

Room for Rent

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Chapter 12: Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?

A few weeks later, Robbie's determination to be brave and supportive for Daddy was put to the test. He had gotten more used to going out with Daddy, and less shy about who noticed. He had also started working out with Daddy to build up his stamina, so he didn't have to ride in the shopping cart every week, and each week he lasted a little longer on their shopping trip before asking for uppies and being put in the cart.

Robbie and Colt were in the gym when a call came in on Robbie's phone. Colt had gotten it for him as a surprise gift to replace his old beat up one and get them on the same contract, where he could coincidentally restrict Robbie's screen time and access to adult content. Robbie went over the entryway where the phone was charging. The moment he picked it up, Colt watched Robbie's face drain of color.

"I-i-it's... my *mom*."

Colt was immediately on high alert. He had been prepared for this eventuality. He'd looked forward to it, in fact, but even his heart was beating when the moment finally came.

This is it, he thought, rushing over to where Robbie was standing.

"What do I do?" asked Robbie, shaking his hands in panic.

"Answer it," said Colt. "Find out why she's calling. Tell her how you're doing..." Robbie gave him a look of total fear. "Shh, it's okay, silly. She can't see you."

Robbie nodded his gulped and answered the phone. "H-hello?"

"Robbie, dear. Did you forget my number? It's your mother. Why haven't you called?"

"Hi, Mom," said Robbie. "I-I'm sorry I haven't called. How are you?"

"How am I? Oh, I'm fine, aside from the fact that my son never calls. Listen, we're having Thanksgiving at your brother's house," she said.

"Which one?"

"The one with the house. Harry. Are you alright, dear? You sound out of breath"

"Yeah, I'm f-fine," said Robbie. "Just happy to hear your voice."

Colt smiled and nodded. "Good one," he whispered. Robbie gave him a little smile.

"...for Thanksgiving?"

"What was that, Mom?"

"You weren't listening, were you Robbie? You're just like a little kid, always getting distracted."

If only she knew, thought Robbie.

"I *said*, are you **actually** going to bring anyone with you to Thanksgiving dinner this year? A girlfriend perhaps? Or boyfriend?"

"*Mooooommm!*" said Robbie, blushing fiercely.

"I'm just asking..."

Colt pointed to himself. "Me! Me! You're bringing me!" he mouthed to Robbie.

"Uh- y-yes, actually. I *am* bringing someone." Robbie was beginning to sound more confident already.

"Aah! That's amazing! Fantastic! Who are you bringing?"

"It's my Da- er room-, er... w-well... i-it's a surprise," he said, finally settling on the only true statement that wouldn't lead to more questions.

"Oh come on," she said. "You can't do that to your mother. Tell me their name at least..."

"H-h... uh... his name is Colt," said Robbie.

"Colt! That's a great name! And what does he do?" This at least was a question Robbie knew she would like the answer to.

"He's a lawyer."

"A lawyer! Oh, good job, honey. I can't wait to meet him. A lawyer! Oh, my son is dating a lawyer."

"I didn't say *dating*, mom,"

"Okay, sweetie, you can tell me when you get here, then. I'll just go ahead and let you get on with your day. Oh, he finally found someone. I have so many people to tell..."

Robbie hung up, about ten shades redder than when he started the conversation.

"Well, that went well... I think?" said Colt. "So, I guess we're going to Thanksgiving!"

"Yeah, I m-mean... If you're not already planning something with *your* family..." said Robbie. He hoped Daddy would be able to come, since he always had such a hard time with family gatherings.

"Nah," said Colt. "My little brothers all have a life of their own, though they sometimes visit. My cousins too," he said, with a wink. Robbie blushed. Those had to be the *bedwetting* cousins that Colt had mentioned before.

"You look like you've got something blushy on your mind," said Colt with a grin. "Are you looking forward to meeting them? I know they're looking forward to meeting *you*." This comment just made Robbie more bashful.

"I don't know... I'm kinda shy around new people... old people too, to be honest..."

Colt smiled. "I know, and it's adorable! Okay, mister blushy pants. Let's finish our workout and then we can get cleaned up, have lunch, and talk about Thanksgiving." Robbie nodded. That sounded good to him.

Soon Robbie was sitting in his high chair, drinking his veggie smoothie from a sippy cup while Colt grilled some lean chicken breast and fixed up a quick greek salad.

"This is pretty big boy food for a lil' guy like you, but we gotta eat right after a workout," said Colt, as he finished plating the food. Robbie had never been a big fan of salad, but thanks to Colt's cooking skills, he now looked forward to it. His little tummy liked it too, and thanked him by halting all the tummy aches he used to get from all his junk food.

"Here you are," said Colt, setting the two plates down - one on the high chair tray, and one on the table. "Bon appetit!"

