

Babied by Billy
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Chapter 14: Lowered Expectations

The next class was Spanish. Yes, I was taking a foreign language, hardly an easy subject under normal circumstances. But when you're wheeled into class on the first day in a stroller, well you've already got the deck stacked against you. The moment we strolled in, a tall woman with long black hair, ornate silver earrings, and a shawl over her shoulders rushed over. It was the professor, Doctor Les Paña. She held her knuckles by her cheeks and squeezed them til they were white. it seemed like she didn't know what to do with herself.

“¡Mi amor! Oh, que lindo eres de bebe.”

She spoke a long string of words I couldn't understand and then turned to Tank. Even my protector had taken a step back to clear space for her effusive onslaught. All he could do was try to answer her rapid-fire questions.

“Yes, that's his chaperone over there. No, you don't need to feed him or burp him or anything like that. Huh. Well, if you really want to... Oh yes, adapting his assignments would be very helpful. He can't really write or type with his hands the way they are right now...”

He was referring to my mitts, of course.

“I'd be more than happy to take the mitts off for class,” I said. That just drew a chuckle from Tank and a ruffle of my already messy hair.

“Little boy, you don't get a say in this. No more interruptions while adults are talking, okay?”

It really wasn't okay, but there wasn't much I could do about it anyway so I just kind of huffed and nodded.

“He's too cute,” said the professor.

That only made me more huffy and embarrassed. I thought my professors would either resent me or ignore me, but this extra attention was worse. No going back now. If it wasn't already established, this week would cement my image as the biggest baby on campus in everyone's mind. My plans of 'getting back to normal' were seeming further and further from the realm of possibility.

Tank managed to extricate himself from the conversation and wheeled me over toward the desks. The seats were arranged around long tables that were set up in a horseshoe shape. A chalk board was at the open end, and a few students were already at each table. We stopped next to the girl I met in Biology 101 on Monday. Her name, it turns out, was Katie, and she was not a regular student in this class. I'd have known because the class only had a couple dozen students to start with.

“Look at you, cutie! Did you pick this outfit out yourself?” Her bubblegum pink lips parted in a genuine smile that soon returned to its usual sly tilt. “I see you brought the new boyfriend again! I’ll bet he helped, huh?”

“Ah... hehe, I’m... not his boyfriend,” said Tank, visibly flustered. I was a bit taken aback. I had never seen him blush like that before. “Just his caretaker.”

“Uh huh, sure.” She said. “Well, don’t you worry mister caretaker, I got all the instructions this morning. Hey,” she said, placing a hand on his arm, “I know you don’t want to leave him, but he’ll be okay. I’m a professionally trained sitter, so you can count on me. Here, take my number if it makes you feel better.”

“Actually that *would* make me feel better,” he said with a relieved smile.

I spit out my paci and whispered, “come on, guys this is embarrassing! Please take me home!”

But Tank had the paci back in my mouth before I could finish my sentence and held it there as he finished his chat with Katie.

“You’re gonna be late to your class, Mr. Caretaker,” she said, finally, and Tank took the hint.

“Okay, you be good Jimmy and do what Katie tells you. And don’t you dare spit out that paci without permission or I’ll have to spank ya!”

I cringed as several students turned to look at us. The giggles around the room made it obvious that Tank had no concept of discretion when it came to his little guy. He just continued on as if oblivious to all of it.

“He’s got two bottles in the diaper bag... and a change of diapers of course. And if he gets fussy just have him smell the bear – I know it sounds weird, but it works. Oh, and he likes-”

“Hey, I got this, big guy,” she said with a laugh. “Now go on git before the professor drags you out!”

Tank finally left and Katie leaned in and popped out my paci as the professor took roll.

“I told you; new boyfriends get clingy. Didn’t I tell you? They’re big puppy dogs. Hey, you know what though? That’s good for you because... the thing about puppy dogs is... they will do anything for a treat.”

“Treat?” I wasn’t following.

“Yeah, lover boy! You know, just smile and be cute. Give him a kiss. Call him Daddy. He’ll be putty in your hands, I’m telling you.”

