pale and flabby loser. He couldn't hurt me if he tried."

Reluctantly, Rob allowed himself to be shooed out of the employees area. Colt shut the door, then he turned around and cracked his knuckles. So much for playing nice.

"We need to talk." He said, holding Brandon's gaze as he approached the man.

"You're in an employee only zone," said Brandon, unconsciously backing away slightly. "That's trespassing! I'm going to have you and that worthless pants pisser baby escorted off of SuperDuperMarket property!"

"No need. We were just leaving, as soon as you hand over your phone."

"And why would I do that?" asked Brandon, holding the phone away so the man wouldn't be able to lunge for it if he got too close.

"Are you aware that you've committed multiple offenses that will dig you and the company you work for in a hole so deep, you won't know up from down?"

"What are you, a lawyer?"

"Actually, I am. And I've been putting assholes like you out of business for over a decade. There's only one way this ends well for you, and that's to hand over the phone and do what I say."

"You're crazy," said Brandon, beginning to get an uneasy feeling in his stomach. Do you know who I am?"

"I know exactly who you are. Brandon Cobblecotter II, son of the chief marketing director of SuperDuperMarket, Brandon Cobblecotter, and a pain in the ass of everyone in your life. And I'm sorry to say that Daddy is not going to help you *this* time, Junior."

Colt stared Brandon down, but like a stubborn mule, Brandon just dug his heels in. "Oh really? You can talk to my lawyer!"

Colt raised his eyebrows for a second, then shrugged and brought out his phone. "Don't mind if I do."

Brandon was shocked when Colt actually pulled out his phone to call the lawyer. Nothing seemed to intimidate Colt. Not his Dad's name, not the mention of a lawyer. Brandon didn't like that one bit. Unbeknownst to Brandon, Colt had done his research and he knew exactly who he wanted to speak to and what he was going to say."

"Hi, there, Mr. Reed? The name's Colt Smith of Smith and Klein. Yes, *that* Colt Smith. I've got a complaint against one of your SuperDuperMart managers as well as the company for allowing him to abuse employees. I think you can guess which one. Yes, Junior. In fact, I've just caught Brandon abusing one of my clients, and I have recorded proof. That's right. Would you like to speak to him? Here. Let me put you on speaker."

"What have you done this time, Brandon?" asked the lawyer.

Brandon turned white as he heard the man's voice and realized that Colt's threats might be very real.

"What did you do, Brandon?"

"N-nothin'. I didn't-"

Colt cut him off to answer the questions for the lawyer. "He denied an employee bathroom breaks, forced him to piss himself, filmed it, blackmailed him with the recording and forced him to keep working without any break or chance to change out of his clothes. Then, when that employee returned to work today, he decided to add assault and battery to the list of offenses. And that's just one employee. I've talked to others. I hate to punish SuperDuperMarket for one manager's actions, but unless this can be redressed, I'm afraid this could end up in court. I should also mention that I have a *personal* interest in this case and the wellbeing of the employee in question."

"Colt - do you mind if I call you Colt? Can we talk for a moment? Professional to professional? Let's turn off the speaker phone for a second..."

"Hey now wait a minute," said Brandon, but the lawyer cut him off.

"Shut up, Junior. Do you know who you pissed off?"

“Well, I-”

“No, you haven’t got a clue. Your father and I have had enough of your antics and he’s already told me to do what I need to if something like this happens so you just be quiet and let the adults talk things out.”

Brandon crossed his arms and sat in his seat, sulking. He was pissed that he was always treated like a liability by his father and corporate. But he was also scared. He always picked on those weaker than him, and this time he felt like he might have bitten off more than he could chew.

Colt and the lawyer talked for a good ten minutes about what Brandon did, and what could be done to redress his client’s grievances. The two of them negotiated a decent sized payment for Robbie in exchange for dropping the claim against the company. As for Brandon himself, he would be terminated immediately.

“Of course we’d need your client to sign an NDA.”

“That’s going to be a problem, Harry, unless we can make sure this doesn’t happen again - to *anyone* that Brandon has harassed or might harass in the future. If you want my client’s silence, there’s going to be one important stipulation.”

“I’m listening...”

“Brandon must agree to sign up for a rehabilitation program. If he does not, I’m afraid we’ll have to take this to court. You might want to call Daddy in on this one...”

“Hold on, let me call him on another line and bring him over.”

