

## Babied by Billy

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### Chapter 18: Shitting Bricks

Billy's phone went off and when he looked at the name that showed up, his face went white as a sheet. He looked like he would be sick to his stomach as he hit the 'accept' button and with a trembling hand brought the phone up to his ear.

"Sir. I'm so sorry – I. What? Turn around? What are you talking about?"

The phone fell from his hands and clattered to the ground as the director himself came strolling over, hands in his pockets as if he just happened to run into us on a casual walk through campus. But like everything he did, this was carefully orchestrated.

"Billy, Billy, Billy," he said, shaking his head.

Billy immediately began to whimper and whine. "I didn't know, sir! I-I-I d-didn't mean to, I mean, I didn't *know!*"

"Shut it, Billy," said the Director, making a closing motion with his right hand.

Billy immediately stopped talking and stood there, looking like he was about to shit his pants. After a pause, Dr. Stannopoulos continued.

"The babysitter's club, huh? Well... I think it's a *great* idea, Billy. I'm really not sure how *you* stumbled into such an opportunity, but you did good, *for once.*"

Billy let out a breath, relieved he wasn't in trouble after all.

"But Jimmy here... he's not quite done with his training. You know that when you and Tank go to this event tonight, the two of you are going to have to be *extra careful* to avoid bringing any negative attention to the program and its staff. And if Jimmy should do something... out of character... I'll be holding the two of you *personally* responsible."

Billy was shocked. "Me? And Tank? T-t-tonight? But *sir*, I can't-"

"Well you *have* to," barked the director, causing the two of us to jump. He was rippling with so much repressed anger that I could practically see it coming off his body as an aura. I realized his slow, measured demeanor right then was not calm but rather a gargantuan effort to hold back his rage and Billy was just poking the bear harder. "You... have put me.... in a really tight spot... with your theatrics... Billy. That fucking *agreement*... was broadcast all across our social media feeds. There are already hundreds of responses of people excited to see this meeting, so now we have to follow through."

Billy's mouth flapped like a fish and he scrambled to save the situation. "W-w-w-we can cancel, I can just c-call the number and-"

"My people are already working on it. You will be there tonight. Keep an eye on that phone," said the director, who had regained his composure and was eyeing the phone on the ground with distaste, "because the details will follow shortly."

"Y-yes, s-s-sir," said Billy, looking like he had just swallowed a lemon.

I really had to hand it to Shelley. She had played the perfect game of chess with the director via his own pawn. Not only was her club going to be the next thing on everybody's browser history, she could easily use the event to raise the profile of the club and get more funding. I mean, who wouldn't want a ticket to see the world's biggest baby and learn all the lurid details of my life? I didn't exactly look forward to such an exposé, but it was worth it to see these two assholes squirm.

"Oh, and one more thing," said the Director, just when it seemed the conversation was over.

"Y-yes sir?" asked Billy.

The director sat down and patted his lap. Billy's face fell.

"N-no! No, no, no... *please...*!"

The director's eyes widened and he gave Billy a glare so hard I thought lasers were going to shoot out. Billy flew onto his lap faster than a pigeon on a french fry. In seconds, his pants were around his ankles and the director was playing patty cake with Billy's bum. His hand rained down furiously, sending slaps that echoed across campus with every angry word.

"DON'T. YOU. EVER. SCHEDULE. ANYTHING. WITHOUT. MY. PERMISSION. AGAIN."

Billy cried out as he was spanked, and several people turned to look their way to see what the commotion was. A couple school peace officers even walked over but one held his hand out to stop the other when they saw who it was. They just stood by and watched as Billy got his ass beat. When he was done, the director told Billy to stand up and looked down at his own pants, which had a visible wet stain on the crotch.

"I guess Jimmy isn't the only one with a potty problem, is he, little Billy?"

Billy shook his head and looked even more scared. "No... no not that... Anything but..." He cut himself short when he got another warning glare from the director, not even daring to bend down and pull up his pants. I watched from the stroller with a smile on my face as his scarlet butt cheeks stuck out on full display so everyone could see the spanked and humiliated frat-boy. Several passers-by laughed and even took photos.

The director stood up, reached into a bag he had set down beside him, and pulled out a pack of DryNites XL. He tossed them to the castigated jock-boy who caught it out of reflex more than anything.

"Good to see you still have those catching skills, Billy. And I'm sure you want to keep them. I will remind you that we're running a legitimate operation here, Billy, not some fucking sideshow attraction. You'll be wearing these until you redeem yourself. One more fuck-up, and you're going to be drooling in diapers next to Jimmy here, and making him look like a fucking doctoral candidate. Am I understood?"

"Crystal clear," squeaked Billy.

"Good now go put one on. Or do I have to do it myself?"

"No sir! I can do it sir!" Billy snapped to attention so fast it gave me whiplash.

"Good. Now go. And pull your damn pants up."

The director then turned and walked away as dignified as one can when your lap is covered in someone else's piss. I wanted to make a snide remark and rub it in Billy's face, but I thought it was better to let Billy stew in his emotions for a while. Soon Billy had wheeled me over to the nearest bathroom and Billy had conscripted some nearby frat-bro in a backward baseball cap to watch my stroller while he went in the bathroom to 'take care of something'.

"Haha! Nice one, bro," said my temporary babysitter when he saw the package of pull-ups in Billy's hand. "Who's the unlucky freshie?"

