Binky Addiction

by MadeOfSpaces

Ben certainly has a strange addiction - and he'll pay almost any price to get his fix.

The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

Binky Addiction

"...Oh, and bed-time's at nine for Ryker now." Ryker's Mom reminded Ben for the millionth time, still standing half-way out the door.

"He knows that Mommy!" Ryker interjected from the living room. The eight-year-old was practically bouncing up and down on his toes with excitement, shooting a mischievous look towards his babysitter. The twelve-year-old felt a stab of embarrassment, deliberately looking away up at the ceiling even as he felt his own toes tingle in anxious anticipation.

"Of course." Ryker's Mom agreed, hitching Jonah - Ryker's three year old brother - onto her hip as she finally stepped over the threshold. "Well, then I suppose I'll leave him in your capable hands." she told the babysitter. "Be good for Ben, sweetie." she said, heading towards the car. "We'll be back tomorrow at noon."

"I will!" The boy called back sweetly, skipping up to join Ben at the door and watching intently as his Mom got Jonah tightly secured in his car seat. "Bye bye Jojo!" he waved, the younger boy giving Ben yet another excitable grin as he reached up to firmly shut the front door.

Nearly all of the other kids Ben babysat fell into two categories. Most, usually the younger ones, seemed to find it all pretty exciting. That was really easy. All he had to do was hype up watching a disney movie, or playing mario kart, or

even coloring with crayons and they'd be giggling happily away in no time. Top it all off with dinner from McDonalds and they'd nod off at eight no problem. The older kids could be a little more effort, but on the whole they were pretty easy to deal with too. They were usually being grumpy about having a babysitter at all, so the trick was to act like you weren't really in charge. You could show them some mildly mature flash game online, or chat about Pokemon cards, or let them stay up a measly 30 minutes past whatever arbitrary bedtime Mom had set for them. It was kinda like a magic spell. At the end of the day, they all ended up doing what he said. He was practically a teenager, after all - and he was their babysitter.

But Ryker was a whole different kettle of fish. Ryker knew his secret.

"Okay Ben-Ben!" Ryker announced, talking to him in the same tone he would to an adorable puppy that had come to play. "Want your binky?"

Ben really really wanted to say no. He wanted to finally put his foot down, to tell Ryker he was being ridiculous, and to show once and for all that he was the one in charge. It's not like the kid had any real power over him. He was only eight! If he really wanted to, he could give him a spanking and send him to bed without supper just for having the nerve to ask.

But the truth was he didn't want to do that. He wanted his binky. And he wanted it next month too, when Ryker's Mom had already told him she would be spending yet another

evening away. If he didn't do what Ryker said, the kid had made it quite clear the pacifiers would be going right in the trash. Why ruin a good thing?

To his very great shame, he gave a single shy nod.

Ryker let out a shrill squeal of delight. "Let's go to Jojo's room then." he commanded, taking Ben by the hand and leading him upstairs to the three-year-olds nursery.

The room practically reeked of toddler. Infantile Fisher Price toys strewn around atop the pretend city play mat, the place was filled with primary color plastic. It was dominated by a tall white dresser upon which sat a squidgy bright blue changing mat. The smell of baby powder made Ben's nose wrinkle up, and he almost turned on his heels and walked away just from the stench of it. But then he saw the white crib, and more importantly the three pacifiers hanging from the top bar by their clips. The babysitter tensed up eagerly as his mouth began to salivate, and he had to swallow just to stop himself from drooling.

"Can I…?" he asked in a quiet shy voice, looking to Ryker for permission - but the eight year old shook his head.

"Not yet, Ben-Ben." He insisted. "I'm gonna go out, and then I'll lift you onto Jojo's changing mat."

Ben had come to learn that whenever Ryker said he was going to 'go out' before he did something, it meant Ben was supposed to do it himself. It was all part of maintaining the make-believe that Ryker was the one doing the babysitting,

Ben supposed. He waited until Ryker had performatively left the room and closed the door behind him before he hopped up onto the dresser, the plasticky material of the changing mat squeaking as he shuffled his butt around nervously. He eyed the pacifiers expectantly, clenching onto his jeans to try and resist the urge to run over and grab one immediately.

Ryker returned a moment later, letting out a dramatic exaggerated sigh of exhaustion and putting his hands on his hips. “Wow, you’re pretty heavy Ben-Ben!” The kid roleplayed. “Good thing I’m such a strong babysitter.”

Ben gave a shy nod of agreement. “Uh-huh.” There was no way Ryker could have really picked him up, of course. Ben wasn’t the tallest kid in the 7th grade, but he still had a good inch on Ryker. Still, that didn’t dent the eight-year-old's play-acting one bit. And Ben knew he was meant to play along.

