Nice, Calm Baby

by andlat

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The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

Nice, Calm Baby

"Hey! Who are you and what are you doing in my house?" Rion wished more than anything that his voice sounded even vaguely intimidating. All the same, he glared at this stranger towering over him. Rion was used to kids younger than him being taller than him. Near as he could tell, this intruder was two or three years younger. “Who are you?”

"Sorry for scaring you, kiddo. I'm your babysitter."

"Babysitter? What? I'm"

"That's right! Your mommy called the agency and they sent me."

"But... that's a lie. You're a robber or... or something."

"Oh, am I?" He laughed. "You're quite a feisty little guy. Do you want to call your mommy and ask her?" He clenched his jaw.

"I will." He marched over to the emergency phone his mom left on the buffet in the dining room and almost dialed the number, but sighed. He knew this guy, whoever he was, was not a robber. HIs mom always used that babysitter agency when she had to work late and they were always here waiting for him. He was just being paranoid. Calling his mom would never prove that he was responsible enough to not need someone watching him. “Sorry,” he chuckled nervously, turning away from the emergency cell. “I won’t call her. I’m

sure you’re who you say you are.”

“Don’t worry about it, buddy!” He said. “My name’s Brett. And what’s yours?”

“Rion.” He felt so sheepish. “Sorry again. I’m just not used to”

“A boy babysitter?”

“Someone my own age being sent over.”

"Your own age?" He chuckled. "How old do you think I am?" Having been small all his life, Rion had gotten good at gauging ages. He gave the babysitter a good look and confirmed his earlier suspicion. This Brett was a few years younger than him.

"Uh, 13? 14?"

"Right on, little guy!" Bending down to Rion's level, he held his hand for a high five, but Rion frowned. Little guy? This was going to stop now.

"I'm 16." He said. "I just, I'm small for my age." He thought about explaining further, but Brett did not give him a chance.

"Uh-huh." He scoffed. "A little cutie like you's really 16."

"Yep. I'm in tenth grade. It’s a whole thing."

"Uh-huh." He said in disbelief. "C'mon, tell me the truth." Rion clenched his jaw.

"Doesn't the babysitting company give you my info or

something?"

"All they tell us is the name, address, and physical description. So, I knew I had a blonde little boy at this address."

"Again, I'm 16."

"A 16 year old wouldn't need a babysitter." Rion sighed wearily.

"Trust me. I know." He sighed. "Here's proof I'm telling the truth. My name is Marion, after my grandpa, but I go by Rion for obvious reasons."

"Ok?"

"See, if I'm telling you the truth about something like that, why can't you believe I'm 16?"

"Then why do you need a babysitter, Rion?"

"My mom just worries." The babysitter nodded.

"With such a sweet little cherub, no wonder."

"Dude. Quit talking like that and let's just hang out."

"Not yet, buddy." He had grown tired of bending over, so he lifted Rion up so that they were still eye-to-eye. "Tell me the truth. How old are you? Are you in first grade? Kindergarten?"

"I told you! I'm sixteen, I'm in tenth grade at Martin" the babysitter, holding him under his arms, began to spin around

and around in a circle. "Stop! Listen!"

"Whee! Whee!" Brett said in a silly voice.

"Let me go!" The babysitter complied, launching Rion playfully onto the couch, flopping down beside him before Rion could really catch his breath. Quick as a flash, he pulled the boy into his lap.

"So, how old are you? Really?"

"I told you! I'm sixteen! Look, let's call my mom."

"You really miss your mommy, hmm?" Brett said, gently pulling off Rion's socks. "Aw, look at these cute little feet! They make my hands look so big!" He cupped them in his hands and Rion squirmed. "Uh-oh! Is someone ticklish?" Rion quickly jerked his feet away, which was all the confirmation Brett needed. "How about this? I'll try and guess your age. Does that seem fair?"

"I told" Brett's hand covered Rion's mouth.

"But here's the fun part of the game. You can't talk. I'll ask you yes or no questions and you either nod or shake your head, okay?" Rion glared up at him. Why could he just not believe him? "Yes or no?" Rion shook his head. "Oh. Maybe this game's too hard for you because" he tapped the squirming boy's nose to punctuate each word. "You're just. That. Little." Rion glared again. "Do you want to play the guessing game? Yes or no?" Rion begrudgingly nodded. "Ok, I'm going to talk my hand away, but no talking until I say. Okay?" Rion nodded. "There we go. Hmm... are you thirty?"