It wasn’t even a minute before the lawyer and the CMD were both in a teleconference with Colt, much to Brandon’s surprise and annoyance.

“So what’s my wayward son gotten himself into this time?” came the weary voice of a father at the end of his rope.

Colt repeated his summary of events and mentioned he was willing to put this all behind an NDA and indemnity agreement with the agreed upon compensation... if Brandon was willing to sign up for an “anger management and rehabilitation” program of his choosing.

“What do you think of all this, Harry?”

“Obviously, I can’t give my professional opinion without reviewing the documents... but off the record, Mr. Cobblecatter? Take the damn deal.”

“Put me on speaker phone,” said Mr. Cobblecatter. “I’ve got a few words for Junior.”

“I ain’t going to no rehab, dude,” said Brandon, the moment he heard the terms of the deal. “This is a bunch of bullshit.”

"Son, sign the damn contract."

"But Dad, I—"

"This was your last chance and you blew it. If they press charges you're on your own. Either you sign or you will spend the night in jail for assault and battery, and Daddy won't be bailing you out this time. But even if I did, do you really want to be led out of Superdupermarket in cuffs? I sure don't want to see that on the local news."

Brandon's cheeks burned red but he realized he didn't have a choice. "Fine. I'll sign it."

"Good," said Mr. Reed, stepping in before things got more heated. "Well, that's settled then. We'll meet tomorrow to get those documents and terms squared away, Colt. You said you have the contract already made up for the rehab program?"

"I *wrote* the contracts for the program, actually, and I can tell you it's *very* effective. Junior won't be getting into any more trouble once they're through with him. In fact, I'm putting in the request as I speak. They should show up in the next 24 hours. All he needs to do is give his verbal consent and we all just witnessed that. They'll take care of the rest."

"Do you need his address?" asked Mr. Cobblecoter.

"No, they'll find him," said Colt, looking the delinquent manager right in the eye.

Brandon squirmed. He didn't like that the other men were talking above him, and he especially didn't like the sound of the 'program' he was going to be a part of.

"Hopefully my son will finally learn a lesson about being a man instead of the immature lout he is right now," said Mr. Cobblecoter.

Colt smiled, knowing that that would *never* happen with the program he had in mind.

"Oh, and he has to hand over his phone too. I don't want him spreading that video around and hurting my client further. In fact, he should really be kept off of the internet entirely until he's finished with the program."

"What? That's ridiculous!" said Brandon. "No way I'm going to give up my phone *or* the internet."

"Brandon, hand over the phone and go home," said Brandon Sr. "You're grounded and you're off the job, effective immediately."

Brandon groaned and reluctantly handed over his phone, which Colt promptly made him disable the lock for. Colt thanked the men for their time and arranged for the next meeting between himself and Mr. Reed. After he hung up, he cast a disdainful glance at Brandon.

"Just remember," said Colt, "you're lucky you're not going to jail right now."

"Yeah, yeah," said Brandon as he began gathering his things to go.

"I wouldn't bother packing your stuff, Junior," said Colt. "You won't need it much longer."

Brandon rolled his eyes but his heart quickened. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"You'll find out soon enough, pants pisser," said Colt, grabbing Robbie's work bag and turning heel.

"What the fuck do you- Hey! What the fuck?!" Brandon felt his pants grow warm as a wet spot appeared, followed by the splashing sound of urine hitting the floor.

"Keep the pacifier, asshole. You'll need it," Colt called out as he continued walking away.

He smiled as he walked off, relishing the sound of the panicked man trying to stop the flow of urine in his pants. The little talk he'd had over the phone with Brandon the day before had given Colt the perfect opportunity to set up a hypnotic trigger, a trick he had learned from his fraternity days. He was perversely happy that he'd had the chance to use it on someone like Brandon. "Just wait til you start your training, Junior," said Colt under his breath. This would hardly be the last wet pair of pants for Brandon.

Colt stepped outside, leaving Brandon to figure out his mess, and turned his attention to Robbie. The moment he saw Robbie standing there like a scared child, he picked Robbie up in his arms, holding his precious boy close.

Rob blushed as he was held like a little boy in the middle of the store. It was one thing to do it at home, quite another to do it in public. However, he wasn't about to let go of his protector. Besides, he was far more worried about the menace behind the door.

"W-what happened?" he asked Colt, thinking over all the terrible possibilities he'd been imagining as he waited.

"Don't worry, little dude. I took care of it."

