

**Room for Rent**  
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**Chapter 5: Big Changes**

“No, no, no!” Robbie cried, struggling as Colt pulled down the back of his pull-up.

“Shhh. I’m not going to hurt you. But I do want you to learn your lesson. This is how we agreed to do it,” said Colt, holding him firmly in place to keep him from wiggling away.

“But I don’t wanna get smacks on the bum!” yelled Robbie.

Colt gently brought his free hand down to massage Robbie’s backside. “I could punish you some other way, but one way or another, you’ll be paying for 18 sorries. If you have a better idea, tell me now, otherwise I’m giving you the smacks. And if it’s not a sufficient punishment, you’ll be getting double smacks!”

Now it was on Robbie to pick his own punishment. Colt often found that stubborn littles were more cooperative when they got to choose. But in reality, he was limiting Rob’s possible choices to accepting a punishment or accepting a punishment.

“Well, little one? I’m waiting...”

Colt was ramping up the pressure and Robbie was sweating bullets. His confused mind had been on such a roller coaster that day that it couldn’t come up with an answer fast enough.

“You have five seconds to answer, Robbie, or you get double smacks! Do you have a punishment of your own or do you want to take the smacks you agreed to before?”

“The smacks! The smacks!” said Robbie, panicking. He just couldn’t take the tension anymore and he blurted it out. That didn’t make what came next any easier.

Colt lifted his hand and continued to keep the boy in place with the other.

“Good boy. I want you to just breathe for me. There we go... Just breathe....”

Robbie began to breathe more slowly. Colt would not do what he did with some boys and randomize the spanks. He didn’t want to make Robbie any more anxious than he already was. He would spank him in a slow steady rhythm so Robbie knew exactly what to expect.

“I’m going to give you the first smack, Robbie. Count it out with me now.... One.”

“One!” echoed Robbie, as the first smack landed. Robbie flinched, but it was more out of the shock and anticipation of the smack than anything else. It didn’t actually hurt at all, but he wasn’t going to say anything that would make Colt go harder.

“Two!”

“Two!” said Robbie. Another light smack. Perhaps a little harder than the first but not by much. He could handle this. At least, he was pretty sure he could.

“Three!”

“Three!” A third smack, slightly harder than the first two, but nowhere near enough to cause Robbie to cry out. And yet a curious sensation started growing in Robbie’s backside.

“Four!”

“Four!” That sensation was very distinct now. A warming sensation he could feel in his bottom. It began to heat up. It felt...*nice*.

“Five!”

“Fuh...five!” said Robbie, beginning to squirm slightly now as the smack grew hard enough to feel like a light slap.

Colt watched as the boy’s bottom began to turn as red as his cheeks. He knew what Robbie must be feeling. This was not meant to hurt. It was meant to be an introduction to spanking and impact play for Robbie, something he would enjoy. And the squirming and tenting in his pull-up left no doubt as to just how effective Colt’s carefully measured smacks were.

“Six!”

“Six! Ohhhh...”

Robbie began to moan. The smacks had crossed what would have been his normal threshold of pain and transformed into pleasure. He was no longer afraid but felt a different kind of anticipation. He wanted to feel more.

“Seven!”

“Seven!”

“Eight!”

“Eight! Yes!”

“Nine!”

“Nine!”

Robbie’s moans were now becoming a constant rolling sound punctuated by the impact of Colt’s hand on his red behind. He was starting to feel euphoric, and Colt recognized the reaction. *That’ll be the endorphins kicking in*, thought Colt, smiling to himself. He’d found himself a very special boy indeed.

By the time they got to 18, Rob was totally blissed out. Colt pulled up his diaper and patted his red-hot bum.

“Good job, baby boy. You took them all like a champ! How do you feel?”

“Gooogooohooooo...” said Rob, drooling a bit.

“Oh boy, I think I melted him. Come here, baby boy,” said Colt, bringing Robbie up and cradling him close. He enveloped them both in his bathrobe, rocking the boy and rubbing all up and down his back. Colt knew the importance of aftercare and made sure to stay present with Rob to see that he had a pleasant comedown from the new high, but he kept an eye on the time. He knew Rob would be hungry soon and it was just about time to make dinner.

“Are we feeling any better, little boy?” asked Colt.

Rob nodded.

“And what did we learn today?”

“No more hiding stuff from my roomie, and no more sayin sorry when I don’t need to.”

“That’s right, baby boy. That’s very good. And I’ll hold you to it, too! I want you to trust me, and I also want you to be kind to yourself. I want you to overcome that programming that tells you you’re not good enough, you’re not strong enough, you’re not enough in anyway, because it’s not true. You’re enough as you are right now. And you don’t have to be any other way. Got it?”

Rob looked at Colt in the eyes and silently nodded, Then, he sucked his thumb and leaned into Colt’s chest, closing his eyes and just resting there.

“Aww...” Colt held Robbie in his arms and gave him a squeeze as they sat on the couch, his free hand massaging and patting Robbie's puffy butt. He rested his chin on Rob’s head, taking in his scent. It wasn’t just the pull-up or the goofily oversized tee shirt Colt had put him in; everything about him screamed little boy, even down to the way he smelled. When Colt was near him it was like his senses went into overdrive. All his brain could do was send him the alert. Little boy! Little boy! There’s an adorable little boy in the room! Someone to hug and kiss and love. He wanted to stay like this all night but somebody had to make dinner.