"Hey, that doesn't sound like Greek to *me*, Daddy,"

"Gosh, you're right!" said Colt, looping a bib around Robbie's neck and tying it securely. "I'll have to look that one up..."

Before Robbie could touch his salad, Colt had the colorful plastic fork in his hand, loaded and ready for landing.

"It's cute that you still think you're gonna feed yourself. When was the last time I let you do that?" Robbie blushed and put both his hands into his lap, squeezing them between his legs and hiding his blushy face in his shoulder.

"Face forward, baby boy," said Colt, gently cupping Robbie's chin and bringing it forward. Robbie didn't resist. He just opened his mouth, looking into Colt's eyes as he took his first bite.

"Mmm!" he said, forgetting his shyness as soon as the deliciously seasoned salad hit his tongue.

"Do you like it, baby boy?"

"Ni lum im!" said Robbie, as he chewed.

"No talking with your mouth full, little dude," said Colt, raising an eyebrow as if daring him to talk back.

"Norry..."

"That's *two*," said Colt. "I'm beginning to think you *like* Daddy's spansks. Robbie just giggled in response because it was true, of course.

Once Robbie was fed, it was Colt's turn to eat. Robbie knew he'd have to just sit in the high chair until Daddy let him out. Colt grinned as a yellow spot appeared on the front of Robbie's diaper, spreading out around the strap between his legs. He loved to see his boy using his diapers like he should.

"Didn't even complain. Such a good boy."

"Daddyyyy," said Robbie, blushing once more. He had been fussy at first about being confined, but he quickly learned that Colt was no pushover, not even for potty breaks. *You're wearing your potty* was his common retort those first few days.

After a few minutes of watching Daddy eat, Robbie got bored. "Can I have my phone back? I wanna play games."

"Not until we talk about Thanksgiving, kiddo."

"Aww! When are we gonna talk about thanksgiving?"

"As soon as I finish my meal," said Colt. "The less questions, the faster I finish..."

"Oh," said Robbie, shutting his mouth. He did his best to sit still, but a minute later he was fidgeting again. "So what did you want to talk about?" he asked. Colt just looked at him. Then, he grabbed a silicone ring from the table and handed it to Robbie.

"Chew on this, kiddo."

Robbie took the ring and began chewing on it, looking abashed. He liked his teether, but it did make him feel pretty darn babyish. Normally that wouldn't be a problem but after talking with his mom, he was having a hard time getting into the baby headspace. It was as if her voice had flipped a switch and all his insecurities had returned full force.

Colt finished the last bite of his salad, put away the dishes, and dabbed Robbie's face. Then he took the tray off the high chair and helped Robbie down. Any pretense of Robbie helping with the dishes had gone the way of his underwear. It was just *not safe for babies*.

"Come on, baby boy," he said, leading Robbie to the sink and washing his own hands as well as Robbie's. "All clean! Yayyy!" That's what they always said after washing their hands, and it always made Robbie laugh and smile. "Ready to sit in Daddy's lap and talk about Thanksgiving?"

"Yeah!" said Robbie, still feeling excited and giggly. Colt knew that being positive with Robbie and giving him something to look forward to would make all the difference in lightening up the potentially difficult conversation.

"Okay, let's go to the living room and you can sit in Daddy's lap."

Robbie was soon sitting comfortably, held securely by Colt as they talked about Thanksgiving plans.

"Wait, you mean I'm gonna be little around my *family*?"

"Robbie, you *are* little around your family. You're just going to own it now." Robbie made a face worse than all the times he had to eat vegetables combined.

"Daddy, I can't do it. It's too hard!"

"But you'll have me with you. Didn't you say you could be brave as long as we're together?"

"Yeah," said Robbie, uncertainly.

"Well, I'll be with you the whole time. I won't let you out of my sight until we both feel safe with me doing so."

Robbie looked at Colt a good few seconds before responding.

"Well... I can't go wearing *baby* clothes," he said, finally. Colt wasn't going to let that one slide, however.

"And just what other clothes do you have to wear, buddy? Are you just gonna walk your little tushie to their front door in your cute diapers?" Robbie blushed at the thought and shook his head. His old clothes were long gone, so once again, he had to concede.

"But... what if they don't like my new... clothing?" Robbie asked, looking down at his diaper, which was peeking out from under his colt-sized battlemon shirt.

"Well, I can have a chat with them ahead of time and make sure they *do* like it."

"No, Daddy, you *can't*!" said Robbie, in a panic.

"Sweetie, this has to happen," Colt said, giving Robbie a reassuring squeeze with both arms. "They're gonna find out one way or another, you *know* that, baby boy. Besides, we didn't spend all summer building good habits only for us to hide our relationship like some shameful secret."

