

## Babied by Billy

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### Chapter 24: The Grand Opening

The day of the grand opening was finally upon us and excitement was in the air, or more like dread in my case. I stayed with Shelley most of the day while Tank and the others ran to and fro making all the necessary arrangements for the night to go off without a hitch.

"What do you think it'll be like?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know, kiddo," said Shelley. "I'm just a sophomore, and I was never really part of that crowd. But I bet there will be some drinking. Maybe costumes. A Hollywood style volcano. You know, like in the movies."

"That would be something," I said, giggling into my hands. "You don't think that kind of thing ever happens in real life, do you?"

"I honestly don't know," she said, shrugging. "C.A.B.S. certainly has the budget for it."

"Yeah, what's with that?" I asked. "I knew daycare was expensive, but they can't be making *that* much money from room and board fees..."

Shelley laughed and shook her head. "No, no. They have government contracts... Wait. Hold up. Aren't those some pretty *advanced* questions to be asking for a baby? Do you need help feeling little?"

"Aw, geez, Shelley," I said, blushing and covering my face. "Don't make me..."

"I think he does! Somebody needs help feeling *liiiiittle*!"

I could already feel myself shrinking into an itty bitty baby as she talked me down into what C.A.B.S. folk called 'little space'. It was a state of mind where I felt like a rambunctious toddler. Everything was a bit more colorful. Simpler. There would no longer be any deep, thought provoking, or esoteric conversations for me. I was too little for that.

I hugged Theo, played with some toy keys, sucked on my baba and wet my diaper. All good things that I truly enjoyed. I chewed on my teether. I happily let her lay me on my back and pop open my onesie to check and change my diaper as needed. I was just relaxed and happy without a care in the world. But little by little, as I gradually began to come back out of little space, I became aware that Shelley was making preparations for us to leave. She had set the stroller by the door and she was packing a colorful oversized diaper bag for me.

"Huh? Where are we going? What time is it?" I asked, suddenly sitting up like I had slept through a big test.

"Well, welcome back, *big boy*," Shelley teased. "You almost missed the whole day! It's time to go to the grand opening!"

"Already?" I asked, groaning.

"Yes, already. Let's go. Up and into the stroller, buddy boy."

"Alright, alright," I said, hiking up my diaper as I waddled away from the blankie on the floor. "I'm comin'."

Shelley gave me a crinkly smack on the bum for being slow and I quickly plopped my butt on the seat of the stroller where she couldn't reach it.

"Why does everyone always wanna smack my bum?" I asked, blushing fiercely as she buckled me in.

"Because it's cute, that's why."

Oh of course. *Cute*. Now it all made sense. Not. I decided to keep my annoyance to myself, knowing full well it had more to do with my nervousness than anything.

"You're so cute when you get pouty," she said, booping my nose. I rubbed it, only more squirmy and embarrassed as she pushed me out the door. I knew she was just going to keep it up the whole way there, and I hated to admit it, but part of me liked it. I think you can imagine what part. Between the diapers, the plug, the teasing, the restraints, and my hard pee-pee, it was like I was being edged the whole way there and it wasn't fair.

It wasn't hard to find the place. We could see the floodlights and hear the music from half a mile away. Things only got noisier and more festive as we got closer. Everyone who was anyone was there. I recognized people from the varsity teams, C.A.B.S. staff, and of course all my friends, fans, and dubious onlookers all milling about in front of the big building, where a big ribbon was waiting to be cut.

The lookie-loos crowded me to greet me or stick a camera in my face. Since I couldn't get out of the locking buckle on my own, I had nowhere to go, and I got really uncomfortable when some of them started egging me on to make stickies in my diaper, practically shoving their cameras in my face.

A few of the Alpha Beta brothers had to intervene to rescue me, telling them they needed a press pass, and directing them off toward some tables set off to the side of the entrance where there were plenty of forms to fill out for their convenience. That's when I noticed that the event was garnering quite a few recruits. Whether by hook or by crook, a line of young applicants had formed at the recruitment tables. I was sure that

more than a few of them would end up in diapers by the end of the week, just like me, though I'm sure that's what some of them were aiming for in the first place.

