

Alien's Diapered Pet Ch. 31-35

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Spot and Princess have a playdate at the chai house, and Spot learns more about just what game the bigs are playing, revealing an unsettling truth.

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The chai house, like the rest of the complex, was ornate, shining marble, with intricate carvings covering the outside. I managed to get a close look as we stopped in front of the doors. My eyes traced the carvings, which depicted members of the Beringas Clan having a war council over tea with various servants underfoot. Four white-furred otter attendants stood at the door to greet Daddy, who tilted his head and smiled to look down at me.

"Nyctos and Princess are already inside. Let's greet our friends, shall we?" Friends? Spies was more like it. And yet, if I didn't know any better, I'd say Daddy was actually *excited* to see that silver-tongued Ailurian again.

As we walked (and rolled) into the grand teahouse, I beheld walls inlaid with mother of pearl, a long luxurious couch running the length of the room, and a tea bar stocked floor to ceiling with herbs and leaves. I was so enthralled by everything around me that I jumped in my seat when Daddy's jovial warbles rang out across the establishment, breaking the spell.

"Ah, Nyctos, my red friend! How are you this morningtide?"

"I am well, greenfriend! And good morningtide to you," said Nyctos, with his disarmingly cheerful smile.

I watched the two of them hug just a little longer than was probably required and then I caught sight of Princess. The blushy feline was wearing a bright pink puff-sleeve shirt, an elaborately embroidered frilly skirt, a clearly swollen poofy pink diaper, and a pink-diamond encrusted tiara that looked like it could buy a city. The outfit was a perfect match for the big kitten's pink blushing ears as she curiously glanced at my paw-feet and kitten mittens.

When Princess noticed me staring, she tried to bring her paws down to cover her diaper bulge but found them stopped just short by the tethers linking her pink mitts to

her collar. Clearly Nyctos didn't trust her to keep her paws off her diapers. How humiliating for her. A small part of me was perhaps envious. Maybe that's why I was suddenly sporting a tent in my diaper that my stroller straps didn't allow me to hide. Princess glanced down at my crotch and her eyes widened. We both looked away, blushing.

Daddy led Nyctos by the hand to the couch. The two of them sat down, patted their laps, and looked at us expectantly. Princess and I glanced at each other. The race was on! Unlike Princess, I had to wait for an attendant to unstrap me and then speed crawl due to my awkward paw-feet. Princess, on the other hand, had the paw-tethers to contend with, which made crawling impossible, as well as diapers so thick that she could only waddle awkwardly, falling several times on her poofy butt when she tried to go too fast. I won by a hair, earning effusive praise from daddy that left me as pliable as soft butter in his lap. Nyctos didn't seem to mind that his pet came in second. Instead, he just smiled and cooed.

"Aww, it's okay, sweet pea. My little princess is clearly just too *little* to race a big boy like Spot." Princess curled her tail over her diaper in embarrassment and mewled, causing Nyctos to coo, squeeze her diaper, and tweak her little nose. Her ears went back and I had to admit it was pretty darned cute until Daddy squeezed my diaper and tweaked my nose. I felt my face grow hot as I found myself on the receiving end of this embarrassing, fawning pet-owner behavior, but I couldn't deny the warm, fuzzy feelings I felt as Daddy lavished attention on me.

Soon, we were both putty in our Daddies' laps as we received satisfying belly rubs. Princess was positively purring, and I would have been too if humans were capable of such a thing.

"What do you like to drink?" asked Daddy, turning to Nyctos as he continued the wonderful belly rubs. "Any preference, or shall I have the house decide?"

"Bovidian milk for the little one, if you have it, and for me, I'll try what the house has to offer!"

"Have it? Of course we have it! Make that two!" Daddy winked at Nyctos and then nodded to one of the otter attendants, who went behind the bar and helped a tall and dignified white otter behind the counter, his white fur patterned with speckles of many colors. "They already know her preferences I'm sure. This teahouse is run by the premiere Teamaster on the continent."

"I know," said Nyctos. "And we all miss him! He had the best teahouse in the region." Daddy gave a gratified nod.

"Still does, it just happens to be *here*, and *you* can enjoy this teahouse any time you like, provided you come calling!"

"Then I had better be on my best behavior," mused Nyctos with a wry grin. "I wonder if he still makes..."

"The blue flower? I do," said the dignified otter, who had come up so quietly as to startle all of us. "I never forget a client's favorites. A little for you both to facilitate your conversation along with a chaser of obsidian cha to stave off the soporific effects. You will enjoy it."

"I'm sure!" said Nyctos, laughing. "Oh, how I missed you, Teamaster. It is refreshing to just be *told* what will happen rather than asked."

"My shop, my rules," said the otter, with a faint smirk. "And that also includes complete privacy. My family and I may be behind Beringan walls now, but we still maintain the policy of confidentiality so that our clients can relax and speak freely. No one — not even our Beringan brother here — has managed to bring in a recording device that could operate within my shop." I didn't know if this was news to our guest, but Nyctos chose to look pleased.

"I expected nothing less, nothing less!" he said, politely nodding to the wise Teamaster and receiving two relatively small cups from the otter attendants in return.

"He seems to have more green spots than he used to," noted Nyctos, as the otter walked off.

"Commendations," said Daddy, in a drawling warble-click. "I suppose that *one day* his fur may change to another color, but I doubt that will happen anytime soon." Nyctos chuckled.