“Oh no, it’s not like that, I- I- ah...” I could feel my face getting hot as I tried to figure out what it was I was even trying to deny.

“Just think about it. You’d be surprised how many bees you can catch with a little honey.”

She gave me a wink. I just shook my head and smiled behind my paci. She had a point. I had to give her that. I just didn’t know what I really wanted yet.

I then looked around and remembered where I was. All the students were seated, but I was still strapped into my stroller.

“Hey, can you let me out of this?” I patted the straps with my padded hands.

“Oh,” she said, in surprise, reaching for my buckles. Something stopped her, though, and she pulled her hands back. “Actually, maybe we should leave you strapped in where you can’t get into trouble.”

“Get into trouble? Come on! I’m not an actual baby.”

“Hola, amigos! Bienvenidos a Spanish 101.”

“Hola, Doctor Paña,” said the class in unison.

She must have noticed me trying to make myself invisible in the stroller because she immediately turned her attention to me.

“Niñito... little boy, can you say Hola, Doctor Paña?” She repeated herself more slowly. “Hola, Doctor Paña.”

Why was she talking to me like this? It wasn’t my first day. No, that was wrong. It *was* my first day... as a baby. And that made all the difference. My confidence shot, I gulped and squeaked out an “Hola, Doctor Paña.” The way I said it only made me sound more like a shy little boy.

“Very good, mi amor!” she said in a patronizing voice. I was being praised for being able to say words at all. “So cute,” the doctor said to herself before going back to the board.

Would the whole class be like this? The answer was yes. If I ever fell out of step with the other students, she would stop and make sure I spoke. I was praised for the most miniscule of accomplishments. When we paired up, I was with Katie.

Most groups practiced phrases from the chapter’s story. “Hello. How are you? Where is the library? Hola. Cómo estás. ¿Donde está la biblioteca?” But I didn’t get to continue with the regular book. Instead, I got a special worksheet with my own words and vocabulary and conversations to practice. I read over the words aloud.

“Papa. Pipi. Caca. Chupeta.” I looked up at the teacher in shock. She was teaching me *baby* Spanish! These words were the baby-talk equivalent of “Num nums, peepee, poopoo, bottle,” and other such insignificant terms.

“I think these words will be more useful for the little one, so please practice these with him.”

“Sure thing,” said Katie, taking the paper with a smile. Okay kiddo. Let’s give it a try.

I crossed my arms and turned my head away. “I don’t want to speak baby talk.”

“Oh come on, don’t be like that, kiddo,” said Katie, pouting. “Be a good boy for me, I hate to have to tattle on you. I heard Tank was gonna spank his boy in the hall if he didn’t behave today. He also said I could punish you if I had to...”

My eyes went wide at that. She was bluffing. She had to be. Then she leaned forward and reached for the snaps of my Jon-Jon.

“Okay, okay, I’ll do it,” I said.

Reluctantly, I began to practice the baby talk. This was all they were going to teach me, I realized. I thought bargaining to keep my classes would be a last lifeline to my adult life. In fact, my classes were just another opportunity for baby training and conditioning. I felt a pit in the bottom of my stomach as I thought about my future as a college student. It felt to me like it had hit a brick wall. Was college even worth it at this point?

While I pondered academic potentialities, Katie had something very different in mind. I jumped when I felt a pop from the vicinity of my legs.

“Wha-?” I began, but Katie quickly had my pacifier back into my mouth.

“You heard Mr. Caretaker,” she said. “You keep that paci in. I’d hate to have to tattle on you, but I’ll give you the first one free.” She then resumed unsnapping my pants the rest of the way.

“Wow, you are a wet boy!” she said in amazement, squeezing my soggy crotch.

I whined and squeezed my eyes shut. Could I crawl into a hole and die? I hoped so. The worst thing was, her touch felt *good*. Cum in my pants good.

Strapped in the stroller as I was, everyone could see Katie popping open the snaps to reveal my soggy Diaper Pals diapers. The energy in the classroom went into overdrive as everyone reacted to the spectacle in front of them.

