

# Alien's Diapered Pet Ch. 1-5

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Humanity's first encounter with alien life may not go as planned – especially if those aliens happen to overhear one human's blushiest fantasies and decide that's exactly what they need! An epic sci-fi adventure featuring kink, diapers, and... big fuzzy green mustelids?

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## 1

"And where do little boys like you make cummies?" Bret asked, rubbing the front of my diaper as he held me in bed.

"I-in their diapees," I moaned. I loved it when he talked like this.

"That's right, baby boy, good little boys make stickies in their diapees, and you're going to make stickies in your diapees from now on because you're never getting out of them." I squeezed my eyes shut and humped his hand as I imagined being kept in diapers for good.

"Unh... Never ever? You mean it?"

"That's right, little guy. You're going to wear and use diapers and make stickies in them from now on." Bret picked up the pace and my moans grew louder, my humping more insistent.

"Ohhhh, yes! I'm gonna wear diapers from now on! I'm gonna... I'm gonna..." I tensed up, my legs beginning to tremble. Bret leaned in and growled into my ear, sending shivers down my spine.

"Uh oh, is baby going to make stickies for me now? Go ahead baby boy, be a good boy and make stickies in your diapees." That was all I needed to hear. I clenched my toes and fingers and everything else as I tipped over the edge.

"Unghhhhhh! Grahhhhhh!" My dick throbbed, shooting out so much cum into my diaper for so long that I felt like I was wetting myself.

I had been saving up my load for the past two weeks in anticipation of Bret's visit, staying horny and diapered that whole time. We had talked daily about how I needed to

be kept this way, promising all sorts of things, but as I came down from my mind-blowing orgasm, that ridiculous fantasy was already evaporating.

"Oh god, Bret... I needed that..." Bret smirked as I reached to pull open the diaper tapes.

"Why are you taking off your tapes, buddy? I thought we agreed you needed to be kept in diapers from now on."

"Yeah, right... you know I only said that because I was horny. Lock my dick up and I'll agree to just about anything."

"You can only beg to be kept as a big diaper baby for so long before you have to admit it's more than a phase, buddy. One of these days I'm going to hold you to it."

"Give me a week to recover, and then we'll talk, but I think I'm over the whole diaper thing. I'm *serious* this time." He cocked an eyebrow at me and held up my chastity key. "Alright, alright, I know what you're going to say. I *promise* I won't throw my stash away this time. But there's no way. I just said all that stuff because I was horn... eee?"

My voice trailed off as a green light filled the bedroom. Something very bright was outside the window. Bret immediately ran out of the room and presumably hid while I, like an idiot, opened the window and poked my head out into the cool night air. I was immediately enveloped in that green light and gravity dropped away.

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I came to in a white room with no walls.

"What the...? Where am I? Hello?"

I looked down. I was in a fresh diaper and nothing else, and I was sitting on what appeared to be a large gray dog bed. Other than that, no clues at all as to where I was.

"Hello? Is anybody there?"

Suddenly, a large furry creature stepped into the room, seemingly out of thin air, emitting a series of excited clicks and warbles as it approached. It — no, *he* — was maybe fifteen feet tall, and definitely male judging from the plump sheath I could see sitting between his legs. Maybe I should have been scared, but he was simply too absurd to be terrifying. Instead I tilted my head and studied him. This creature — whatever he was — resembled a cross between a bear and a giant weasel with bright green fur. Just trying to make sense of what I was seeing made my head hurt.

"What- what are you? Are you trying to speak?"

Slowly the sounds resolved in my mind to something approximating human speech. I could still hear the sounds the creature was actually making, but I could also understand.

"Hello, little one. How are you feeling?"

"Confused! What's happening? How did I get here? A second ago, I was... I was... where was I?" I shook my head as I tried to remember. The creature gave me a soft smile.

"Aww, I know this must be very *confusing*. Not to worry, baby boy, you're safe with me. You're on a *starship*, and we're headed back to *Homeworld*." He gave a bright smile as he said these words, as if talking to a small child.

"Homeworld? Starship? No, no, this can't be real. This has got to be some sort of prank... or a dream, maybe?" The creature reached down to pat my head.

"You'll see soon enough, my pet. Let's make you feel more at home."

He gave an almost imperceptible nod and looked past me. The blank white room resolved into what appeared to be a living room, but everything was slightly wrong. The doors and windows were random sizes. There was a carpet on the couch. There were mugs on the table that had no bottom. I might have commented on this or the many other things that were wrong about this situation, but I had a more pressing issue.

