**Daily Free-Write May 25, 2021: An Easy Bet Pt. 7**

*Continuation of May 24, 2021 "An Easy Bet Pt. 6"*

\*Crink\* \*Crink\* \*Crink\* Dexter's pants crinkled with every step as he walked down the hall hand in hand with the two fraternity brothers. He looked exactly like a toddler walking with two bigger brothers holding his hands, despite the fact that he was wearing a regular pair of jeans and a t-shirt. And it didn't help that the diaper bulge and the crinkling sound were so obvious. Or for that matter, the little bit of plastic peeking out where his shirt had ridden up in back.

At the table, Dexter took his seat next to Dirk and Alpha went off to the head of the table to make another speech about brotherhood or some nonsense. Dexter tried to ignore all of the people who greeted him with words like 'Hi, baby!', and other belittling terms, but he was cuffed lightly on the head by Dirk and told to be polite and answer when spoken to. Just as often, though, they did not address him directly but commented on the cute bib that had been tied around his neck, talked about how much he seemed to enjoy his treatment the night before, or how excited they were to play with the baby themselves. It seemed like everyone wanted to say hi, or pat him on the back, or ruffle his hair until things finally settled down and people began to eat.

When Dexter's food came, he frowned. Dinosaur nuggets, sliced up apples, a sippy cup of juice and a cut up grilled cheese sandwich came out on a cartoon plate and was set before him. It was such a kiddish meal, but what choice did he have? He sighed and said "Thank you."

"I hope you like it," said Dexter, smiling. "That's the most big kid meal you're gonna get until you show us you're ready to grow up and get out of pampers. Oh, and you'll be using your hands - when you're allowed to feed yourself at all."

Dexter nodded and reached for a nugged only to have his hand smacked down.

"Ah ah ah," said Dirk. "I didn't say you could feed yourself. You'll have to wait for permission before you try that."

Dexter recovered from his shock and cast his eyes downward. "M-may I please feed myself, sir?"

"Mmm... no... not today," said Dirk. And he picked up a stegosaurus nugget.

Dexter blushed as the nugget went toward his mouth. For some reason, his diaper felt like it was getting tighter as this bigger man fed him. He had never experienced this before and it caused funny feelings in his tummy.

"Awww, little guy looks all flustered," said another brother who was sitting across from them.

"Oh yeah, he loves this," said Dirk. "At least judging by how hard he got when we dressed him."

This drew some chuckles from those who had overheard the conversation, which was not hard to do. Dexter blushed as Dirk continued to chat about him like he wasn't there. Is this what being the house baby would be like? He shuddered and hoped he wouldn't have to get used to it. At least he was allowed to drink his sippy cup on his own.

When lunch was finally over, Dirk made him brush his teeth with a toddler brush they had gotten specially for him. Then he was led to a potty chair next to the toilet.

"Okay, buddy. You can do your business now." Dexter stood there staring at Dirk, and dirk stared right back, smirking. "What's the matter? Don't you know how to use the potty?"

"You're not gonna stay here while I go, are you?"

"Of course! I can't leave the baby unsupervised. That would be irresponsible. Now sit down on the potty," he said, pointing to the bright blue potty chair.

Dexter eyed it with apprehension. It was about half the height of the toilet, with a wide splash guard in front and a measurement indicator on the side. It would be so humiliating to be made to use that instead of the regular toilet, but he had a sinking feeling he wouldn't be given any other option.

"C-can't I use the regular potty? I mean toilet?" He said, correcting himself. He mentally slapped himself for using such babyish terminology.

"No, little guy. The potty is for big boys. You're just a little guy, so you have to use the little training potty til you prove to use you figured out how to stop squirting in your pampers. Now, no more questions. You have five seconds to get on that potty, or I'll pull your pants down for you."

Dexter groaned and pulled down his pants.

"The diaper too."

Dexter looked to the right, seeing the bathroom door wide open. His heart was beating quickly as he stood there under the gaze of the larger man. He was so nervous going in the open like that but he had no choice, so he shimmied his diaper down and sat.

"That's the way," said Dirk. "You're getting the hang of it."

"Thanks," said Dexter, glumly. After a few minutes, all he managed was a piddle, so he was stood up and Dirk wiped his bum with a wet wipe.

"Hey! - Ow!"

Dexter's little outburst earned him a smack on the thigh from Dirk. "Don't you raise your voice, crinkles. You will respect anyone who is senior to you in this house, and that is everyone. That means no complaining or raising your voice. You are to let us do whatever we think is best without complaint. And always address me as sir. You got it?"

"Yes sir," said Dexter quietly as he looked at the ground. He felt a little ashamed even though he knew he shouldn't. He just had to get through classes without a sticky accident, though, and this whole ordeal would be over and done with.

"Much better. Now let's wash those hands and get you to class. You wouldn't wanna be late and earn yourself a detention, now would you?"

Derek had to fight to keep from rolling his eyes. There was no detention for missing classes in college, but clearly Derek was getting into the role-play aspect of this house baby thing.

The walk to class was embarrassing as well.

"You don't have to walk me to class, you know," I said to Dirk as he led me through campus by the hand.

"I just wanna make sure you get there okay. Do you need diaper check before we go inside?"

Dexter looked around nervously. They were outside the science building and he could only hope none of his classmates were in earshot.

"N-no," said Dexter, turning deep red. "I'm fine."

"Hehe, nobody told me you'd be this much fun to tease. Alpha chose good with you."

Dexter crossed his arms. "Well, I won't be around for long. I'll see you later when I beat the challenge."

"We'll see about that," said Dirk, with a grin that made his words seem all the more ominous.

Dexter quickly made his way inside to chemistry lab and took a seat with a loud \*Crink\*. He cringed as he heard the noise and smelled the powder which had probably puffed out when he sat down. He looked around and was relieved to see that no one noticed, but he nearly jumped out of his chair when his lap partner sat down next to him. This was going to be a long day of classes.