“Okay baby boy, we gotta get up. I have to cook.”

“Aww, do you gotta?” asked Rob, looking sad to see Colt go.

“Yeah, I gotta. Now I’ll go ahead and put on some more Greenie so you can relax as I fix us up something good, okay?”

“Can’t we just order pizza tonight?” asked Robbie, holding onto Colt’s arm and not letting go.

“Now you know that’s not healthy.”

“But you said I could choose tonight for bein’ brave!” Rob gave him the puppy dog eyes.

Colt melted a bit. He could tell he was going to spoil Robbie just a little bit more than he intended.

“Okay, okay, I’ll tell you what. I could order pizza…” Robbie’s eyes lit up at this. He sure liked pizza! “Or,” continued Colt, “I could make pizza here… and *you* could be my kitchen helper! What’ll it be?”

“Kitchen helper!” yelled Robbie, bouncing up and down in excitement.

Colt had to smile at that. He could tell his efforts were effective because Robbie had once again gone from shy and awkward adult to quintessential energetic little boy. He wanted Robbie to spend more and more time in little boy mode, and he would do everything he could to make that happen.

“What kinda pizza do you have?” asked Robbie, hoping for pepperoni.

“I don’t,” said Colt, nudging Robbie off his lap. “I’ve just got the dough and the ingredients. We’re gonna make our *own* pizza. Whatever kind we want.”

“We’re *making* pizza?!” said Robbie even more excited. “Oh my gosh…” He barely knew what to do with himself.

Colt grabbed Robbie’s free hand to make sure he didn’t hurt himself running through the house. “Hold up, there, buddy. One thing at a time. Take Mr. Cuddles and your bottle.”

“Did you hear that Mr. Cuddles? We’re makin pizza!”

Colt was practically dragged to the kitchen while Robbie told the bear all about what he wanted to make.

“Can I make mine pepperoni?” asked Rob.

“Of course, kiddo. Anything you want,” said Colt.

“Ooh! Ooh! Can I use gummy bears?” asked Rob clasping his fingers together and bringing them up to his chest.

Colt chuckled. “Sure, why not? But you have to eat it all if you do! And add an extra vegetable slice for every gummy bear you put!”

Robbie thought for a minute. “Maybe just *one* gummy bear,” he said. “Just in case I don’t like it.”

“That’s pretty smart, kiddo. It’ll be an *experiment*. You like experiments, don’t you?”

Robbie nodded. “I guess I’m kinda having one right now… experimenting what it’s like to be little!”

“That’s right kiddo!” said Colt. “And if you don’t like it, that’s okay. But nothing wrong with trying something new.”

Robbie nodded. That was true. He could try something new. And it wasn’t like he was doing it alone. Colt was right there with him.

In the kitchen, Colt gave Rob his first mission, which was to find a place for all the things they had brought from the living room. Rob rinsed his used bottle in the sink, tossed Colt’s beer bottle in the recycling, and set Mr. Cuddles in his favorite kitchen stool to ‘watch the magic happen’ as he put it.

“Okay! All done,” said Robbie, dusting his hands. “Now where’s the pizza?”

“First thing’s first, buddy,” said Colt, taking off his robe and hanging it on one of the tall kitchen stools before putting on an apron. Tied around his waist, it highlighted the V-shape of Colt’s broad shoulders tapering down to the only other thing Colt was wearing; his undies.

Robbie did his best not to stare as he was suddenly reminded just how much of a crush he had on Colt. He wasn’t very successful at this and his pull-ups suddenly felt much tighter as his peepee began to press against the soggy padding. Colt came up to Rob and threw an apron over his head as well. He smiled a little half smile as he turned Robbie around to tie it in the back, but he decided not to say anything. Robbie might not be ready for teasing yet.

“There we go. Now we’re protected from any kitchen messes. On to step one of making a super-duper pizza. You do know the first step to cooking any meal, don’t you?”

“Uh... um... Start the oven?” asked Robbie.

“No, good guess though,” said Colt, putting a hand on Robbie’s shoulder and leading him over to the sink. “The first thing we always do is wash our hands.”

“Ohhhh!” said Robbie, reaching for the water. Colt’s hand overtook his, however, and turned on the faucet. Then he grabbed Robbie’s hands and pulled them back.

“Hold on, bud. Let me check to make sure it’s the right temperature first.”

This made Robbie feel very small, and that made him feel good, in a blushy sort of way. Once the water was at a safe temperature, Colt told Robbie to cup his hands. He then pumped some soap on them, lathering them up and rubbing them together under the water. Robbie looked as Colt’s larger hands moved over his own, then up to Colt who smiled down at him. He was starting to get comfortable with the idea of being helped by his roommate. He *liked* being helped by Colt, even when he didn’t really need it.

“There we go,” said Colt after he dried their hands with a dish towel, “all clean!” He threw his hands up in the air and wiggled them to show off how clean they were. Robbie did the same. Is this what it was like to be little? Washing his hands had never been so fun.

Colt had planned ahead. He knew that making pizza was an excellent activity for littles to enjoy, and he had already stocked the fridge with the toppings, and most importantly the dough, which came in baggies.

“Okay, little guy,” he said, once he’d laid out the ingredients. “The first thing we need to do is roll out the dough. Do you know how to do that?”

