

# Alien's Diapered Pet Ch. 36-40

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A regressed Spot joins Laffy and Maffy for their first feast, the plot around Nyctos thickens, and Daddy delivers some shocking news that could change everything.

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After a quick diaper change, Daddy held me in his lap, hedged in by two snuggly blue otters. The Pantherian Star Scouts logo flashed across the vidwall followed by a new montage. Group leader Ursos the bear, specializing in fun and group togetherness, was decorating the ship's mess hall for some sort of celebration when he got an alert and rushed to the helm of the Progeny. Squeaks the tech otter was working on a mini model of the Silurian System in his quarters when his heads up display blinked red and he raced out of the room. Purrsula the cat was in the lounge studying up on the latest news and questions. The clutter of virtual screens around her was blotted out by the notification window and she jumped into action. Finally, Peck was in the viewing room, scanning the sky and plucking absent-mindedly at his lute when he got his notification. His eyes widened and his feathers ruffled in surprise before he too headed to the helm. With the team fully assembled, the episode began. Ursos cleared his throat.

"Ahem. Welcome, Scouts! Nice assembly this time. How fast were we?"

"We all made it in under a minute!" said Squeaks, tapping his heads-up display.

"Ugh, don't tell me this is another one of your tests," said Purrsula, crossing her arms. "I'm missing out on all the juicy galactic gossip!"

"And I was working on a song about the constellations," said Peck softly as he gazed at the stars on a large viewscreen to the fore of the helm. "I was *just about* to be inspired when the alert came up. I could feel it in my feathers!"

"No, no, it's not a drill," said Ursos, holding his hands up, "because according to the readout, today is somebody's birthday!"

Purrsula and Peck smacked their foreheads while Squeaks smirked.

"Ursus. The alert system is for *emergencies*," said Purrsula with her hands on her hips. "How many times do we have to tell you?"

"It's the system, honest," said Ursus, fighting back a grin. "I had no idea this was going to happen."

"Uh huh," said Peck. "I suppose it's just a coincidence you've been gussying up the mess hall all day? Just whose birthday is it anyway?"

"Yes, who indeed?" said Squeaks, turning on a projection from his Heads up display. "And just what does it mean to have a birthday on a world like Pantheria, with people from all sorts of different planets? That is what we will explore today."

"Unfortunately, the rest of the message is garbled," said Ursus, holding up a claw, "so we'll have to work together to solve *this* mystery."

"I knew it!" said Purrsula. "This was a set up all along!"

"Hold it! Hold it!" said Ursus, holding up his paws. "Look there! Our newest little adventurer has returned! Welcome back, little one!"

"He's talking about *you*!" said Laffy, elbowing me with giddy glee and earning an eyeroll from his calmer brother.

"And who is that with you?" asked Ursos, squinting. "By Silos! Is that ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ we see after all these years? We do so love it when our cadets return with little ones of their own. Welcome back!"

Daddy chirruped in excitement, then caught himself, his ears briefly flicking back in embarrassment before he chuckled and looked down at me with proud eyes.

"Welcome aboard, everyone," said Ursus with a warm smile. "Are we ready to learn about birthdays? Paws in if you're ready to learn about birthdays and solve this mystery!"

Daddy, Laffy, Maffy, and I put our hands together and threw them up with a Star Scouts cheer, mirroring the crew on the vidwall.

"That's the spirit, Star Scouts! Now, let's get to the bottom of this birthday business!"

This episode covered the topic of Pantherian times and dates in the interstellar culture of Pantheria in order to answer one big question: Whose birthday is it? When Peck called for a song, the otters went wild.

"Daddy! Daddy!" squeaked Laffy, "you won't believe what Spot can do! He can sing the Star Scout songs *beautifully*!"

"He's just as good as Peck!" added Maffy. "He's already learned all the songs from episode one!"

"You don't say?" said Daddy, with an amused grin. "Well, that must make him the best little performer this side of the galaxy!"

Laffy and Maffy looked at each other with conspiratorial grins.

"Go on! Show him!" said Laffy.

I tilted my head, not quite following. The star scouts paused, grinned to each other, then nodded.

"I think I just got some of that good old inspiration I was looking for," said Peck, pulling his lute around front. "Hey, everyone, I see Pantheria's rings peeking out tonight! This calls for a song, two, three, four... Wheeeen Silos falls below the sky..." He paused and nodded at me. "Come on, little one. We know you know this."