“Right, are you ready to choose your binky?”

Ben sat up impatiently, nodding quickly. “Yuh-huh.”

“Do you want Tommee Tippee, Chicco, or WubbaNub?” the eight year old offered him, indicating each enticing soother in turn.

The decision was more important than it seemed. When Ryker had first discovered Ben’s binky addiction, it had been a simple quid-pro-quo - with the babysitter letting his would-be charge boss him around in exchange for unfettered access to his little brother’s pacifier collection. Over the last few months however, Ryker had developed a complicated system

of rules to entertain himself. Last week, that had culminated in a whole card-game of Ryker's own creation, with whatever binky Ben chose deciding how he'd be treated for the night.

Ben eyed the options suspiciously, trying to work out if there was any method to Ryker's madness. Last time hadn't been so bad, the hand-drawn cards decreeing that he was to be five years old, wear nothing but his undies, and do finger-painting for the night. Other than a green paint stain on his tummy that had taken three days to wash out, Ben felt he'd done pretty well out of that evening - securing a full 18 hours of uninterrupted soother-sucking in exchange for only mild humiliation.

He squinted, trying to see if he could go for the same option again - but it wasn't there. Last time he'd gone for a mint-green Philiips Avent with 'I love Mama' written on the shield in cartoon lettering. It had hardly been the most dignified option, but Ben knew from experience that their silicone nipples were top of the range. It had definitely been worth it.

Without anything else to go on, Ben again relied on his technical expertise. "Err WubbaNub." He muttered, pointing vaguely in the correct direction.

Ryker immediately unhooked it from its clip on the crib. "Aww, you wanted a stuffie too?" He commented, waving around the cutesy stuffed puppy attached to the pacifier's ring. Ben just shrugged. He hardly wanted to explain the intricacies of different nipple designs. "Let's see what you got." Ryker continued, starting to detach the home-made

cards from where they'd been clipped onto the Puppy's ears and tail with safety pins.

"Looks like you're gonna be….two years old!" Ryker announced first with a flourish, turning around the card to show a red number two colored in bubble-style with red crayon.

Ben flinched at the humiliatingly low age, but didn't say anything - still anxiously eyeing the pacifier now just a few inches away from his mouth.

"Okay…and we're gonna be doing…potty training!" Ryker continued, a delighted chortle escaping from his lips as he showed Ben the blue crayon image of a low plastic toddler potty.

Ben let out a little grumble, but still didn't protest - parting his lips expectantly. Couldn't Ryker just get on with it?!

"And you're gonna be wearing…oh!" The boy paused, letting out a series of childish giggles before he finally showed the card. "This one means bare bum!"

"What?" Ben couldn't help but exclaim, baffled by the blank card. "What does that even mean?"

"It means you go bare bum. No clothes." Ryker clarified. "Well, I guess you could still wear your t-shirt. But nothing on your bottom. It's a good combo with potty training!"

"I can't do that!" Ben protested with scandalised horror.

"What, you shy or something?" Ryker giggled again. "Well,

if you don't do it then you don't get a binky." He shrugged.

Ben winced, his fingers trembling and a tear starting to form in the corner of his eye. The binky was so close he could almost feel it in his mouth. "Please…I wanna swap!" he whined, sounding like he was about to start bawling like a real two-year-old.

Ryker gave a loud tut, but put down the card. "Fine." he conceded, rolling his eyes before producing a large uneven stack of similar home-made cards from inside his shorts pocket. He shuffled through them for a couple of seconds before producing two cards. "You can choose this one or that one."

Ben hesitated a moment before pointing to the card on Ryker's left. The eight-year-old smirked, pausing dramatically before flipping over a card showing a cartoonish drawing of a crisp white diaper.

"Diapers." Ryker tittered. "I guess that makes sense for a two year old."

The would-be babysitter still wasn't completely broken. "Those won't fit me." he insisted, wrinkling his nose at the sight of the stack of Size 5 Pampers piled up beside the changing mat he was sitting on.

"Nuh-uh. I got some special." Ryker informed him, opening up the cupboard and producing a crinkly red plastic package. "There. Diapers for Ben-Ben!"

"No way…" Ben insisted, but his eyes widened a little at the

photograph of what looked like a five or six year old kid jumping up and down happily on the front of the packaging. The bubble font text read Huggies Little Movers Size 8. Since when did they make diapers in Size 8? His eyes widened even further as Ryker opened up the package, producing a crinkly colourful square that looked to be around the same size as a pair of Ben's folded up white briefs!

"These diapers have Simba on them." Ryker told him in an affectionate tone, ignoring the alarmed expression on the older boy's face and bringing the pacifier ever closer "Simba's a lion cub. Can you go 'Rawr!' like a lion cub, Ben-Ben?"