"It just might! We Ailurians aren't quite as hung up on rankings as you military types, but I would rank Teamasters among one of the highest in my book. After all, some of the best friendships and partnerships have been forged over a good cup of tea, wouldn't you say?" My eyebrows shot up. Did he say *partnership*? What did that mean?

"Drink your tea," said Daddy, grinning behind his cup.

"Oh, alright," said Nyctos, grinning and taking a sip.

I had the sense that they were speaking of more than just the banalities of tea and Teamasters, but with all the wonderful feelings I was getting from Daddy's paws rubbing my tummy and diaper zone, I couldn't bring myself to try and decipher it.

"Do you drink the blue flower too?" asked Nyctos. "Better slow down if not."

"My nanobots will take care of it," said Daddy, dismissing Nycto's warning with a wave. "Besides, the Teamaster would never push me past my limit."

"Oh, you're no fun," said Nyctos, taking another sip. "Why not turn your nanobots off and see what happens?"

"Never on the first date," replied Daddy, as I nuzzled into him harder, hoping for more special pets and rubbies on my no-no zone. I heard a chuckle from Nyctos.

"My, my, your pet is as needy as mine."

Daddy picked up the pace and intensity of his rubs as he continued talking with Nyctos about nothing much as far as I could tell. Soon, I was completely relaxed, closing my eyes as a familiar, blissful feeling of relief washed over me and pooled in my diaper area. Did all the creatures on this planet have magic hands? Did I even care that I was totally soaking myself without even thinking?

"Now that's a blissed out pet!" said Nyctos. "I love that look. I don't know what I ever did without my little bundle of joy."

"Nor do I," said Daddy. I opened one of my eyes slightly to see Princess smiling and sprawled out, belly completely exposed to her master, which was quite the sign of trust for earth cats. I wondered if her species was the same.

"What do you say we have another little race, hmm? I feel like Spot had an unfair advantage before, so maybe we can try for something your pet is good at, like..."

"Making stickies in her diapers?" asked Nyctos. Princess's ears perked up at that. "Are you willing to bet real assets on that?"

"Yes," laughed Daddy, "why not? I warn you, though, Spot *loves* to cream his pamps. It seems he was born to do it." I could see that Daddy was tipping his cup back pretty far with his free hand and sloshing it a bit. Was he intoxicated?

"We shall see," said Nyctos, downing the rest of his drink with a devilish grin. "I managed to acquire one of those one-way cages you used on spot and it's high time I tested it."

For the next few minutes, the air was filled with the sounds of moans, crinkles, and the soft encouragement of two Daddies rubbing their little pets off. Soon, Princess and I were biting our lips and tensing up. I'll admit I was a little bit greedy because I wanted to finish first, despite the exponentially larger number of orgasms I'd surely had in the past few days. I was hampered by the fact that I could do nothing to aid in that endeavor as any movement on my part would cause my cage to harden.

"Uh oh, Princess!" said Nyctos, looking down at his purring pet. "You'd better hurry up, you may have to wait a whole nother three months to get off!" Not to be outdone, Daddy spoke up too.

"Go on, Spot. Show her how a big boy does it!"

The irony of that moniker was not lost on me, but I simply did not care as I was focused on reaching that coveted diapergasm that I loved so much. I couldn't get enough of that thick, crinkly, cushy...

"Daahhhhhh... I love my diaperssss!" I cried out, my voice coming out husky and shuddering as I blew my load right into my padding.

"That's my boy!" cheered Daddy, rubbing my belly as I basked in the afterglow.

"I suppose you have the better of me this round," said Nyctos, kissing a pouting, mewling, pent-up princess on the forehead as he gave his paw a rest.

"Oh don't worry, you didn't wager that much," said Daddy, slapping Nyctos's knee.

"It was a long shot, I knew," said Nyctos, shaking his head and smiling as he handed over a few slips of some black rectangular stuff I couldn't identify. Daddy scanned it with his eyes. After a moment he whistled, nodding and smiling.

"Mm, good trade intel, and... what's this? An Ailurian pleasurecraft to boot? You shouldn't have."

"So you can travel in comfort and style on your next *long trip*," said Nyctos with a smirk. "You military types can be entirely too practical in that regard."

"A very *perceptive* gift," said Daddy, lowering his eyelids in a look of undeniable allure, "but let's leave it at that around the pets."

The otters served the masters two energizing cups of something as black as obsidian, followed by Daddy's favorite 'smoky tea'.

I had finally regained my senses enough to be embarrassed about my orgasm-induced admission when I saw Nyctos reaching for Princess's bottle of Bovidian milk. It looked like she was trying to protest but got no word out before Nyctos plugged her mouth with the nipple. Moments later, Daddy did the same to me. The two of us looked at each other, clearly embarrassed as we nursed on our bottles like infants. That embarrassment was short-lived, however, as I saw Princess take on a look of pure bliss. Moments later, I became aware of a warm feeling spreading through my tummy. I began to feel happy and fuzzy all over as my thoughts turned to just how sweet and nourishing the liquid tasted going down. This meal felt more substantial than anything I had eaten since my abduction, save for the 'chicken' skewers.

"Well, these two are like peas in a pod, aren't they?" asked Daddy.

"Like they belong together," said Nyctos, with a wink.

It didn't take a detective to deduce that Daddy was getting turned on as we continued our little 'playdate'. I recognized Daddy's arousal scent from being around him over the past several days. There were other scents in the air that I didn't recognize, though I could guess from the general overtones that Daddy wasn't the only one turned on. At the moment, though, I had to concentrate on gulping down all the milk Daddy was feeding me. When we finally emptied the oversized baby bottles, both our diapers had ballooned out considerably from all our wettings.