Recognizing the song, I began to clap and sing along with the rest of the crew.

"When Silos falls below the sky,  
and Cadens follows close behind,  
the rings come out to shiiiiine!"

Daddy's smile fell from his face and his jaw dropped as he heard me sing. The otters were giddy with excitement, elbowing each other and giggling at Daddy's expression. In my regressed and uninhibited state, I sang with the confidence of a baby Pavarotti. By the time the song was finished, Daddy was looking as excited as the otters.

"Spot, you little devil! You've been holding out on me! Just wait til the others get a load of this!" Daddy tickled my belly, making me giggle as Laffy and Maffy flashed smug 'I told you so' grins.

The episode continued on with new songs and the big answer to the question of whose birthday it was. Ultimately, they decided that in space it was *everyone's* birthday. They sang a big birthday song about it and everyone got cake.

"That looks delicious! Would you like some cake at dinner tonight, little one?" asked Daddy.

"Ya! Cake!" I said, nodding in excitement, and Daddy promised to get me one just like the one in the show.

Pantherian Star Scouts was fast becoming my favorite show of all time, but watching the show in Daddy's lap took the experience to a whole different level. I had a feeling I was going to be singing those catchy songs to myself a lot from now on.

Thanks to the profound effects of my low-afternoon regression session, I spent the rest of the day as a carefree baby while my keepers covertly trained me to be a good pet. I was just starting to come around by the time Daddy strapped me into my stroller some twelve earth hours later, and while I was still fairly regressed, I was aware enough to tell Laffy and Maffy were nervous.

Berenger and Lissenger had come to escort us to Dinner and were talking the shifty otters down. I watched them, only half-comprehending as I chewed on my teether.

"Don't worry, you two. You'll do just fine," said Lissenger, taking off Laffy's diaper. "We've all been where you are now, and we all got through it just fine."

"That's right," said Berenger, as he helped Maffy out of his diaper, "and if that's not enough to loosen you up, we've got all the ale you can drink. Come to think of it... maybe you should leave the diapers on."

"No!" squeaked the otters, both sitting up in a panic. They immediately covered their mouths, chittering out apologies for their strong language while their mentors chuckled and assured them there was no harm done.

"What about you little one," asked Daddy, bending over me. "Are you ready to feast and make merry with our kin?"

"Yeah!" I said, clapping and bouncing in my stroller. "Feast! Feast! Ale!"

"No, no, little one," said Daddy, "No ale for little ones."

"Oh yes, there will be plenty of ale, little one," said Berenger, grinning and giving me a wink. "And plenty of diaper checks too!" Dad gave an exasperated sigh.

"For the record, I protest."

"Duly noted," said Lissenger, hooking an arm around Laffy. "Now let's sing a little on our walk to lend some courage to our two newest candidates, shall we?"

Lissenger sang the first verse of a traditional Beringan battle song. He was joined quickly by Berenger and Daddy. The two otters joined in reluctantly, their shoulders relaxing slightly as they began to fall in line with the senior Beringans' singing. The big Beringans led the otters out of the nursery, while Daddy pushed me in my stroller, singing the whole way.

As we exited the building, I gasped and stared at the beautiful twilight sky lit up by ringshine. The others stopped singing and nudged each other, giggling at my amazement.

"Can you name all those things in the sky, little one?"

"Rings!" I said, pointing to the sky.

"That's right," said Daddy, beaming down at me. "That's where Laffy and Maffy are from! And what are those moons called?"

"Redanus!" I said, when he pointed to a big spiky moon. Then, "Hydreion!" when he pointed to a bright round one. Berenger and Lissenger gaped at me.

"H-he knows all that?" asked Lissenger.

"Oh, that's just the start of it," said Daddy with a grin as he pushed me ahead. "You'll see!"

"Oh, don't make us wait, brother," said Lissenger, hurrying to Daddy's side. "What else does the little one know?"

"You can at least tell your big brother Berenger!" said the big stout badger, hurrying to his side as well. The two brothers badgered Daddy to tell them the secret all the way to the grand doors of the dining hall. Daddy stopped and held his hand up.

"Aren't we forgetting something?"

Lissenger and Berenger suddenly seemed to remember their otter mentees, who were shuffling uncertainly with their tails tucked between their legs.