Rion shook his head and Brett laughed. "Good to know. Are you... twenty-three?" Another head shake. "Alright. Are you ten?" Another head shake. This was ridiculous.

"Higher"

"No, no. No talking. That's a strike against you, buddy." Just as Rion wanted to ask what that meant, Brett shifted him on his lap and smacked his bottom. "Yeah, that's no fun, is it? We don't like swats on the bumbum." Rion glared and tried to move, but Brett easily returned him to sitting on his lap. "Let's see here." He reached into Rion's t-shirt and checked the tag. "Boy's small? Well, that's not much help at all!" He tapped Rion's nose. "But we know that means you're not sixteen."

"Yes, I am!" Rion fought it, but he soon found himself in the swatting position again.

"This isn't like baseball, buddy, but if you keep breaking the rules, these jeans might come down." He gave them enough of a tug to expose the top couple inches of the small sophomore's boxer briefs and checked the tag. "Hmm, boy's size 6. Now we're getting somewhere." He shifted Rion back, but left his jeans down slightly. "Are you eight?" Rion could see where this was going, but he shook his head. "Are you seven? Another head shake, hmm. Six?" Another head shake. "Are you fiiiiifty?" Another head shake and Brett laughed. "Well, we know you came home from school, so you must be at least five, huh?"

"I'm sixteen!" Another swat landed on his bottom and Brett

kept him in that position.

"Listen here, little guy. As long as I'm your babysitter" why did it seem like he was emphasizing the baby in babysitter? "We're going to play a lot of games. Breaking the rules will always mean swats on the bumbum, so I suggest that you listen to my rules and do your best to obey them, understand?"

“But”

“Shhh, nod or shake.” Rion groaned, but nodded once.

“That’s more like it. So, will you be a good little boy for me?” Rion, desperate to get free of Brett, nodded again. “A good baby?”

“What?” The swat on his butt was barely even noticeable in his outrage. "Well, since you won't tell me your age, I guess we'll just assume that you're a baby. I'm the babysitter, so there has to be a baby, right?"

"I am not a baby."

"Shh. I'm in charge. It's a good thing your mommy left me a schedule for you since I can't really trust you to tell me when it's your bedtime if you won't even tell me your age."

"You're trying to trick me and it's not going to work. I told you. I'm sixteen."

“Do you want to be getting bumbum swats all night long?”

“No”

“That’s what I thought.” Brett nodded approvingly. “So, how

about we give you a different punishment?" he paused. "No, punishment sounds mean. A different consequence for not playing the games right."

"And what's that?" Rion asked in monotone, trying in vain to get up off of Brett's lap.

"You see that over there?"

"The stairs?"

"That's right, baby!" Brett lifted Rion up. "But I mean specifically the second one there."

"What about it?"

"That's going to be your timeout step. Whenever you misbehave, you'll go sit on it." It sounded dumb to Rion, but at least it was better than being spanked! "So, nod or shake?" Rion did not move. "Here, let me help you." Brett placed his hand on Rion's head, smiling as his fingers sunk into the smaller boy's blond curls. He was almost too cute to even be real. "Are you a baby?" He pushed on Rion's head to force him to nod, rather than shake. "There we go!"

"That wasn't real!" Brett laughed.

"Alright, you can nod and shake for yourself. Do you want bumbum swats?" Rion shook his head. "Then how about your timeout step?" Rion begrudgingly nodded. "Perfect. How about you go over there right now and we'll do ten minutes?"

"What? Why?"

“For arguing with the babysitter, of course.” Rion fumed.

“That’s not fair.”

“Well, tell you what. If you tell me your honest real age, you can only do five minutes.” Rion growled, jumping off of Brett’s lap and glaring up at him. Even sitting, Brett seemed like a giant.

“I am sixteen. Six fucking teen!” He snarled. “I’m older than you and I will not let you boss me around!”

“Ten minutes of timeout step then.” Brett said mildly. “And every time your bumbum leaves the timeout step, we restart.”

“I’ll stay there all night.”