"Why don't we set them in the playpen?" asked Daddy. Several otters immediately began setting up a playpen enclosure off to the side and returned to lift us from our daddies' laps. Princess and I soon found our squishy butts on the soft mats inside the playpen walls, which were too high for either of us to climb in our thick swollen diapers, mitts, booties, and restraints. I managed to support myself on the wall and call out to Daddy.

"Daddy, I'm wet! I need a—" Daddy interrupted me with a warning look.

"Daddy decides when and where you get a change, little one. Can you play quietly or does Daddy need to get the pacifier?"

I quickly shut my mouth and shook my head. Daddy, seemingly satisfied, turned his attention back to Nyctos, the two of them relaxing on the couch with their tails entwined.

"No use trying to argue about it," murmured Princess, nodding their way.

"Y-you can speak?" I asked, surprised to hear anything but meows and whimpers coming from the cat.

"Shhh, not so loud," growled the cat. "I'm not really supposed to."

"Oh," I said, eyeing the two giant creatures nearby. "That bad, huh?"

"Worse." she grumbled.

We both looked down at our silly baby clothing, and the big diaper bulges beneath, then looked back up at each other. After a few awkward seconds, I rolled my eyes and Princess did the same, giving an exaggerated sigh. No point in feeling embarrassed around a fellow pet, I thought, and I felt a bit less awkward.

"Listen," I said, picking up some oversized blocks and pretending to play with them. "I'm sorry to skip past the introductions, but I need to know something about your Daddy."

Princess looked at me expectantly, a wary expression on her face.

"Is he willing to make a deal? I want to get home."

Princess let out a loud laugh, causing our caretakers to perk up their ears and look our way. She quickly covered her mouth, ears folded back.

"...Uh, was that a *yes* or a *no*," I asked.

"*Everybody* wants to get home at first," she snorted, "but never have I heard such a foolhardy suggestion from another pet. You can't make deals with bigs."

"Bigs?"

"Them," she said, nodding toward our masters.

"Oh. Right. Well, your Daddy told me some information at the market, so I know *he* knows I'm not just some dumb pet. I thought maybe he might be willing to listen as well..."

"Don't think," Princess said, with a sardonic grin. "It's best that way."

"But don't *you* want to go home?" I asked, picking up a plush doll and making it ride on my big brick block train. I was actually starting to get into this play, and it took me a few seconds to look up at Princess for her answer. "Well, don't you?"

Princess stared down at the toys and folded her ears back, frowning.

"No. My disgrace is total. I doubt they'd want me even if I *could* go back."

"I'm sorry," I said, after a few moments of silence. I hesitantly reached out to comfort the poor creature. "You don't have to talk about it if you don't..."

"I was the crown prince of my planet, you know," the cat suddenly blurted out, looking up at me. "Dressing up like a baby princess was... my guilty pleasure. I only ever did it in secret. Little did I know that our soon-to-be interstellar trading partner was watching..."

A few more seconds of silence. "I..." I began, before being interrupted again as Princess spoke up, seeming to be compelled to get it off her chest.

"It was an exciting opportunity. We had made first contact and were met with the promise of so much more. I headed the delegation that greeted his people as the first interstellar visitors to our planet. When he pulled me aside and discreetly offered to baby me, how could I say no? It was fun at first, until I realized he had no plan on letting me go back. Next thing I knew, Daddy was cradling me on camera, sissy diapers and all. He made me a laughing stock to my own people, and the Ailurians used the opportunity to undermine the ruling government's credibility. Without my leadership, the Ailurians negotiated a contract that allowed them to seize complete control in exchange for galactic 'protection'."

"I'm... I'm so sorry... is your planet..." Princess shook her head.

"I don't know... I don't know... I think the Ailurians leave them alone for the most part... unless they need more *commodities*..."

"Commodities?" I asked, feeling a sinking feeling in my stomach. Princess sighed and nodded.

"We've become a hot commodity on the high-end pet market. We're intelligent and expressive, which is an attractive trait to bigs for various reasons. But we're rare; I don't see many of my kind, which is a relief since they hate my guts."

"It wasn't your fault," I said, quietly. "You were tricked..."

"Well," said Princess, shaking off her cloudy demeanor, "you had better be careful about making any 'deals' with the bigs if you want to avoid the same fate. And your Daddy had better be careful of mine. Who do you think was responsible for the Equus expulsion?"

My eyes went wide at that revelation.

"B-but surely... I'm sure Daddy knows how to handle himself... there's no way that he'd fall for... I mean... surely he wouldn't be so naive as to..."

"Oh I don't know about that," said Sissy, looking over to the two of them.

"What do you mean?" I said, following his gaze. The two of them were laughing now.

"I can't say," said Princess, "I don't want to get in trouble..."

"I understand," I admitted, blushing as I felt the back of my diaper getting wet from another hot flood. "Neither do I."

We played in silence, save for the click clack of blocks being fitted together. I squirmed, the warmth of the waterlogged diaper pressing against my bits and threatening to leave a puddle on the white playpen mat.

"The most insidious thing is, I like it," Princess whispered. "Like, a lot. It's my dream come true, but... doesn't that make me a bad person?" I thought about my own situation, and how much I was coming to enjoy being Daddy's pet.

"If it does, then you're in good company, because I know exactly how you feel..."

A particularly loud laugh startled Princess and me from our little covert conversation in the playpen and we looked over.