Robbie nodded and let out a long, frustrated breath.

"Do I *really* have to be little around them, Daddy?"

"Baby boy, I don't think you could be any other way if you tried. Aren't you proud of who you are? Daddy's brave little boy?"

Robbie was fighting an internal struggle, but Colt was winning out. After all, Colt was the one who was present in his life every day. Colt snuggled Robbie and gave him a kiss on the cheek, which pretty much clinched it for Robbie, though he was happy to milk out a few more snuggles from his Daddy by looking unsure.

"Look, I'll make it easy for you, kiddo. Do you wanna talk to them, or do you want Daddy to handle it?" He looked down at Robbie who had the biggest pair of puppy dog eyes. "Those puppy dog eyes aren't going to work on me twice," said Daddy. "What's it going to be?"

"D-daddy," Robbie said, finally. Part of him was relieved to let Daddy handle all of it. The other part of him was terrified. What would Daddy say? He didn't want to know, but curiosity would drive him crazy!

"Okay, baby boy. You can rely on me. Next time she calls, you just hand me the phone and I'll talk with her."

"Okay, Daddy," said Robbie. "Um... can I have my phone back now?"

Colt smiled at how quickly little Robbie's attention could go right back to his toys. "Yes, you can. But only for a few minutes. It's just about nap time and we still haven't watched our afternoon cartoons!"

"Yay! Phone time!"

Robbie opened up the phone and swiped the colorful oversized icons until he found his favorite game, *Dino-Mania*. He played it right there in Colt's lap while Colt kept up a steady stream of commentary and encouragement.

Ever since he'd gotten Robbie his new phone, Colt had kept it in kid mode limiting his hours, apps, and content on the phone. Nothing naughty was allowed and no social media - only age appropriate apps and sites were within Robbie's reach. Beyond that, Colt could track Robbie by his phone if anything ever happened like that time when they almost got separated at the mall. Most importantly, he didn't want Robbie to get addicted to staring at his phone screen. At the fifteen minute mark, Colt called an end to it.

"Okay, kiddo. That's enough phone time for you. Let's pick out a cartoon before it gets too late for your nap."

"Okay! Can we watch Greenie again?"

"Sure, kiddo."

So they reclined on the couch, Robbie cuddling up in Colt's lap, and as often happened, the two of them ended up falling asleep on the couch.

"Up we go, baby boy," said Colt, waking up a few minutes later. Robbie barely stirred, so Colt picked him up. "It's time we finish this nap in a proper bed, huh?"

Robbie made a nonsensical sleep-noise as Colt carried him up to the nursery to finish his nap in his crib. He laid the boy down, patting his thick diaper, which was already well on its way to being soaked. Then, he quietly left the room, carefully closed the door, and went back to his office where he could get a nice view of the latest updates on asshole Brandon's new life. He unzipped his pants and began playing with his cock in anticipation of what he would see.

Sure enough, Colt was not disappointed. The asshole Brandon was progressing in his baby reprogramming. He was now hairless from head to toe, and looked just the part of a chubby baby spending most of his time in nothing but his thick diapers. Colt watched as Brandon was brought over to the high chair in his nursery for another meal. Whether it was in the nursery or at school, the procedure was the same. First he was secured in the chair, one specially designed to give a perfect view of his face as well as his diaper. When restrained, his legs were kept wide apart to show off his slowly yellowing diaper, leaving no doubt of his condition as an incontinent, helpless baby.

Aside from his daily routine and his appearance, Brandon's speech was beginning to regress as well. It was obvious the moment he opened his mouth to complain.

"I dun wanna dwink miwk. I wan big boy food!"

But Brandon's protests fell on deaf ears as a nurse held up a bottle and shook it in front of his face. Their expression was unsympathetic - neither comforting nor vindictive as they asked the simple question:

"Will you drink the bottle?"

"NO!"

"Will you drink the bottle?"

"NO baba!" yelled Brandon, his face turning red in anger. The nurse set the bottle down on the tray. He knocked it down. They set it upright again. He pushed it off the tray.

"Drink this bottle, or you'll get the feeding hose again," warned the nurse, before setting the bottle down a third time.

"NONONONONO!" yelled Brandon, knocking it off again.

"Okay then," said the nurse, reaching up and grabbing hold of the inflatable feeding gag that was hanging from the ceiling. It had been fashioned to look like an adorable pacifier, but it was really meant to inflate and stay in place for whatever

substance they wished to pump into Brandon's tummy. On today's menu was formula and oat mush with extra fiber.