Dr. Paña quickly intervened. “I can take care of him. Why don’t you grab a bottle and join me at the desk?” She looked like she had been waiting for this moment, because Katie barely had time to get out of the way before I was wheeled over to the teacher’s desk and unbuckled.

I looked back at Katie and mouthed “Help!” but just got a shrug in return. Nobody in the classroom was even pretending to get into groups and talk. They were all intent on watching the scene unfolding before them.

I looked around for a changing table but there wasn’t one. I realized that I was going to be changed on the teacher’s desk. I tried to fight her off as she reached under my arms to help me up, but instead I just said, “I need help feeling little...”

The teacher searched around the back of my stroller and came up with my teddy Theo.

“Here you go, chiquitito.”

I instinctively grasped onto the teddy as he was pressed into my chest, and he distracted me long enough for her to guide me up to the desk and lay me on my back. I was vaguely aware of her cooing over me. Of the cold air hitting my diaper area. Of my legs being lifted and cold wipes brushing over my skin. I noticed all these things, but only barely. And then the nipple of a bottle was pressed between my lips and I began to suck the sweet nectar from its teat.

“With how much he’s wet he’s probably a little dehydrated.”

I could hear the voices of the two women above me, but they were far away and unimportant. My whole world was filled with the sweet creamy flavor of formula, the feel of my teddy bear, the warmth spreading through me as my tummy filled up. I snapped out of it as I was sat up. The bottle was gone, and I became aware that I was babbling. I clamped my mouth shut and looked around. The whole class was staring. Some of the students were fascinated, and some, like Doctor Paña, were enamored. The truth was it didn’t matter which they were, I didn’t like any of the new attention. I did the only thing I could think to do, which was hide my face in Theo’s chest. This drew a chorus of ‘Awwwws’ and giggles from the class.

I was gently guided back into my stroller and rolled back to my seat. Katie petted me on the head and called me a good boy. That special phrase caused warm tingles to run down my body and right into my diaper, warming it up nicely in front. I felt a little better with the praise, and Theo, and my paci. They were able to keep me from completely freaking out. My diapers helped too. They made me feel comfortable and safe.

I was glad I was in diapers at that moment. In between snuggling Theo and sucking on my paci, I kept squeezing my legs together and patting the huge bulge to assure myself my diapers were still there underneath my Jon-Jon. When I looked up again, I saw that the class had cleared out and Dr. Paña and Katie were standing above me, chatting. What was happening to me? Why was I spacing out so much? I struggled to focus on what they were saying. They looked down at me.

“I have a special homework assignment for you, tiquitito.”

Great, more special treatment.

“For homework I want you to watch season 1 of Flora the Explorer. I think you’ll learn a lot from it.”

“Can you do that, little guy?” asked Katie. “I can help you do your homework. I’ll come over and we can have a study session!”

So this was it. Nothing more was expected of me than to talk to my teddy, watch cartoons and speak baby talk? I couldn’t wait to see what they had planned for me in math class. Pattern blocks? A toy abacus? A few rounds of ‘one-two buckle my shoe’?

By the time Tank returned, I was ready to throw in the towel and go home. But all of my gloomy thoughts were swept away when I caught sight of my massive caretaker squeezing through the door frame. I found myself smiling and reaching up as he approached. He bent down and unstrapped me, holding me on one arm, and giving me kisses that made me giggle.

“How’s my little guy, didja miss me?”

I nodded and hugged onto him, squishing Theo between us as he spoke to Katie.

How was my little boy today? Well behaved?”

“A perfect Angel. He practiced his new words, he drank his bottle, he got a change, all without a single complaint!”

“Wow, really? I’m so proud of you, baby boy,” said Tank, pulling me into a bear hug that threatened to crush me.

“I think I’m gonna carry this little cutie to Calculus. Could you just park the stroller outside?”

Katie nodded and grabbed the stroller while Tank walked to the door with me on his arm.

“Wave bye-bye, Jimmy.”

Tank and I waved bye-bye to Doctor Paña. She smiled and waved back before we turned and continued on our way.