"What could they be talking about?" I whispered. Princess turned her shining green eyes toward the two briefly, and then shrugged, going back to her toy bricks.

"Who knows. Business, probably."

"Business?" I'd been wondering how these creatures made so much money.

"You know... territory, shipping routes, trading rights... pets..." I listened more closely to what they were talking about and cocked my head at Princess.

"Are you sure? All I've heard them talk about is drinks and the weather and stuff."

"Then you are not versed in the esoteric speaking style of diplomats, spies, and heads of state," Princess said, cracking a smile.

"Oh, yes... you're a... *were* a prince," I corrected myself. "That *would* be handy for understanding such things." Princess sat up a little straighter and nodded.

"Yes, on my planet at least. And what were you on yours?" I looked down, somewhat ashamed.

"I couldn't say I was much. Daddy just saw me and thought I was cute. Wrong place, wrong time, I guess."

Princess leaned in, lowering her voice even more and murmured in a gruff meow, "No. There's no wrong *anything* when it comes to the bigs, I've learned that much. Your daddy knew exactly who he wanted. It couldn't have been anyone else."

"Thanks," I said, feeling a little comforted by those words. Then I wondered something else. "So do you really still enjoy being kept as your daddy's baby girl?" Princess blushed, her ears folding back again.

"Yeah... Part of me does. It's still pretty humiliating though, especially considering who I *used* to be..." I shook my head, looking down at my blocks. I stayed silent a few more seconds, then finally asked the question I really wanted to ask.

"Does it get better?"

Princess was quiet. When she finally did speak, I could tell she was choosing her words carefully.

"It's... hard at first. I know. But... yes, it does. Even if it's still pretty humiliating."

"And how long does that take?"

"Oh," said Princess, "I don't know. It started to feel normal pretty quickly. Then essential. After the first ten years, it got hard to remember how to do most things on my own..."

"Ten years?" I asked, hardly believing my ears. I hesitated to ask, "H-how long have you been a pet?"

When she told me, I was shocked.

"Fifty years?!"

I covered my mouth, and looked over to see if Daddy and Nyctos noticed my outburst. They were looking at us and pointing. Daddy said something that made Nyctos laugh into his cup.

"Do your species normally live that long?" I whispered, once I saw that there were no stern glances being thrown our way.

"No. Fifty years is our natural limit, but I haven't aged a day since Nyctos took me."

"I can't believe it," I said, more to myself than Princess. "Daddy really *could* just keep me here like this indefinitely." I stared off into the distance as I imagined an eternity of diapers and daycare, my cock inexplicably hardening in my soggy padding at the prospect. Princess reached out and patted my shoulder. The tables had turned. Now she was comforting *me*.

"My advice to you is forget about your old life as quickly as you can. And don't take any deals with bigs. By the way, you're leaking."

"Yeah," I nodded. Princess was right. It seemed like everyone I asked was giving me the same advice. I still felt like I should do more than just lie down for Daddy, however. "Wait... leaking?!"

That's when I looked up and saw our daddies standing over the playpen.

"Uh oh! Looks like the little one needs a change!" said Daddy, picking me up under the arms while the service otters rapidly set up the portable changing tables. "Now lie down for Daddy!"

I blushed as Daddy laid me back on the soft padded table and unsnapped the crotch buttons of my overalls. He deftly moved on to the onesie, an impossible task for me thanks to the locking features in all my garments. I looked down at the soaked, yellowed diaper between my legs as Daddy reached for the taps, then I looked over to catch Nyctos giving me a mischievous grin as he laid Princess down on the table next to us and opened her diaper too. Rather than complete the change, our Daddies left us on our open diapers and began to unroll condoms onto our pee-pees. They held out their hands, and I got a nervous feeling in my tummy as I had an inkling of what was to come. Moments later, the otters handed them their special 'pet testing devices'.

"Time to test our pets' health!" announced Daddy.

"Oh, this will be so much fun," said Nyctos. "I've been waiting to give Princess her test since the market! Let's make sure our pets are nice and healthy!"

In Daddy's hand he held his Check-o-Matic, which looked like a big bright green dildo with a readout. Nyctos's machine matched his own red hue, and Princess whimpered loudly when she saw it, covering her face with her paws.

"Oh, that won't do," said Nyctos. "Let's keep those pawsies where they belong!"

Daddy smiled as Nyctos tightened the tethers on Princess's mitts so they were stuck to the collar, then he looked down at me. I gulped. Soon, Princess and I were both helpless to use our hands as our Daddies tickled our holes with the tips of the impossibly large dildo-guns. I could already feel my anus tingling with the special additives in the lube, whatever they were. I braced myself, but the pressure wasn't coming. Daddy just teased my hole endlessly, turning me on more and more as the pleasurable tingle built until I found myself grinding my butt on the mushroom-tipped monstrosity. I looked over at Princess to see her experiencing the same frustration, whining and grinding on Nyctos's teasing tester. What were they waiting for? I looked at Daddy with pleading eyes, and when I saw his expression, I immediately realized what they wanted. They wanted us to beg for it.

No. I wouldn't do it. I gritted my teeth. I shook my head. I bit back moans of need, but the more time that passed with the big toy teasing my hole, the more intense my

desire to have it inside me. I needed it to alleviate that itch that was rising within. Princess was similarly resistant. I gave in first.

"Put it in me, Daddy! Please!!!" I cried, scrunching my eyes shut and balling my fists.