Ben felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up, the pacifier nipple now all but touching his lips. His eyes briefly wandered, keeping track of the diaper, but were drawn back almost as if by primal instinct to the pacifier. He shuffled his butt again, shivering all over before he answered. "Rawr…"

"Good boy!" Ryker praised, popping the pacifier in between the twelve-year-olds parted lips as a reward. Straight away, Ben was in heaven. He sucked and he sucked, letting his eyes close a little as he felt the serotonin rush from the tip of his tongue to the soles of his feet. He was so absorbed that he didn't even register Ryker gently pushing him down sideways so he was lying supine on the changing mat. In fact, it wasn't until his jeans were already in a puddle around his ankles and a cold breeze was nipping at his bare legs that he noticed anything was amiss at all.

“Nuh-ohhh!” He suddenly whined from behind his binky, eyes flashing wide open again and sitting up as Ryker went for the waistband of his briefs.

“Lie down, Ben-Ben.” Ryker said firmly.

Ben stayed sitting up supported by his elbows, looking at Ryker with wide pleading eyes. He took a strong reassuring suck of his pacifier before he worked up the courage to speak. “Go outh firsht?” he mumbled the pathetic suggestion. At least that way Ryker wouldn’t actually be the one to change him.

But the eight-year-old shot him down immediately. “No, Ben-Ben. Lie down.” Ben hesitated for just a moment, before Ryker reached over and hooked his finger around the ring of his pacifier. “Do you need a time out?” he threatened.

The boy whimpered, already feeling the nipple start to slip away from between his lips. “No!” he quickly conceded, obediently lying down flat on the changing mat again and urgently sucking on his pacifier for reassurance.

“Good boy.” Ryker praised again.

As the undies came down, Ben closed his eyes and just focussed on the rhythmic feeling of his binky bobbing up and down on his mouth. It was hard to stay distracted though - the smell of the putrid baby powder sprinkling down, the shock of the icy cold wet wipes, and finally the unfamiliar cushiony crispness of the diaper sliding under his butt as his legs were cantilevered into the air all breaking Ben’s singular

focus on his pacifier. When Ryker finally secured the tapes tight onto the landing zone and prompted him to sit up again however, Ben found he had somehow managed to stave off a full-blown panic attack - only a couple of stray tears wetting his hot red cheeks.

“You’re much less wriggly than Jojo, Ben-Ben.” Ryker informed him with a smile, making sure the crinkly waistband of the diaper was positioned snug just below his belly button. “I don’t know why you were so shy about going bare-bum though.” he added with a smirk. “Your doodle is just a teensy bit littler than his.”

Ben had been focussed on the thick material wedged between his thighs, amazed that it seemed to fit him so well - but he shot Ryker as bitter a glare as was possible from behind a pacifier at that remark.

Ryker rolled his eyes. “Don’t be like that.” he said. “It’s okay! He’s three, and you’re only two - remember?.” He patted Ben’s bare thighs, making a little baby powder puff up into the air. “Come on Ben-Ben! I’ll show you how the potty works.”

Ben had little choice but to follow him, shuffling off the changing table and meekly taking Ryker’s hand. He hated the way the diaper made him toddle along, each step producing an impossible to ignore rustling noise as if he had an entire newspaper strapped around his waist. He focussed on the pacifier to distract himself, each suck helping him relax a little more. It was okay. No one was ever going to know.

“Alright, Ben-Ben.” Ryker told him instructively, picking up a red Cars themed potty ring from beside the bath and placing it down atop the toilet. “This is where big kids and grown-ups go wee-wee and poo-poo - instead of going in a diaper like you.” he explained. “Do you wanna give it a go?”

Ben looked down shyly and shook his head - looking just like a real bashful two-year-old. There was no way he was letting Ryker watch him on the toilet if he didn’t have to. Besides, if he took the diaper off Ryker would only take another age to put it back on him afterwards.

“Come on, silly-billy! It’s not scary.” Ryker encouraged, giving the older boy a couple of encouraging swats on his bum.

Ben gave him a look, but decided to plop down on top of the toilet anyway just so he would leave him alone. The potty ring meant he was quite a bit higher up than usual, and the splash guard forced his legs a little further apart - prominently displaying the gathered up ruffled edges of his diaper pressed against the inside of his legs while his feet dangled above the floor.

Ryker gave a patronizing chuckle. “You gotta take your diaper off first Ben-Ben, otherwise you just get a soggy bum!” he informed him, making a move to unfasten one of the tabs.

“Nuh-oh!” Ben whined, flinching away and protectively covering himself.