"Alright, you two, deep breath," said Berenger, nodding to his skunk brother as the two of them hooked arms with Laffy and Maffy once more. "We will face this like Beringans, snout first! In we go!"

The chatter in the room settled to a hush as we entered. According to Beringan feasting tradition, the newest attendees were the last to arrive. The eyes of every skunk, badger, weasel, wolverine, fisher, otter, polecat, ferret, mink, marten, raccoon, grison, and ringtail in the room followed us as Lissenger and Berenger led them forward. Laffy and Maffy looked around cautiously, almost reverently, as we approached the head table where the wolverine patriarch known as the Father sat.

"A hearty first feast to Laffy and Maffy who have been doing such a great job looking after our little treasure. Brothers Lissenger and Berenger have decided to step

up as your mentors, so tonight you will sit at the head of the table with me as guests of honor. Do them proud, by eating, drinking, and being merry. That's an order, young ones. Now, let us feast!"

A great cheer arose from all in attendance as everyone hurried to pat, hug, and shake paws with the otters. Once that was done, a dozen paws held up bites of food and cups full of ale to their bewhiskered maws. It was a contest to see who could fill my minders with as much food and ale as possible, and they sure did their best.

Laffy and Maffy were obliged to accept all offers, but with so many paws vying for attention, they had no hope of maintaining decorum. Soon, food was in their fur and their bellies swelled with ale.

"Okay, okay," said Berenger and Lissenger, waving their paws, "give the newbies a moment to breathe. We have all night to stuff them silly. Besides, I want to ask a question!"

A few calls of acknowledgement and hear hears could be heard as the big badger looked around the room.

"What we all really want to know is... how did your date go with the Ailurian?"

"Eh?" said Daddy as Berenger stared at him with a devious grin. Every eye in the room followed, and there were several catcalls and wolf whistles. Never had I seen Daddy so completely taken off guard than in that moment. Everyone else must have noticed too because they started laughing and patting Daddy on the back.

"Look at his ears! They're as red as an Ailurian's fur!" called a nearby polecat. Daddy quickly shook off the ribbing and pulled out the black slips he had won from Nyctos.

"The playdate between Spot and Princess went just fine. Spot won me some great assets with his amazing talents." The crowd oohed, with some breaking into giggles.

"How big are the *Ailurian's* assets?" yelled a ferret.

"Ask Spot," Daddy said, smirking. "He's the one that can't keep his eyes off them." Another round of laughing and back pats followed, and I vaguely sensed they were talking about me.

"Is that true, Spot?" asked Berenger, looking down at me with a big friendly smile. "Are you a little horndog like your Daddy?"

"Ya!" I smiled and clapped, still just a little too out of it to realize I should be embarrassed. That drew more laughter and applause. Daddy glanced over at Laffy and Maffy, saw they were still groaning and holding their swollen bellies, and his eyes flicked back to me.

"Speaking of talents, Spot has a special surprise to share with everyone. We have Laffy and Maffy to thank for this discovery."

"Even we don't know what it is," said Lissenger. "\*\*\*\*\* wouldn't tell us. Go on then. Don't leave us in the dark any longer."

"Alright, but I'm going to need a lute player." Despite a few confused questions, within moments, the crowd had produced both a lute and a player.

"Okay, where is he going with this?" asked Berenger as Daddy whispered to the musician. The musician's face lit up and he nodded. He started the first few strains and I immediately recognized my favorite song about the skies of Pantheria. I began to sing.

"When Silos falls below the sky,  
and Cadens follows close behind,  
the rings come out to shiiiiine!"

The room went silent. Berenger and Lissenger stared with their mouths agape. The Father stared with his mouth agape. Everyone else in the room stood with their mouths agape. Even the musician was shocked, so much so that he almost dropped his lute. Somebody else did drop their mug, which shattered on the floor snapping everyone out of their daze.

"Play the next verse!" someone called.

"Yes! Play! Play!" cried another.

In my regressed state, I felt no compunction about putting on a childish performance for a room full of burly Beringan warriors. I sang every Star Scouts song I knew, eating up the attention of the many brothers gathered for the feast, and I wasn't performing alone. They all knew the songs by heart and were quick to join in, even the honorable Father Wolverine!

I ended with the birthday song from episode two, since it was the last song I learned. As I started the song, Daddy whispered something to one of the servers and in came two blue stoats with a big birthday cake just like the one in the show. We all sang

the Pantherian birthday song and clapped. I couldn't have been happier as I ate handfuls of cake that Daddy was kind enough to let me eat all on my own.