"Uh... listen... I'm not a pet, I'm a human and I *don't* want to go to Homeworld." The creature crouched down to eye level and somehow managed a patronizing warble-click.

"No, human, you are a *pet*. You're *my* pet. And you're coming to *Homeworld*." I could see I was not getting through to him, so I decided to try another tack.

"Well, can I at least get some clothes to wear?"

"You *are* in your clothes, little one: Your diapers! We observed your lifestyle carefully and we know that you have to wear and make stickies in your diapees from now on. You can't fool me, little boy. We heard what you said!"

"Oh, no, that was just play-talk. I don't really wear diapers all the time," I said.

"I have to go now, little one. I'll be back to check on you later." He stood up, stepped in a direction that I couldn't follow, and phased out of existence.

"Hey! Come back! I don't wear diapers, you stupid alien!"

I tugged and tugged at the tapes, but they wouldn't budge. The plastic wouldn't tear either. This wasn't a normal diaper. Then again, nothing here was normal. After about a minute of struggling to get the darned thing off, I huffed and sat on the weird carpeted couch. I put my head in my hands. What was I going to do?

## 2

Left in this weird imitation of an earth-home, I decided I should at least settle in for the journey, however long that would take. At first I tried laying on the weird carpet-couch, but I couldn't get comfortable. After a minute, I got up and decided to explore my surroundings instead. Maybe I could learn something about where I was. I tried to pick up one of the mugs but they were attached to the table. Weird. I found books without words, a sink with no drain, and the windows turned out to be framed prints. I took one down and behind it was only more wall. The more I explored, the more oddities I encountered, as if I was stuck in some sort of AI generated image.

Nothing about this place gave me any clue about where I was. What I did discover, however, was a growing urge to urinate. I sought out a restroom. What I found was the approximation of a toilet by a set of stairs that led nowhere, but the lid didn't lift. I cursed.

I tried to hold my pee as long as I could, whining as I stood in front of the unusable toilet. My knees buckled and my hands clutched desperately at the seemingly indestructible padding, but eventually my bladder gave out. I soaked my diaper, gasping as I felt the shame and relief of having the first real accident of my adult life all within inches of a potty.

Once I was finished, I stood there for a while smelling like pee and baby powder and staring down at my yellowed diaper. I was somewhere in the galaxy (at least I assume it was still our galaxy) trapped in a hologram on a spaceship headed to 'Homeworld', wherever that was. Apparently, I was a pet to this big furry green creature. A creature who was convinced I needed diapers. It sounded like a fantasy come true, but I wasn't in the mood for kinky diaper adventures at this particular moment. Couldn't he have at least waited a week for me to get horny again before doing his whole alien abduction thing? I made my way back to the big dog bed and flopped down with a huff. That's when I heard the familiar click-warble of my captor.

"Hello, my adorable pet. I see we did need those diapers after all, didn't we?"

I whipped my head around to see the giant green marten smiling at me gently. My face grew hot with embarrassment and indignation.

"Oh, come on! You couldn't have come five minutes sooner? I held it as long as I could, but I couldn't take the darned thing off, so I had no choice but to use it." His eyes went wide with surprise.

"Oh dear, your face — it's changing color. Are you alright, little one?"

"First of all, my name is-"

"Baby boy, little one, little boy. Yes, we know all your names. Your companion was quite fond of using them, wasn't he? It's a shame we couldn't grab him as well. Oh well, maybe next time."

"I'm. Not. A. Baby." I said, clenching my jaw to keep from yelling. "And I'm not your pet. I demand to be taken back to my home right this instant!" The alien frowned and made a clicking sound that sounded a lot like the chiding 'tsk tsk tsk' that an earth person might make.

"I know... you're cranky because you haven't made stickies in your diapees yet."

"What?!"

"Aww, c'mere, little pet," said the giant furry creature.

I yelped as I was lifted high up by his soft, powerful, surprisingly warm arms and carried to the couch. There, I found myself on my back in his big furry lap, completely at his mercy. He shifted around a bit, seeming to come to the same conclusion as me about its comfortability. Then, he tilted his head and the room instantly reconfigured itself into what I assumed was a typical home on his planet. I watched as the space expanded to massive proportions with walls, floors, and archways of stone. The furniture was minimal and utilitarian, made of rich leather and carved wood.