Robbie did know how to do that, but he decided that maybe little Robbie didn’t, so he pretended to hesitate. “Can you show me?” he asked, with that puppy dog stare he was beginning to master.

Colt smiled and nodded. “Sure, little dude. I’ll divide the dough into two and we’ll make two pizzas. You just copy me, okay? So first we make sure the counter is nice and clean. Is it clean bud?”

Robbie examined it carefully. “Clean!” he reported back.

“Great! So now we get some flour and put it down so the dough doesn’t stick to the counter.”

He took a scooper and dipped it into the flour jar, dumping a small pile on the counter and spreading it out. Rob did the same, though a little more clumsily, and Colt had to help hold his hand steady as he did it. “There we go, easy does it. We don’t have to cover the whole counter now, silly boy.”

Colt split the dough and rolled it into two balls and placed one in front of Robbie.

“Okay, kitchen helper, go get the rolling pins from that drawer over there. And no running!”

Robbie came back looking very excited with something floppy and white in his hands. “Can I wear the chef’s hat?” he practically yelled.

Colt laughed. “Yes, you can wear the chef’s hat. Here, lemme see.”

He took the hat and fluffed it out, placing it securely on Robbie’s head.

“How do I look?”

He took a picture and showed Robbie.

“I wanna see! I wanna see!” he said, clamoring to look at himself in the hat. He looked pretty cute in a flour covered apron and a chef’s hat. Then he noticed the lettering on the apron. It said Lil’ Chef. He looked over at Colt’s apron and saw the words “Big Chef” scrawled across the front. He blushed a bit at that.

“Lookin’ cute, buddy, but you forgot something,” said Colt.

“What’s that? ...Oh! The rolling pins!”

They used the rolling pins to roll out the dough, and they placed their pizzas in baking pans lined with parchment paper and corn meal. Colt showed Robbie how to poke holes in the dough with a fork so the crust didn't bubble up and push off all the sauce and cheese. Robbie's crust was a lot more lopsided than Colt's, but Colt said, "It's okay if it isn't perfect. Any shape is the right shape for you because it's *your* pizza!"

"It is?"

"Yup. That's right. You can make it any shape and use any ingredients you like."

Robbie liked that. He had always been told there was a right way and a wrong way, and his way was usually wrong. Colt didn't make him feel wrong at all.

"Okay bud, go get the olive oil and the sauce and the cheese," said Colt in that excited voice reserved for dogs and little kids.

"Okay!" Rob exclaimed, hurrying over to the fridge.

Once they had the base layers laid down on the pizza, they were ready to put on the toppings. Colt did all the slicing.

"These knives are very sharp, Robbie. I don't want you ever touching them, got it?"

He made Robbie promise never to touch anything in the kitchen without his permission, and Robbie promised.

Colt went with an all veggie combo, while Robbie did an all pepperoni and one gummi pizza. Colt reminded him he had to add a slice of bell pepper too, which Robbie reluctantly placed in the center of the pizza. He then put the gummy in the center of the ring and declared it king gummy.

"Farewell sweet gummi. Bon voyage!" he waved bye-bye as the pizzas found their way into the oven and Colt shut the door.

"How long will it take?" Rob asked.

"Not too long," said Colt. "I think we have enough time for another episode of Greenie if you want."

"Yeah! Greenie!"

"Okay, kiddo, let's go wash our hands first, though." Colt took the chef's hat off Rob's head and pulled the string at the back of Rob's apron. His own apron came off as well, leaving him in just his snug boxer-briefs.

Colt led Robbie to the sink and got in position behind him. Colt felt a lot warmer against Rob's back without an apron between them, and Rob closed his eyes, as he enjoyed the feeling. After another assisted hand washing that left Rob blushing, and a show of clean hands, Colt sent Robbie to grab Mr. Cuddles while he went to the fridge for more drinks.

“Hey, did Mr. Cuddles like watchin’ us cook?” Colt asked as he closed the fridge door.

Robbie posed the question to his teddy, then held the teddy up to his ear as he listened. “He says he couldn’t see everything from where he was sitting.”

“Oh,” said Colt, raising his eyebrows. “Well, luckily he’s got a special chair coming in the mail. It should be here tomorrow!”

“Wow, you hear that, Mr. Cuddles? A special chair just for you! Luckyyyyy!”

Colt grinned as he took the silly boy’s hand and brought him over to the living room. Rob felt a little blushy at the way Colt was gently leading him around, but he really liked it too. He let Colt guide him back onto the couch, pulling him up and back into his lap. Colt just hugged Rob from behind and they enjoyed the episode – paying full attention to it this time.

Rob was excited when he heard the oven timer go off.

“Pizza! Pizza!” he said, bouncing on Colt’s lap. Colt bit his lip. Rob had no idea what that bouncing was doing to him. He released the boy and adjusted his underpants.

“Okay, buddy boy. Let’s go check it.”

They hurried over to the kitchen and took a look inside. Colt lifted up the edge of his pizza with a fork.

“This is how we check if it’s done. It’s supposed to be golden brown on the bottom. What do you think Robbie? Does it look done to you?”

“Yeah! All done!” said Robbie, barely taking the time to look.

“Are you sure about that, or are you just excited for pizza?” Colt asked with a knowing grin as he took a second look. They checked Robbie’s pizza too and both were declared fit for consumption.