"Mmmfff!" yelled Brandon into the rubber bulb as it was inflated to stay in place. With practiced hands, the nurse quickly brought the straps of the gag around his head and secured them behind. Brandon, whose hands were secured to the chair, had no chance of stopping this from happening. He could only sit there and watch while the mush-formula mixture was pumped down the tube toward his mouth. He knew from experience what came next. A large meal of pabulum that would swell his belly and make him use his diapers even more than he otherwise would. He also knew that the cameras were capturing every minute of it, and he knew that because the screen showing the live feed was up for him to see on a giant tv monitor in front of him. He could watch himself in high definition as he grunted and struggled, watch his tummy expand, watch his diaper turn yellow as his body released more liquid in exchange for his meal.

And all the time, he could see comments about him running up the right side of the screen. Some rude. Some blush-worthy. None of them making him feel any better about his predicament. Brandon's tummy rumbled and his eyes widened. Clearly he feared a lot worse would be captured on the lunch cam today.

"Just think, little Brandy," said the nurse. "This could *all* have been avoided if you just drank the bottle."

Colt could practically read Brandon's thought process as he took this statement in. Maybe it was better to just drink the bottle. The nurse shook the bottle in front of his face again. "So do you want to try drinking from the bottle now?"

Brandon hung his head in shame before looking up, and giving a slight nod.

"Very good, baby Brandon. We're making progress!"

That's about when Colt shut off the video, and coincidentally, when he unleashed another huge load.

"Unnnhhh!" he yelled, as ropes of cum shot from his straining purple cockhead and splattered all over the desk. He tried to catch some of it in his hand, but it just spilled over, dripping all over his gym shorts. It didn't really matter. When he finally finished, he looked down at his goop covered hand and shook his head. "What a mess. I gotta get a splash guard for this desk, or start wearing condoms when I do this."

Still, even the mess couldn't wipe away his smile from seeing The Assole losing one more piece of his awful adult self. After what he did to Robbie, and who knows how many others under him, Brandon had no right to have any power again. Colt was going to see Brandon turned into a complete baby and adopted out, and he knew that C.A.B.S. would get the job done, even if it had to be through pure attrition. And Colt would be there watching the whole time, savoring the journey as much as the anticipated destination.

"Bye bye, Brandon," he said to himself as he stood up from his desk to leave. "See you tomorrow."

Overall, things were going well for Robbie and Colt. Summer had given way to Fall by this point, and Colt was already making plans for their first holidays together.

"What do you want to be for Halloween, Robbie?" he asked his little boy as they were cuddling on the couch.

"Halloween? I... uh, I don't know..."

"What's the matter, buddy? Don't you like Halloween?"

"Sure, I do. Halloween is one of my favorite holidays, but... I haven't dressed up for it in a while..."

"Well, you're going to dress up this year, because you and I are going trick-or-treating." Robbie could tell Colt was even more excited about it than most kids, and he didn't have the heart to spoil it. He tried his best to sound enthusiastic.

"W-well, I guess if you're coming with me I won't be so bad..."

"It'll be a blast, I *promise*," said Colt. "You could be an astronaut..."

"Nah, that's too easy. I already have the pajamas."

"*True*... Ooh, I know! You could be a favorite character from one of your shows. Seymour Galaxy... Pawsome Squad... Pride Defender..."

"Ooh! Pride Defender! I want to be Kondo, the little lion leader!" Colt chuckled at that.

"Hehe, okay, baby boy. You can be Kondo."

"And you have to choose a costume too!" Colt raised his eyebrows, still smiling.

"Oh! I guess I do, don't I? What do you think I should be? Do you have any ideas? ...How about a lion tamer?"

"You're silly, Daddy," giggled Robbie as Daddy began pretend-tickling him. "You should be Kondo's dad, Shumba!"

"Oh I should?" asked Colt, smiling. "Gosh, I dunno. If I dress up like a lion... I just might *eat you up!* Om nom nom!" Robbie giggled and squirmed as Daddy buried his face in his boy's belly and pretended to eat him up. Of course, Colt couldn't say no to his little boy, so the two of them quickly agreed it would be a matching costume set - one being the daddy lion, the other the son.

Shopping for a costume was a fun process for both of them. Once they had agreed on what they wanted, they used Colt's tablet to search from the comfort of the couch.

"Hmm, this adorable little sleeper should do it," said Daddy, as they browsed online for the right outfit. Robbie blushed lightly. "Oh gosh, that's... uh... that's really cute, but it's, uh... sized for a baby..." Sure enough, the adorable outfit was only available in baby sizes. "Well that's no problem," said Daddy, saving the link, "we can just get it made." Robbie was a little shocked.

"You don't mean *hire* someone to do it, do you? What will they think?"

"They'll think it's pretty darn cute, is what they'll think! Don't worry, I've been doing cute clothes for years and I have someone in mind. Or did you forget that I had baby stuff on hand *before* you moved in?"