I wriggled and squirmed as we sank into the now black leathery couch, but my struggles only gave way to more softness, as my hands slid through the silky soft fur. My captor simply churred and cooed as he began to rub my belly, reaching down with his other paw to rub at the front of my diaper. He leaned forward with his muzzle to my ear, making soothing sounds that were part of no earth language I knew.

"There, there, little boy. You'll feel so much better once you make stickies in your diapers like a good little boy. Then we'll feed you and water you, and put you down for a nice little nap. Yes we will!" The warmth of the freshly soaked diaper and the big soft paws seemed to knead all my tension away as I was surrounded by soft fur, like a warm fuzzy blanket.

"I- unh! N- unh... W-wait, I'm... O-ohh! you don't underst- ohhh gods, that feels so good..." I could feel a powerful wave of relaxation coming over me, tingling over my cheeks, around my shoulders, down my chest and back while his hands kindled a warm, glowing fire between my legs.

"Thaaaat's it, pet. Very good. You feel so much better when you get to make stickies in your diapers. You love your special cuddle time with Master, yes, you do. You're so adorable, I don't think I ever want to stop doing this for you, cutie."

"I'm... nuh... mmm... mmm..." my protests had died down to half mumbled words, and then they were just sounds of pleasure and enjoyment as he gave me more of those wonderful pets. And as he continued his ministrations to my body, and especially the front of my diaper, the feeling between my legs got stronger. And yet his paws continued to work agonizingly slowly. I began to whine and thrust my hips a bit against his paw. This movement seemed to excite him and he picked up the pace with his rubbing. His vocalizations picked up as well and he began to breathe faster.

"Oh! Yes, I can see it's working! My pet is feeling even better now, isn't he?" I felt the bulge of his sheath under my diaper grow until I could feel something poking at the back of it. Apparently he was enjoying our little bonding time as much as I was and somehow that idea only pushed me closer to the edge.

"Screw it, it's just a dream anyway," I thought, as I gave up any attempt to hold back and began thrusting in earnest as he rocked his big paw over the front of my diaper. The back of my knees began to sweat as I squeezed my eyes shut and panted. There was no stopping now. I was going to unload into my diapers and it felt so good.

I felt the orgasm approaching, the familiar fantasy that this might really be the only way I get to cum from now on mixed with the strangeness of experiencing such an intimate moment with such an unfamiliar creature leading to the most incredible, toe curling, screaming orgasm of my entire life. I cried out, my muscles all tensing at once, and unloaded everything into the front of my diaper. Spurt after spurt of hot sticky cum. It felt like buckets even though I knew I had just cum before I was taken.

When it was finally over, I lay there panting as this big space-creature held me in his arms, cooing and praising me for what I did.

"Such a good little diaper spunker, yes you are. Great job, little one making stickies in your diaper like a *good* boy."

As my mind finally began to clear, he let me down off his lap and sat there looking at me with an expectant smile. I felt self-conscious standing there in front of him with no clothing on and I fiddled with the diaper tapes nervously.

"C-can you please take the diaper off now? I don't want to wear it anymore, mister, alien." As I stared at the creature in front of me, I noticed a finger of pink poking

out of the fat sheath between his legs, and I quickly averted my eyes, blushing once more. He grinned and patted me on the head.

"My name is \*\*\*\*\*," he said, producing a series of indecipherable clicks and churrs, "but if you can't pronounce *that*, Master is fine."

### 3

I shook my head, still averting my gaze from Master's thick, juicy sheath. "No. You're not my master. I don't *have* a master. And I'm not 'little boy' or 'baby boy,' either. I'm-

"No, you're right, my pet. You should have a proper name. How about... Spot? Yes, that's a fine name for my good boy."

"Spot," I said, turning my head to stare at him with incredulity. "That's like something I'd name my dog."

"Oh, so you keep pets too? How *adorable*," Master cried out, seemingly tickled by the idea. I was beginning to get annoyed.

"Listen. I'm a *person*, and we've only just met. You do not get to just do... *that*... whenever you want with me." I gestured to the couch, unable to bring myself to describe the act of being masturbated by a giant space-marten any other way. I then pointed to my own padded crotch. "Now, I want this diaper off right now, or I'll..." My voice trailed off as Master stood to his full height and put his paws on his hips.