“My gummy king! Where did he go?” asked Robbie.

“Get me the oven mitts and we’ll take a look!” said Colt.

Colt told Robbie to back up as he took the pizzas out of the oven. When they looked, the gummy had melted into a clear puddle.

“Wow, I didn’t know it would do that!” said Robbie, reaching a hand out.

“Ah, ah ah! Don’t touch, tiny one,” said Colt, grabbing Rob’s hand.

“That’s going to be very hot. In fact, we might have to let it cool a bit. Why don’t you go get us a couple plates? Yours are gonna be the ones all the way to the right,” he said, pointing. When Rob opened the cabinet, he blushed slightly. There were colorful plastic plates and cups with cartoon characters on them. He looked back at Colt, who was already cutting the pizza into slices, and then returned his gaze to the cabinet shelves.



He picked a plate with the Pawsome squad pups on it and returned. Colt insisted on doing the serving. Rob blushed as Colt began to cut up his pizza into bite size pieces on the plate but said nothing.

“Okay, kiddo, take those plates to the table, will you? And then we can eat!”

Colt got them two more drinks, opting for just plain juice this time – a glass for him and another bottle for Robbie. A day ago they would have pretended that it was for Rob’s teddy bear, but now it seemed the standard for the little guy. Colt wondered if Rob would adjust to the rest of his transition just as easily.

“How do you like your pizza, little guy?” asked Colt after Robbie had taken his first bite.

“It’s good!” he said, licking his fingers. Colt hadn’t given him any utensils, and Rob didn’t think to ask. It was just pizza after all. Still, Rob noticed when Colt picked up a fork and knife for himself and began to eat, and it reminded him of the difference between the two of them. He suddenly found himself blushing again, and it distracted him enough that he missed his mouth completely, smearing his face and dropping the piece of pizza in surprise.

“Oh gosh,” said Colt. You’re getting crumbs and sauce everywhere. Why don’t we get you something for that?” He got up and returned with a bib. It had Puppet Avenue characters on the front. Robbie’s heart began to beat as Colt came close to him with it. Eating with his hands, using a toddler plate, and now the bib... it was starting to make him feel more than just little... it was starting to remind him of the fantasies he’d been having. The only thing that could make things better is if Colt...”

Rob gasped at his realization as the bib was pulled down over his head. Colt looked at him quizzically.

“You okay, there bud?”

“Mmmhmm,” said Rob, nodding and looking somewhat uncomfortable.

“What’s up?”

Rob looked from the plate to Colt, and then back down to the plate, biting his lip. He couldn’t bring himself to say it.

Colt thought for a minute, then pulled his seat closer to Rob.

“Oh, do you want me to feed you?”

He said it so casually, as if he was asking the time. No judgement, not even a teasing tone. Rob nodded ever so slightly, keeping his eyes down on the plate. It was hard for him to ask for such a thing. No one had ever fed him before, and he hadn’t even really imagined it before that moment, but suddenly it was what he wanted more than anything else right then.

Colt smiled. “Thank you for being honest, little buddy. I’d love to.”

He sat down and reached for the first piece. He picked it up and brought it to Robbie's mouth. Robbie blushed bright red as he accepted the morsel into his mouth and started to chew. He was rock hard in his pull-up.

Colt couldn't help but smile at how cute Rob looked as he was being fed. Of all the things to make someone blush, it was something as innocuous as this. A simple feeding – not sex or intimate touching – that was what did it for boys like Robbie. Rob's red face was a green light for Colt, telling him that Rob really was into it in a way that a non-little could never understand. He fed Rob another bite. Then another. Rob found himself unable to stop smiling as he was fed.

It was Colt's good luck that he had found a little who knew nothing about littles. It meant there were no expectations. No 'shoulds' to attach to his littleness like he did to his adult self. Robbie was being himself because that was how he felt. Colt loved to be the one to bring that out in him, and of course his own member loved it too, swelling to fill the generously cut front pouch of his undies.

When they were finished, neither one of them wanted to stand up to put away the dishes. They were both sporting embarrassingly obvious hard-ons under the table.

Colt leaned forward, clearing his throat uncomfortably as he took off Robbie's bib and wiped his face clean with it. They both had kind of run out of things to say once the feeding started. It seemed all their blood had been diverted from the brain to somewhere else.

Finally Colt said, "Mr. Cuddles and I are going to get ready for bed. Why don't you put away those dishes and meet me upstairs?"

"Sure thing," squeaked Rob, grabbing the plates and holding them low as he stood up. He quickly turned away from Colt so as not to show his boner. Colt used the opportunity to grab his robe and cover himself up, but not before stealing a brief glimpse at Robbie's pull-up as he stood. Robbie was tenting so hard there was a visible gap between the leg holes of his diaper and his thighs and Colt practically burst a blood vessel at the sight of it.

He bounded upstairs and ran into the nursery shutting the door behind him. He was too horny to diaper Robbie without his hands shaking, and he didn't want Robbie to feel nervous, so he did the best thing he could think of which was pull down his undies and hook the elastic under his balls to let his dick swing free, filling the room with his scent. The thick member bobbed up and down, slightly darker than the rest of his body and dripping a thin strand of cum.