Colt flashed him Brandon's phone and Robbie's eyes went wide. He'd done it. He'd *actually* done it. Robbie was still shaken from the encounter, and Colt carried him through the store, telling him to hold on tight. Colt grabbed Robbie's thumb and gently guided it into the little boy's mouth.

"Shhh, shhh, shhh, it's okay sweetie. Don't worry. You won't have to come back here ever again."

Robbie squeezed his eyes shut and laid his head on Colt's chest, tears coming out from between his eyelashes as he sobbed. He didn't care how he looked right then. He just needed Colt to hold him tight til he felt safe.



Colt knew now that he was wrong about letting Robbie continue his big boy life. Robbie needed to be little as much as Colt needed to baby him.

"But what about my job?" asked Robbie.

"That was the last straw, Robbie. I don't want you out on your own anymore, so from now on, no more being a big boy and no more big boy job. You're going to stay at home with me from now on, okay, sweetheart?"

Robbie nodded, burying his face in Colt's chest. Once again, he was making a mess of Colt's shirt with his tears and dripping nose, but Colt didn't mind. In fact, it made him feel good to be the one that Robbie clung to in his most desperate moments.

On the way out they came across Chloe who saw the state of Robbie and feared the worst.

"Look at that precious boy! What did the asshole do this time? Please tell me you clocked him good."

"Didn't have to. I got him fired."

"Hell yes," she said, but then stopped, remembering that there was a boy in distress in front of her. "Is... is he gonna be alright?"

"I think so. He just needs some time to recuperate. He's no longer going to work here. I've decided I'm keeping him home with me."

"O-okay," she said, processing that information. "W-well I hope you visit some time, Robbie," she said to the man who was still sucking his thumb and being held like a little boy. Robbie managed to give a weak nod before collapsing back on Colt's chest, exhausted from the emotional upheaval of the last half hour.

"Let's go home, kiddo."

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Colt carried Robbie out of Superdupermart and through the parking lot to his car. He sat Robbie in the back seat, buckling him in safe and secure. He took the teddy out of the bag and handed it to the boy, kissing him on the head.

"You gonna be okay for the car ride home, sweetie?" asked Colt.

Robbie just nodded, looking down at his lap and squeezing the bear as tears clouded his vision. Colt was absolutely torn up inside seeing those tears fall from his little boy's eyes. He gave his boy one more kiss and said, "I'll be just a minute, buddy. Hold Mr. Cuddles tight til then."

As soon as the door was shut, he put in his earpiece and dialed out.

"Hi Beth, it's Colt. Yes, good to hear your voice. Listen, is Dr. S in? He is? Oh thank you, patch me through. We'll have to catch up later." A few seconds later, he was

greeted by the familiar voice of his former professor and employer. "Hi, Doctor. It's me. Yes, it's been a while. I'm calling because I have a favor to ask of you. You have a new patient coming in. His name is Brandon Cottercobbler. I wanted to let you know I have a special interest in this one, so can you make sure he gets special treatment?"

"Now this is getting interesting," said the man on the other end. "What's the story?"

"Right now, I have a sweet little boy in the back of my car crying his eyes out because of that man. I don't want him to ever be able to do that to another person again. He threatened to expose my boy online, and I'd like him to know how it feels to be bullied and exposed. And one more thing. Can you make sure his lessons are... permanently learned?"

"Anything for you, Colt. I'll see to it personally. You have my word."

Colt sighed. "Thank you."

"No problem. Would you like me to send you updates on his progress?"

"I would. And I'm not the only one. I think it will be good for his former employees to see what happened to that man. Maybe he can be an example for other assholes who think they can just push their employees around."

"You're really fired up, aren't you Colt? I like the enthusiasm! Don't worry, it's not a problem. We've had our share of bullies in the program, as I'm sure you remember, and Dr. H. takes particular pleasure in bringing them down to earth. We're going to have fun with this one."

"Thank you," said Colt. "I can't wait to see it. Now I think it's time I took my baby boy home."

Colt got back in the driver's seat and drove straight home, checking the rearview from moment to moment to make sure Robbie was alright.

When they got home, he carried Robbie straight up to the bathroom. Robbie allowed Colt to undress him without complaint as he was told to lift his arms and step out of his shorts. Colt tossed those clothes into the diaper pail, garnering a shocked expression from Robbie.

"You won't need those anymore, sweetie."

"I-is it really okay?" asked Robbie.