"Or you'll *what*, little earthling?" I gulped. There wasn't much I *could* do, I realized. "This is your first day, so I'm going to be nice, but we're going to come to an understanding sooner than later, *little boy*. You are home now. You are to be my companion on this ship, and wherever I go aground. You will remain my healthy and happy pet for a good long time – well beyond the six dozen or so earth cycles your species would normally live for. You've already been chipped, vaccinated, and registered to ensure that."

"Vaccinated? Registered? *Chipped*?" I asked, feeling my neck for any sign of a foreign object. Master nodded.

"That's right, baby boy. You've been given immunity to all disease and aging, and you're registered in the galactic database as my property, and are subsequently under my care and protection."

"And I don't get any say in any of this?" I asked. Master made a tittering noise that was the approximation of a chuckle.

"Silly, pet. You may be smart enough to talk, but you are still a pet. No, you don't get to take that off, Spot." He said, as I began tugging on the tapes more insistently. He

gave me a pointed look and pointed a finger firmly toward the bed. I looked at him, then to the bed, then back to him, confused.

"On your back, Spot. It's time for changies."

"You mean I can get this thing off finally?" I asked. He did not reply, just pointed again, and so I went and laid down, my face burning from embarrassment as I obeyed the humiliating command.

"Good boy, Spot. Now, let's get that soggy thing off you."

It was clear he had some sort of ability I didn't, because the diapiere came off easily for him. It was a relief to feel the diapiere open up, even if it did mean I was now fully naked in front of Master.

"You're so different down there," he mused, as he poked at my genitals. I opened my mouth to protest, but was distracted when I noticed that he was holding something in his hands that looked like a shiny dark eggplant.

"What's that?"

"Just something to keep my pet healthy, don't you worry about it," he said casually, setting it beside me on the bed and reaching for the alien equivalent of a pack of wet wipes.

"I *am* worried," I replied, trying to back away, he placed a paw on my chest, effectively arresting all motion.

"If you get your bed dirty, you'll be paying the consequences. Be still." He clicked and warbled with such authority that I immediately froze and allowed him to wipe me clean. I stared at the device trying to piece together what it is for as he went about his business. It looked suspiciously like..."

"Oh, no. I know what *that* is. You're not getting that thing on *me!*" I said, again trying to back away, but he put his paw down on me again and just shook his head.

"It's either this or castration. I think you'll agree this choice is better..."

I yelped and covered my genitals at the mention of getting my balls removed, but he pulled my hands out of the way and shushed me.

"Shh, don't worry, little one, we're not having you fixed. We're just going to put this nice little safety device on you instead. It won't hurt a bit, I promise." I cringed as he brought the device down to my genitals and pressed a button. Instantly, it encased my

cock and balls with a sheath of hard material. Once it was secured, it quickly molded itself around my bits to conform to them as closely as a condom. Master was right about one thing: It didn't hurt. In fact, it didn't feel like I was wearing anything at all.

"There we go," he said, with a smile. "That should ensure that my good boy doesn't get any more treats than he has earned, aside from your regular maintenance cummies, of course! Why don't you give it a try? Try touching yourself." Hesitantly, I reached down to touch my penis, and the shiny substance covering it instantly hardened, denying me any pleasure whatsoever. I scoffed. Master had put me in a chastity cage. I couldn't believe it.

"This is absurd! You can't do this," I whined. My protests fell on deaf ears as he diapered me up once more.

"Your earth companion seemed to think it was necessary, and so do I. Now, I have a very special surprise for you." He grinned, looking both excited and proud as he reached into the air and grabbed at something I couldn't see.

"What now?" I whined as I sat up. I was already feeling exhausted and bestialized from being chipped, chastened, and diapered. Then, I saw in his hands perhaps the most damning of all. My jaw dropped. "Is that a...?"

"That's right, little one. It's your collar, and it's got your name on it! See?"

It was a thin black band of smooth leathery material with a diamond shaped tag hanging on the front. There appeared to be some writing on it, though what it said I had no idea.

"Oh, this is a *special* day, my pet. A momentous occasion! I know it's already official and all, but the symbols are just as important. Now, sit pretty and present," he said, with an expectant smile. My hackles raised at the demeaning request.

"Nuh, uh. No way, there's no way I'm gonna sit on my haunches like a..." I suddenly stopped talking as I noticed that I was already on all fours with my chin up and my butt on the ground; the perfect position for him to collar me.

"Good boy! Look how obedient you're becoming," he said, as he slipped the collar around my neck. I heard an audible click, and then a cool feeling on the back of my neck. I reached back and realized that the seam was gone. It was one solid piece of material now, as far as I could tell. Master stood back and admired his handiwork. "Now, don't you look smart?"