“Don’t you have homework?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, you can’t do it on the timeout step, so you better get to it.” He smiled. “Unless…”

“Unless what?”

“I’ll skip your timeout if you tell me who’s in charge.” Rion mulled it over.

“You are.”

“What was that, little guy? Your voice is so little and quiet! Like a little baby mouse. Who’s in charge, baby?”

“You’re in charge.” Brett smiled.

“Glad to hear it. Figured it was your house, so you should be in charge, but since you chose me,” Rion gaped. “I’ll do what I can to not let you down!” He clapped his hands, rubbing them together. "Alright, so I think first thing first, you need a bath."

"A bath?"

"Yeah, dude. You stink. Did you not shower after gym today?"

"I..." Rion shifted shyly, but realized that this was the first time Brett was actually admitting he was in high school. "I helped the gym teacher put the equipment away, so I didn't have time."

“Aw, I bet you’re the best little helper, baby.”

“Stop calling me that. My name’s”

“Marion, you told me. Baby Marion.” Brett stroked his chin, feigning deep thought. “Well, if that’s what you want.”

“Call me that and you’re dead.”

“We’re just having fun, kiddo.” Brett poked Rion’s belly. “Let’s get you a bath.”

“I don’t take baths.”

“Of course you don’t.” Brett winked. “Alright, let’s get you a shower then.”

“Um, ok.” Rion trod off to the bathroom, but Brett followed close behind. Rion felt a chill run down his spine as he wondered – feared, even – that Brett would insist on

undressing him. “I don’t really need any help.”

“Oh!” Was Brett genuinely surprised? Rion shuddered. “Alright, mister big boy. Get undressed and then toss your clothes out.”

“What? Why?” Brett laughed and tousled Rion’s curls.

“To make sure a certain baby doesn’t try to put on his stinky winky clothes.” Rion groaned. “That’s right. I’m not some old granny like you’re used to. I know every little boy trick in the book.”

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Rion rolled his eyes and disappeared into the bathroom.

“Ooh, how about we make it a game? Can you get everything off before I count to ten? One! Two! Three!” Rion panicked and nearly tore the collar of his shirt as he yanked it over his head, half squirming, half stepping out of his jeans in his haste. “Six! Seven!” Pulling off his boxers, Rion placed the ball of clothes over his crotch and hustled to the door.

“Here.” He tried to shove the clothes through a half inch slit in the door.

“Attaboy.” Brett pushed the door open wide, taking the clothes from Rion. “Well, what are you waiting for? Into the shower you go!”

“But”

“And we’re going to keep the door open in case you run into trouble.”

“Trouble?”

“The shower can get slippery.” Brett shrugged. “Or maybe you need help washing your back? I dunno. It’s just in case.” Rion fumed.

“That’s ridiculous.”

“Would you prefer me to bathe you?”

“That’s… no.”

“Alright then. Hop into the shower, buddy.”

Once Rion had vanished behind the curtain, Brett wandered the house until he found Rion’s bedroom.

“Didn’t even make his bed.” Brett tsked. He made a beeline for the teen’s dresser, pulling open drawers until he found what he was looking for. “Boxers, boxers, boxers, ah!” Shoved to the back were a few pairs of briefs, each and every one brightly colored and covered in cartoon characters. “Now this is what babies should wear.” He said, holding up a pair with red, yellow, and blue dinosaurs on them, grinning as he saw the worn out tag. These were definitely not brand new.

Brett was not cruel enough to throw away Rion’s boxers, but he could at least hide them. Grabbing every pair, he shoved them to the bottom of the hamper to make sure he would have to wear his babyish briefs for a few days before laundry got done. His work done, he headed back to the bathroom.

“Make sure you soap up your neck and knees!” He called, grinning as the silhouette projected on the shower curtain

jumped. He felt tempted to yank back the shower curtain, but decided against it. He would have plenty of opportunity to play with the little guy later. Leaving the bathroom door wide open, he retreated to the dining room table where he could monitor the situation, but also get homework done.

He took out a textbook and started on his required reading until he heard the shower shut off. He got up and walked over to the bathroom before Rion had a chance to close the door.

“Get out!”

“Do you need help drying, baby?”

“No!”

“Imagine how much more powpows would hurt on your nakee bumbum.” Brett said.