Colt breathlessly grabbed a wet wipe and started furiously beating off as he thought about just how cute and helpless Robbie would be when he was back in diapers for good. With the help of some baby oil gel, he quickly pushed himself to the brink, grunting as he felt his muscles tense up. In only a couple minutes, his powerful muscles

contracted one last time as his balls pulled up tight against his body to shoot another massive delivery of baby batter right into the waiting wipe.

The orgasm was powerful and had him shuddering for breath as a sense of wellness and euphoria washed over him. Colt didn't have time to bask in it, though. He tossed the wipe in the diaper pail and grabbed a stack of diapers. The diapers had baby animals all over with pawprints running down the center which faded when wet. He stuck them all in a tote bag along with wipes and a bottle of powder, then he walked over to the potty calendar on the wall. It was a large board with a space to write the month and days in, and some pockets underneath for magnets which had suns and water droplets to show just how well Robbie did to stay dry. Colt lifted the potty calendar off its hook and headed to the door.

He peeked out into the hall and heard Robbie singing a silly song and washing the dishes. He slipped out of the nursery, shutting the door behind him, and hurried off to Rob's room to set everything up. He made space in the underwear drawer for Robbie's night diapers by taking out all his briefs. Now all Robbie had in the top shelves of his dresser were pull-ups and diapers. Next, he laid the diaper, bottle of powder, and the wipes on top of the dresser so Robbie would be able to see them when Colt set him on the bed. It would give him plenty of time to anticipate what was coming. Finally, he hung the potty calendar on its hook above the dresser, where it would be easy to see from anywhere in the room. The light of the Rocket lamp cast a soft glow on everything, and with Rob's teddy bear waiting on the bed, it looked like the perfect little boy's room. Of course, it was still too big for Robbie and he was sure Robbie really belonged in a crib, but that would come little by little.

Satisfied with his work, Colt went back into the hall and called down to Robbie.

"You almost done down there, champ?"

"Coming!" yelled Robbie, who moments later bounded up the stairs.

"Slow down, tiger, you're gonna hurt yourself!"

"Sorry," said Robbie, looking down abashed and earning a swat on the butt from Colt as he passed by. "Oof!"

Robbie's eyes went wide as Colt's massive hand connected with his soggy butt, but it was more surprising than anything. It simply served to remind him who was in charge, and Colt was very good at doing that.

Colt followed Robbie into the restroom and Robbie looked up at him wondering what he was doing. Colt stepped up behind Robbie who was standing at the sink and grabbed Rob's toothbrush.

"Let me help you with that," said Colt, reaching for the toothpaste.

"But I can do it myse-"

“You’ll have to show me by being a good boy and doing what I say,” said Colt.

This shut Robbie up right away. He didn’t want Colt to think he couldn’t do things himself, but then again, if he let Colt help him, he was kind of admitting that he did need help. But Colt had said this was something he needed to learn to accept, so he didn’t fight when Colt placed the toothbrush in his little hand and then guided the hand toward his mouth. In this way, Colt helped Robbie brush his own teeth, commenting throughout the process.

“There ya go, you gotta get those chompers nice and clean! You don’t want a cavity. You’re doing so good, kiddo! Great job! Now spit into the sink. Good job, Robbie!”

Even though he knew most people would find that kind of talk patronizing, Robbie loved it. It made him feel oddly proud when he got praise from Colt, even if it was for the simplest task.

“All done,” said Colt. “Now before I put you to bed, do you have to use the potty?”

Rob’s eyes went wide and he blushed. He wasn’t really sure if he did, but now that he wasn’t crying his eyes out, he felt self-conscious about saying yes. He was sure that Colt would want to stay and supervise his potty use.

“N-no, I don’t think so…” He said, after a moment’s thought. He could always pull his DryNites down to use the potty later after Colt went away. Robbie, however, wasn’t a very convincing liar.

“Hmmm,” said Colt, rubbing his chin. “Well, let’s put you on the potty just in case. I’ll give you two minutes to go, and if you don’t then we’ll get you ready for bed.”

Robbie just stood there in his pajama shirt and wet pull-up. He looked like a deer in headlights.

“It’s okay, buddy, don’t be shy. Here.” Colt led Robbie over to the toilet.

“Arms up!”

Robbie did as he was told. It was easier when he didn’t have to think and could just follow along with Colt’s commands. The shirt came up over his head. Next, Robbie’s pull-up was pulled down to his ankles and he was lifted up onto the toilet.

“I really don’t have to go pot-” began Rob, but his own words were interrupted by the tinkling sound of urine hitting the water below, and he snapped his mouth shut. He hadn’t even meant to do it, his body just sensed the potty below him and relaxed. After a little while, the stream petered out and stopped.

“Good job, buddy!” said Colt. “Do you have to go number 2 as well?”

Robbie shook his head vehemently. No way he was going to do that in front of Colt.

“Hmm,” said Colt with a frown. “I’m concerned. You haven’t gone number 2 all day! If you don’t go by tomorrow, I might have to give you a little help.”

“Help?” Robbie gulped. What could Colt mean by that?

“Not to worry, kiddo. You just try your best. You’ve got about a minute left to do whatever you need to do, then we’ll go.”

Robbie sat there quietly as the seconds ticked by, looking at his knees, counting the tiles on the floor, looking anywhere but over to his roommate who was watching him. Finally the time was over much to his relief.