The younger boy paused, giving him a sly look. “Hmmm, I guess you really don’t have to go huh?” He theorized. Ben nodded enthusiastically from the potty, happy for any excuse. “Alright. Well let’s go play, and you can try again later.”

After shuffling on his bottom down the stairs at Ryker’s insistence, Ben soon found himself in the living room - trundling around in circles on top of Jojo’s bright yellow plastic ride-along car. It was a common activity at Ryker’s house, but Ben found (much like everything) the diaper made it ten times more humiliating - his legs forced apart by the bulky steering wheel and showing off his diaper ruffles just like he had on the potty. He focussed on the reassuring rhythm of his pacifier in his mouth, ignoring the chaotic tinny marching tunes, whistles and crashes emanating from the toy whenever he so much as brushed against one of the myriad buttons and levers.

His eyes were focussed on the episode of Arthur Ryker had put on the TV. Ben was at least grateful that he hadn’t selected a total baby show, although he was a little annoyed that the episode seemed to be about DW and Arthur switching ages. Ben wondered if Ryker had done that deliberately.

“Remember to drink all your juice, Ben-Ben.” Ryker reminded him from the couch, giving him a warning look. “You need to drink lots so I can teach you how to go wee-wee on the potty.”

Ben scrunched up his face in protest, but he could tell Ryker

wasn’t going to give up on the idea. He hesitated before he very reluctantly popped out his pacifier, replacing it with the much less satisfying plastic straw of the sippy cup Ryker had given him. He took a couple of sips, frustrated by how slowly the juice was draining, before quickly reverting back to his pacifier.

“Good boy.” Ryker praised. “But you’re not drinking very fast.”

Ben hadn’t expected to be called out so quickly. He looked away bashfully, mumbling an excuse from behind his pacifier. “Noh fursty…”

“I think you just don’t like taking your binky out.” Ryker pointed out the obvious. The younger boy smirked. “Do you want a baba instead?”

The twelve-year-old tensed up. He knew from experience that baby bottle nipples were almost as good as pacifiers. If Ryker was expecting to supervise all his potty visits however, a tummy full of milk was definitely a bad idea. “Nuh-oh.” He garbled again, shaking his head.

“No?” Ryker said skeptically, sounding a little disappointed.

Ben winced, but was just barely able to tolerate popping out the pacifier yet again - sucking on the sippy cup straw. “I’m a big boy.” He chirped at Ryker with a big forced smile.

The eight-year-old loved that, bursting into laughter. “Well, I guess you are two!” he agreed. He came over and mussed up Ben’s short brown hair, also reaching down to pat the crinkly

mass at the front of his diaper. “Super cute two-year-old Ben-Ben!” he enthused. “And you’re still dry too, what a big boy!”

Ben gave a dopey smile from relief, popping his pacifier back into place. He paddled his feet on the floor to make the ride-along car trundle around in another circle on the living room carpet. He figured it couldn’t be too long until bed=time. As soon as Ryker tired himself out, he would be free to suck his binky all night without any interference.

The twelve-year-old’s smile dropped as he glanced over to see that Ryker was rifling through the pockets of his jeans, however. He let out a little squeak of disappointment as Ryker opened up his wallet, pocketing all the cash his Mom had given Ben for the babysitting. Ryker always took that money - it was part of the deal - but it had been a particularly generous amount that time. Ben had been really hoping he’d forget.

Next however, Ryker took out Ben’s phone. He laid it on the coffee table right where Ben could see it. “I’m just gonna go out, and then I’m gonna unlock my phone so we can order some yummy din-dins.” the boy narrated, promptly leaving the room.

Ben of course knew what he was expected to do, but he stayed frozen on top of the toy car. The pre-teen turned two-year-old had certainly let Ryker get away with a lot, but letting him go through his phone wasa a whole other ball game. He would be able to take pictures, or text his friends, or order whatever crazy baby stuff he wanted from the

internet. No, it was a step too far. He stayed sitting down, nervously sucking his pacifier.

Ryker returned a few seconds later, excitedly rushing over to the phone. Finding it still locked however, he flashed Ben a serious glare. “Ben-Ben, did you hear what I said?” he demanded.

Ben looked away with a guilty expression on his face, rapidly shaking his head. Ryker wasn’t having it however. He marched right up and yanked the pacifier out of Ben’s mouth with a satisfying pop - a trail of drool dribbling down onto the older kid’s chin. He let out a yowl of protest, already desperately missing the satisfying feel of the pacifier in his mouth.

“You’re in time out, Ben-Ben.” Ryker informed him. “Go and stand in the corner.”

Benwas already shaking as he shuffled over to the time-out spot like he was told. After a good hour of binky time, the urge to suck was almost unbearable. He plopped his thumb into his mouth, desperate for any substitute, but of course that wasn’t allowed.