"Little *dude*," said Colt, bringing the now seminude boy into a big hug. "Of course it is! This is exactly how you are meant to be. Little boys shouldn't have to work. They should just stay little at home with *me*."

It was meant to get a laugh, but Robbie just nodded, letting out a deep breath. It was as if a huge weight had been lifted from his chest. He felt like he could just collapse into the tub after such a trying emotional day, but Colt had other plans.

“Okay, sweetie,” Colt said, turning on the faucet to let the water warm up. “Let’s put you on the potty before bath time and see if you can go number twos.”

“But Colt. I don’t have to go potties!”

“Remember what we talked about this morning, buddy? It’s been days since you went number twos. Try to go now, okay?”

Robbie looked down and nodded. He let Colt pull down his soaked pull-up and sit him on the potty. He strained to go while Colt kept monitoring the water temperature. A few minutes passed but nothing came out. All that happened was the water made him tinkle some more pee-pee into the potty.

“Time’s up,” said Colt, finally, turning off the water and wiping his hand dry on a towel. He put his hands under Robbie’s

“What are you gonna do?” asked Robbie, mystified as Colt pulled down a hose with a nozzle on the end.

“I’m gonna help you go potty,” said Colt, patting his lap.

“You *what?!*” asked Robbie, hardly believing his eyes.

“I told you this morning if you didn’t go number two I’d have to help you go. It’s been too many days since you did it. Now get on my lap, Robbie. Don’t make me ask twice.”

Robbie whimpered but did as he was told. He could see from Colt’s look that this was going to happen whether he liked it or not. His heart was thundering in his chest as he laid down on the man’s lap.

“That’s better, now just relax,” said Colt, as he lubed up the flexible hose and pressed it against Robbie’s pucker.

That was easy for Colt to say! He wasn’t the one on his tummy with a big hose pressed to his butt. Robbie whimpered as he felt it pressing against his back door. He’d never had anything back there before. Colt placed a steady hand on Robbie’s back to hold him in case he tried to get up.

“Don’t worry, little dude, this won’t hurt. I promise.”

As Colt pressed on, the pressure increased until suddenly the flexible hose popped in, causing Robbie to yelp.

“Ah! It feels weird!”

"It's okay, little guy. You'll get used to it. I promise it won't hurt. Now here comes the water. I want you to just breathe in and let your tummy expand. Don't push or bear down. Can you do that for me?"

"I-I think so," said Robbie, worried that he might slip up and disappoint Colt.

"That's my good boy. All you have to do is relax. I'll do the rest."

Colt diverted a bit of water to the hose, enough to flow into his boy gently. At first, Robbie could hardly feel it, but then he started to feel a cramp in his tummy. When that happened, Colt reached down and massaged the boy's belly with circular motions and the cramps subsided. This happened about three or four times before Colt finally shut the water off.

"Now what?" asked Robbie.

"Now, we wait," said Colt, looking at his watch.

After a few minutes, Robbie began to squirm, but Colt held him fast.

"Hold it.... Hold it..."

Robbie scrunched up his face and clenched his butt cheeks to hold everything in. Luckily, he never had trouble in that department. Somehow he managed to hold it until Colt raised him up and put him onto the potty.

"Okay, little guy. Let it all out."

Robbie immediately relaxed and a sploosh of water could be heard below. He blushed bright crimson at the rude noises coming from his butt, and the fact that Colt was right there watching him.

"Don't be embarrassed, Robbie. It's my responsibility to make sure you're happy and healthy, so I gotta see everything. Remember how I said no more hiding?"

"Y-yeah, but... unh..." A brief cramp and another sploosh interrupted Robbie's thought. "H-how long do I have to stay on here?"

"About 30 minutes or so, buddy," said Colt.

"R-really?" asked Robbie, shocked. It seemed like so long to him.

"I know, tell ya what. Why don't we play a game while we wait?"

"How am I gonna play a game on the potty?"

"Easy! I'll look at something in the bathroom and you have to guess what it is. Then it's my turn."

"Can I ask questions?"

"Yes. But I don't have to answer all of them."

Robbie thought the game sounded rather silly but he had nothing better to do at the moment, so he played along.

"Okay, I see something that begins with a "C"..."

"Is it yellow?"

"No."

"Is it used for bathing?"

"No."

"Does it make noise?"

"Lots."

"Um.... I don't know...A rubber duckie?"

