

Babying James

James had always been insecure about his height, it didn't help that at nineteen, he was still in the last year of high school or that he looked more like a middle school boy than a man. Being held back one year didn't really help, and even if he was the oldest in his classroom, he was the one everyone bullied. His only consolation in life was his best friend Kyle, who was a year younger than him but in the same classroom.

Kyle was everything James wasn't. He was tall and handsome, with dark hair and dark eyes. Captain of the Football team, the swimming team, and basically just better at everything. His grades were all perfect, it just seemed to James that Kyle had everything figured out.

Chapter One

James' mother, Emma, was a good-looking woman, especially for someone in her forties. She worked for a pharmaceutical company, which meant she had to travel a lot when realizing a new drug on the market. She had two kids, James and Charles. Although James was the oldest, he did have a tendency to be a sort of momma's boy, which also meant that Charles, at only fourteen, would boss him around when they were alone. To the point where Emma would find James crying after spending an entire day by themselves. Now, she needed to travel for over two months, and there was no way she could leave James in charge of the house.

She went to the living room, where she found James and Charles playing video games while Kyle, James' best friend, read a book. He seemed so much more mature than both her kids, even if he was younger than James.

"Hello, Miss Clement," said Kyle, his voice manlier than James and most men her age, "You look great."

"Thanks, Kyle," she said, blushing. That's when it hit her, why not leave Kyle in charge? He already spends most of his time in their home, and he is responsible enough to keep everyone safe, "Could I talk to you for a minute? In private?"

Kyle nodded and stood up, a towering man. She couldn't believe he was only eighteen.

"Is there any problem?" Asked Kyle as they reached the kitchen.

"No, nothing. I mean, it is not really a serious problem".

"It's okay. You can tell me," he said reassuringly.

She didn't know why, but his words did make her feel more at peace with her decision. So, she explained what she wanted and offered Kyle money for taking care of her kids while she went out to work.

“Babysit?” Asked Kyle.

“I know James is already a man, I mean...”

“He is special,” said Kyle, “But I meant more about Charles. He can take care of himself.”

“I know, but James, on the other hand”

“So, I’m taking care of James to prevent Charles from walking all over him”.

“That’s it,” said Emma, “I know it is a big imposition, and you already have your plate full. I mean school, and all your sports, and homework...”

“I’ll do it”

“Really? I’m so glad you said yes.”

“As I said, James is special. And I think he does need someone to look after him if you’ll be gone for too long.”

“If you are going to do this, there are a couple of things you need to know,” she said, “Now, it only happens once a week or not even, but Jamie will sometimes wet the bed. He has these nightmares, and I think he just cannot tell that it isn’t happening until he wakes up. I know it’s a lot, but just reminding him to pee before going to sleep would be helpful.”

Kyle nodded.

“And, he can come from school crying sometimes. It means someone has been mean to him, and I usually hug him until he feels better.”

There was a short pause.

“It’s okay, I’ll deal with it,” said Kyle.

“So you’ll do it?” Asked Emma.

“I will”

The two of them went out to the living room, where they found James and Charles fighting over the controllers. Though it wasn’t much of a fight and more James begging Charles to let him go or he’ll tell his mother, and Charles, well, he was laughing as he pushed his older brother to the ground.

Emma knew that she couldn’t take James with her, but she wanted to. Her son needed her protection, though Kyle would do a good job. He always did a good job in everything.

Chapter Two

“I’m in charge of the house?” Asked James, smiling and excited at the prospect of his mother going away for so long.

“Yeah,” said Emma, lying to her son wasn’t something she enjoyed, but she couldn’t tell him that his best friend was in charge of babysitting him, “I also talked to Kyle, he will be staying here to keep you guys company”

“Sick,” said James, his heart beating faster than usual. He would spend more time with Kyle than he had ever had, and that made him smile, though he wasn’t sure why.

“I just want you to be nice to Charles, okay?”

“Okay, mom,” said Jame.

“Now, give me a kiss and go do your homework. I don’t want any surprises like last year”

James blushed. He was ashamed of failing his last year of school, but because of it he met Kyle, who was the silver lining of his life. Though, everyone else besides him would tease James because of his size, lack of masculine features, and the fact that he had a tendency to cry when bullied. A nineteen-year-old baby, that’s what they called him, and part of him felt like it was true.

He left his mother's room and went to do his homework, though he soon grew frustrated at it. It was his second time going through the same homework and exams, and he was still not good at it. He began tearing, which was a mistake ‘cause that’s when his brother came into his room.

“Are you crying?”

“No,” said James, though it was more than obvious that he was.