"What a messy boy!" chuckled Berenger, wiping my face clean. The big badger helped me wash it all down with crisp, refreshing ale, cradling me in his massive arm and gently tipping the flask to my mouth. "There we go, little one, drink up... That's the way... Look at that cute and happy face... I bet I'll have to change that didee soon with all that ale in your tum tum. Yes I will!"

"Gosh, Berenger, let the rest of us have a turn, won't you?" asked Lissenger. A deep, rumbling voice replied.

"In that case, I'm next."

The Father held out his arms and Berenger handed me over. The big wolverine cradled me in his arm like Berenger, and his soft warm body felt like a gigantic pillow I could just sink into. He trailed his fuzzy fingers up the back of my legs and along the edge of the diaper. I melted, cuddling into him.

"My, my, my. My sons certainly do know how to pick their pets," said the gigantic wolverine, gazing at me. "I wouldn't mind having you for myself."

"Is that a birthday hint?" asked Daddy. The deep chuckle of the Father rumbled through me as he continued to caress my legs.

"Oh, I'm sure I'm not the only one that would like to get my paws on him. Brother Berenger clearly enjoys his time with Spot too. As long as you bring him around to play often and remember to share, I won't complain. After all, we don't all have little ones of our own..." Daddy smiled.

"Perhaps it's an issue of supply and demand..."

"Exactly," said the father, squeezing me gently against his chest. "And there's a lot of demand for this cutie. You have my leave to make the next move. Speaking of which, I hear you've been hanging out more with the Ailurian, hmm?" The Father gave Daddy a gentle smile.

"Yes," said Daddy, smirking and rolling his eyes. "It seems we have so much in common. Shopping at the same marketplace. Having similar pets. And he also has an eye for Spot. The coincidences keep coming with that one."

"It sounds like he wants to spend more time with *you*, young one," the Father said, his eyes searching Daddy's face. "How do you feel about that?"

"The Ailurians are good to have around when our interests are aligned," said Daddy, checking his claws with a cool, detached expression.

"And did you feel your interest in *him* aligning during your date at the Chai House?" Daddy's ears went red and folded back as he looked at the smirking Father in surprise.

"Father!" said Daddy, "My interactions with Nyctos are purely for *strategic* reasons." The father chuckled.

"Oh my! What a reaction to such a simple question. Well, I know what those Ailurians are like," the old wolverine said with a wistful look as he touched a red ring on his muzzle. "They certainly have a way of getting what they want."

"Yes, they do," said Daddy, looking away in annoyance. "Frankly, I think this one is a bit too pushy. Especially when it comes to Spot."

"Supply and demand," said the Father, tapping his muzzle. "It wouldn't hurt to reciprocate. And it wouldn't hurt to reassert our ties with the Ailurians, for that matter. Do you plan to give him what he wants?" Daddy's scowled.

"I might be able to answer that question if the Ailurians weren't so infuriatingly indirect. He *claims* to be interested in some sort of partnership, but I'm not sure what he's really after yet. I'll say this much: If he wants Spot, that's a no go."

"I'm not talking about *Spot*, I'm talking about you," said the Father, looking Daddy in the eyes. Daddy blushed and looked away, his tail twitching.

"What does this have to do with me?"

The father leaned in and lowered his voice. "Don't you get it? He's *courting* you. And I'm giving you my blessing." Daddy's eyes went wide in complete surprise.

"Wha?"

"It's not that complicated. You're both young and unmated, and he's finding ways to be closer to you. He wants you. If you don't want *him*, then don't invite him over for tea." The Father waggled his eyebrows and sat back with a satisfied grin.

"Do we have to talk about this here?" asked Daddy, his eyes flicking around to all the other people making merry around us. The father leaned back and gave Daddy a wink.

"Why don't you show me what you won, young one?" Daddy handed the black slips of material to Father Wolverine.

"Oh my, new trading intel and a nice pleasure craft to boot? What a *thoughtful* gift – I mean, ahem, *prize* – from the young Ailurian. He certainly did his research with *you*."

"You can have it," said Daddy, his tail flicking as he again blushed and looked away.

"Oh, I think you'll need it more than me, young one. This is your venture, after all."

The father stopped his rubbing, prompting me to squirm and fuss.