“Okay, kiddo!” said Colt. “Up we go!”

Once again, Colt took a moment to wipe off Rob’s penis and buttocks, and Rob just bit his lip and looked straight ahead. No point in fighting it, Colt was going to do what he was going to do. Besides, as much as it embarrassed him, it felt good to be cared for. What Colt was doing was more intimate to him than anything most adults would ever do – or allow to be done to them. Colt treated him like he was helpless, and maybe, just for now, he could let himself feel helpless with Colt.

He thought this as Colt pulled up his soggy pull-ups, led him to the sink, and helped him wash his hands. Not that he needed to wash his hands, since he hadn’t used them once while going potty.

He was still lost in his thoughts as he was led by the hand out of the bathroom, down the hall, and into his bedroom. Colt put his hands under Rob’s armpits and hoisted him up onto the bed, onto his waiting blanket/bed pad. Rob immediately noticed the potty calendar hanging on the wall directly across from him. He couldn’t believe he had a *potty calendar* in his room. Who had ever heard of a grown-up having a potty calendar in their room?

“No one,” said Colt. “But you’re not really a grown-up, are you, little guy?”

Rob started. He hadn’t realized he was thinking out loud. How many other things had he said aloud around Colt?

Then he caught sight of the diaper, powder, and wipes sitting on the dresser below the calendar and his heart rate went through the roof. “W-why do you have a d-d-diaper?” he asked, his voice going up a couple octaves.

“I told you, Robbie,” said Colt, going over to pick it up. “You need better pajamas. At least for bed. Didn’t you agree that you needed that?”

“Well yeah, but...what about my pull-ups?”

“You’ll still be wearing those during the day as long as they’re enough to keep you dry. But you also agreed you would wear protection at night. It’s not very good protection if it leaks, now is it?”

Colt's carefully chosen wording about Rob's daytime wear flew right over his head. He was too busy fighting an internal struggle. Big boys weren't supposed to wear diapers. But Colt had a point, the pull-ups might not be enough to keep his bed dry. And wasn't this what Robbie had wanted all along? What he beat off to every time he took a shower? Now that it was happening, he didn't know if he could go through with it.

"B-b-but those look like *baby* diapers. They'll never fit me!" said Rob, saying the only thing his mind could come up with as Colt unfolded the crinkly garment and fluffed it out.

"Nonsense," said Colt. "They'll fit you just fine. I should know, my cousins are about the same size."

Rob was stunned.

"Wait... Your cousins? Not your nephews? I thought they were like three or four?"

"I never said that, now did I?" asked Colt.

Rob was stunned to realize Colt was right. "N-no... I guess I just assumed..."

"That nobody your age would still wet the bed? Or need bottles, pacifiers, and help taking a bath?" Colt asked, smirking and raising an eyebrow.

Rob just nodded. "Yeah, that..."

"Well, you clearly do," Colt said matter-of-factly, "just like they do."

"You mean... they're like me?" asked Robbie, eyes wide in astonishment.

"Yes, little guy. Just like you! They need to stay thickly diapered at night, Robbie, and they've learned not to be ashamed of it."

Of course Colt didn't mention how even from a young age he would get his cousins to play baby with him. How he had kept this up as they got older and basically converted them into lifelong diaper boys just like he was doing to Robbie.

"But... but..."

"You'll be wearing diapers to bed and daytime pull-ups until I know for sure you can stay dry," said Colt. "If you want your big boy undies back," he rested his free hand on the pile of undies beside him for emphasis, "you're gonna have to show results on the potty calendar."

"I can stay dry! I swear!" Rob said, cheeks burning. "It just happens sometimes when I sleep in a new place. It'll stop soon. I'm sure of it." But he didn't look so sure as he fidgeted on the bed.

"How can you know that?" Asked Colt. "You said you couldn't help it when you wet this afternoon. Or did you go peepee on purpose?"

Rob's eyes went wide. "N-n-no! I would never!"

“Then you’ll wear your diapers, and I’m going to put them on you since you tried to hide your bedwetting issues from me and didn’t use the proper protection on your own. Am I understood?”

“Yes sir,” said Rob. Colt’s tone of authority told him he was going into a diaper tonight no matter what.

Colt smiled at Rob’s choice of words. “Good. And you don’t have to call me sir. I’m just telling you how it is. Now let’s see how you did today. Is your pull-up dry?” asked Colt. “Do you need me to check it or can you use your words?”

Robbie shook his head, blushing at his faux pas and at the line of inquiry. “N-no. I mean yes. I mean... i-it’s a little wet...” He was completely flustered. He’d been prepared to let Colt put a new pull-up on him, but he never expected to deliver a potty report.

“Good job using your words, kiddo,” said Colt, reaching into the calendar pocket to grab a water droplet. “Looks like you couldn’t stay dry this time. Better luck tomorrow, huh?”

“That doesn’t count! You tickled me!” said Rob. “B-besides you said no daytime accidents and it’s already night!”

“Okay,” Colt chuckled, “Okay. You got me there. Maybe *you* should be the lawyer. From now on, tickling doesn’t count, and accidents do count as long as you’re awake! I guess I’ll have to let this one slide.” Colt dropped the water droplet and put a sun on the calendar instead. Then he gave Rob a sidelong glance. “But you know... if you did have a daytime accident, it wouldn’t be so bad. You’d get lots more help from your roomie, for one thing...”