"Alright, sweetie. You got it!" I opened my eyes just in time to watch that green behemoth sink between my legs, causing eye-crossing pleasure as it filled my hole. It sank in easily, rolling over my prostate like a studded steam roller and forcing several spurts of clear seminal fluid into my condom. I felt like the device would split me wide open, but it didn't. Then it started vibrating, and the fun really started. I could hear Princess yowling, presumably getting the same treatment as me, though I kept my eyes averted out of respect.

"I think we'd better gag our little pets," said Daddy, calling out over our loud moans. "They seem to be very vocal today!"

That's how we found ourselves paci gagged and tied down to our changing tables on open wet diapers while our Daddies pounded our butts and read out the results with enthusiastic glee.

"Body temperature normal," said Daddy. "Heart rate seems a bit up, though!"

"Oh, oh! Mine says that my pet's prostate needs more exercise since it has shrunk along with her pee-pee," said Nyctos.

I tensed my butt around the toy, tightening my tunnel as the dildo slid in and out. The pleasure kept building and building with no release. I flopped my head back against the table and growled in frustration. I couldn't take it! My dick was leaking precum like a fountain, but why wasn't I cumming?

"Oh, yes," gasped Daddy, "Spot's pleasure level is off the charts! And this smart device only gets better at achieving the maximum emission every time I use it!"

The combined musk of two horny pets and their horny owners filled the room as Daddy and Nyctos's cocks slid completely out of their sheaths. It seemed there were dicks everywhere. I didn't know where to look!

"Alright, little one," said Daddy, bringing his big green muzzle to my nose with a smile. "Cum for Daddy!"

Suddenly, I felt the rush of pleasure in my loins moments before my body spasmed and unloaded into the waiting condom, easily filling the reservoir tip and causing it to balloon out.

I yelled a muffled "Mmmph!" into the rubbery teat of my pacifier.

"Looks like I already collected enough of a sample from the massage," said Nyctos. "Too bad for you, Princess." The cat let out a pitiful mewl as she was frustrated and denied once more.

"And I got more than enough here," said Daddy, unrolling my condom and holding the full receptacle up like a prize. They handed the condoms off to the otter attendants and then looked at each other, both panting and looking rather hot and bothered.

"Are you sure we got enough?" asked Daddy.

"We'd better milk them again to make sure!" replied Nyctos.

Princes and my eyes went wide and we looked at each other, panicked, as our two Daddies tore open two more condoms to use on us.

The proprietor seemed not bothered at all by the lewd display unfolding in his shop. In fact, he came right over with two small glasses of milky liquid, a gleam in his eye.

"For sexual prowess... It'll give you energy." Daddy and Nyctos looked at each other, raising their eyebrows in surprise. Apparently neither were familiar with this particular concoction.

"And where have you been hiding this, old man?" asked Daddy, grinning at the otter.

"It had to wait for the right occasion," said the proprietor, shrugging. Daddy and Nyctos smiled and clinked cups.

"Down the hatch!" said Daddy, taking it in one gulp. Nyctos did the same. The two of them patted their guts for a second, wincing.

"Goes down like fire," said Daddy, grimacing. Then, his eyebrows went up. "Ooh! And it keeps on going down..."

"I'll say," said Nyctos. I chanced a glance down at Nyctos's crotch and my eyes just about popped out of my head. His fire-engine red cock was so plumped up that it

was shiny, and it was dripping precum in a steady stream which ran down the shaft and dripped off his balls. "It *really* works."

Nyctos caught my eye and gave me a wink once I was finally able to tear my gaze away from his massive red member. Daddy chuckled, ruffling my hair as my cheeks blazed.

"Don't forget your Daddy's cock, my little pet, or I might get jealous." I turned my head and came face to tip with his bright green dripping member. I flared my nostrils at the intense aroma of his musk, mesmerized by the thick dripping mushroom.

"Aww! Somebody looks hungry!" said Daddy. "Maybe we should just feed the little cuties instead... what do you think?"

Nyctos looked down at Princess, and nodded. "Sounds good to me!"

The two of them handed their pet-check devices off to the otter attendants, removed our pacis, and unbound us, setting us up so our heads could lean back off the edge of our changing tables.

"Another contest, then," said Nyctos. "Princess is a pro at cocksucking, as much as Spot is at creaming his pampers, I'm sure!"

Daddy snorted and grinned. "Heh, sure. That sounds fair."

I whimpered and squirmed on my soggy padding as Daddy's massive dong brushed over my nose, dripping cum on my face and forehead. As soon as his cock touched my lips, the flavor of sweet, savory, musky semen filled my mouth. It was even better than Bovidian milk, and I found myself lapping at it eagerly, making Daddy moan.

"Looks like your little one is eager there. Princess had better work extra hard if she wants to win and avoid a punishment," growled Nyctos. "I know she's just a baby, but three losses in a row will *not* be tolerated."

Princess must have taken the hint because Nyctos immediately started moaning and bucking as slurping sounds came from below. I couldn't really see what Princess was up to as my vision was completely blocked by Daddy's balls and cock. I soon stopped caring as the scent of Daddy's horniness and the feel of his massive member became my whole world, smothering all other thoughts. Daddy's cock was a very tight fit, but I loved how the thick mushroom head felt pressing on my tongue as it sunk in. My jaw was already aching, and Daddy tilted his head.

"Ah, ah, ah! No tech," said Nyctos.

"Aww, fine," said Daddy.

Unfortunately, I gagged too much as Daddy tried to force his dong down my throat. When he finally pulled away, I could see Nyctos's shaft already throbbing and pumping cum straight down Princess's throat. I watched her belly expand and swell as she gulped it down like a pro.