I entered my next class on Tank’s arm, still sucking my paci and still clutching my teddy. The class was similar in size to the Spanish 101 room. Big enough for maybe 30 students, it was mostly filled with the more studious types. Some would call them nerds, and until two days ago, I wouldn’t have stood out in this group. Now I didn’t know what I was. Was I really even a student?

My Chaperone in this class was the Alpha Beta guy who had briefly held me in the bathroom. He was tall and somewhat thin with pronounced dark eyebrows. He wore a black pullover and a backward baseball cap, and on second glance, I recognized him as one of the players on the

varsity baseball team. Him and Tank bumped fists, and Tank waved bye-bye. Tank seemed a lot more comfortable leaving me with an Alpha Beta – maybe they knew something I didn't?

“Hey lil' dude. Sorry about the language back there,” he said once Tank had left. “Us big boys sometimes have a potty mouth.”

“No pwobwem,” I said around my pacifier. “Fuck if I cawe!”

His eyes went wide, and his face went red. “Shhh! Man, please don't talk like that. If Tank thinks I had anything to do with it, he'll have my ass in a sling... or worse!”

The way he looked at me, I knew I was already being used as a cautionary tale for the other Alpha Betas. But I didn't care. I was just happy I actually got a normal seat again. Maybe this class would be a little less humiliating than the last. Small victories, right?

I looked around. Our tables were empty while everyone else had their big graphing calculators and the stupidly thick class textbook in front of them.

“Hey, do you hab my tex'book?”

“Oh,” he said, fumbling like I had thrown him a curveball on a quiz. “well, let's see what I have here.”

I watched as he dug through his backpack. If there was a huge calculus book in there it was pretty well hidden. Imagine my surprise when he sat back up and all he had in his hand was a toy calculator and some number blocks.

“How about these?”

I stared at the toys he placed on my desk. Then I looked at my mittened hands. Jason clearly wasn't the brightest bulb in the bush.

“Oh, I guess these won't work for you, huh?” he said, laughing nervously and scratching the back of his head.

“No,” I said, staring down at the desk and trying to keep calm, “dey won't.”

I knew better than to try and pick a fight with Jason. That would just trigger me to say, “I need help feeling little,” which in turn would get me babied even harder.

I was aggravated. It just wasn't fair! I had been told I would get to continue my classes. That was the whole reason I agreed to do this stupid program in the first place. Now, each class was a new ordeal. Technically they fulfilled the terms of my contract, but only in the most twisted and humiliating way imaginable. To be honest, I just wanted to go home and take a nice nap. Forget any notion of salvaging my former life. I tried to slow my breathing. I tried to control myself. But I found myself on the verge of a tantrum as class started.

The Calc professor was a heavysset French man with thick glasses, white curly hair, and permanent pit stains under the arms of his crumpled shirt. His name was Professor Câliner, and it would be a grievous mistake to assume his messy appearance had any bearing on his intelligence. The man was a genius. If only for the fact that he could enthrall a group of freshmen with lectures on a topic that put most people to sleep.

“Hello everyone,” he said in a grandiose voice that projected excitement and enthusiasm. “I’m so glad to see you once again as we embark on our grand exploration of ze beautiful masematics known as Calculus. Now here on ze board...”

He stopped short and looked my way as my sniffles turned to sobs. I was already seen as a baby, so I might as well cry. Maybe it would get me kicked out of class. Jason frantically tried to shush me, or calm me down, but it wasn’t working. Even the paci and the Teddy weren’t cutting it anymore. I was so done with today.

The professor said something, then he approached me.

“This is it,” I thought. “I’ll be out of here in no time.”

But to my surprise, the professor didn’t yell, or scold, or even frown. Instead, he just bent down and picked me up. I stopped crying immediately as I found myself being carried on his hip back to the board. I was so surprised that I forgot to even feel upset. I just looked around at the class. The board. Then him. He looked back and smiled, saying something in French that I couldn’t understand. I naturally smiled back. I didn’t mean to do it, it just kinda happened. Then he bounced me a bit on his hip and said, “How about a front row seat?”