“No, no thumb!” Ryker informed him, forcefully moving Ben’s arms to his side and giving him three hard spanks on his diapered butt for good measure. It was only a couple of minutes before Ryker could tell that he was near breaking point, whimpering like a toddler.

“Okay.” The younger boy said very calmly. “Do you want

your binky?”

“Yes!” Ben agreed right away, extremely grateful as Ryker popped it back in. He nursed it about a million miles per hour, each satisfying suck sending a shock-wave of relief through his body.

“I’m gonna go out, and then I’m gonna unlock my phone.” Ryker said again, repeating the same procedure.

Even after the painful ordeal of having his pacifier confiscated however, Ben still couldn’t quite bring himself to unlock the phone. It was just too much of a risk! Instead he just flopped down onto the couch, enjoying his soother while he still could.

Ryker let out a huge sigh as he entered the room again, marching over and grabbing the still-locked phone. Ben was half expecting the younger kid to pull him over his knee, but instead he seemed to move to an alternative narrative.

“Ben-Ben! What did you do?” he scolded furiously, holding up the still perfectly normal locked phone for his inspection. “Look, it’s all chewed on and broken. This isn’t a baby toy, Ben-Ben!” He continued to spin the alternative facts with all the conviction of a Shakespearean thespian.

Ben was slightly at a loss as to how to react, but figured playing along gave him the best chance of keeping his binky. “Sowwy…” he said sweetly.

“Stay there.” Ryker ordered. Still with no clue what this whole performance was about, Ben did as he was told. He

still had his pacifier after all, so he didn't have much to complain about.

A few moments later, Ryker returned with a pair of short canvas blue overalls - presumably his own given the size. "You're getting dressed." Ryker informed him terseley, having Ben stand up to step into the leg holes before roughly securing the straps over his shoulders. Ben traced his finger over the Oshkosh logo displayed prominently on the front pocket, feeling a little embarrassed to be wearing little kid clothes, but didn't resist. It was nice to have something to cover his diaper, afterall - even if he could still hear it rustling and feel it pushing apart his legs with every little movement.

Ben's blissful obedience soon came to an end as - too late - he saw Ryker secure another set of green and yellow straps over his shoulders. The younger boy clipped them sturdily together, taking charge of the lead attached to the other end. He'd been leashed!

"Since we can't order online anymore, we'll have to go out to get our food." Ryker explained, trying to physically pull him towards the door like a disobedient puppy.

"Nooo!" Ben gargled into his binky, completely mortified by the concept. His mind raced with the horrifying possibilities. What if they saw someone he knew? Worse, what if some stranger took a video of the big kid waddling around on a leash sucking a pacifier? What if he went viral?I

Ryker could not be moved, however. "Ben-Ben, you're being a bad boy!" he told him firmly, even as the pre-teen toddler

continued to wail. He gave a disappointed tut. “That’s it, I’m drawing another card.” he told him, doing just so. “Look. Now it’s bath night.” he said, showing a hand-drawn card of a stick figure baby happily splashing around in the bath. “Do you want to try for another?” he threatened “Maybe I’ll draw…playing outside in the paddling pool! Or crawling! Or another bare-bum card?”

Ben finally stopped wailing at that, resorting to a mournful sniffing combined with the suck suck suck of him nursing his binky. “I don’ wanna…” he moaned.

“Well, tough. You need din-dins in your tum-tum.” Ryker told him. “So are you going to walk like a big boy, or do you need to borrow Jojo’s stroller?”

Ben wasn’t even sure Ryker was strong enough to push him in a stroller, but he didn’t want to find out. “Walk…” he surrendered.

Luckily, the McDonalds Ryker had in mind was only five minutes away. They made it a dozen or so houses down the street before Ben managed to work up the fortitude to pry the pacifier away from his mouth, using his usual technique of gradually slowing down his sucks until he could bear to take it out without going into a full withdrawal panic. He tucked the pacifier itself into the front pocket of his shortalls, but the stuffie didn’t fit all the way inside. With the leash around his shoulders and puppy toy peaking out his front pocket, he knew he still looked adorably infantile.

They had just got to the other side of the McDonalds parking

lot when the sight of some teens hanging around outside the door made Ben freeze up in fright. He couldn't be seen like this! He stopped walking, ducking down and sitting on the curb so that they didn't notice him.

Ryker shook his leash. "Ben-Ben!" He sighed. "What's the matter now?" Ben just shook his head, staring down at the gravel - though of course Ryker was easily able to work it out. "Ohhh. Are you scared of those big kids?" he asked. "Don't worry - your babysitter will look after you."

Ben still didn't move however, much too nervous. He really wanted to suck his binky for comfort, but he knew that would only make things worse.