I spotted some familiar faces almost immediately. I saw Billy running the recruitment tables, and we were just coming up on Dr. Windelmann with a muscular rubber pup on all fours at the end of his leash. A thick diaper was prominently on display over his Rubber and it was quite yellow. The doctor smiled brightly when he saw us.

"Oh! Vat haff ve here? The little mauschen has arrived! So gut to see you, little von. Und nice to meet *you*, Shelly. I *loved* the presentation you put on for the babysitter's club."

He transferred the leash to his free hand and shook hands with Shelly, who looked slightly taken aback to see a human pup in full rubber out in the open like that.

"Oh, zis is mein pet, Spritzer. Say hello, Spritzer!"

The pup let out two barks and wagged his butt, wagging the rubber tail that poked out of the back of his suit.

"Spritzer vas one of the first to go through our *reform* program. Oh, ja. The poor pet vas so misguided before his treatment, bullying little ones like Jimmy here, but ve showed him a better vay, isn't zat right, my little liebchen?"

The pup barked and wagged his butt, whining a bit as the good doctor bent down and gave his swollen diaper a few pats. I wondered just how willing Spritzer was when he started his 'treatment'. He looked happy enough now, though, if a little horny and frustrated. With his hands in thick padded rubber mitts, and his extra thick diapers, I imagined that getting off was a challenge. I didn't really care, though. All I wanted to know was where was Tank.

It didn't take long to spot him. With his size and the confidence, he was a commanding presence, directing the C.A.B.S. members, catering staff, guests, and Alpha Beta brothers like second nature. It was a side of him I had only caught glimpses of until now, and it made me realize that there really was a lot more to this man than the sweet Daddy I got to cuddle with at night. As soon as Tank spotted me, he delegated the role of manager to David, who looked like he was about to crap his pants.

"It'll just be a moment, D. I've gotta see my baby boy!"

In a flash, Tank had me out of the stroller and into his big arms, hugging me tight.

"Did you miss me, baby boy?" he asked. I hugged him back and nodded, breathing in his scent. I really had.

"He's been using a lot of big boy words," said Shelley, arching an eyebrow. "I had to help him remember to be little." I instantly felt smaller as she said that. Tank just looked down at me and smiled.

"Is that so?" he asked, looking me in the eye. "You know better, baby boy. You're just a *baby*. Don't forget that."

Of course he was really warning me. I had to remember the plan. Enjoy the treatment. Don't ask questions. Convince Dr. S. he's won completely. That wasn't too hard. I was pretty convinced of it myself.

We looked over as a megaphone squealed over by the entrance. There, holding a huge pair of scissors, was none other than the director himself: Doctor Stannopolous.

"Welcome one and all!" he called out. "Welcome to the grand opening of the Alpha Beta Delta Lambda house!" There was applause all around. The director was the center of attention and he was loving every second of it, as usual.

"Well, thank you for coming today to our little shindig. We're here today because of the hard work of the members of the fraternity, our generous donors, and the incredible success of our research and treatment programs, which have made this campus the world's center for ABDL research!"

More applause.

"Alpha Beta Delta Lambda members have volunteered countless hours with our Fresh Start program and contributed to critical research that has made our program a success from the very beginning." Here, he paused to look over at Dr. Windelmann and gestured with an open hand. "Dr. Windellman, our senior physician in house, can attest to that. As can his adorable Pet, Spritzer."

"Say hallo, Spritzer!" said Dr. Windelmann, inducing the diaper-clad rubber pup to stand up on his hindquarters and bark, much to the delight of onlookers.

"Thank you, Doctor. Now, as I was saying, we owe a lot to Alpha Beta Delta Lambda, and as we strengthen our relationship with this venerable fraternity, we want to give them every tool they need to help us keep our incredible program running like a well-oiled machine."

I shuddered, imagining a factory line where adults were turned into big babies one after the other.

"To that end, we have installed some state of the art facilities in the newly renovated Alpha Beta House. So without further ado, it's time to cut the ribbon!"

The cameras lined up, and everyone watched on in excitement as the blades came down on the long bolt of red cloth.

SNIP!

A big cheer rang out as the cloth fell to the floor.

"Why don't we all take a look, shall we?"