I could tell Master wasn't talking about my intelligence based on his tone of voice. He was talking to me like a pet, and sitting there on my pet bed with my chastity cage and diaper on, and my collar around my neck, I truly felt like one.

"I... I'm a pet now, aren't I? This is really happening. It's not a dream..." He patted my head.

"Now you're starting to get it, my smart boy."

"But what Master is doing isn't recognized on my planet."

"Uh huh,"

"I mean, it's not allowed. Master can't just..."

"Mmm hmm,"

"I mean, I have a home... a boyfriend..."

"Oh, really?"

"Well, he's more of a fuck-buddy, really, but... Hey, is Master even listening? Wait, why am I calling Master Master now?"

"Oh, I *know*... tell me all about it, little guy..." Master said, with an indulgent smile as he pushed a bowl of kibble toward me. It was then I realized that Master must have turned his translator off. He wasn't listening to me at all now!

"Such a talkative pet I have. We may have to do something about that later," Master noted to himself. My stomach dropped as I stared down at my kibble. I looked back up at him, dolefully.

"Kibble? Seriously?"

"Yes, those are your yum yums! What's wrong, baby boy? Oh, I know. You're probably thirsty too, huh? Here we go."

Master tilted his head and a little water fountain materialized in front of me. It was low, so I would have to get on all fours to drink from it.

"Can't I at least get a glass?"

"You're very welcome, Spot! Such a good, smart little boy. Now you eat up, cutie and then it's time for your nap. You've had a big day, Spot!"

## 4

"Go on, Spot," said Master, watching me expectantly. "Eat up! It's formulated just for your needs and tastes."

I severely doubted those words, but somehow I found it very hard to resist obeying Master's commands, so I grabbed a few pieces and brought them to my mouth, expecting them to taste like dry dog food. To my relief, the kibble was no worse than dry cereal despite its appearance.

"That's better," said Master, giving my head a pat as I ate, "good pets eat when master tells them to." I grimaced. I did not look forward to eating *this* for the rest of my life, not that saying anything about it would help while he had his translator off. At least Master seemed satisfied.

"Alright, pet, Master has some business to attend to. I'll be back in a little while. As a treat, I've left voice commands on for you. You can explore the simulation and acclimate yourself to Homeworld architecture since you don't seem to mind it, but don't go wandering around before you've had your nap. Got that, pet?"

Master looked at me as though worried he'd given me too many instructions. I gave him a nod and I could see his relief as he relaxed and reached down, presumably to pet me again. Instead, he took my chin softly in his paw and looked into my eyes.

"Good boy, Spot. Very good boy." Master's simple praise left me with a soft and fuzzy feeling and all the chatter in my mind seemed to go away as I smiled like a big dope. Once Master pulled his disappearing act again, I was able to collect my thoughts.

"What the heck was that?" I muttered to myself. I looked down only to realize that I was sporting a severe stiffy in my diaper. I could even see a little wet spot in front. Something wasn't right, here. I quickly abandoned the kibble and drank a bunch of water from the fountain to wash it out of my mouth. Then, I curled up on my bed, still wondering what exactly was happening to me. Maybe I could sleep it off, or maybe this really was a dream and I'd wake up back in my bed. Going to sleep was a surefire way to escape a lucid dream. I had read that somewhere once, right?

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I woke up with the urgent need to pee. All that water I had used to wash down the dry kibble had done its work and yet again, I wandered around in vain looking for a toilet. The rooms in this re-imagined space were expansive with doorways, floors, and furniture sized for creatures the size of Master. I found a dining area that was set up

beer hall style for many inhabitants, as well as an area with many loungey couch type seats that might have been for socializing. I came across an abstract sculpture that looked to be made of alabaster, though I had no idea what it depicted, and a singing plant that let out various perfect tones when touched. I came across what looked to be an open area for athletics of some sort, and an anti-grav room, whose purpose I could not discern. I came to the conclusion that my master must be extremely wealthy to have such a place on his planet, if indeed he did have such a place on his planet. None of this mattered to me, however, because the whole time I was busy doing the potty dance with increasing urgency. I growled in frustration.

"Where the hell is a bathroom? Simulation, can't you simulate me a bathroom?"