“Freak.” Rion muttered.

“I’ll ignore that, baby.” Brett said, reaching down and pushing Rion’s ear down gently. “You even cleaned behind your ears! What a good baby!”

“Dude, I’m” Brett ignored him, checking him all over and smiling as Rion tried to cover himself as if it was the cutest thing ever.

“I’ve seen boys naked before.” Brett said. “I am one, you know.”

“But… but… argh!” Rion snarled with frustration.

“I know, it’s tough having such a good babysitter, but you’re

doing great, buddy. Wanna go get dressed?" Rion only grunted and tried to get around Brett. "Oh, wait. Don't you owe me a timeout?"

"No!"

"Yes, I think you do."Brett said seriously. "And I think I've had enough of you arguing with me."

"I'm not arguing."

"You certainly are. Now are you going to go sit on the timeout step like a good baby or do I have to put you there myself?"

"But" Rion sputtered.

"Just nods or shakes, baby Marion."

"That's not my name!"

"Break the rules one more time and it'll be fifteen whole minutes on your timeout step, baby. Without your towel." Rion's face turned an adorable shade of pink.

"You mean, naked?"

"Well, it is your house. You can walk around it naked!" Brett said with a laugh. "But if you don't want to, be a good baby and scamper over to the timeout step."

"I"

"That's strike two, baby Marion. No more arguing. Off to timeout you go."

Rion glowered at him and stomped off to the stairs. For a moment, Brett wondered if he would try to dash up them, but he instead sat docilely on the second step.

“Thank you.” Brett said. “If you sit there nice and quiet for ten minutes, I’ll let you get up and” he smiled. “If you promise to be a good baby for the rest of the night, I won’t call you baby Marion anymore.” He sat down at the table and resumed his homework, watching Rion closely. He expected some sort of defiance. In fact, he hoped for it just because he could see how much it annoyed Rion being called his full name, especially with baby in front of it.

It was his own fault really. He looked downright adorable with his shaggy hair. And clearly all of his body hair was just as blond as that atop his head, if not moreso. Brett had caught the briefest glimpse of Rion’s armpits and the hair there was a very light blond peach fuzz. It seemed like even puberty thought he should keep his little boy air. Brett silently reminded himself to focus on his reading as he realized he did not even know what subject he was reading. Darn baby Marion being so adorable that it was distracting.

“Alright, that’s ten minutes!” Brett decreed. “I’m sure it felt a lot longer for you, hmm?” Rion did not answer. “Timeout really isn’t any fun. Makes your butt hurt in a different way than swats, right?” He touched the boy’s soft cheek to draw his attention as he kneeled down to his level. “Are you ready to be a good baby for me?” Rion gave the smallest nod he possibly could. “Can you tell me so?”

“I’m ready to be good.” His lips barely parted as he mumbled.

“Hm.” Brett said. “Well, I’ll give you this. That certainly sounded like baby babble, but that’s not quite what I meant.

“I’m ready to be good!” Rion whined softly.

“Oh, I see.” Brett said. “I keep calling you baby, so you want to teach me a lesson by only babbling.” He chuckled. “C’mon, bud. I know you’ve got homework, so let’s quit joking around. Are you ready to be a good baby?”

“I’m ready to be good!” Rion said, enunciating clearly. Why was Brett not getting this?

“Goo goo ga ga to you too.” Brett replied. “You’re really sticking to this. Well, I guess we’ll just keep you in timeout.” Realization struck.

“Oh, my god.” Rion groaned. He could not believe he was really going to say this. “Fine. I”m ready to be a good baby.”

“That’s more like it!” Brett said. “But” Oh, no. Now what? Rion thought. “I much prefer my babies to be giggly and cheerful. And you know the best way to get babies giggly?”

“No!” Rion tried to pull his foot away, but it was too late. Carefully moving him from the stairs to the floor, Brett began to tickle his feet. Rion was nowhere near as ticklish as he used to be, but it was still enough to get him to squirm out of his towel.

“I’m the babysitter and what are you? What are you? Tickle, tickle, tickle!”

“A baby! A baby!” Rion yelled.

“There we go! Keep that in mind, baby.” Brett cooed. “Now, let’s go get you dressed. You’ve been nakee for a long time! No, no, leave the towel. It’s not that long of a walk to your room, is it?”