“What is wrong with you? you are supposed to be my big brother, not the baby of the house”

Charles left the room, disgusted at his older brother.

James knew he was right. Obviously, an older brother wouldn’t be pissing the bed every other night, nor would he cry when things got hard. So, why was he still crying? Was he not the older brother?

Yes, he was. Deciding to change the way people treated him, James stood up and washed his face. He was an older brother, and he was going to start acting like one. The only problem was he didn’t know how to. Though maybe now that his mom was going away, he could try and be more responsible, and he should start by not wetting the bed anymore.

Their mother left the next morning, and luckily for James, he woke up dry. He was so excited and so proud of himself, and his mother made him a special breakfast just before leaving. Yes, things were going to change, he was going to change, and nothing would stop him.

But, as soon as his mother closed the door, things didn’t change.

“Okay, loser, I’ll be in my room. Let Kyle in when he gets here,” said Charles, as if he was talking with someone below him; and, even if James wanted to impose himself as the older bother, he didn’t know how.

He was left alone in the living room until a knock on the door broke the silence.

Jame opened the door to find Kyle, tall and handsome as always, holding a big suitcase and his school backpack. He was wearing a classy shirt and some pants that really let people see he was a full man, and his cologne was almost as strong as his body odor.

“Hello, little one,” said Kyle, “Ready to have fun?”

The little one was the nickname Kyle had given him. He had protested at first but to no success. Now, that and baby were his name whenever Kyle was around. Though, he would avoid calling him that way at school.

“I’m ready,” said James, allowing Kyle in and feeling better knowing that while Kyle was around, Charles wouldn’t make fun of him too much.

Chapter Three

During their first day alone, not much happened. Kyle got them pizza, saying their mother forgot to leave money, and she contacted him to take care of that. Though she did leave the money, not to James, but to Kyle.

“Let’s play video games all night,” said Charles.

“Yeah, we should,” said James.

“You guys can play a little. But your mother did say you should be in bed by nine,” said Kyle.

“But mom is not even here,” James complained.

“The baby’s right,” said Charles, “We can do whatever we want”

“Oh, do you?” Said Kyle standing and towering over the two brothers.

None said anything else about it.

They ate, watched a movie, and at eight-thirty, Kyle stopped everything to let them go get ready. But, once Charles was gone, he stopped James from leaving.

“Hey, little one,” said Kyle, with a comforting voice tone, “Your mom told me about your nighttime issues”

James blushed fifty shades of red.

“What are you talking about?” He tried to pretend he knew nothing about it.

“I’m talking about your bed-wetting issues. It’s okay, I won’t tell anyone. But I don’t want to clean any messes, so why don’t you start wearing some protection?”

“Protection?”

“Yeah, you know diapers,” said Kyle.

James blushed again.

“No, I’m not a... I’m not a baby”

“I know that. You know that. It will just be to help you keep your bed dry. And I bet waking up with a wet bed mustn’t feel too good”

It didn’t, and James hated the cold feeling of the soaked sheets against his skin. But diapers were too much. He had decided to act more like a grown-up, and now it felt like that goal was getting further. What would Charles say if he found out? He would tease me forever.

“We won’t tell anyone, not even Charles,” said Kyle reassuringly, “What do you say?”

A part of him wanted to say no, but Kyle just seemed so determined that James actually wanted to do it for him. It was his best friend, and he didn’t want anything to jeopardize that friendship.

James nodded.

Kyle stood up and guided James to his room as if he was a little kid in need of someone to help him get ready for bed. James wanted to say something, complain that he was the one in charge. But he didn’t. Kyle opened the door to James’ room, he’s been there before many times, but this time was different.

He placed James on the bed and grabbed his backpack.

“You bought diapers already?” Asked James looking at Kyle holding a big adult diaper.

Kyle nodded, “When your mom told me about it, I decided to take matters into my own hands”

Kyle began undressing in James. But, this time, he did complain.

“If I’m going to..wear diapers, I’ll put them myself”

“Have you ever put on a diaper?”

James shook his head.

“But, I’m in charge. I’m the oldest in here. You shouldn’t...I’m not a baby,” said James, tears began running down his cheeks, “Please. I don’t want you to stop being my friend”

Kyle undid James’ pants and removed his underwear, which had stains of pee all over. James had little to almost no hair in his balls or penis, and Kyle had to admit that even if he had not seen many, James’ parts were extremely small. He grabbed some baby wipes and began cleaning thoroughly. Then, he applied baby powder all over James’ parts, paying extra attention to his balls and butthole, which made James blush even more.