"Good show," said Daddy, nodding to Nyctos, who grinned proudly. Daddy's erection was still as hard as steel as he stepped back and began to jerk it rapidly. I watched as the cock throbbed and jumped until the familiar strain came over his expression. I'd recognize that face anywhere; it was the universal 'about to cum' face. Moments later, Daddy grabbed my hair and forced his cock into my mouth, instantly flooding it with more cum than I could swallow, though I made a valiant effort, drinking the thick white nectar even as it spilled down my chin and over my cute clothes.

Panting, Daddy milked the last drops of seed from his cock before stepping back and letting me catch my breath. Then, he grabbed a fresh diaper for me.

"See?" said Daddy as the scent of baby lotion filled my nose, "These humans make great pets. It's much better for them to be cared for than to leave them to their own devices."

"Yes, I daresay you'll be saving them from themselves," said Nyctos.

I suddenly came out of my post orgasm haze when I realized that Daddy and Nyctos were talking about making more human pets. I looked up to Daddy and shook my head emphatically.

"Aww, don't worry, you will still be special and unique," said Daddy, booping my nose. "You're my number one pet, and that's not going to change."

I grunted in frustration. Is that really what Daddy thought I was worried about? I had to do something to stop this before it was too late.

"You did so well, my little treasure. Even if you didn't win at Daddy dicksucking. We'll have to work on that... and I'm sure Laffy and Maffy could help, now that I know how much you enjoyed it."

And there I was blushing again. I looked at the smooth and clumsy silicone pads of my mittened paws. Who was I kidding? There wasn't anything I could do to stop the bigs. They were far too powerful. I should just make the most of my life as it was.

"What do you think, Redfriend? What kind of diaper should I put on Spot?"

"Oh, definitely Draconic Nights," said Nyctos, handing Daddy one of the thick purple night diapers he'd recommended to Daddy at the market.

Even through the embarrassment of having these two creatures talk over me like I was a toddler, it struck me that Daddy thought of Nyctos no differently than he did the otters. I wondered if he feared anything at all, for Nyctos was a dangerous creature. Of that I was sure.

Daddy and Nyctos were bouncing and rocking us as we nuzzled up with bellies full of milk and cum. The room had taken on a subtly blue tint and I was sporting an erection to end all erections within my diaper. I was sure the cum or the milk was laced with that blue flower stuff, not that I could do anything about it with that one-way chastity cage in place. Princess was dealing with a similar problem, judging by the pitiful mewls she made into her pacifier as she winced and squirmed in Nyctos's arms. We really were two pets in a pod.

"We must do this again sometime, and next time, I wouldn't mind trading pets for the breeding portion," said Nyctos, looking at me and winking. "You looked like you were having a lot of fun there on the changing table!" Daddy tensed up ever so slightly, but smiled his characteristic confident smile.

"Perhaps... but not before I've thoroughly broken my little one in. I've barely had a chance to enjoy him myself!"

"Until next time, then," said Nyctos, reaching out with a free paw to clasp Daddy's hand. "Good tidings to you! Oh, and one more thing." Nyctos walked over to the tea counter and shook the Teamaster's hand, then he wrapped a paw around the elder otter's arm. There was a brief flash and a spot of red fur was left where Nyctos's thumb had been. "For your excellent service."

The otter looked at his arm and smiled.

"It's an honor, sir."

"It looks like the Beringans have been giving you plenty, so it's high time you got some more color in your coat. I hope to bestow more upon you in the near future!"

As Nyctos headed for the exit, Daddy lifted my hand up, waving my hand for me.

"Wave bye to princess and Nyctos, sweetie!"

Princess gave me a sympathetic look as Nyctos picked up her paw and waved back. We were so alike. If Daddy really did take more humans as pets, would I be seen as a traitor like Princess was on her planet?

"There there, little one," said Daddy after they had left. "Don't let all that adult talk upset you. You just concentrate on being my good little boy, okay?"

He held me up to his big green muzzle. I knew that beneath that slightly silly smile and cute face was a cold and calculating mind. Even so, one kiss on my nose melted my heart and left me grinning like a traitorous fool.

"Good boy, Spot. Good boy!"

All my worries melted away as he said those words. I practically purred as he began to rub my belly. I was still naked, save for my diaper, the booties covering my feet, and my cute silicone paw mitts. I could feel every hair on his body rubbing against me. The effects of the blue flower only made those wonderful sensations more intense.

"Well, my pet," said Daddy. "I have some free time today, and you need more training, so why don't we have some fun. Are you going to be a good pet for Daddy? Hmm?"

"Good boy," he said again, giving my diaper a little pat. Another wave of warmth rushed over me. In my blissed out state, I was distantly aware of my dick jumping and spurting precum into my thick purple dragon diapers. Why did it feel so good to be called that by Daddy?

Daddy strapped me in my stroller and bade the Teamaster a good day, pushing me out of the teahouse into the fragrant afternoon air. We must've been in there longer than I thought because it was no longer morning. The first sun was now high in the sky, lighting up the grass and stone of the Beringan Complex.

I savored the pleasant warmth of the day on my bare skin, drooling slightly as I looked up at Daddy with drug-addled love in my heart. Was it the blue flower? The nanobots hijacking my nervous system? My pet training? What did it matter? Being cared for by a furry alien big enough to hold me like a baby was a thousand times better than any Daddy experience I'd had on Earth, no offense to Bret.