"You know…" Ryker added slyly. "When you're sitting down like that, everyone can see your diaper through the leg holes."

That finally did the trick, Ben jumping up like a mortified jack in the box and hurriedly shuffling across the parking lot while Ryker led him by the harness. He might as well get it over with, he figured. As they passed the teens, he tried to put on a big smile - hoping they might think this was just some silly prank that he was totally in on. To Ben's even greater embarrassment however, they didn't even seem to notice him. He supposed when you were a teenager, everyone younger than 13 looked like a baby.

Inside, the restaurant was pretty busy. Ben stood nervously by Ryker's side as he took his sweet time swiping through the menu options on the tablet. Meanwhile, Ben was looking hopefully in the direction of the bathrooms. It wasn't

anywhere near desperate or anything, but he kinda did need to pee. He looked down, noticing that Ryker had let go of his leash. If he could just sneak away, he might be able to do his business without Ryker interfering.

He took a few curious steps, but it seems he'd left it too late. The leash yanked him back - hard. He gave a squeak of fright, Ryker bearing down on him. "Don't wander off Ben-Ben!" he scolded, before a smirk grew on his face as he seemed to realize where Ben had been going.

Completely unfettered by the public setting, he undid both the leash and the straps on Ben's overalls with two efficient tugs - letting the material drop down into a pile around his ankles. "Did you go wee-wee?" he asked in a very loud voice as he squeezed the front mass of the diaper, drawing the attention of a few baffled grown-ups and a couple amused kids. Finding it dry, he still wasn't done however, instead pulling back the crinkly waistband at the rear and taking a big sniff. "Did you go poo-poo?" he continued.

"N-noo!" Ben denied, vigorously shaking his head - but Ryker still wasn't done.

"Inside voice, Ben-Ben!" Ryker scolded, even though he was talking much louder. "Sorry about him." he apologised, boldly looking right at the cashier. "He's only two." he explained.

The cashier barely looked phased by the bizarre scene - apparently this particular branch had seen a lot stranger things. "We've got a baby changing table if you need it." he

shrugged.

“I think we’re good for now.” Ryker reassured, turning back to the diapered big kid. “Do you need to go poo-poo?” He continued demanding, as Ben kept on shaking his head. “Do you need to go wee-wee?”

The interrogation was luckily interrupted as their number was called. Ryker shrugged, pulling up Ben’s shortalls again and getting his shoulder straps refastened along with the toddler leash. “Alright.” he conceded, still announcing the results of the diaper check to the entire restaurant. “I guess I can always change you when we get home.” He took the pacifier out of Ben’s front pocket, offering it to the red-faced shell-shocked preteen. “Here’s your binky!”

Ben couldn’t resist the offer. Shuffling his way home, nursing on the nub slowly helped regulate him back from the panicked edge. It was okay. No one had recognized him. No one had even said anything. He still only needed to pee just a little bit. They were already home, and it wouldn’t be long until bedtime. Then it would all be over.

“I’m gonna go out, and then I’ll put you in your highchair.” Ryker told him with an affectionate ruffle of his hair. He unstrapped the toddler leash, though to Ben’s relief he let him keep the overalls on.

Ben followed the unspoken command without question, removing the tray and lifting himself up into the comfortable cushioned seat. He repositioned the tray, rather annoyed that he actually fit - even if the tray had to be extended as far as it

would go.

As Ryker returned, he gave another exhausted sigh - once again acting as if he'd single handedly lifted the big-kid-sized baby into place. "Wow, Ben-Ben. You're being super good right now." he praised, starting to unpack the Happy Meal he'd bought him onto the tray table. "Jojo can be really fussy at meal times. Mouth open!" Ryker commanded.

The twelve-year-old reluctantly obeyed, letting Ryker take out his pacifier and place it down on the tray next to his food. The younger boy wiped the dribble off Ben's chin with a terry-cloth baby blue bib featuring a cute picture of a baby elephant spraying water, going ahead and tying the same around his neck when he was done. Next, the eight-year-old opened up the bottle of milk that had come with the meal - decanting it into Ben's sippy cup.

"Alright big boy Ben-Ben. What do you want first? Nuggies or fries?"

"Nuggies…" Ben acquiesced, shyly putting his thumb in his mouth as he longingly eyed the pacifier on his tray. Ryker gently pulled the thumb away, taking a very long time opening the cardboard container and dipping the nuggets in ketchup before he finally brought it up to Ben's mouth.

Maybe it was deliberate on Ryker's part, or maybe it was just inevitable when being fed in a highchair, but by the end of the meal Ben had made quite a big mess. His lips were all smeared with ketchup, his face was all greasy, and his bib was bejeweled with crumbs. The meal had also taken an

excruciatingly long time, in no small part due to the sippy cup. By now, Ben's need to pee was rising in an increasingly more urgent crescendo - and his need for his binky was already at bursting point.