"Oh, I guess that's true," said Robbie, rubbing his chin. "How long have you had all the baby stuff anyway?" asked Robbie. Colt ruffled Robbie's hair.

"I've liked taking care of little ones like you since *I* was a kid," said Colt, replying honestly. "In fact, those cousins I always talk about used to always play baby with me when we were growing up. I guess it kinda stuck."

Robbie giggled, thinking of how cute that must have looked. "Cute. I can just imagine you all little, playing Daddy..."

Colt grinned. "It doesn't compare to having my little Robbie, though."

"Aww geez, Daddy," said Robbie, as Colt planted a big kiss on his cheek. "Cut it out with all the mushy stuff. You're killing me." Robbie pretended to hold his neck and played dead.

"Uh oh! We've got an emergency! Good thing I'm an Emergency Medical Tickler!" Robbie was thrown into another fit of giggles. Daddy often used the tickle technique to check if his little boy was playing dead or for really any excuse at all. When they were finally finished, they hugged.

"I love you, Daddy," said Robbie, giving Colt a big hug.

"I love you too, sweetie," said Colt, returning the hug and giving Robbie a kiss on top of the head. "I'm glad we can spend these holidays together."

Then Robbie's phone rang, startling both of them as it vibrated loudly on the hard surface of the coffee table.

"Oh! Geez..." said Colt. Robbie leaned over and picked it up, his face quickly losing color as he looked again.

"Uh oh, it's Momma again..."

Colt gave Robbie a knowing look. They had both prepared for this, but it was still nerve wracking for both of them.

"Well, you'd better answer it... and then hand it over to me when you're done telling her what you want to say." Robbie nodded, gulping. He felt like he was being sent off to the gallows.

"Hi, Mom!"

"Robbie, hello hon. Just checking in. Thanksgiving is only a month away, you know. Have you gotten off work so you can come this year? I know last year you said your manager wouldn't let you have Thanksgiving off, but it's no excuse this time. I'll call him myself if I have to..."

"Whoa, Mom, slow down," said Robbie. "It's no problem, I can come. Brandon isn't even my manager any more... he got fired..."

"Oh! Well, that's a relief... good riddance to bad rubbish."

"Yeah," said Robbie, remembering how awful those last days on the job were. "Anyway, I'll be fine to come, and Colt's really excited too... He, um..." Robbie was tongue tied for what to say next, but Colt was right there, a warm hand on his shoulder to comfort him as he spoke softly to Robbie.

"Just say as much as you need to say, Robbie, I'll take care of the rest..." Robbie gulped and nodded.

"Uh, so how are you and Dad doing?"

"Oh we're just fine. Retirement is treating me well, but your dad still hasn't really gotten used to the idea of not working, to be honest. He's always building something out there in the garage. I can go get him if you want to talk to him... I might be able to drag him away..."

"No, no, that's okay mom, really. So was that all you wanted to talk about?"

"What, you want to get off the phone already? Geez, okay."

"No, Mom, I didn't mean it like that..."

"No, I get it. You're all grown up and have a life of their own."

"I'm sorry, Mom, I'm sorry..." Colt's antennas went up on that one. He was beginning to see just why Robbie used to apologize so much...

"...details about your trip..." Colt's attention was immediately brought back to the conversation at the mention of travel plans. "When are you arriving? Are you going to stay in a hotel or stay at your brother's house? How long can you stay?"

"W-well, I don't know... Colt kinda takes care of all that sort of stuff... I... uh..." Robbie looked to Colt for help and Colt nodded, sticking out his hand. "Here, why don't

you talk to Colt? He's here, now..." Colt accepted the phone and began talking, his voice sounding quite different than the one he used with Robbie.

"Hello, Mrs. Walker. Nice to meet you. I can answer all those questions..." And so he did. Colt was surprised at her reaction when he told her about Robbie's stay at home lifestyle. "No, he doesn't work there anymore. Honestly, between the settlement and my income, he'll never have to work again."

"Probably for the best. He never was very mature. Wait, hold on. What settlement?"

Colt didn't like the way Robbie's mom talked about her son but he let it slide and just focused on the settlement, since he wanted to get off on a good foot.

"I can understand why he didn't tell you. It was pretty awful. That manager ended up doing some pretty nasty stuff and... well, let's just say SuperDuper Mart is paying handsomely for it, as is that manager."

"What nasty stuff did he do? What did he do to my baby?"

Colt looked down at Robbie, who looked aghast at the turn the conversation had taken. "I really can't tell you, it would violate the terms of the settlement... I'd really rather talk about Thanksgiving..."

"I'm his *mother*, I think I deserve to know."

"Well, if you really want to know..." Robbie was frantically signalling for Colt to stop, and Colt was having a heck of a time talking on the phone while also trying to get him to calm down. "Shhh, Robbie, calm down... hold on, Mrs. Walker... Robbie is... *really* being a handful right now... One second..."