I was surprised when, at my request, a room appeared. I entered to find a fancy walk-in shower booth. Of course the simulation would take me literally. At this point I was holding my crotch, desperate to put some pressure against the thick bulk of padding between my legs and stop another humiliating accident.

"Simulation. Make a toilet. TOILET," I said through gritted teeth.

Immediately, a toilet rose out of the floor in human proportions. I lifted the lid and cheered to find that this time it was real only to realize moments later that there was no way for me to *use* the toilet if I couldn't take off my diaper.

"NO!" I cried in frustration as I pulled at the diaper tabs in vain, tried to tear the plastic, and even tried to shimmy it off. It crinkled like a diaper, but it sure didn't budge like one. This thing wasn't coming off. Just when I was about to lose hope, an idea struck me.

"Simulation. Please remove my diaper so I can use the restroom."

"Request... denied. Pets are not allowed to potty in the shower."

"Bathroom! I mean use the-"

"Request... denied. Pets are not allowed to-"

"No, I mean the toilet, you stupid program!" I spoke through gritted teeth, moments away from losing control. "Remove my diaper so I can use the *toilet!*"

"Request... Granted."

I cried in relief as a nanny-bot entered the room to take off my diaper and direct me toward the toilet instead of the shower. Naked and free, I didn't wait for the Nanny

bot. I ran as fast as my legs would take me toward my salvation. I was mid sprint toward the potty when a jarring cry rang out.

"SPOT! NO!"

I turned at the sound of my master's voice, spurted out a little pee in surprise, and slipped on my own puddle all at once, causing me to tumble and slide across the stone floor like an errant hockey puck. I let out a cry of pain as I crashed into the toilet back first. The cold hard porcelain hit me right in the spine with a jarring crunch.

"Ahh!" I screamed as a searing pain went through my back and side as well as my wrist where I had tried to break my fall. Master was upon me in a second, making chittering noises of distress.

"Oh, no! Oh no! My pet. Are you okay? Are you injured?" Master tilted his head and scanned his eyes as if he was looking at readouts, frantically chittering to himself the whole while. "I never should have left you for the observation period; I should have known you weren't ready..."

I only caught glimpses of what he was doing as I kept squeezing my eyes shut in my agony.

"Nerve block," Master said, grabbing an injection gun seemingly from thin air, and jabbing me in the back and side. The pain was instantly gone, replaced with a numbness where the instrument had touched me. "Shhh, calm down now, pet. You are not gravely injured. I used a painkilling agent on you. The nanobots will do the rest as long as you don't move so much. I am sorry for the wait of approximately thirty seconds. We did not have safe formulations of all medications for your species on file yet, an oversight that will not happen twice."

I looked away in humiliation. I was covered in my own piss and worse — my bowels had decided to evacuate as well. I was in an indescribable state.

"Peeyuuu... let's get you an infant bath, stinky," Master said, nodding toward the shower. The fancy shower stall was instantly replaced by a tub just my size with powerful jets installed all around it like a whirlpool bath on Earth. "This is why you must stay diapered, pet. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master," I muttered, utterly humiliated. Even in his completely alien tongue, I could hear that Master was using a tone reserved for small children and pets. He dipped me in the warm water and sat by the side of the tub, draping a casual arm across the side as the jets did their work.

"Lissenger was right," he said, shaking his head, "I have to remember that no matter how smart you appear, you're still a pet in need of my protection. You were very clever, little one, to figure out how to take off your own diaper, but it's Master's job to be more clever. I'm going to make sure this doesn't happen again."

"Are you going to punish me?" I asked, fearing the worst. Master looked surprised for a moment and then shook his head and ruffled my hair.

"No, you're not in trouble, little human. You're just a pet; you don't know any better. I was merely surprised that my little guy could figure out how to find and exploit a security loophole so quickly. You're just a *little* too clever for your own good, little stinker." He smiled and stuck his tongue out in a goofy little blep. "From now on we're keeping you locked out of voice commands and well restrained for your own safety when you're not being closely watched by me or your assigned caretakers. You certainly won't get any automated help taking off your diapers again, I can tell you that much..."

"I just wanted to use the bathroom," I muttered. "I mean... *toilet*..."

"Yes, I can see that," said Master, eyeing me up and down. "You sure do want to convince me that you don't need diapers, little one, but you aren't doing a very good job of it. Luckily, holograms can clean themselves, but we won't be having any messes like that on Homeworld."

This was the worst. Through my own incompetence, I had lost the freedom to control my surroundings — and my potty usage — as soon as I had gained it.