I just nodded, still a little unsure of what to feel. I looked around. All eyes were on us. I began to feel self-conscious again and I let out a whimper, but the professor bounced me and shushed me, then he turned to the class and said, “Let me show you all something really interesting I know you’re gonna love.”

He began to fill the board with sketches of curves and names and numbers, often stopping to add a funny anecdote or explanation. His stories were so interesting, his enthusiasm so contagious, that I found myself completely captivated. I forgot that anyone was watching me as he continued with his lecture, and whenever I did get self-conscious, he bounced and shushed me, which I’m embarrassed to admit worked.

This bouncing had an embarrassing effect, though. Thanks to the stretching ring holding me open, all the bouncing caused air to go up into my open rectum, which culminated in a loud fart in the middle of his speech about L’Hôpital’s rule. I was so embarrassed. The Professor bounced me some more to calm me down, which caused a series of smaller farts following each bounce.

Frrt *Frrt* *Frrt*

I winced. There was nothing I could do to stop it – not with the ring holding me open.

“Shh shh shh...” he said, and when he managed to get my whimpers under control, the bouncing mercifully stopped.

By the grace of the powers that be, class eventually ended without a total blowout in my diaper. A group of students came up to fuss over me, saying how cute I was and complimenting the professor on how good he was with children. The Professor seemed to appreciate the attention, but he told them to please give me some space. I was handed over to Jason who held me on his hip just like the professor. I looked down at my bare toes and realized with chagrin that my feet hadn't touched the floor all day.

“Hey, lil' dude! Did you learn lots today? You sure make a cute teacher's pet!”

It was meant to be a compliment, but I didn't like being called a teacher's pet. What's worse, this class was particularly heavy and thus necessitated four sessions a week instead of the normal two to three. I didn't think I could take two more days of this 'teacher's pet' treatment.

Tank walked in a minute later to see me being bottle-fed by Jason. I was handed off midway through and the bottle didn't even leave my mouth during the changeover. Soon, the whole bottle was gone, only to be replaced by another before I could say a word. I squirmed and tried to protest but he just rocked me slightly and smiled, telling me to relax and that I was a good boy. I felt like I was being drugged – those words pulling me into relaxation, aided by the sucking of the bottle despite my best efforts. My tummy began to feel bloated and I fought to keep my eyes open, but it wasn't easy. When the second bottle was finally empty, I spoke, my words punctuated by his pats on my back.

“Tank, I-” *buuuurp* “I want to be taken-” *buuuurp*

“What are you saying, sweetheart?” he asked offhand, taking a cloth and wiping a bit of burped up milk from my chin.

“I want to withdraw from classes.” I said, finally. “This is no good. I'm not learning anything here except how to be more of a baby. The assignments they give me aren't even... hey, are you listening?”

“Uh huh... Uh huh... that's great sweetie. While you were busy drinking your milk, I got your homework from the professor. We can read it during bath time.” He held up a small puffy plastic book titled Calculus for Babies.”

That's when I lost it.

“Tank! I don't wanna be a student no more!”

I began to cry out loud, and Tank brought me in for a big hug. This time he didn't shush me or try to put me under. He just let me cry. All of the horrible experiences of the day flashed through my mind, but they were not the majority of what I had felt that day. I realized that as much as I

hated to admit it, most of the bad was slowly being overpowered in my mind by the good – how much I enjoyed my bottles, how cozy my diapers were, how snuggly my teddy was, and so much more. Out of the jumble of memories, Katie’s words flashed through my mind.

“Just smile and be cute. Give him a kiss. Call him Daddy. He’ll be putty in your hands, I’m telling you.”

A moment of realization struck me, and I knew exactly what I wanted.

I pulled back my head from Tank’s shoulder and got my breathing under control. Then I looked into his eyes.

“Daddy,” I began. That got his attention. He jolted and his eyes went wide at the mention of the ‘D’ word. “I want to talk to Dr. Stannopoulis. I have something important I want to tell him.”

“D-did you just call me Daddy?” He said the ‘D’ word in kind of a half-choked squeal. Now it looked like it was Tank’s turn to cry. Or jump for joy. I couldn’t tell which. “Yes, of course baby boy. Let’s go talk to him right now.”