"Good boy, Ben-Ben! You ate up all your yummy food, and drank all your nummy milk." Ryker praised, wiping the bigger kid's face with the bib - but only really succeeding in spreading more crumbs around. "Do you know what's next?"

"Binky!" Ben demanded desperately, making Ryker chuckle. He obliged, popping the pacifier back into the boy's parted lips.

"You really love your binky, huh?" Ryker observed in amusement. "But what else?" he prompted, undoing the tray table and motioning for Ben to hop out. He did so, letting Ryker take him by the hand and start to lead him up stairs.

"Urgh…bed-time?" he offered hopefully. Maybe if Ryker finally went to bed, he could deal with this potty situation - and suck his binky in peace, of course.

"Not quite." Ryker smiled, as they reached the top of the stairs.

"Bed-time for you…" Ben thought to himself, but was annoyed to see on the big antique grandfather clock in the hall that it was only 8:07. Why did Ryker's Mom have to go and move his bedtime back like that? He wondered briefly if he could maybe have a talk with her in the morning. Maybe if he made up some nonsense about Ryker being cranky, she'd

move it back to 8:00 again.

“Any other guesses?” Ryker prompted.

“Nuh-uh.”

“It’s bath night, remember?”

Of course. How could Ben have forgotten? He cursed himself for making such a big fuss over the toddler leash. He was never going to win that one afterall. As Ryker started to run the bath - swishing his hand around in the water to make sure it was just right, pouring in copious amounts of bubble bath, and dumping an entire basket load of baby bath toys into the water - Ben was really hoping he wasn’t actually thinking of bathing him. He kept staring hopefully at the toilet, waiting for the moment that Ryker would announce he was “going out” so he could pee in peace.

The moment never came however. As Ryker first undid his overalls and then pulled his t-shirt over his head, Ben drew closer and closer to the horrible conclusion that he was serious. It didn’t really sink in until he tugged at the diaper tapes however, Ben’s last modicum of modesty flopping to the floor.

He gave a humiliated groan into his pacifier. He was totally naked! There was hardly any time for self-pity however. For some reason, going ‘bare-bum’ had seemed to completely eliminate his ability to hold it - almost as if taking off his ‘underwear’ had mentally regressed him to the last time he’d potty trained. He fidgeted madly, feeling like he was about to

pee on the floor! There was no point at any pretense at maturity. He tried to waddle desperately over to sit atop the potty ring, but Ryker had already grabbed him by the hand.

“Don’t wriggle, Ben-Ben. It’s time to get in the bath.”

“Need tha toi-wet!” He garbled through his pacifier, urgently pointing towards the toilet bowl.

“It’s too wet?” Ryker asked, pretending he hadn’t understood. “Well yeah, it’s a bath!”

“Nooo.” Ben groaned in frustration, trying again. “Needa wee!”

“Ohhh. You did a wee?” Ryker repeated, looking down at the perfectly dry diaper sitting on the floor. “Well, I guess that’s why you wear them.” he said.

“No-oh-oh…” Ben sniffled, making one final try even as it became clear Ryker was deliberately ignoring him. “Poddy!”

“Uh-huh, poopy too!” Ryker agreed. “Why don’t you sit down in the bath and I’ll get rid of that stinky diaper.”

With Ryker still holding his hand in an iron grip, Ben had no choice but to do as he said - stepping into the bath and sitting down. At least this way the bubbles provided some modesty.

“Pee-yew!” Ryker play-acted, picking up the clean diaper with one hand and pinching his hand with the other, promptly shoving it in a pedal bin.

Ben sucked more urgently on his pacifier, trying to ignore the

painfully desperate feeling in his bladder. Meanwhile, Ryker ‘bathed’ him at a glacial pace - seemingly more interested in bobbing boats towards him and making silly quaking noises with the rubber ducks than actually getting him clean. Ben just wished he’d hurry up. After what felt like an age, he finally picked up the wash cloth.

“Alright, Ben-Ben. I’m gonna do your face, so the binky has gotta come out. We don’t want your puppy getting all soggy!”

The twelve-year-old nodded hurriedly, hoping the ordeal was almost over. As soon as Ryker popped out the pacifier however, Ben’s desperation grew tenfold. It was just about the only thing that had been keeping him calm! He started to fidget his bum anxiously as Ryker wiped down his face with the washcloth, and it didn’t help when he moved on - starting to tickle around his tummy and his armpits too.

“You’re so wriggly, Ben-Ben!” Ryker teased.