"Oh, would you look at that? I think he misses his Daddy," said the Father, tickling my chin. "We'll leave it at that for now. Go take care of Spot, young one, and consider my words."

"Yes Father," said Daddy, bowing his head. "Of course."

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By the time we were ready to leave the feasting hall, Lissenger and Berenger had to sling the drunken otters over their shoulders and carry them out.

"Thansh for shaving us, Daddy," said a drunken and bloated Laffy. "We would have been otter balloons if Shpot hadn't started shinging!"

"Yeah, \*HIC\*, thanksh!" said Maffy. "Shpot's shuch a good pet!"

Daddy smiled down at me as he wheeled us back toward the nursery.

"Speaking of pets, dear brothers, I had better get Father a little one of his own soon, or he might just take Spot for himself. Father has given me leave to make the next move, so..." Berenger smirked.

"You mean you didn't make any moves at the Chai House today?"

"Not *that* move, smart aleck," said Daddy, his ears pinning back and his tail twitching.

"We get it," said Lissenger. "It's time to earn your next band. While we're at it, let's pick up a pet for Berenger so the rest of us can hold Spot too."

"Hey!" said Berenger, blushing "I know how to share."

"Uh huh, sure ya do," said Lissenger with a knowing smirk. "Is that why you *insisted* on being in charge of all the diaper changes tonight?" Berenger rolled his eyes.

"I was just looking out for the little guy. And-"

"Uh huh, sure."

"AND AS FOR picking up another pet," said Berenger, raising his voice, "\*\*\*\*\* is not going *anywhere near* the Omilon sector without *me* by his side. It's not safe."

"Oh, you worry too much," said Lissenger, rolling his eyes at the belligerent badger. "\*\*\*\*\* can handle himself. But of course he knows I'm coming too." The two brothers looked expectantly at Daddy, who held up a paw.

"Yes, yes, I have no objections. Let's just focus on getting these three back to the nursery and into bed. They've had a long day."

When we got to the nursery, Lissenger and Berenger diapered the drunken otters and laid them in my crib before bidding us a good night. The stuffed and exhausted

twins began snoring immediately, while Daddy unstrapped me from my stroller and lifted me up in his arms.

"It's time to wake up, pup." Daddy passed his hand over my eyes, and I was suddenly myself again. I remembered everything, I mean *everything*, and even in my slightly drunk state, I was able to recognize that I had embarrassed myself.

"Oh gods..." I whined, "I can't believe I behaved like that..." Daddy waved away my concerns.

"Oh, you were adorable, not that *that's* anything new. However, I think we'll have to forgo taking away your brains completely until we train you to be a little less fussy."

I breathed a sigh of relief as he said this, glad that I wouldn't be humiliating myself without my full knowledge and awareness. Then I remembered something else.

"Daddy! I have to tell you something! I talked with Princess... You need to be careful of Nyctos..."

"Oh really?" asked Daddy, smiling softly down at me.

"I'm serious, Daddy! He turned all the Caitarians into pets and... and... Princess implied the Ailurians had something to do with the Equus downfall too!"

"My goodness... What kinds of stories have those two been putting in your head, little one? Rest assured, Daddy already knows how to protect himself."

"B-b-but Daddy," I said, sticking out my lower lip. "I don't want him to hurt you..."

Daddy brought me up to eye level and rubbed noses with me.

"You are too precious, my little detective! So cute and loyal... But rest assured, we knew everything there was to know about Nyctos well before he stepped foot in our walls. That handsome devil knows exactly what we want him to know and nothing more."

"R-really?" I asked, sniffing. I had worked myself up thinking of Daddy getting trussed up like those horses.

"Yes, really," said Daddy, smiling. "They may be adept at spying, but we're the security experts. That's why I know how to keep my little guy super secure in his cozy clothes and his comfy diapers!"

I blushed and covered my face at Daddy's teasing words. I certainly felt foolish for thinking that Daddy would ever fall victim to Nyctos's schemes. Maybe I really was just a baby now. I looked up at Daddy, feeling a little sad.

"Daddy... am I really useless now?" Daddy nuzzled my cheek and cooed at me.

"No, my little treasure. You're more important than you could possibly know, and you'll be able to help Daddy in many ways, I'm sure of it. But right now, you need to rest. It's been a long day, so let's get you extra cozy and comfy for bed."

I looked up at Daddy in confusion as he began securing me into the crib, moving the snoring otters as needed.