“It’s okay,” said Kyle, “I’ll take care of you”

Then, he placed the diaper on him, locking him for the night. Kyle lifted James from the bed as if James weighed nothing and held him in his arms. James felt so many things at once

that his brain zoned off. He fell asleep almost immediately, feeling safer and more comfortable than he had ever felt before.

Chapter Four

James woke up the next morning feeling a bit dizzy.

He looked around to find himself in his bed, alone. Then, he felt the cold fluffy diaper against his skin, and the events from the previous night came flooding back like a powerful wave.

He stood up almost immediately and left his room. Not noticing that he was naked but the soggy diaper that was almost twice as big as it had been the night before. He was breathing hard, his mind blurry. He wanted Kyle. He wanted to confront him, to tell him that he was not a baby. That he was the oldest one and deserved to be treated that way. But, when he reached the visitor's room, he found it empty.

Where is he? He kept asking himself.

Then, he heard steps getting louder and closer to him.

James turned to see Kyle, who was wearing a suit and tie and was looking even more mature than ever.

"There you are, baby," said Kyle, smiling, "I went to see you, and you were gone, and I can see that you need a change"

"Change?" Asked James, confused.

He looked down at the soggy diaper, and he realized he was outside his room and that Charles could walk in any minute now. He felt small, smaller than ever, and he fell to his knees tearfully.

"It's okay," said Kyle, "I'll take care of it"

"But...I'm not a baby"

"Why are you wearing a diaper, then?"

"You made me do it," said James, like a toddler throwing a tantrum.

"Did I?"

James nodded, now crying and trying to avoid Kyle from picking him up in his arms.

"Did I make you wet it?"

James didn't answer.

"Are you going to answer me?"

James shook his head.

“Come on, baby. I’ll change you, and you will feel better,” said Kyle, overpowering James and picking him in his arms, “I think little Jamie needs a change. He is a bit stinky”

James just buried his face against Kyle’s broad chest, sobbing and hoping Charles wouldn’t see him. Though, because he kept his eyes closed, he was unaware that his younger brother was in the hall, looking at him in nothing but a wet diaper and being carried like a baby by a younger man.

“It’s okay,” said Kyle, “I told you before, didn’t I? I’ll take care of you. There’s no need to pretend you are a big boy. We both know you are not.”

“I am,” said James, in between sobs, “I’m the older. I’m the older brother, and I should...I should be in College already, and, and”

“But you aren’t,” said Kyle, with a severe tone as he opened James’ room door, “You are here, in my arms, completely soaked and in need of a change. What should we do about that?”

James didn’t answer.

Kyle stood right in front of a mirror and commanded James to look at it.

“What do you see?” He asked.

“Us,” said James, looking at Kyle’s tall and handsome figure carrying him with no effort; and seeing himself in nothing but a diaper, a wet one to make matters worst.

“Is that everything you see?”

James shook his head, tearing up again.

“What else do you see?”

“I see you, you are wearing a suit. You look, you look...”

“Like a mature man? Like a daddy, some may say, right?”

James nodded.

“And what about the little boy I’m holding? What can you tell me about him?”

James didn’t want to answer, but his boy did. He felt it small at first, a little pain on his tummy. But, in seconds, it grew more painful, to the point that he felt it needed to be out or he would explode. And so he did. James pushed, a small push at first, but the bigger one, filling his diapers with a solid log of poo that pressed against his buttocks, making him feel uncomfortable.

Kyle only smiled as he felt James’ diaper grow bigger against his arms.

James was not finished. He pushed again, and this time, a soft, mushy poo came out, filling the rest of the diaper and finding its way against his hairless crotch. Then, more pee came out. When he was finally over, he looked at the reflection in the mirror and saw nothing but a

daddy and his baby. A big baby, one that could be an adult already, but adults don't pee and poo in diapers, do they? No, the other man in the mirror, the one in a diaper, must be a baby.

"Should daddy change you now?" Asked Kyle.

James only nodded.

"Atta boy. Who's daddy's good boy? Is it little Jamie?"

James nodded again, this time smiling and drooling.

His brain did not fight anymore. He was not the older brother or, the older friend. He wasn't in charge. He was just a small baby, and babies did as their daddies say, which made them good boys, and he was a good boy.

Kyle placed him gently over the bed and removed the diaper, exposing Jamie's stinky bums and messy special parts. James didn't complain this time, he just allowed his daddy to do what daddies do. Kyle quickly and masterfully cleaned him, and only when James was clean did he flip him over to expose his perfect bubble bum and give it a kiss, which made James chuckle. Then, he flipped James over again, placed a new diaper under him, and closed the tapes.

"Such a good a boy," he said.

"Thanks, daddy," said James.

Kyle carried him again, holding his baby boy close to him. It finally happened, what he had been wanting for a long time.