“I’d prefer to wear my towel.”

“It’s just us boys here.” Brett replied. “Besides, I already said no and you need to listen to your babysitter, don’t you?”

“But”

“But nothing, baby.” Brett said at once. “The quicker we get you to your room, the less time you spend naked, right?” Rion wanted to argue, but it really was just plain easier to go get dressed.

He went upstairs, practically feeling the larger boy’s breath on his neck with every step. He hoped to close the door behind him and lock Brett out, his mind racing to assemble plans to stay hiding in there until mom came home and Brett had left, but Brett was right on his heels.

“Leave me alone.”

“Nope. You’re a baby and babies need help getting dressed.”

“What? I do not! I”

“You admitted you’re a baby downstairs. Do I need to get you to admit it again?” He wiggled his fingers at Rion.

“No.” Rion mumbled.

“What was that?”

“No”

“Then you’d better say it yourself. What are you?” He pulled the pouting boy close, pressing his head into his chest as he hugged him. It was mostly to comfort him and show him he was loved, but part of Brett was more than content to have another opportunity to touch the tiny teen’s curls.

“I’m a baby.” Brett’s chest tingled as he felt Rion talk into it. He patted the back of the boy’s head.

“One more time.”

“I’m a baby!” Rion said, annoyed.

“Thank you.” Brett gave his shoulder a squeeze before releasing him. “Now, do you want help getting dressed or do you got it, baby?”

“I’ve got it.” Rion muttered through gritted teeth.

“Okie dokie. I’ll just sit here on your bed in case you need help.”

Brett settled in as Rion stomped over to his dresser and pulled open his underwear drawer. Brett wondered what Rion was thinking, bracing himself for a tantrum. To his surprise, Rion grabbed the very same pair of dinosaur briefs he had seen earlier, pulling them on without so much as a muttered curse word.

“Oh, no, sweetie.” Brett said as Rion moved on to find some

pants. “Put on your jammies. No point dirting more clothes this close to bedtime.”

“What? I don’t go to bed for hours yet.”

“Who’s in charge?”

“You are.”

“That’s right. You’re a baby and I’m in charge.” He could see Rion about to fight back again. “Yeah, you don’t wear diapers or sleep in a crib, but you’re still a baby, aren’t you? You’re little, you can’t be home alone, you need help with lots of things, you still wear baby clothes kinda, don’t you?”

“I, but…”

“Those undies come from your undies drawer, baby.” Brett said. “Same with those jammies you’ll be wearing later. And I know you’ve worn those undies before. Sure, you might avoid them on gym days, but they’re your undies. The dino undies of a baby. A bonafide baby.” He tapped Rion’s nose gently. “But fine, I’ll be a nice babysitter and let you stay out of jammies for now. Let’s go downstairs.”

“Let me get dressed first.”

“Nope. It’s jammies or just your dino undies.” Rion fumed.

“Dude, stop! I am not a baby!” Brett frowned.

“How many times are we going to go through this? Alright, let's settle this once and for all.”

“I am” Brett covered his mouth with a hand.

“We're playing our game again, Rion.” He chose the boy's name in the hopes that would win him over. “So, nods for yes, shakes for no. Understand?” He felt Rion lick his hand. “Clever, but you should be more careful. Who knows where my icky hand has been?” He smiled. “Well, understand our game?” Rion nodded begrudgingly. “Alright, but if you try to speak and break the rules, you know what'll happen?” He stared at the tiny boy for a solid twenty seconds before he shook his head. “It'll be back to timeout. On the front steps though, in nothing but your undies.” He smiled. “And I'll make you answer to Baby Marion all night long. Might even tell your mommy that's your new favorite name.” He laughed to make sure Rion knew that last bit was a joke. “Alright, so…” he pulled his hand away. “Did you refuse to tell me your real age?” Rion shook his head. He had told him he was sixteen more than once! Brett shrugged. “Ok, that wasn't a fair question, I admit.” He thought for a moment. This might be tricky, he thought. “Are you shorter than me?” Rion nodded, rolling his eyes. Brett smiled. “And are you allowed to stay home alone?” Rion's head went back and forth. “Are you wearing dino undies?” Rion grunted, but nodded. “Do I need to tickle you to get you to accept you're a baby?” This confused Rion and he tried to think of what to do. Why was he playing this game though? He was older than Brett and…

His mind made up, he stormed over to his dresser, but he did not make it. Brett lifted him up, hands under his arms.