There was a buzz of excitement in the air, and plenty of cellphones recording as everyone followed the doctor into the house. First stop was the kitchen, where there was a grand dining table and plenty of space for high chairs and doggie bowls beside each seat.

"Every day starts and ends with a good meal, so we wanted to make sure there was space for everyone!"

Indeed there was, and I had the feeling that I would be far from the only diapered sub dining there each day. At least I wouldn't be alone.

Next, we got a peek inside the kitchen, which was set up to feed the large numbers of members and the pets/littles in their care. Big long counters, big sinks, and glistening industrial appliances for large scale cooking. It even had a bottle washing station, and I blushed as Billy commented that it would make cleaning my bottles much easier.

After that, there was a big open room that Dr. S. called the exercise room. There was a big round track for pups to run along, and hanging baby harnesses on tracks that littles like me could run on. I was obliged to grin and bear it as I was set inside one to demonstrate it.

"There we go, Jimmy! Be a good boy and give us a lap around the room! We'll wait for you..."

The big harness spread my legs wide - even further than my already thick diaper did. It was set just high enough that I had to flex my feet slightly to touch the ground, and all the pressure instead went to the anal stretching ring, pressing it into my hole and causing my dick to jump in my diaper with each awkward waddle forward. I tried not to wince in embarrassment as I felt my body respond to the stimulation. When I looked back, I saw that everybody was watching, and they were going to wait until I had finished. I had no choice but to go forward, and the faster the better, but the awkward outfit did not make it easy. I

was about halfway around the track before I had my first spasm, hunching over as my cock spit precum into the front of my soggy padding. The director eventually grew impatient, but he had a brilliant idea.

"I know! Let's give him some incentive. We'll make it a race! Doctor Windellman, do you mind if we borrow Spritzer?"

"A wunderbar idea, Herr Doktor Stannopoulos!" The portly doctor graciously handed the lease to the director, who led the pup to the start of the track before unclipping him.

"Alright. Let's see who is faster. The winner will get to enjoy a slice of real pizza! How does that sound?"

The race was on. The doctor had me at 'pizza'. I would have killed to eat some real food after days of nothing but formula, and I had a head start too, but with my awkward gait, I was going to be hard-pressed to beat out a well-conditioned human pup running on all fours. Spritzer took off like a bolt and I waddled as if my life depended on it, doing my best to ignore the increased stimulation the extra motion caused. I did pretty well for myself, all things considered, but as Tank and the rest cheered me on from the sidelines, Spritzer steadily gained on me until about 10 feet from the finish line, he blew past me. Meanwhile, I shuddered and blew a load into my diaper. All that stimulation had caused a massive bladder spasm, followed by an involuntary orgasm immediately after. There was no disguising what happened as I loudly moaned and cried out.

"Ahhhh! Ohhhhhh, unnn hghhhhhhhhhfffffuuuuuhhhhhh...." And then I blurted out the most embarrassing statement just out of the blue. "I made stickies in my diapees!!"

I panted, completely wiped out and embarrassed as people clapped, laughed, and cooed. Damn that VR. Why had I been so cavalier about the possible side-effects? There was nothing I could do about it now, though. It would work to my advantage, though. I had to let the Doctor think he had won, after all. I never did cross the finish line. Instead, I was lifted out of the harness and carried by Tank to the next stop - the bathrooms.

I hid my face in Tank's shoulder the whole way there, knowing that people were staring at me and my soggy diaper butt. He patted my butt the whole way to relax me, and it would have worked, except that I could feel the sticky goo I had spurted into the diaper, and that made me all the more horny and embarrassed as he pressed the slippery padding against me with each pat. The excitement of the crowd grew as we walked on, and I looked up as Dr. S. began to give his next lecture.

"Ah, here we are, coming up on one of the crowning jewels of this project. The bathrooms! It's a little something that will suit the needs of all fraternity members and those in their care. Let's take a look, shall we?"

'A little something' didn't do the bathrooms justice. It looked more like a spa, starting with a big sweeping entrance lined with tile and wide enough for several people to pass through at once. We walked through locker rooms with stacks of towels waiting to be used and benches, all conspicuously outfitted with tie down points.