Chapter Five

Kyle sat in the living room with James on his lap, wearing nothing but a big diaper. He had his face buried in Kyle's chest and was hoping Charles wouldn't come out. But luck wasn't on James' side.

"What the..." said Charles, entering the living room to witness his older brother in nothing but a diaper.

"Hi, Charles," said Kyle, "Say hi, Jamie."

James didn't want to say anything. He was blushing more than he had ever blushed in his life. It was one thing to let himself be babied by his younger best friend. But to be seen by his younger brother when only a day before, he decided to show who was the boss. It was too much for little Jamie. He just struggled in Kyle's arms until a little pee came out, which turned into a big pee not long after.

"Is James okay?"

Kyle nodded.

“Why is he...”

“Wearing a diaper?”

Charles nodded.

“Jamie’s been having some accidents. But the truth is that he wants to. He just doesn’t want to be an older brother, a friend, or an adult at all. Little Jamie just wants to be that, a little.”

That’s not true. Kyle put him in diapers, thought James, thinking he could protest. But, to be fair, he could’ve just removed them or not allowed it in the first place. He just wanted to make Kyle happy, no matter what. And, if Kyle wanted him to be a baby, what’s the worst thing that could happen?

“James. Is that right?” Asked Charles.

James looked at his younger brother, tears running down his cheeks. He didn’t have the words to say anything, so he just nodded as he began sucking his thumb. That was it. There was no going back. For all intents and purposes, James was now the baby of the house.

“I cannot say I’m surprised.”

“I don’t think your mother will be either. I bet she’ll enjoy having little Jamie back. Don’t you think, Jamie?”

James nodded. He had not thought about his mother, but there was no point in pretending she was not going to find out. After all, Charles would probably tell her first thing when she gets back. So, without any say in the matter, James just buried his head back into Kyle’s massive chest. He had to admit, even now, Kyle’s arms were the place he felt the safest. His best friend’s arms. His daddy’s arms.

“I won’t be changing any diapers,” said Charles, sitting next to them and turning the TV on, “Nor will I babysit him.”

“That’s okay. I’ll look after the baby,” said Kyle, kissing James on the forehead.

“I gotta admit. He does look better this way. He was never much of a man.”

James had to sit there. In his wet diaper, listening to his brother and Kyle talk about his lack of masculinity as if he wasn’t there. He just pretended he was asleep, sobbing against Kyle’s chest, when he felt a familiar sensation in his tummy. It was a grumble at first, so he thought that it could just be hunger. But, the sensation began growing until it became too much.

“Daddy,” he whispered, “Daddy.”

“Yes, baby?”

“I need to go to the bathroom.”

“Do you?”

James nodded.

“Why would a baby need to go to the bathroom?”

“I need to go potty.”

“That’s so cute. But, you are wearing your potty.”

“But,” James stopped and turned to look at Charles, who was pretty much aware of what was going on, “But Charles.”

“There are no buts, baby. Charles already knows about you. You might as well get used to doing your business in front of everyone.”

“Everyone?”

Kyle nodded.

“Come on, little boy,” said Charles, “Show us this is what you really want.”

James didn’t want to, but if he didn’t reach the bathroom soon. He would have no choice. So, Kyle left him on the ground. He was free. In theory, there was nothing preventing him from going to the bathroom. Nothing but Kyle’s expectations of what he needed to do. He stood there, confused about whether or not to use the bathroom.

“So. What’s it going to be, Jamie?” Asked Kyle.

“We are waiting, little one,” said Charles, with his phone in one hand, waiting for his older brother’s decision.

James couldn’t hold it any longer. If he was the baby Kyle claimed him to be, he shouldn’t have a problem pooping himself right there. It shouldn’t matter if his brother was looking at him. So, he did what any toddler would do in his situation. He squatted, grabbed the back of his diaper with one hand and sucked his thumb with the other, and began pushing. It must have been quite the spectacle, judging by Charles’ reaction. But it wasn’t Charles he wanted to impress. His eyes were on his daddy, who seemed to be pleased with his actions.

He kept pushing until a solid log of poo came out, expanding his diaper. But he wasn’t finished. After a little more pee came out, he kept pushing until a mushy poo escaped his insides. It was so much that it filled his entire diaper, and he only stopped when he felt the warm poo against his scrotum. He didn’t want to admit it, but the sensation was enough to make him climax. Hopefully, Charles wouldn’t be able to tell what he had just done.

“Good boy,” said Kyle, standing to pick him up again, “I’m very proud of you.”

James felt happy he made his daddy proud. It didn’t matter that right next to them was his younger brother, laughing at him.