“Let me go!” Brett shifted him so that his head rested against Brett's chest, a hand against his bottom. “Let me go!”

“Take a deep breath,” Brett whispered. “Breathe in and out. I'm not letting you go until you're nice and calm, baby. Nice and calm baby.”

“Get off me!” Brett sat down on the edge of Rion's bed, holding the boy close to his chest. “Let me go!”

“Nice and calm baby. Nice and calm baby.” Brett repeated in the same soft, steady tone. Holding Rion up against his chest, he knew the boy could feel his voice vibrate and the warmth of his body, smell his deodorant. He knew that he was being held like the baby Brett kept insisting he was. The unfairness of the whole situation, being held like this by a boy younger than him, wearing nothing but his most childish underwear, washed over Rion and he sniffled, fighting back tears as Brett did not let him pull even a fraction of an inch away from his chest. “Nice and calm baby, nice and calm baby.” Brett's mantra cut through Rion's frantic thoughts. He could not overpower the boy. All he could do was calm down. He knew that doing that would let him be free of his tormentor. “Nice and calm baby.” Rion slowed down his breath, trying to match it to the mantra. All he was doing, he reassured himself, was playing along.

Brett could feel the boy relax in his arms, but he knew better than to accept it immediately. He kept holding him close, murmuring his soft words in the perfect way to make his chest vibrate, his words driving deep into not just Rion's mind, but his soul.

“Nice, calm baby. Nice, calm baby.” When he felt Rion stifle

a yawn, he knew it had worked. He gently pulled Rion from his chest, smiling at the tiny bit of resistance the boy showed. Keeping him on his lap, he kept talking in the same soft voice. “Now, baby. For the rest of the night, neither of us are going to talk louder than this, okay? Nod or shake.” Rion nodded, still somewhat feeling the effects of whatever had just happened. “We're going to keep this nice, calm baby tone. What kind of tone?”

“Nice, calm baby.” Rion said softly. It was perfect, but Brett needed to make sure the lesson stuck with him.

“Shh, softer than that, baby.” He pulled him back to his chest. “Nice, calm baby. Nice, calm baby.” He kept it up until Rion parroted him to his liking. “There we go.” He said, stroking Rion's head. “Nice, calm baby.” He allowed Rion to pull away again. “Now what we're going to do, my nice, calm baby boy, is you're going to work on your homework while I make dinner. I might be a little noisy with pots and pans and stuff, but you'll be what?”

“Nice, calm baby.” Rion murmured. It was the weirdest thing, he thought. He had no clue how long they had sat like that, but he could hear Brett's voice over and over again in his head. Even the thought of trying to be louder than that seemed wrong. Had he hypnotized him somehow? That was the only explanation, but hypnosis wasn't real.

They headed downstairs and Brett got Rion situated. Focusing on homework while Brett was in the other room would surely help him to break the hold Brett suddenly had

over him, right?

To Rion's relief, he did not have much homework and concentrating on it seemed to help him feel more normal again. As normal as he could feel sitting at the dining room table in briefs. Even though he slept in his underwear more often than not, it was rare for him to even go to the bathroom in nothing but it. This felt almost profane.

He had just finished when Brett appeared over him. As casually as if he had always done it, Brett lifted Rion up and set him in his lap.
“All done?” Brett asked. He could not say for certain if he had pushed Rion's head toward his chest or if the boy had naturally done so. All the same, he stroked his hair and murmured “nice, calm baby”. Rion nodded before answering.

“Yes.” His voice was softer than Brett's, but all the same, he shushed him.

“Nice, calm baby.” He murmured, looking at the boy's homework. “This looks awfully complicated for a baby. Aren't you a smart baby?” He leaned down and kissed Rion's nose. Rion stiffened a bit, but Brett clucked. “Nice, calm baby, remember?”

“I'm not”
“Nice, calm baby.” Brett murmured. “Are you hungry, baby?”

