**Daily Free-Write April 23, 2021 Be Careful What You Wish For Pt. 3**

*Continuation of March 3, 2021, "Be Careful What You Wish For Pt. 2"*

"Come along, little JayJay, we haven't got all day." He said. James reluctantly toddled over to his stroller, which he knew from experience he would never be able to get out of. In he went and Daddy strapped him in, wheeling him out to the minivan, where he was loaded into his car seat. Of course, he had to record this live as well, because why not? What was a cuter than little Jamesie getting ready for his big day out?

Daddy stowed the stroller and jumped in the front seat.

"Ready to go champ?"

"Yes, Daddy," said James. As if he had a choice.

They drove out to Park North, also known as Little Italy, one of the most popular places to go out for a walk and a nice (expensive) meal. They strolled into the wide plaza with the grand fountain that was surrounded by fancy italian eateries. James very much liked this part of town, but he would have liked it more without the gawkers. He wished daddy wouldn't make such a spectacle, but today he wanted to go full baby and not even allow him the dignity of wearing a passable outfit like overalls, or of even walking. No, today he was in an adorable pink stretchy shortalls that accentuated his diaper bulge to an almost obscene degree, pink sneakers and socks, and a pink baby tee with rainbows on the chest and sleeves. He might as well have had 'sissy baby' printed on the front of his outfit. But Daddy seemed to be in that mood today.

Daddy decided on a delicious looking panini from one of the restaurants, and picked his seat in the plaza, which had plenty of tables set up for diners to enjoy. James wasn't even let out of his stroller, just wheeled up to the table while daddy sat next to him, sipping an italian soda. James missed soda. He missed a lot of things that he couldn't have anymore. But he was just a baby now. Everything he drank came out of a bottle or sippy cup. That's just the way it was.

Daddy's sandwich came and James' mouth watered as he smelled the grilled chicken, the garlic, the basil.

"Aww, I'm sorry, kiddo, you can't have any. It's not good for little tum tums. I ordered you something special though."

James got a grilled cheese sandwich. It might not have seemed like much, but he was ecstatic. Daddy laughed.

"That's right, silly boy. You get to have some big boy food today! How about that?"

"Thank you thank you thank you!" said James, bouncing up and down in his stroller. Daddy cut it up into little pieces and forked a bite to his mouth. James blushed a bit, but knew better than to say anything and opened his mouth without fuss.

"That's a good baby. You're so well behaved today, little one. Your training has really paid off."

"Yes, Daddy. Can I have more please?"

"Aww, yes you may. But first you have to drink your baba."

Daddy brought out a big pink bottle with a pink penis topper and James' eyes went wide. He blushed brightly and looked around.

"H-here, Daddy?"

"Yes, little one. Can't let you get out of practice." He handed it to the nervous boy and patted his knee. "If you don't want anyone to see, you'd better hurry up and start sucking."

James did just that, gulping down the sweet liquid as he did so.

"Drink up Kiddo. Daddy needs to eat too, ya know."

Daddy was about to take a bite of his sandwich when someone came up.

"H-hello? Oh my gosh, are you… a-a-are you James' Daddy?"

Daddy turned to regard a young man in a soccer shirt and shorts with tan skin, short black hair, and a baby face. James blushed. The boy was cute. He felt a stirring in his diaper that the cage quickly suppressed. Daddy smiled his irresistible smile.

"Yes, that's me. Are you a fan?"

"Y-yeah… you c-could say that," he said. My… my family owns the restaurant where you got the pannini, and I know I'm not your waiter but when I saw you I just I just I had to… uh… come say hi!" He was fumbling nervously. "I can't believe it's really you," he added, quietly.

"In the flesh," said Daddy, laughing. "Well, this is interesting! So your family owns that restaurant, huh, kiddo?"

The boy blushed at that word and Daddy's grin grew wider.

"Y-yeah. Oh, my name's Nico by the way."

"Nice to meet you," said Daddy, shaking his hand. "You can call me Daddy."

The young man looked like he was about to melt.

"Th-th-thank you D-daddy." He said, his face reddening further.

"Run! Get out while you can!" I wanted to yell, but I couldn't take the bottle out of my mouth without showing him the fat pink cock I was sucking on.

"Such a polite boy. I'm having a meet and greet here after lunch if you'd like to stick around. Everyone's very excited about the hunt for JayJay's big brother. By the way, are you eighteen?"

*Oh god,* thought James. *He is thinking that. Say no kid*.

"Just turned it," said the boy, looking abashed.

"Oh? And I'm guessing you didn't just start watching our little journey last week, hmm? That's very naughty, kiddo. You should know better than that." Daddy Frowned.

"I'm s-s-sorry, Daddy," said Nico. "I know I shouldn't have… You're just… and JayJay… and… I mean…"

Daddy shushed the boy and patted his lap.

"Don't worry, kiddo. I think I can set you straight. Now come, have a seat on Daddy's lap and tell me all about yourself."

*-Written by ChampTehOtter*