Robbie soon found himself in his playpen on his padded butt with Colt looking down at him.

"Stay right here, little dude. I'm going to finish this call in my office... unless you want to tell her about us yourself?" Robby vigorously shook his head no and Colt gave his boy a little smile and a rub on the cheek. "Didn't think so. Don't worry. Daddy's got this."

And with that, he unmuted himself and walked off toward the office. Robbie only caught a few words before Colt was gone from sight and out of earshot.

"Okay, I'll explain what I can... And then we really have to talk about Thanksgiving. There's some things you should know before we come..."

Robbie was biting his nails in worry when Colt came back...

"Daddy! What happened? Did she get mad? Am I in trouble?"

"Don't worry, baby boy," said Colt, reaching down over the playpen wall and picking Robbie up. "Everything is taken care of..."

That's all Colt would tell Robbie. It was taken care of and that's all he needed to know. Robbie reluctantly agreed, glad that he didn't have to broach the subject with his parents. After that, he tried his best to put his mind off it, and Halloween served as the perfect distraction.

By the time Halloween rolled around, Robbie and Colt had decked their house out with halloween paraphernalia inside and out. Bats under the balcony. Spiderwebs in all the windows. A front yard that would be the envy of any theme park in the country. It was something they could build together, a new way to bond through teamwork.

"Are you *sure* we can't stay here and just hand out candy?" Robbie looked up at Colt with puppy dog eyes as the man snapped his custom lion onesie up between his legs.

"No, Robbie. If we did that, we'd miss out on all the fun!" was wearing his own lion outfit, though he looked considerably more mature in it, having his legs covered with no diaper bulge jutting out from his crotch and butt.

Robbie looked at himself in the full length mirror by the door, turning this way and that to see if his diaper was too obvious. It was. Colt held up Robbie's pillow sack and motioned toward the door.

"Come on, kiddo. Stop admiring yourself in the mirror, we've got some candy to collect!" Robbie gave himself one last look and then sighed. He knew he wasn't going to win this one, and besides, he'd been out in worse. He grabbed Daddy's hand and the two of them walked out into the evening.

For the first few houses, Robbie was nervous and shy, and he wouldn't let go of Daddy's hand to go and knock on doors by himself. Colt was good natured about it, though, and had no problem accompanying his boy to each porch and door. But the reactions of all the adults who saw the pair were so effusive and encouraging, that Robbie soon ceased worrying about getting teased or yelled at, and began to enjoy trick or treating in earnest.

It soon became apparent that Colt was a competitive trick-or-treater. He laid out a strategic plan to maximize candy acquisition and had him and Robbie running this way and that as they filled their sack heavier and heavier. Robbie was glad for all the exercising they'd been doing, or he'd never have been able to keep up. He was really getting worn out when he finally spotted an opportunity to take a rest.

"Daddy, look!" said Robbie, pointing to a neighbor's yard. They had opened their garage and turned it into a haunted house that continued past the line of sight.

"I don't know, Robbie. It looks pretty scary for someone your age..."

"Aww, come on," said Robbie. "*Please?*"

"Oh, alright. But you've got to hold on tight to Daddy's hand, okay?"

"Okay," said Robbie, relieved that Daddy agreed. A man in a red and white striped suit with a half-skull mask on was standing at the front of the garage.

"Step right up, step right up. Come right into the haunted house." The man spotted the couple as they approached. "Ah, welcome fearsome beasts! Come right in. I promise you won't regret it, and I'm not lion! Bwahaha!" Robbie giggled at the man's joke, and Colt ruffled his hair. It looked like it would actually be pretty fun.

As they passed inside, they went through a corridor, which was hazy thanks to a fog machine somewhere nearby. A spooky halloween soundtrack was playing and Robbie could only really see what was immediately in front of him. The fog scattered the light making visibility poor, so Robbie and Colt had to follow the walls, except some of the walls were curtains - or hung up bed sheets. They rounded a corner and ended up in a strobe light area. Robbie felt disoriented as everything was blinking and it looked like he and Daddy were moving in stop-motion.

"Daddy," yelled Robbie, over the noise around them. "Which way is out?"

Colt said something that Robbie couldn't understand. He spoke up again. "Out! Which way is out? I don't wanna do the haunted house any m-AAHHHH!!!"

Robbie screamed as a scary skeleton jumped out at them. Colt jumped as well, but as the skeleton retreated it became clear that it was just a pop-up halloween decoration. Robbie tried to calm himself down as they continued on. Colt ruffled his hair, which made him feel safe. Then, they passed out of the strobe light area through a corridor lined at the corners with blacklight reactive piping. Colt smiled down at him and he could see Colt's teeth glowing in the UV lighting. It was so weird.