"Don't look so sad," said Master, as he grabbed some sort of sponge-like object and bent over the tub, scrubbing me down gently. "The most that was wounded was your pride. You're lucky you had those nanobots installed when I procured you or you might have done some permanent damage."

It was a weird sensation being bathed by another being. Even weirder with half my body numbed. Master soaped up the area between my legs and my butt crack, prompting me to jerk away reflexively, then stop, as a new pain shot through my back.

"Easy, now, pet. Let Daddy take care of you..." My heart began to race as I looked up at him.

"Daddy?" I said, shocked.

"Yes, I did a little research and thought you might like this title better than *Master*. I can see from your heart rate and other biometrics that I was correct."

I blushed, and he smirked a little. I guess he had figured out what blushing meant by now.

"Thought so," he said to himself more than me. "So you may call me Daddy or Master from now on – your choice."

I blushed even harder, thinking that both choices were pretty humiliating and wondering if I'd have to use those titles in public. I could feel my cage tightening between my legs, or rather, the pressure of the strange material increased as my penis attempted, and failed, to get hard.

"My, my. Still horny even after such a big accident. You really *do* need your regular maintenance rubbies, don't you?" Daddy said, giving my cage a little tweak. "I can't imagine what a little diaper humper I would have if you didn't get them."

I covered my face in my hands. I couldn't believe he had said that but what could I do to deny it? It seemed like so far I had only proven to him that I needed diapers and that I couldn't be trusted to wander around on my own. Oh, and that I was incredibly horny and loved to be kept as a diapered baby boy at all times, Which was true, but only when I was horny. Coincidentally, It seemed as if the cage might ensure I was horny more often than not.

"Speaking of preferences," said Daddy, frowning, "I noticed you did *not* finish your kibble like a good boy..."

"It looks like... dog food. I don't like it," I said, making a face.

"...Hmmm... maybe I need to review our intelligence about just what humans eat..." He rubbed his chin as he stared off at more unseen readouts.

"Well, I like-

"Shhh, pet, don't talk too much. You'll strain yourself," he said. "Daddy will figure it out on his own." I humphed. Was I going to get to decide *anything*?

I was soon clean, and Daddy gently toweled me off. I was carried out of the bathroom in his big furry arms and laid down on a padded table to be put into a fresh diaper without any fuss from me.

"There we are, now that you're all clean and diapered up again, we can go!"

"Go where?"

"Homeworld, of course! We've just arrived, and we'd be on our way down now if you hadn't made such an adorable mess. I don't think you'll be able to walk far in your condition now, though..." He thought for a second, then snapped his fingers. "Ah! I know..." Then, he tilted his head and a wheeled stroller appeared. "This suits you better, don't you think?"

The question was rhetorical. Before I knew it, I was securely strapped in, wearing nothing but my diaper for my trip out of the holo-room, which returned to its blank white state at Daddy's bidding. My stomach did a flip as we moved in an indescribable direction, phasing out of the white room and into a large and busy hallway.

My stroller did not disappear, so I surmised that the white room was more than just a simple hologram or VR simulation. I didn't ponder it for too long, however, because I was much more occupied with the fact that I was now in the middle of a bustling ship in a diaper and stroller. I couldn't believe that my first introduction to this civilization would be as a diapered baby pet, and yet here I was, unable to do anything about it as I was pushed along toward my uncertain future.

## 5

So there I was being pushed down the grand, well-lit hallway strapped down into a big baby stroller with a big thick diaper pushing my legs wide open. It's hard to adequately describe a starship built for fifteen-foot tall beings, but grand is as good a word as any, I suppose. As we moved down the hallway, all dark metal and sleek doorways, we passed all manner of alien creatures: A few giant green space martens like him, some creatures that looked like polecats, badgers, even stocky wolverines in various shades of green and blue. Several of them smiled and gave us a friendly wave, some said a friendly hello, and several others looked at me with interest. Not judgment, not ridicule, not even amusement, just genuine curiosity.

Of course it was very embarrassing for me, but Daddy had made sure I was strapped in extra secure and unable to move an inch, so I was forced to endure their curious glances and smiles with no way to cover my crinkly shame.

"They've never seen a creature like you before," said Daddy, bending down to chitter in my ear when no one was near. "Your species has never been domesticated. You're the first."