Past that were the showers, which were open, no stalls. They had nozzles at knee level, high pressure shower heads above, and shower shots every seven feet or so for easy cleaning inside and out.

There were standing baths further down, elevated to between waist and chest height for easy cleaning of pups and adult babies without any bending to hurt the back.

And of course, there were plenty of changing tables as well. The doctor got a mischievous gleam in his eye when we came to those and I gulped involuntarily.

"Let's christen these changing tables with a couple of our star subjects. What do you say? Spritzer and Jimmy both look like they could use a change!"

There were chuckles and murmurs of agreement as there was no hiding the state of our diapers. The pup didn't seem to hesitate at all when Dr. Windelmann whistled and patted the table with a sharp command in German. He seemed perfectly fine being changed in public, if a little wiggly. The doctor opened his diaper to reveal a caged puppy cock. When he took off the cage, a long, ribbed, aluminum tube came out of his cock along with it, dripping with pre.

"Can I get an instrument tray over here? I think we need to size up."

I sucked my thumb and stared at my diaper in anticipation while Tank laid me down and reached for my tapes.

"Let me have a crack at him," said Billy, stepping in. I made eye contact with the asshole but quickly looked away again, sucking my thumb like I didn't care. Of course I hated that I was already getting hard as he took off my diaper, but I tried to act like I didn't notice.

"What a good baby," Billy said, looking at my stiff bits as he pulled down the front of my diaper. "Wow! His little wee wee is trying to get hard! You really love your diapees, don't you Jimmy?"

I nodded, keeping my thumb in my mouth. I didn't even have to fake that. It was another automatic response programmed by Billy himself that I nod yes to all questions he asked. Of course the worst part was that it was true. I really had come to love my diapees, and Billy knew exactly how to rub it in, too.

"Of course you love them! That's why you begged to be kept this way. Well, buddy, you struck the jackpot here. You get to be this way forever and ever! Bet you never dreamed you'd get this treatment when you came to college, huh?" He smiled and toyed with my pecker for just a moment. "Look at all that pre! You are in baby heaven right now, aren't you, crinkle butt?"

It infuriated me that he was right, even though I knew I was supposed to be growing up and becoming an adult in college.

I winced as Billy used my own pre to slick my dickhead and slid his finger over it. It was too much stimulation to be pleasurable, and a bladder spasm was the immediate aftermath. A spurt of pee hit his palm and he chuckled.

"No control at all, little guy. That's why we keep you in diapers!"

Meanwhile, Dr. Windelmann was setting up a grand opening of his own. He had an array of hollow aluminum urethral stretching tubes out and was working an incredibly large ribbed one into Spritzer's cock. Several smaller sizes were sitting used on the tray, covered in lube.

"Ahh... zere ve go! I could practically fit my finger in zere now," he said, as he flexed his fat gloved finger where the pup could see. The pup was rock hard and if he had a tail I was sure he'd be wagging it. The doctor pumped the bumpy cock straw in and out of Spritzer's penis several times, causing the pup to shudder and whine in pleasure, before taking it out and running his finger around the gaping piss-slit.

"Ohhh, yes, my pet. You took my whole finger! What a good boy you are! Good boy!" Onlookers gasped as he slipped his finger into the hole. "Vat a gut boy! You took the whole thing."

He rubbed the puppy's tummy as he worked his finger in and I could see a lot of precum dripping out around the doctor's fat finger. I couldn't fathom what was so enjoyable about having a finger up your peehole, but there were a lot of things I didn't understand about what felt good, I supposed. After all, a week before I never would have guessed that diapers felt so good to wear! The doctor left the poor pup's cock alone and moved on to his tail, which he worked around before pulling out to inspect his pet's backside.

"Gut boy! You look happy und healsy back zere!"

The plug that had come out of him was so large that it left him gaping and probably would never close again. I guess that was what the doc considered healthy.