"Pretty cool, huh, kiddo?" said Colt. Robbie nodded, though he wasn't sure if Colt could see him. He was feeling a little better until someone dressed in all black snuck up behind him and grabbed him. He shrieked and held onto Colt's hand for dear life. Before he knew it, the person was gone, but the damage had been done. Robbie had completely emptied his bladder, and his onesie was probably the only thing keeping his diaper up. He could feel the tears coming. *Oh no! Not here!* He thought, but he couldn't help it. Robbie began bawling right there in the middle of the haunted house.

Colt immediately picked out the sound of his little boy crying and picked him up.

"Come on, baby boy. Let's get you out of here." Robbie buried his face in Colt's shoulder as he was carried out to the backyard where the haunted house let out.

"Shhh, shh, shhh, It's okay, kiddo. Look, we're back in front already." He gently sat Robbie down so they were both sitting on the curb. "I'm sorry, buddy. I guess it was a little too scary for you after all."

Robbie nodded, still crying. "I'm- I'm- I'm sorry, Daddy... I don't know why I got scared. It's so *stupid*..." Robbie was angry - angry at himself for being unable to handle a little haunted house.

"Shhh... it's okay, sweetie. It's not stupid. And why are you apologizing anyway? You didn't do anything wrong..."

"I know," said Robbie. "But I cried like a big baby and ruined it for you..."

"Sweetie, we went in there for *you*. I'll be just fine."

Robbie was still breathing kind of erratically between sniffles, but his heart slowed down.

"Looks like *you* need a change though," said Colt, looking at the bulge in the front of Robbie's sleeper. The plastic that was peeking out of both leg holes was yellow, and it was obvious that Robbie was wet.

"Are you two okay?" came a voice from directly behind them. Robbie screamed and jumped, startled at the sudden appearance of a skull-face behind him. "Oops, sorry, didn't mean to scare you..."

"We're fine," said Colt. "It was just a little too scary for the little one..."

Ah, I see. Hmm, you know, there's a gentler one a couple blocks up. I think it's fairy themed if I'm not mistaken. Mostly little kids go there, but something tells me it might be right up your alley..."

"Heh. Thanks, neighbor," said Colt.

"No prob, friend. What's your name?"

Colt and Trevor hit it off right away. The man was a pretty charismatic guy, and he had Robbie smiling again in no time.

"We'll all have to hang out sometime. We'd love to have you over. There's not a lot of gay couples in the neighborhood, you know?"

"Couple?" asked Robbie, blushing at the idea of being Colt's boyfriend.

"We'd love to," said Colt, answering for both of them. "That sounds like fun."

"Sorry again, kiddo," said Trevor. "But the fairy place is real close and I think you'll love it. I hear that if you're lucky, you'll get to meet a *real* fairy! How cool is that?"

Robbie felt a little excited despite himself and gave a shy smile.

"Sounds great," said Colt, ruffling Robbie's perpetually mussed hair for the umpteenth time. "Ready to go find the fairy kingdom?"

"Yeah!" said Robbie, speaking for the first time since the skull-man showed up.

They left the scary house and went a couple blocks up to the fairy house. It was a completely different vibe with lots of soft lighting, and shimmery sparkling lights.

"Well, hello, cuties!" said a woman dressed as a fairy queen who was at the front of the yard. "Welcome to fairy land. I see it looks like we have a Daddy lion... and a *baby* lion! Oh, how cute! Chloe, come out here, you have to see this!"

Chloe? Robbie and Colt looked at each other... no, it couldn't be...

"Coming, coming... oh hey! How cute, they've got matching... Oh my gosh, is that *Robbie?*!" Chloe, who was also dressed up as a fairy queen ran up to Robbie and gave him a big hug, followed by Colt.

"Oof!" Even the muscular Colt had the wind knocked out of him. When she pulled away, his fur was covered in glitter.

"Oh my god, you guys! You two are *adorable!*"

"Aren't they, though?" said the first fairy "I didn't realize you already knew them."

"Oh yes, you haven't been introduced. Cassie, this is my former co-worker, Robbie, and this is his boyfriend, Colt. Colt, Robbie, this is my girlfriend, Cassie."

"Oh, nice to meet you!" said Colt, shaking her hand.

Robbie followed suit, though his greeting was considerably quieter than Colt's.

"Oh, you two are cute. Did you come to see the fairyland puppet show?"

"Puppet show? Heck yeah we wanna see a puppet show," said Colt, grinning down at Robbie. Robbie was also interested, but at the moment he had his mind on other things, namely the soggy bulk between his legs.