"Shut up," said Billy, looking mad enough to spit as he walked into the bathroom with the package.

The guy in the backward baseball cap crossed his arms, and leaned against the wall with his foot up in an attempt to look cool while watching over an overgrown infant.

"Sup, little dude?" asked the guy with a nod. I just stared back at him. It was real awkward.

A few minutes later Billy came back out with a bag that was one pull-up lighter.

"Dude! Who did you diaper?" said the guy, nodding and raising his eyebrows conspiratorially.

"Shut the fuck up, or you're next," said Billy.

The man put his hand over his mouth as his eyebrows went up. "Oh shit. Are you... is it you, bro? Are you diapering *yourself*?"

"You're dead, loser!" growled Billy, but the guy just kept saying "Ohhhhh shit. Ohhh shit," holding up his fist to his mouth and laughing as he jogged backwards away from the scene. "Just wait til the guys hear about this one!"

Billy stood there watching the guy leave, his fists clenching and unclenching. He looked from him to my stroller and back, clearly weighing the risks and benefits of leaving me for a minute to beat this kid's ass. Ultimately, his own self-preservation won out and he grabbed the handles. I didn't have to see him to know that he was white-knuckling them all the way to Biology 101.

"Be you fucking loved that, didn't you, twerp?"

His voice was so low and husky that I almost didn't realize he was speaking. I looked up at him, raised my fist, and gave him the middle finger.

He just looked at me and looked up at the ceiling.

"You too, huh?" he muttered. He was clearly done with today and there was little I could do to make him feel worse in that moment, so I considered my job well done. Classes went as well as you might expect.

In Biology 101, The Biology professor arched his eyebrows at the sight of Billy leading me in in my outlandish attire but said nothing. Billy looked down at me and explained.

"Your professors responded to the news of your condition with... varying degrees of enthusiasm, but they have no choice – they have to accommodate you."

He went through the motions of babying me, but I could tell his heart wasn't in it. That streak of cruel glee just wasn't there. It was halfway into my first bottle feeding when I looked up and realized nobody was paying attention to the lecture. The professor did his best to go on, but his lesson was clearly shot. Then I sharted. Loudly. The smell soon stank up the whole room as the cannons continued to fire into my diaper.

"Whew. Must be all that formula," said Billy, waving a hand in front of his face and giving me a momentary smirk that soon faded away again.

Billy began to undress me for a diaper change while classmates gasped, laughed, and chattered. It was at this point that the professor threw his chalk on the ground and stalked out of the room.

I felt bad for disrupting class but I had to remind myself it wasn't my fault. Besides, the more untenable my position as a student on campus was, the more chance I had of getting expelled and avoiding 12 units of classroom humiliation a semester. Yeah. Becoming a spectacle everywhere I went was a *good* thing. Not convinced yet? Me neither.

As detached as I tried to be, the public diaper changes were undeniably humiliating. Everyone saw my poopy bottom and tiny pathetic hairless penis dribbling pee as I was wiped down and changed right in the middle of class. I felt so emasculated, though I had to smirk a little as he placed a wet wipe over my penis to keep from getting squirted in the face again.

World History went a little better. The professor, ever the gentleman, was there early and, being very old-fashioned, had set his cane and bowler down on the desk and greeted students as they entered. As soon as he saw us come in, he rushed over to us, his moustaches lowered in an expression of concern as he addressed *me* in particular. Me, rather than my wardens, like everyone else had done.

"Are you alright, young man? I was so worried after yesterday's class."

"He's fine," answered Billy, before I could respond. "He didn't mean to cause any worry. He was just embarrassed because he pooped his pants in front of everyone."

"Not to worry, young man," said the professor with an avuncular smile, "there's nothing to be ashamed of. We have doors and windows. Next time something like that happens, I don't want you running off like that. You gave us all a good scare."

I nodded. "Thowwy thir," I said through my binky, looking down at the ground. And I meant it. As mad as I was, I liked this man, and he had been nothing but kind to me all semester. I wasn't like Billy. I didn't want to ruin someone's day just to to it.

"Jimmy's going to have someone looking after him in every class so it won't happen again. Actually, could I talk to you in private for a minute?"

Billy and the professor stood out of earshot while I sat there in my stroller. Feeling rather foolish. After a brief discussion and a pat on the back, the professor looked much more reassured. So did Billy. Could it be? It almost seemed like he was behaving like a competent caretaker.

Again I was fed a bottle, and again I messed in class. If you're beginning to see a pattern here, then congratulations. You deserve a cookie. That's right, I filled my diaper. I packed my diapers with fudge and there was nothing I could do to stop it. At first I panicked and tried to stop it but I couldn't.

"Just drink your baba," said Billy, in a quiet, calm voice. "Nothing you can do to stop it anyway, dork." And sure enough It just mushed out of me.

Once windows were opened and the class settled down, the professor continued on with his lecture, giving me a wink and a nod. Once class was over, Billy took the liberty of changing me right on the desk at the front of the room, and the professor graciously removed his hat and cane to let him do it. Whoopee. For once, I wished the man wasn't so damned cordial.

Mercifully, Billy was a practiced hand at changing diapers and I was out of mine relatively quickly. There was only one more class, and that was Calculus. However, my heart nearly stopped when I saw who my babysitter was going to be.