"Nope! Give up? It's a cute little boy!" said Colt tickling Robbie, causing him to squirm and giggle.

"No fair, Colt! That was too hard!"

Colt chuckled. That wasn't the only thing that was hard at that moment. Luckily, Colt had learned from yesterday's experience and remained clothed this time. Nothing turned him on more than taking Robbie down another step past his comfort zone into infancy, and allowing Colt to see him do his business was a big step. Rob's embarrassing potty time would be fuel for many a masturbation session in the future, of that Colt was sure.

After that, Robbie seemed to get into the game wholeheartedly and before he knew it, time was up.

"Aww, do we have to?"

Colt just chuckled, happy to see his boy enjoying himself after a hard day.

"Come on off of there, kiddo. It's time to get you in the tub!"

Colt helped Robbie into the warm water and Robbie relaxed as Colt bathed him once more. He was feeling less shy about Colt touching him, even down *there*. After two bathings, several trips to the potty, and a few very exciting changes, there wasn't much Colt had not seen anyway. He was, however, surprised when Colt brought out a shaving kit.

"What's *that* for?" asked Robbie.

"Well, you did wet your pull-ups today, which tells me you should probably have a little more protection for daytime accidents. Don't worry," he added, seeing Robbie begin to get agitated. "Your pull-ups held up this time so I won't insist you wear diapers

during the day. But boys who walk around in wet diapers and pull-ups need to stay smooth down there so their skin doesn't get all ouchie and smelly from bacteria."

Robbie knitted his brows. "I never heard that before."

"Well, that's because most little boys don't have hair down there. But since you're a *big* little boy, we gotta shave off that big boy hair." Colt saw that Robbie wasn't convinced. "Look, I promise it won't hurt, and it'll help you be little. I think you'll like it."

"Really?" asked Robbie, still skeptical.

"Well, if you don't, it'll grow right back. Let's give it a try. I'm not taking no for an answer, little one."

Robbie didn't have the energy for a fight after his brief but stressful day at work, so he just laid back as Colt instructed and let him take care of the rest.

"Is it gonna cut me?" asked Rob, fearful as Colt picked up the safety razor.

"Not a chance, kiddo," said Colt, setting it down and looking Rob in the eyes. "I put super good shave gel on you to protect your skin," he said, poking Robbie's belly button and making him giggle, "and these razors are made for extra sensitive parts like these little parts down here!" He tickled Robbie's boy bits, causing him to squirm and giggle even more.

"Now, enough of that. Just lay back and close your eyes and I'll take care of the rest."

Robbie did as he was told, and Colt took a second to admire the adorable little guy before he got to work taking off all his big boy hair. Robbie was adorably handsome but even cuter as a baby, and Colt was excited to strip those final vestiges of manhood away, like a craftsman polishing a fine piece of finished wood. With every swipe of the razor, another swathe of sparse curly hairs came right off of Robbie, leaving his little balls and peanut smooth as a baby. He worked quickly, rinsing off the razor every so often before working on the next area. To Rob, it felt like Colt was simply scraping away the shaving gel. He was still wondering when Colt would start with the actual shaving when Colt announced he was done with that part and told Robbie to open his eyes and see for himself.

"Wow, I didn't even feel it," Robbie said, hardly able to believe how smooth he was down there.

"I told you it wouldn't hurt!" said Colt, smiling triumphantly. "Ah ah ah, don't get up. We're not done yet, little guy."

Robbie was confused when Colt rubbed more cream on his armpits and the little bits of fluff appearing on his chest.

"Is this really necessary?" asked Robbie, as Colt lifted his arms and shaved underneath. He felt strangely emasculated by the loss of the little hair that had developed on the rest of his body and wasn't sure how to feel about that.

"How many little boys do you know with big boy hairs on their chest and armpits?" Asked Colt, as he continued his work on the other armpit.

"None..." said Robbie, quietly.

"And what did we agree you were going to be from now on?"

"A little boy," Robbie said, so quietly it was almost a whisper.

"Exactamundo, Robbie," said Colt, finishing up with the handful of hairs on Robbie's chest. "Now get on your hands and knees. I have one last important area to shave." This was Colt's last stop since the hair on the rest of Robbie's body was too fine to even bother with.

Once Robbie was in position, Colt began to spread gel on Robbie's pink little pucker, which caused Robbie to gasp and blush as he was still not used to anyone touching him back there.