Ben was at his limit now. “Sto-oh-ohp!” he giggled as the tickly wash cloth danced against his sensitive skin. “I h-have to p-pee!”

“Ohhh, you have to go potty again?” Ryker asked, acting as if he’d only just realized. “Well let me finish up and then you can sit on the potty!”

With that, he put his hand underwater - wiping the washcloth in between Ben’s legs. The boy gave a high-pitched squeak, the damn finally breaking. Ryker withdrew his hand as soon as he realized Ben was peeing, scrunching up his face in a

bizarre expression that was somewhere between grossed out and delighted.

“Uh-oh.” He tittered. “Did someone have a potty accident?”

“Y–you made me.” Ben muttered miserably, completely ashamed

“Don’t be silly, Ben-Ben.” Ryker lectured. “Well, we better get you out of that yucky water. Come on!”

Ben was finally allowed to sit on the potty while Ryker drained the water. Since he’d already gone however, it wasn’t really worth anything but extra humiliation. At least he was allowed his binky back. Still, sucking on a pacifier, sitting high up on the potty ring, and not even able to pee, Ben felt like a total toddler.

Ryker had him stand up in the empty bath for a quick cold rinse with the shower head before bath time finally came to an end. “I’ll give you a proper bath and wash your hair tomorrow morning.” The eight-year-old promised, finally wrapping a big white warm towel around him.

Back in Jojo’s nursery, Ryker “went out’ before he ‘lifted’ Ben onto the changing mat. After thoroughly drying his hair with the towel, another pack of frankly shockingly large ‘Size 8’ diapers came out - these ones describing themselves as ‘Huggies Snug & Dry’ and featuring a multicolored mickey mouse pattern. Ben was a little mortified to find they seemed even thicker than the last set he’d worn, though at this point it was just salt in the wound.

“You look so cute in your night-time diapers, Ben-Ben!” Ryker cooed as he taped up the front. “But maybe you’re not quite ready for potty training. I should probably take those cards out of the deck.”

“What d’ya mean…” Ben mumbled, a little concerned.

“Like you should probably always wear diapers, since you don’t know when you have to go.” Ryker clarified. “So I’ll have to take out the cards for undies, or pull-ups, or going bare-bum.” The boy ignored Ben’s mournful croak, putting a thoughtful hand to his chin. “I guess that would make the game kinda boring, but I could always add more stuff to do! Like playing in the splash pad at the park! Or…changing your diaper on a picnic bench!”

Ben urgently sucked on his pacifier, promising himself that none of that stuff was ever going to happen. This time was definitely going to be the last.

“Alright, well I guess it’s bed-time.” Ryker conceded. “I’m gonna go out, then I’ll put you in your crib.” he told him, promptly leaving the room.

Relieved, Ben did as he was told - clambering over the rails of Jojo’s crib to land softly on the mattress surrounded by an army of stuffed animals. It was a little longer than usual before Ryker returned, a warm bottle of milk in his hand. Ben stood up with his hands on the top bar, diaper crinkling as he watched the younger boy approach.

“Good night, Ben-Ben.” he said sweetly, leaning down to kiss

his babysitter on the forehead and dropping the bottle into his crib with him. “Drink up all your milk, okay?”

“Oh-tay.” Ben agreed. At this point, he just wanted Ryker out.

“Oh, and I had another idea.” Ryker continued. “Next time you come to play, you should already be wearing your diaper. That way, it’s like you never took it off!”

Ben just frowned in response. As soon as Ryker left, he’d have the whole night to suck his binky with no baby nonsense to distract him.

“Promise me you’ll do that?” Ryker insisted.

Ben hesitated, but finally gave a little nod.

“Good boy.” Ryker praised, leaving the room.

Ben let out a sigh, plopping down on his padded rear. He examined the bottle, thinking he probably should drink it. So long as he continued to do what Ryker said, he’d have another good few hours in the morning to suck his binky before Ryker’s Mom got home. Besides, he was kinda curious how good the nipples on this kind of baby bottle were.

He took a big gulp, pleasantly surprised by both the feel of the nipple and the taste. He kept on drinking. Just as he was getting to the bottom of the bottle however, he heard a click from the bedroom door. He jumped up urgently, clinging onto the rails as he stared at the shadow moving away from the gap at the bottom of the door.

He was locked in.

Ben dropped the bottle, feeling his tummy rumble threateningly. When was the last time he pooped? He crouched down a little, realizing he was likely to be stuck here for a good twelve hours. He tried to calm himself from the sickening realization with a good strong suck on his pacifier - but it didn’t help all that much this time. He probably shouldn’t have drunk all that milk.

He let the binky fall from his mouth, giving a pained groan. Being a binky addict sure did come at a cost.