“Yes”

“Nod or shake. Nice, calm baby.” Rion nodded, feeling a bit baffled by this continued nice, calm baby thing. Wasn't it

enough? They were whispering to the point where he felt like someone in the other room would not be able to hear them. “You stay right here while I go get us chicken nuggets and french fries.”

“What?”

“Shh. Nice, calm baby.” Brett immediately returned to a soothing tone and stroking Rion’s hair. “Nice, calm baby boy.” He smiled down at Rion. “Hmm.”

“What?” Rion made a point to whisper extra softly. It felt like revenge to him.

“Well, either you like this more than you’re admitting.” Rion blushed and shifted, but there was no way to really hide what had happened. “Or you just really like my ASMR voice.” He smirked. “My nice, calm baby boy. Nice, calm baby.”

“Quit”

“No dindin until you’re a nice, calm baby again. Nice, calm baby.” He repeated it over and over until Rion stopped trying to pull away. He set him down on the chair next to him and disappeared into the kitchen. Rion tried to fight the feeling of tranquility that stayed with him even with Brett out of sight. What the hell was wrong with him? He had to get away, even if it meant skipping dinner. Mom would be home soon enough that he could just eat late. Yeah! That would work.

By the time he had his plan formed, Brett had returned with a plate of chicken nuggets and french fries. He set it on the table, but not in front of Rion. This was some trick, Rion

knew immediately. He would make him admit he was a baby before he got to eat… or something!

Brett surprised him by grabbing a french fry off of his plate and holding it out to him. Rion reached for it, but Brett shook his head.

“No, no, baby. Open.” Confused, Rion complied and Brett smiled. “And bite.” Rion fumed. He was feeding him? “There we go!” And he was still using that ridiculous soft tone! “Come on into my lap before our dindin gets cold.”

“Don’t I get a”

“Shh”

“Don’t I get a plate?” Rion said more quietly.

“Oh, this is a lot of food for a baby. It’s easier for you to eat off of my plate.” He pulled Rion into his lap, getting him situated. “There, a cozy baby, all nice and calm. Sorry they aren’t dino nuggets.” He smirked at Rion’s underwear. “Alright, open up.”

Rion tried to forget the humiliating situation due to his hunger, but it was tough. Brett would eat a whole nugget or fry and then grab one to make Rion nibble at. He knew resisting too much would probably get him pressed against Brett’s chest for another eternity of ‘nice, calm baby’, but he still did not want to give in and willingly submit to being fed like a little kid! He needed to think of something and fast.

“Well, I’m full. Are you?” Brett said, smiling down at Rion.

He grabbed his glass of water and handed it to Rion. “Use both hands.” Rion tried to take it. “Both hands, baby.” Rion took it and drank. This had to be over now, right? He could not stand another hour of this! “Was that yummy, baby? Is baby’s tummy all full of yummy wummy foodies?” He rubbed Rion’s stomach, loving the feel of his downy hair, so fair to be invisible unless you looked for it and almost impossibly soft. This was too much for Rion! It had been too much for a while, but he could feel his rage boiling up inside him. It erupted.

“Enough!” His voice seemed as loud as thunder thanks to the prolonged whispers ad murmurs. “I am not a baby! And this is ridiculous!” Brett sat there calmly as the boy clambered out of his lap. He really did look so much like a toddler that this could not have been the first time he was babied by someone. His mom still hired babysitters, after all.

“You let me feed you.” Brett replied, shrugging slightly.

“Thank you for not whispering! Let's talk about this like two adults without any of this stupid nice, calm baby… shit!”

“Aw, you want to be a nice, calm baby again?” Brett said, his voice dropping in volume as he stood up, stretching his back and arms out to really drive home how much bigger and stronger he was before reaching for the boy.

“No! Get… get away from me!” Rion held his arms out, backing away from Brett, unaware he was being effortlessly herded toward the couch.

“It must be getting close to your bedtime. That's why we have such a fussy baby.” Brett said in that same deliberate tone. “Rion's a fussy wussy baby boy, but he wants to be a nice, calm baby.”

“No! Stop! Get away from me! My mom'll be home soon!”