Robbie drew his head back and his eyebrows flew up as the thought hit him. It made him super blushy to think about, all the moreso because he would very much like more of this kind of ‘help’ from Colt.

Colt let the thought hang in the air as he grabbed up the diaper and changing supplies and came to the bed. Colt was excited about being the first to diaper Robbie, but he did his best not to let it show. Robbie was on edge as it was.

“On your back, Robbie,” he said, and Robbie did as he was told, his eyes wide and his heart beating fast. He stifled a moan as his dick tried to bore a hole through the front of his soggy pull-ups. This was really happening. He was being put in a diaper by his roommate. In a thick crinkly diaper with baby powder. Just like a baby.

“Hold Mr. Cuddles,” said Colt, handing him the bear. “Good boy. Now open your mouth.” Rob did so and a pacifier was pushed in. He immediately began to suckle.

“There you go. Now just relax. Let me do all the work.”

Robbie lay there as he was asked but found it very hard to relax when he felt the sides of his pull up tear away, and fresh air hit his nether regions.

“We’re going to have to take care of that hair if you’re gonna be in diapers every night,” said Colt.

“But I don awways wet da bed,” Robbie said around his pacifier.

“It’s just better for your skin, Robbie,” said Colt. “With all the accidents you’ve had you’re going to be in diapers and pullups for at least the rest of the month. Plenty of time for your hair to grow back.”

Robbie wasn’t sure why he cared about the hair down there. His dad and brothers had made such a big deal about it when it first appeared on him, but he never knew why. “Now you’re a real man!” they’d said. It was one of the few times they treated him like an equal, him being the ‘baby’ of the family. Should it bother him to lose it again?

“...So we’re taking it off tomorrow. Do you understand?”

Robbie realized Colt had been talking and nodded his head out of reflex.

“Use your words, bud,” said Colt, raising an eyebrow.

“Y-yes I understand,” Rob said in a quiet voice, looking down past his bellybutton. By tomorrow that whole area would be completely bare, just like a baby, he thought.

Colt grabbed a wet wipe and ran it over Rob’s pubic area, starting at the belly button and working his way down to just above the penis. He then tossed it into the used pull-up and pushed Robbie’s legs apart to get better access to his little balls and taint. Next, he focused on the penis, being extra careful to pull the skin tight and clean all around the head. Robbie had to bite his lip to avoid moaning from all the attention. He still wasn’t sure if Colt truly understood what this did to him. Little did he know how turned-on Colt was as well.

Colt was glad he had masturbated *before* taking care of Robbie. He didn’t think he could have gotten through the change without a messy sticky accident of his own if he hadn’t cleared his pipes beforehand. Luckily, he was a practiced hand at changing big little boys like his new roomie, so his horniness would not get in the way of giving Rob a nice thorough cleanup. Once he was done with Robbie’s front, he crossed the boy’s ankles and pushed them up.

Robbie yelped in surprise as his whole butt was lifted off the bed like he weighed nothing. He felt the wipe pass over his bottom and between his cheeks, causing him to squirt a bit of precum right onto his own face.

“Ah!” he yelled as he wiped the clear liquid off his face.

“Uh oh. Looks like you got yourself there, little buddy!” exclaimed Colt, who was already lowering Robbie’s butt back down to the bed. “Guess you got a little too excited, huh?”

Rob hid his face in Mr. Cuddles, too embarrassed to respond.



“That’s okay, buddy,” said Colt, rubbing Rob’s belly a couple times and giving it a pat. “It happens. Let’s get that leaky little guy all taped up snug in a diaper where he belongs before we have any more mishaps, huh?”

Rob’s hard-on was twitching as Colt said this, and he felt like his roommate’s words alone would be enough to push him over the edge if he kept talking. Colt was apparently aware of the problem because he quickly pulled the diaper up over Robbie’s frontal region and kept it there as he reached for the bottle of powder.

“You’re not gonna have another accident, are you, buddy?”

Rob shook his head and sucked his dummy.

“Okay,” said Colt, chancing it and opening the diaper to shake some powder on Robbie’s crotch and butt. Rob took a deep breath and sighed as Colt rubbed it in. It had an incredibly soothing effect and reminded him of when he was really little.

“Oh, I think the little guy likes the smell of baby powder,” said Colt with a knowing look.

Robbie nodded, smiling and hugging Mr. Cuddles.

“Good,” said Colt, giving Robbie’s belly another rub before wiping off his hands in a washcloth and pulling the front back up.

He held the front of the diaper down against Robbie with one hand while he reached for the first tape, and that was enough to send Robbie over the edge. He groaned and jerked, firing his cum into the diaper, and Colt was treated to the feeling of Robbie’s throbbing cock on the other side of the plastic, pulsing against the padding and causing a little wet spot to show through.

“Good boy,” said Colt, softly. “There you go. Just let it all out into your diapers. That’s what they’re there for little dude.” Colt ran his hands through Robbie’s hair as the boy continued to jerk and spurt into his diaper, his forehead and the back of his knees breaking out into a sweat.