"No squirming, little guy," said Colt. "I gotta make sure you're smooth back there too, cause if you have an accident, your little tushy gets wet as well!"

As embarrassing as it was, being shaved back there wasn't so bad. Just a few more swipes behind and Robbie's butt was good to go. But then, Colt decided a closer inspection was needed to make sure he got everything. He ran his thumb around Robbie's hole, causing the boy to let out a little sound between a whimper and a moan. Robbie's heart raced. He was getting used to Colt touching his boy bits but this was a whole new area for him.

Colt smiled, imagining that juicy pucker opening wide as he gave Robbie one of his special "horsie rides," but that would come later, and only when Robbie was ready.

"Mmm, yup. Nice and smooth," he said, Finally, patting the boy's butt. Colt left it at that. He was still getting Robbie comfortable with little space and giving up control. He didn't want to muddy the waters by showing the boy his own excitement quite yet, even if he would have to walk funny for a while until the throbbing boner snaking down his pants went down.

Colt rinsed Robbie off and brought him to the mirror. "What do you see in the mirror, little guy? A man, or an adorable little boy?"

"A I-little boy," said Rob, sticking his thumb in his mouth with a shy smile as he stared at himself.

"That's right, little guy. You're just a little boy! And you get to stay this way all the time now because that's what makes you happy."

Robbie couldn't believe how different he looked without any body hair. Seeing his pubic hair gone made Robbie blush hardest of all, and for some strange reason it made his pecker stand at attention too.

"See? I told you you'd like it! Your little pee-pee seems to like it too! And it sure does look cute that way!"

Rob just blushed harder, covering his face with his hands, but Colt took one of them and led him off saying, "No time for that now! We've gotta get you padded before we have an accident!"

"Aww, c'mon, Colt, I'm not *that* bad."

"Tell that to the potty chart, Mr. Guess who's getting another wet day on there? Keep this up and you're going back into pampers full time!"

Robbie squirmed at that. As much of a protest as he put up, though, he didn't think that was such a bad idea. Colt saw the gears turning in Robbie's head and thought maybe, just maybe, it was time to let the other penny drop with the secret room. He just wasn't sure if Robbie was ready. Luckily, he had a little test to find out. Colt put Robbie's waterproof blankie on his bed and plopped Robbie down on top of it.

"Wait right here, little buddy. I'll be right back!"

Robbie wasn't going anywhere. He was too busy exploring his hairless body. His skin felt so sensitive where the hair had been. And he was fascinated by the way his balls and pee-pee looked bald. Colt was gone mere moments, but in that time, Robbie had managed to work himself up to a full erection, and seemed surprised and embarrassed when Colt returned.

"Aww! Somebody's excited for their padding!"

"Am not!" said Robbie, covering himself up and blushing scarlet.

"Okay, okay, I'm just teasing you little guy," said Colt, petting Robbie's head. Then he brought out his other hand from behind his back and showed Robbie what he had brought.

"Okay, little guy, moment of truth. I already told you no more big boy. Now the question is, are you a little boy, or an itty-bitty baby boy?"

Colt held up a diaper and a pull-up. Robbie looked between the two of them.

"You can still try to wear pull-ups during the day if you want," said Colt. "But if you have too many leaks, you're going back into diapers full-time."

Robbie started to protest, but Colt interrupted him. "Or- Hey, I'm not finished yet. Or, you can go back into diapers right now, and we take down the potty chart. But if we do that, it means you're going baby all the way, ok? That means no more big boy food, no more big boy shows, and no more big boy clothes."



Robbie nodded his understanding, mirroring the serious tone of his roommate. Colt smiled, proud of himself. Once again, Robbie had been given two choices toward the same end. While Robbie was distracted by the choice of what underwear to wear, Colt had just established that going back into diapers during the day meant full on baby treatment. Robbie didn't even think to question it, and as a result, Robbie had just sealed his fate without even realizing it. Regardless of Robbie's choice, Colt would make sure the boy had enough accidents to merit diapers during the day, which meant sooner or later, Robbie was going to take a one-way trip to toddler town.

"Well, buddy? What'll it be?"

Was Robbie finally ready to stop running and embrace his babyish tendencies? Would Robbie even admit to himself that he *wanted* to be Colt's baby? How much longer could Colt keep his aching dick in check if Robbie said no? All these questions were buzzing in Colt's mind as he watched Robbie open his mouth to give his answer.

"I want... *that* one."