“Not for another hour or two.” Brett said conversationally before dropping back into his soft tone. “She'll be so happy to come home to her nice. Calm. Baby boy.” Rion stumbled and fell onto the couch, raising both his arms and legs in an attempt to fight off Brett. Brett easily overpowered him yet again, pressing the fighting boy's cheek against his chest before bringing his arms and legs under control.

“Stop! Let! Me! Go!”

“Take a deep breath,” Brett whispered. “Breathe in and out. I'm not letting you go until you're nice and calm, baby. Nice and calm baby.” It would not work a second time! Rion swore he would do all he could to fight it. “Nice, calm baby.” Brett murmured. He grabbed a throw blanket and managed to get it over the still struggling boy, holding it close so that it covered him from the top of his head all the way down to his feet. “Shh, nice, calm, baby boy.” He whispered, smiling down at Rion. “Nice, calm baby.” He repeated it again and again, even as Rion tried to get free, to yell, to fight, to do anything to avoid falling into the same steady rhythm.

Even after the fight had gone out of him and he lay there, waiting for it to be over, Brett continued repeating it, holding Rion snug against his chest, rocking him almost

imperceptibly, just enough to soothe and calm his subconscious mind.

Wrapped in the blanket cocoon, full from his recent dinner, and spent from his outbursts over the last few hours, Rion began to feel drowsy. How long had he been here, pressed against Brett? How was Brett not tired of saying that stupid phrase over and over? It had stopped sounding like a mantra and more and more like… like a lullaby. Rion yawned, his eyelids drooping. No, no! It would not work! He would not fall asleep, swaddled against Brett's chest like a nice, calm baby.

“Me and Rion had a lot of fun, as I'm sure you can see.” Rion slowly returned to the awake world to the sound of Brett's voice. It was still soft, but it had lost the mesmerizing quality it had. It sounded like he was talking to someone.

“Well, I must say I'm surprised.” His mom!

“Mom?” Rion murmured, still more asleep than he had thought.

“Oh, sorry, buddy. Did we wake you?” He was still against Brett, who smiled and hugged him.

“Nice, calm baby.” Had he said it or only mouthed it to him? Rion's mom did not seem to have heard it. “I think he's about to fall back asleep, so how about I go put him to bed and then we can talk about when you'll need me next.” With a soft grunt, he stood, moving Rion from against his chest to cradled snugly in his arms. The blanket fell to the floor in the

transition. Rion's mom's eyebrows rose, but she did not comment.

"Can you manage the stairs?"

"Oh, no problem. He's not that heavy." Brett said cheerfully. He climbed the stairs, cooing down at Rion. "And what a nice, calm baby you are when you're still so sleepy, baby." He set Rion down on his bed and pulled the covers over him, smiling at the reminder about his dinosaur undies. "Don't fall asleep quite yet, baby. Let's have a quick chat first." He smiled and brushed Rion's adorable curls. He looked so much like a sweet little cherub. "Looks like you'll be stuck with me as your babysitter, hmm?"

"But" Rion's mumble was barely audible..

"Shh, nice, calm baby voice, remember?" Brett smiled eagerly. "But yep. I think your mommy's very impressed with me, so we'll be spending lots of time together, won't we?" Rion stammered. "I know, you'll try and tell her what happened, but how can you argue with results, baby?" He smiled and gave Rion a gentle kiss on the cheek. "I'll have lots of rules for you now that we know you're just a baby. No more showers for one. Babies get baths and that's just how it is." Rion did not say anything, so Brett made him nod. "Good baby. My nice, calm baby, listening to all his rules.

"The other big one is I want you to wear baby undies every day I babysit you. Those boxers you were wearing? Those aren't appropriate for babies. I don't care if you have gym or whatever. I'll be checking for proper baby undies." He smiled.

"We don't go to the same school, but maybe I'll find a way to do surprise checks too." He played with Rion's blond curls. "The important thing is to get you used to being a baby. Before you know it, the very sight of me will put you in nice, calm baby mode. Cuz that's what I like you to be. My nice, calm baby boy." He stood up and walked to the door before turning back. "Are you a big boy? Nod or shake?" Rion shook his head, still overwhelmed by this latest revelation. He knew how right Brett was. He would be his baby before long. There was no way mom would ever let anyone else watch him. No. Babysit him. "Are you a baby?" Brett did not even have to look as he walked away. He knew Rion was nodding.