When Rob’s breathing slowed and the last spasms ebbed, Colt couldn’t resist a peek inside to see how much Rob had produced. Gingerly, he peeled open the front of the diaper. Sticky milky off-white goop covered the padding, pulling off in strands as the diaper was lifted away from the boys crotch. Colt’s eyes went wide at the sight and smell of Robbie’s sticky mess sprayed across the inside of the panel and puddled around his little balls. He wanted to taste it, but Robbie was wracked with another spasm and Colt quickly closed the diaper back up to contain the emission.

“Whew. Good thing we got this on you in time, eh Robbie? That woulda made a real mess if you hadn’t been covered.”

Robbie’s body felt so good while his mind was nearly broken by the duality of pleasure and humiliation he felt. It was a good thing he had his mouth filled, because he couldn’t have come up with a coherent response at that moment if his life depended on it. He

could only lay back as Colt taped him up into his cummy diapers and tucked him in for the night.

Colt threw back the covers and told Robbie to crawl into bed, making sure his butt was squarely on top of his piddle-proof blankie before he tucked the boy in. Then, Colt sat down beside Rob on the bed, placing his hand on his belly and rubbing it through the comforter.

“Okay, buddy. You had a big day today, didn’t you? I want you to go to sleep now, but if you need to make more stickies you can do it. Just make sure you don’t take off your diaper, okay?”

Robbie blushed and nodded, knowing he would probably be doing a lot of that this month.

“Good boy. The rule is these diapers don’t come off til morning. If it’s an emergency, you can come wake me up and I’ll help you get to the potty. Do you understand?”

Robbie nodded again, his eyes big and innocent as he sucked his paci and hugged his teddy.

“One more thing before you go nini. I want us to remember our favorite parts of the day. I’ll go first, and then it’s your turn. My favorite part of the day was when you came home and we took a nice relaxing bath to make you all clean and happy again. What about you?”

Colt pulled the paci out of Rob’s mouth so he could speak.

Rob thought about it a moment. “Umm... my favorite was... uh... belly rubs... they were so relaxing... and finding out that I’m not the only one who is little like this... and... uh...”

“Go on,” said Colt, rubbing Rob’s belly.

“T-the diaper change was really nice too,” whispered Robbie, with a shy smile.

Colt had to chuckle at how cute Robbie said that, as if he was afraid someone might be listening in. He ruffled Rob’s hair and smiled. This was Colt’s way of making sure Rob remembered the day as a good day and not focus on the bad, and by his estimation he had done a good job at turning Robbie’s frown upside down.

“Aww, I’m glad you enjoyed it, buddy. And I’m glad I was able to give it to you. You know you’re pretty darn cute in those diapers, little Robbie.”

Robbie squirmed and smiled and blushed. There Colt went again calling him cute.

“Gosh, dude. I could just eat you up with a spoon. Seriously.”

Colt kissed the blushy squirmy boy on his head and put the paci back in his mouth.

“Don’t ever change, little guy. You’re perfect just the way you are. Now get some sleep, tiny. You have to get up early again in the morning.”

Robbie nodded and smiled as Colt stood up with his soaked pull-up in hand. He clicked off the rocket lamp and headed for the door, but Rob stopped him before he was completely out of the room.

“Cowl!” he called.

“Yeah, bud?” asked Colt, turning back to look at the sleepy boy.

“...Fank you.” Rob meant those words with all his heart.

Colt smiled and said, “You’re welcome, little one.” And he gently closed the door.

That diaper change must have sapped out the last of Rob’s energy because he was asleep almost as soon as the door clicked shut.

Colt, on the other hand, was very awake. Robbie was finally back in diapers, and *he* had put him in them. He had even cum in those diapers, and Colt had been responsible for that too. Beyond that, he felt an amazing feeling knowing he was making a positive difference in Robbie’s life. Something that no one else had done. It was why he was so eager to have Robbie move in in the first place. Caretaking just wasn’t the same with people who weren’t little.

The moment Colt shut his bedroom doors, he immediately brought the soggy pull-up to his face, nearly fainting from the heavenly aroma of boy-piss. He jumped onto his bed, and his cock was out, and in his hand almost before his back hit the mattress, his nose still buried in the scent of Robbie’s accident.

“Fuck...yeah...fuck...yessss... unh... fuckkkkkkkk!”

His hand was flying up and down so fast it became a blur as his body tensed up. Each huff of boy piss was sending him to a higher level of ecstasy. But he wasn’t ready to finish. Not yet. He brought the pull up down and enclosed it over his boner, making himself his own pocket pussy made out of his roommate’s piss. It was soft and inviting. It was still warm. He shuddered in pleasure.

“Oh god... I want to baby you so hard, Robbie,” he said. “I want you to be completely helpless in pissy diapers 24/7. My baby boy...Unh.... Fffffuckkk..... I c-can’t... I can’t hold...!”

He cried out as he squeezed his eyes shut and pumped out a big creamy load right into the diaper. “Hunnhhhhhh,” he said as if the wind had been knocked out of him. He came so hard he was seeing stars, and then he collapsed, letting his hands flop to the side as he lay on his back, the diaper still wrapped around his hard cock. It was only seconds before he was at it again. He knew he’d have to pump out about three or four more loads before he could finally feel satisfied.

When he was finally done, he lay there awash in the afterglow. He turned his head to look at the baby monitor. Not a peep from Robbie. It gave him the peace of mind he needed to allow himself to relax and drift off into a nice sleep, but not before tossing the evidence of his fun time in the diaper pail.