When he was finally satisfied, he put the tail plug back in, and slid a very, very large tube in the front of the pup's pee-pee before locking it in with a cage and taping him up again. The poor whiny, horny pup was stuck like that and there was no way poor Spritzer was going to do anything about it with the rubber and diaper and cage over everything. Not with his hands in thick padded rubber mitts. I didn't envy the pup, but at least he seemed to be enjoying himself. I wondered if he had been like me and hated his treatment at first. The way he looked into the doctor's eyes with such love reminded me of me and Tank and I decided that at this point it didn't matter. We just had to get through our new lives as best we could.

It would be a lot easier to do that if Billy wasn't around. I was once again forced to grin and bear it as Billy finished hamming it up and taped up my diaper. A few pats to my front made me squirm, and a firm pat on my plugged butt made my eyes bug out. It was going to be very hard to keep my composure around this asshole.

Luckily the only bigger narcissist than Billy was right there in the room beside us, and he soon grew tired of the pets and pamperbutts stealing the show. He clapped his hands together causing everyone to jump.



"Yes, yes, very good. As you can see, the brothers of Alpha Beta Delta Lambda will have all they need. Now, if we're all diapered up, let's get on with the show! We have one more stop to make... and it's in the *basement*..."

We all made our way out of the restroom, and I could tell something was up because the chatter was more animated, and much of it was coming from the existing membership. Down, down, down the wide stairs we went. Down into the basement.

The basement was wide, open, and much more minimally furnished than the upstairs. Someone must have been passing out robes because next thing I knew, everyone was in one — except the pledges themselves of course. They shuffled nervously about as those in the know went through the esoteric paces of their unknown ritual.

Amidst sigils and candles and dim lighting, the members formed a large circle, and behind a stone altar that looked suspiciously like a lectern stood the doctor. It was easy to get caught up in all of the pomp and circumstance and forget that these were just people like anyone else. The director did what he did best and broke into yet another lecture.

"It is now time for our annual induction. Pledges, brothers, guests, and patients," he said, smiling down at me. "It is my pleasure to welcome you to this very special event, made even more special because of the renovation, and because this is the customary time that we select our house baby. Every four years or so, this fraternity has a very special vote. A vote for the house baby - the house *mascot*, if you will. It can be anyone they vote for, even me," he said with a laugh. "Of course we know *that* would never happen. We will see who gets elected house baby," he said, looking directly at me and making me squirm, "but first, let us commence with the induction!"

The pledges arranged themselves in rows in the center of the circle and stood at attention. There were dozens and dozens of them, including several who had only just joined that evening thanks to the recruitment team. I noticed several of the aggressive 'paparazzi' from earlier in their ranks looking confused and out of place.

"The brothers are going around with your ribbons. You'll notice that they come in white, yellow, red, or blue. You will find out what they mean shortly."

The members began pinning ribbons to the pledges' clothing, or whatever they happened to be wearing, and I watched as the pledges looked at first perplexed, and then gradually started to work out the meaning for themselves based on who got what. It was quite the mind game for those standing there, letting them wonder what it all meant as the ribbons were passed out.

I saw a proud looking pledge puff out his chest as he accepted a blue ribbon. Many others seemed impressed and they seemed to generally think that blue was best.

A much less confident looking pledge shrank back as a red ribbon was pinned to him. He looked terrified. The red ribbon was not what anyone wanted to get, clearly.

A clueless newbie got a white ribbon, as did almost anyone who signed up at Billy's table. All that seemed to indicate was that they were newbies. Simple enough.

It was the yellow ribbon that had pledges scratching their heads. A number of them seemed reasonably confident that it was good, while others were not so sure. The yellow ribbons seemed to go to a good chunk of the pledge, so it was safe to assume that it couldn't be too far in either direction.

Once the ribbons had all been distributed, the doctor continued. "Now that you are all ribboned, I'd like you to listen carefully. Blue ribbons... you have passed with flying colors. Please accept your robes and prepare to be inducted.

There was a general cheer from the blue ribbons and uncomfortable shifting from the rest, who had had at least one of their suspicions confirmed.

"Red ribbons, you are *out*. I'm sorry, but you're just not Alpha Beta *material*. Better luck next year." He waved them away with a dismissive gesture. There was a general murmur and shuffling of feet as most of the red ribbons began to slink off toward the exit. However, one or two were a bit more vocal.

"Hey! That's not fair!" yelled one man.

"Yeah! We worked our butts off! Isn't there anything we can do?" said another.