"What's wrong kiddo? Oh, I know..." Looking down, Colt saw the problem right away. They hadn't taken care of his diaper yet. "Do you think you can hold it a little longer kiddo?" Robbie looked from Colt to the two women and back, embarrassed to admit that he probably wouldn't, but also worried about leaking at the puppet show. Chloe caught on right away.

"Oh! Hey, you two can go inside if you need to, you know, use the *bathroom...*"

"Oh, yeah, could we?" asked Colt, looking hopefully up at the two women.

"Yeah, sure, it's fine, right Cassie?"

"Totally fine! Go inside. Go get freshened up."

"Thanks," said Colt. Robbie blushed at the grownups all negotiating his diaper change between themselves.

"Oh, don't give me that look, crinklebutt," said Cassie, with a canny smile. "Chloe's told me all about you two. We're totally cool with it. Just hurry up so you don't miss the show!"

Robbie didn't have a chance to argue because Colt grabbed Robbie's hand and quickly pulled him inside. He wasn't waiting for anyone to change their mind before he could change his baby boy's diaper.

"Come on," said Colt, as they got inside and navigated their way to the bathroom. He had had the foresight to bring a diaper change just in case. He followed the rule of thumb that you should always bring one more diaper than you think you need. It was a habit he learned to keep up without exception taking care of littles, and especially with Robbie, who was 24/7 and would always need a change sooner or later.

Robbie blushed as he was laid on his back on the bathroom floor and Colt opened the tapes up. No matter how much it happened, public changes were always embarrassing to him, and anything out of the house was a public change to him.

"What are you blushing about, Kiddo?" asked Colt. Of course Robbie didn't have to answer. "My little lion just needs a diapee change is all. Ooh, boy. You really soaked these ones, huh kiddo? Was the house that scary?"

Robbie looked up at Colt and nodded. It was also really surreal and embarrassing to him being changed by such a hottie. How was it that this amazing guy was his Daddy? How was it that he found someone who was willing to engage with him this way? To be *enthusiastic* about it, even. He could feel his heart beating for a completely different reason than fear as Colt wiped him clean.

"Uh oh," said Colt, noticing Robbies little pee-pee going stiff. "Well, this is going to be a problem, buddy boy. I think we'd better take care of it so we can get a new diaper on you, don't you?"

Robbie whimpered and nodded. Colt smirked and reached in the bag for a bottle of baby lotion. Soon, Robbie was biting his lip and moaning as his Daddy rubbed his little pee-pee with his magic Daddy hands, murmuring encouragement to his little boy.

"Aww, you like that, little one? Does that feel good? You like it when Daddy makes you feel good? Hmm? You like to make sticky creamies in your diapees? Huh? Yeah?"

Robbie felt a special mixture of pleasure and happiness when Daddy did his baby talk and touched him like that. He had jacked off every day since he first started puberty, but it never felt quite like it did when he was being brought there by someone he loved. Daddy was the first person who'd made him feel like that, and he loved it so much. Soon, those feelings of love, happiness, and pleasure reached a peak.

"Unh!" he cried in the cutest tiny voice, before spurting out his sticky seed, painting the front of the padding, which Colt had the presence of mind to cover his pee-pee with.

"*Thaaat's* it, baby boy. That's a good boy... You did so good being a good boy for Daddy today. I'm so proud of you..." Robbie panted, out of breath from the intense experience. Colt kept up the steady stream of encouragement as he removed the used

diaper, and diapered up his boy in a fresh diaper. He stuck the used one in a plastic bag he'd brought for such a situation, and stuffed the bagged diaper into the diaper bag. "All done, kiddo. Now let's go out to the show!"

When they got to the backyard, which had been completely decked out in sparkly lights with softly glowing lights covered in gauzy sculptures reminiscent of a snowscape or a cloud city. Colt sat with Robbie in his lap, hugging his boy from behind as Robbie giggled, clapped, and laughed at the silly puppets on the puppet stage.

Robbie and Colt very much enjoyed fairyland, and by the time they got up to leave at 9pm, Robbie was falling asleep on his feet. He wasn't used to so much walking and it was only the regular exercise regimen that made it possible for him to do it without the help of a stroller. But it was well past his bedtime, so they said their goodbyes to Cassie and Chloe and promised they'd all hang out soon. Then, they left with their haul of candy, and the two went back home.

Of course, Colt put the bag in his office as soon as they got back, saying it was too late for Robbie to have any candy and it was time to brush his teeth and go to bed instead. Colt wasn't about to let Robbie eat candy until he inspected it himself. He wasn't about to let his guard down for even a second after the shopping incident. The haunted house had been a close enough call for him.

Robbie slept like a rock that night, completely worn out from all the walking, the frights, the meltdowns and the warm Daddy hands that brought him to the wonderful climax. Colt also slept well, knowing this was the first of many wonderful holidays they'd have together.