*Some impression I must be making, I thought. They're gonna assume humans all need diapers. And did he say domesticated? That didn't sound good. Had I just doomed humanity to a life of captivity in diapers? My mind ran wild with many distressing possibilities. Eventually, through the twists and turns of the corridors, we found ourselves going through a large set of doors, and into a big hangar with several ships docked. There was a panel on the wall and he tapped it a few times, and nodded down to me.*

"See this little one? This is a live image of Homeworld coming into view."

I looked and saw that a large ringed planet was indeed coming into view. We seemed to be reaching a geosynchronous orbit as we locked over a large continent. A large structure not far from us flashed red in the viewscreen, making it easier to see against the backdrop of the planet.

"That's the 'Big Elevator.' A port of passage for visitors from elsewhere. We don't need to use that since you're just a pet. Your registration is all set in the system and you don't exactly need a passport of your own."

That's right. I was just a pet. Registered, chipped, and collared. Not even worth the slightest concern in the eyes of whoever was in charge here.

"Let's take one of these shuttles planetside for a while, Spot," said Daddy, picking a small vessel seemingly at random. "This one should do. I can't wait to introduce you to my family. My older brothers are going to be so envious!"

Older brothers? As I was brought into the ship, the thought struck me. Daddy had older siblings. He's just a member of his family, not even the *head* of his family. And I was just his pet. How old even was he?

"Here we go," Daddy chittered in excitement. We lifted off out of the hangar and headed straight down for the planet.

As we headed down toward the large continent below us, I saw that their settlements looked different than ours. Instead of large sprawling urban developments like we had, theirs appeared to be a series of large, separate complexes with no visible transportation system between them. We lowered down to one which spanned a level, green area of land between ocean and mountain, and what a complex it was! Its bright white stone walls and symmetrically placed structures stood out against the bright green of the land. The complex almost reminded me of the temple of Angkor Wat, only much larger. It must have covered the area of Central Park in New York.

"Is this your city?" I asked him. He looked surprised, then chittered in a way that clearly signified laughter.

"City? No, little one. This is my home!" My eyes bugged out at that.

"Your... *home*?! You're joking!"

"Did I stutter, young one?"

"How many 'homes' could there be on your planet, Daddy?"

"Oh, I'd say five thousand or so..."

"But you saw my home... If every family had a house this size, we'd never fit!"

"Oh, I see," he laughed. "Yes, I did see your adorable little home, sweetie. The difference here is that everyone who lives on this planet is *rich*. We have population control measures in place because our wealth allows us to build such large complexes and live, basically, forever."

"Oh... I see..." I said, staring off at the expanding landing pad as we approached. It was a struggle to absorb all this information. "So... you live with your brothers... you... and, I assume, your parents... Wait, h-how old are you exactly, Daddy?"

"About a hundred years old," he said, as if it were a completely normal number.

"A hundred years?!"

"Yeah!" he gave a nod. "I'll admit I'm not the oldest of my kind, but I'm considered an adult at least."

"I should hope so," I said, glad that he hadn't turned out to be some rich teenager who picked up a new pet on a whim. Wouldn't that just be the icing on the cake? Daddy seemed to sense my unease and began to rub my diaper area gently.

"Note to self: Humans need lots of nice rubbies to stay calm and relaxed. This little one appears to be pretty high strung, so we'll make sure he's nice and calm when we arrive." My poor locked pee-pee was reacting as if I hadn't cum multiple times already today. Unfortunately for me, Daddy provided nothing more than gentle soothing rubs, leaving me a bit frustrated down there.

The landing was smoother than an airplane. More like coming down on an elevator really. "Touching down in ... 5... 4... 3... 2... 1... Okay, here we are kiddo. Time to meet the family!"

I gulped. Being introduced to Daddy's entire family as his diapered pet. That was going to be awkward. Daddy, however, had the foresight to remove the possibility of any awkward conversation by effectively gagging me with a pacifier-like device.

"Babies don't talk," he said, with a smirk, "but if they're good, maybe they learn to talk later today." This teasing was not helping matters in my diaper area, where my penis was trying desperately to expand. Why did I have to have this stupid fetish anyway? I had doomed myself to being his babied pet for life, and somehow that only turned me on *more*.

And as we were lowered down on the lift, I was glad to see that there was not a giant welcoming committee waiting. Just a pair of what appeared to be giant river otters in military dress caps standing at attention.

"Welcome home, young Master \*\*\*\*\*! Welcome home, Pet Spot!" they said, in unison. "Your ride is waiting."