The doctor gave the rebellious rejects a cold glance that seemed to lower the temperature of the room by several degrees before breaking into a smile.

"Well, I suppose there is *one* way you could get in. You could sign the forms and enter along with the new recruits who came in tonight." He gestured toward the white ribbon wearers. "Do that and you'll get a white ribbon. You'll lose your status as a pledge, though."

A number of the red ribbons said to heck with it and walked out then and there, but many others signed the sheets conveniently provided on clipboards by the standing members of Alpha Beta. *Those* pledges got their white ribbons and smirked, feeling that they had somehow beat the system once again.

"Yellow Ribbons... you are almost there, but you still have to prove yourselves. Now you must show us your resolve. If you can withstand a paddling longer than 50% of your group, you will receive a blue ribbon. If you cannot... your ribbons will be as red as your behinds."

The brothers unsheathed the paddles, and the yellow ribbons were told to bend over and drop trow, or whatever they happened to be wearing. To their credit, everyone in the remaining group did so. They had come this far and they were committed to making it. However, the paddling wouldn't stop until at least half of them had dropped out. So began the contest of a thousand spanks.

\*SMACK\* \*SMACK\* \*SMACK\*

The sound of paddle hitting flesh rang across the ceremonial space along with the moans and cries of "OOF!" and "OW!" as the strikes rained down on exposed bottoms.

Several of the brothers were openly sporting erections and licking their lips as they watched — or paddled.

One by one, the yellow ribbon pledges began to drop out. Nearly every one of them ran right to the signup sheets to get a white ribbon. I couldn't fathom why. Maybe they were legacies and it was just expected of them. Maybe they were in it for the powerful connections that came with membership. Whatever the reason, when half of the hopefuls had joined their fellow losers at square one, the paddling stopped, and those left standing got nice new robes to cover their now purple bottoms.

"Bravo," said the doctor, "clapping. I like to see that kind of spirit and energy in our new recruits! Welcome to those of you who made the cut. And for the rest of you - if you have a white ribbon, please accompany our intake team to the Center for Adult Baby Studies. You've all been accepted into the Fresh Start program, and we look forward to seeing you back here after processing, where you'll get to stay and make full use of the new facilities as Alpha Beta's newest charges.

The shocked faces of the poor pledges were a sight to see. Many of them looked as pale as the ribbons they wore. The poor fools. Those who had withstood the contest of endurance smirked and teased their former peers.

"See you soon, *babies!*"

"We'll be sure to take good care of you when you get back."

I felt for the poor schmucks as I watched them go. Anyone who resisted soon found themselves pacifier gagged, incapacitated, and dragged off in full restraints. After that happened to a few of the rowdiest babies to be, the rest soon decided it would be better to go quietly. The doctor continued once more as the room was cleared of the chaff.

"Wave goodbye now. Very good. We'll see *them* again soon. And now, for the convocation."

There followed some chanting, and some swearing in. Some pledges of allegiance and other boring ceremony. It was enough to put me to sleep, so I snuggled into Tank and zoned out for most of it. That is, until the time for the big vote came.

"Congratulations, new members! This is the start of a new life for you, and the next four years will garner connections and opportunities that will pay dividends for the rest of your lives. Now it is time for my favorite part of the night. It's time to nominate our

house baby! Do we have a suggestion? Anyone can speak up to nominate a member. Don't be shy!"

As the seconds stretched on, I was sweating bullets. Any moment, a single utterance could seal my almost certain fate of being house baby. Sure, I was stuck as a baby whether I liked it or not, but I sure didn't want to be the *Mascot*.

"Jimmy!" called out Billy, finally, looking at me with a triumphant grin.

"Jimmy!" repeated the doctor, feigning surprise. "Imagine that!"

There was laughter and applause and my stomach dropped into my bare little feet. No one was surprised to see my name come up. Tank hugged me close as I hung my head in resignation. I could hear the Doctor calling out, "Do I have a second?"

But no one spoke up. I looked up. The director's smile had faltered.

"Anyone? No one?"

I thought I was done for, but still no one would speak. When someone finally did speak up, what they said would shock us all.

"I nominate Billy!"