"Awwww! Somebody's a *happy* baby, yes he is! That's such a good boy! I like a happy baby!" Daddy was right! What was I upset about all this time? It was hard to remember when it made so much sense for me to be Daddy's good baby. What else was I supposed to be?

Daddy kept cooing at me the whole way back, his affectionate words soon devolving into mere chirrups, murr, squeaks, and clicks in my mind as I ceased trying to understand. I was with Daddy, and that alone was beginning to feel familiar and safe.

A few minutes later, we passed through a stone doorway and into the palatial coolness of a nearby building. We turned down the familiar halls of my new home until

we reached the gigantic child gate that separated my nursery from the rest of the world. Daddy opened it and pushed me through.

As soon as we entered, my two companion otters stood at attention, greeting Daddy. Their faces were serious, but their tails were wagging, filling the room with loud crinkles thanks to their new nursery dress code. My eyes lit up as soon as I saw them.

"Laffy! Maffy!" I bounced and clapped in my stroller, causing them to look my way and break into big friendly grins.

"Hello, little ones," said Daddy, smiling as he approached them. "I see you've been good and put on your proper attire for the nursery!" In moments, he was petting both of them, eliciting cute chirrups and nuzzles from the adorable fuzz butts.

"We have everything set up for Spot, Daddy!"

"Yes! All ready for you!"

"Good boys!" said Daddy, smiling so big I could see his adorable fangs. "Such good little ones I have! Three good little ones! Who could ask for more?" He looked down at me, and tickled my chin. "Let's see what your big brothers have prepared for you, shall we?" Daddy unstrapped me from my stroller and set me on the ground. "Okay, cutie, let's see you crawl to the crib like a good little one!"

"Yes!" said Laffy, "Show Daddy how you crawl, just like we trained you!"

With all three large fuzzy creatures staring at me expectantly, I felt a sudden pang of shyness.

"Do I have to?," I mumbled, blushing.

"Aww," said Daddy, sensing my reluctance, "Laffy and Maffy went through all the trouble to prepare your crib for your special fun time! They'll be so disappointed if you can't crawl to it like a good little boy..."

I looked at Daddy frowning at me, and felt my stomach do a flip. This was so stupid. I shouldn't feel bad about such a silly thing. I didn't do anything wrong! And yet the thought of disappointing Daddy or any of my caretakers tied a knot in my stomach. Then, Laffy got down on all fours.

"You do it like this, see, Spot?" Laffy crawled across the colorful carpeted floor toward the crib, turning back to see if I understood what he was doing. I crossed my arms and rolled my eyes at the patronizing gesture.

"Aww, look! Your big bro is showing you how it's done!" said Daddy. "Come on, sweetie, show him that you can do it! Make us all proud!"

"Yeah, don't make us look bad," Maffy whispered loudly behind an open paw. "Show Daddy what we taught you!"

I shook my head, breaking into a smile despite my best efforts. These big dorks were too cute and hopeful to deny. Fine. I would humor them *just this once*. As I got down on all fours, the three of them began clapping and cheering. Laffy and Maffy were jumping up and down in excitement, which made me giggle a bit as I picked up the pace. Pretty soon I was crawling toward the crib at top speed, laughing at their silly behavior. Just before I reached my goal, Daddy grabbed me by the waist and turned me aside like a toy car.

"Not so fast, Spot! Daddy wants to see you crawl some more. Do a few laps around the crib before you see your big surprise!"

I looked up at the open crib. What was this big surprise they were all talking about?

As I gawked at the crib, I felt fuzzy fingers tickling me around my leg guards. I moaned and shuddered, crawling forward to escape their teasing paws. My erection was still throbbing, still leaking pre into my thick diaper as they chased me around the crib. Every waddle gave me a little more stimulation, giving me even more motivation to pick up the pace.

"That's it, little one! Keep crawling!"

"Such a good mover! Look at you go kiddo!"

"What a cute little crawler! Move that tush, cutie pie!!"

Being the center of attention was fun, but exhausting. Still, I certainly preferred the safety of the nursery to having my horny bits exposed and teased in the market for all to see. Made to squirm in front of an audience as my diapers were rubbed, my pee pee tweaked by big furry paws until I spurted a fat load in my thick...hnnnfff... my thick and thirsty... d-d-DIAPERS!

I couldn't hold back any longer. I began humping the padded floor then and there in an effort to relieve my pent up privates. My cage instantly hardened at the forbidden attempt at self-pleasure, making relief impossible. I whined in frustration, thrusting harder to no avail as I forgot all about my crawling quest.

"Aww! The little one is so excited!" said Daddy, smiling at my antics. "Time to put him in the crib!"

Daddy picked me up and placed me in the crib. I immediately recognized the secure-fix restraints from the market, and a new waterproof mattress cover featuring the Star Scouts at bedtime. The three mustelids worked in tandem to secure every inch of me to the crinkly, vinyl-covered mattress. Within minutes, I could only turn my head to see the smiling faces of Ursus and friends, and the locking straps that held me down. Then, they trapped my head between soft foam pads so I couldn't do even that.

Daddy bent over me with a feeder gag in his hand, ready to pump more blue milk into my tummy. My cock strained in the diaper, anticipating the pleasure of drinking and wetting, but something was off. I had the nagging feeling I should be telling Daddy about something before I was rendered speechless... Suddenly, it struck me.

"Wait, Daddy! I hafta talk to you about what you said at the teahouse!"

"Shh, sweetie! We can talk later. Right now, it's time for training! Be a good boy and open your mouth!" As he said this, he rubbed the front of my soggy pamp with his free hand, causing me to moan. That left the perfect opportunity to slip the feeder gag into my mouth. I frowned and made a face, but couldn't speak around the thick, rubbery gag.

"There's a good boy," Daddy said, removing his hand from the front of my diaper and leaving me frustrated. "No more thinking. Just close your eyes and take a little nap. When you wake up, we'll have more fun, okay, little one?"

I looked at Daddy and nodded, letting my worries fall away as my horny thoughts won out. I had always wanted to try a secure-fix restraint system, and now I was getting my wish. My excitement increased as the otters lowered a visor over my eyes, just like I'd seen in so many horny drawings on Earth. Swirls covered my vision obscuring my view of the mobile above me. Laffy's voice spoke softly in my ear.

"You are just a baby. A good little baby. A cute little adorable baby..." Another voice joined in.

"Good boy, Spot! Good boy! Crawl for Daddy. Smile for Daddy. Cream your pamps for Daddy! You're a good boy..." That was Daddy's voice! Maffy's voice joined in too.

"That's right! No more thinking. You're home now. You can just relax and play with us... forget all about your old life and be Daddy's good little pet..."

An ambient drone hummed in my ears, growing louder as my view of the mobile above me was obscured by virtual screens popping up left and right. The images and words coming out of the screens overlapped, overwhelming my senses. One by one, the voices accumulated as screens kept popping up in my vision, overwhelming my senses. My mind was soon at its limit, and that's when the voices all said "DROP!" and I dropped straight into trance.

Before my eyes flashed images of myself — hundreds of them. Me, crawling around in the nursery. Me, being changed in front of the whole Beringas Clan. Me, testing out the Check-o-Matic in front of an excited crowd at the market. No boundaries. No privacy. Blushy. Embarrassed. Totally dependent on bigs for everything, from wiping my butt to playing with my pee-pee.

Every moment came with an associated emotion. Every twinge of embarrassment was interspersed with sensations of intense pleasure.

"I like being a good pet..." said a voice in my ear.

"I'm a good boy..." said one in my other ear. The voices alternated back and forth.

"It feels so good to be a good pet for Daddy..."

"I love to cuddle Daddy..."

"So horny... so needy..."

"Pets have no shame..."

Without any stimulation but the snug pressure of the straps holding me down and the thick diaper around my waist, the images and words took up all my attention. I didn't even realize how hard I was nursing on my milk dispenser until my tummy began to feel bloated and full. It took all the effort I could muster to slow my sucking as the images and sounds raced through my mind. But then the vibration started right on the front of my diaper, shattering any willpower I had to try and control what was happening. I began to moan, buck, and suck, completely defenseless as the images intensified, blotting out any coherent thoughts. Pulsing now along with the vibrations on my diaper. Moving faster and faster, until...

"MMMMNNNNFFFFF!!!!" I cried into my gag as I came, and that's when the voice said "Drop!" again, and I truly blacked out.

When I came to, I was being unstrapped from the contraption, and blinking at the sudden brightness of the nursery around me. I giggled at all the bright colors. Daddy cooed down at me.

"Aww, the cutie sure looks happy after his little nap. Want to show us what a good boy you are by crawling over to the play mat for cartoon time?"

I giggled and rolled around in the crib, babbling like a silly baby.

"Whoa there, buddy," said Daddy, catching me before I fell out of the open side. "I think we may have zonked him out a little too hard..."

Daddy gently lowered me to the colorful padded nursery floor. I immediately rolled onto my back and grabbed my toes, trying to get them into my mouth.

"Come on, little one! This way!" said Maffy, waving me toward the vidwall.

"Remember how to crawl? It's like this!" Laffy crawled ahead of me while Maffy gently pushed my padded tush forward. Uncertainly, I crawled a few tentative feet after him, but stopped to look down when I felt something dragging. It was my diaper,

sagging far enough to brush the colorful floor below. I giggled and plopped on my squishy butt to play with it.

"Keep moving, silly boy," coaxed Maffy, giving my butt another nudge while Daddy watched on in amusement.

I quickly discovered that crawling was actually fun. It made the soggy diaper swing and rub against my pee-pee, making me feel really good. I giggled, wiggling my hips to make my saggy diaper swing even more wildly as I crawled.

"Aww! We're gonna have to take lots of photos of my good boy for the archives because he's bein' just so cute today!" said Daddy.

I smiled, liking the attention, but when I finally made it to the mat, I got bad news. They were gonna take away my comfy warm squishy diaper!

"No!" I said, shaking my head and smacking my diaper like a drum.

"Oh, but we must, little guy," said Daddy, kneeling down and giving my belly a sympathetic scritch. "You see, soggy diapers are no good for little boys."

Daddy laid me on my back in front of the vidwall as the otters started up the next episode of Star Scouts. As soon as the front of my diaper went down, freeing my bits from the protection of the warm, wet, squishy diaper, I began to whine and squirm. Daddy sighed and shook his head as he held the thick garment in place over my splash zone.

"I hate to say it, but I think I'll have to reverse the mental regression. He's too fussy like this."

"Oh, but he's so *cute*, Daddy!" said Laffy.

"Is that so, little otter? Maffy? Do you agree?"

"W-welllll..." said Maffy, who was much more reluctant to disagree with his masters, "he *is* pretty cute like this..." Daddy looked down at me and smiled his soft smile.

"Hmm... Maybe we can leave him like this a little longer... Why don't we get him changed and see how he likes some more rubbies and Star Scouts?"