"Daddy... I thought you said you weren't going to regress me anymore."

"I won't, but that doesn't mean we won't make full use of your restraints, seeing how much you enjoyed them before."

A bit of green poked out from Daddy's sheath as he checked my buckles. I felt my own cock harden in response. He smirked and gave my diaper a grope. I let out a needy whimper. I was stuck. Stuck in my restraints. Stuck in diapers and forced to use them! I began to whine and hump the air out of sheer horny frustration, knowing I wouldn't be able to get off without help.

"Aww, I think somebody *loves* being Daddy's useless little baby, doesn't he?" asked Daddy.

I humphed and looked away, feigning disapproval, but I could feel my face burning red. Daddy had my number. Even so, I couldn't shake this feeling of guilt. Here I was enjoying myself on a planet halfway across the galaxy, while the fate of all of humanity hung in the balance. I shouldn't be enjoying this. I should be fighting to get back to Earth. Back to my boring, ordinary life with work and taxes and all the big boy things that I could return to if I could just make it back. But did I really want all that? Would this life really be so bad? That little devil on my shoulder was whispering in my ear. Maybe it wouldn't.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next morning, I woke up to Daddy and my otter friends unstrapping me from my restraints. Even though I had only been there a couple Pantherian days — about half a week in Earth time — I was already starting to get used to my new routine. I decided that today I would follow Laffy and Maffy's advice and just try to accept my new reality. The day started with a wonderful bath with plenty of play and splashing, followed by a

diapering and a big bottle of milk, which was just as filling as a full breakfast and almost as satisfying. However, when my feeding was done, I noticed my stroller waiting for me. On top of that, my two otter companions were standing at attention, diaper free.

"Where are we going, Daddy?" I asked, as he lowered me into my seat.

"It's time to take you on another outing, little one. We've spent enough time relaxing at home. It's time to attend to some important business... back on Earth!"

On the way to our transport shuttle I listened, stunned, as Daddy explained the plan. He was taking me back to Earth to make a big announcement about its new status as a Beringan protectorate, and I was to be his spokesperson – the infantile ambassador showing earthlings their place in the grand order of things.

My heart raced as we approached the shuttle. This was just like what happened to Princess! I was going to be broadcast to the whole world. Everyone I knew, and everyone I didn't know – from my parents to world leaders – would see that I was being kept as the aliens' diapered pet when we delivered the devastating news of Earth's downfall. Talk about stage fright!

Inside the shuttle, the otters hurried to the nearest viewing window to watch us lift off. It was such a smooth ascent that there was no need for them to sit. I whined and squirmed in the stroller.

"What will I say?" I asked Daddy.

"You can say just what I tell you. Be an interpreter, of sorts." I fidgeted, my stomach doing flip flops.

"I don't want to do this, Daddy. I don't want all my people to be turned into babies like me."

"But little one," said Daddy, kneeling down and lifting my chin with a soft and understanding smile on his face, "if we don't claim earth, someone else will. And who knows how they'll treat your kind?"

"Couldn't we just keep Earth a secret, Daddy?" I asked, my eyes filling with tears.

"No, little one. Now that you've been seen, there are already others looking for where you came from. I wish you could've acclimated longer but we have no choice if we want to keep your planet safe. We have to go *now*."

I began to sob. It wasn't fair! Daddy created this problem when he chose to show me off. Why couldn't I have stayed hidden? The big marten gave me a hug, whispering reassurances as he picked me up and carried me to the viewing window, where Laffy and Maffy already had their muzzles pressed flat to the glass.

"Look, Spot," said Daddy. "There's our home." I sniffled and whimpered, but I still looked, just as captivated as my otter companions. Together, we watched the Beringan

compound get smaller and smaller until it was just a square, surrounded by the other elite clan complexes that dotted the continents of Pantheria.

"Reminds me of the view from our old home," murmured Laffy.

"Yes," said Maffy, "just like back at the ring colonies. Isn't it beautiful, Spot?"

Despite everything, I had to admit that it was.

Up, up, up past the big elevator we went, until we approached three gigantic ships, two of which looked like gigantic green battleships. The third, our shuttle's destination, was tall and sleek, with a deep burgundy-colored metallic finish and rounded edges that reminded me of a 1930s art deco type car, sculpted fenders and all.

"Ooh! That's an amazing ship, Master!" said Laffy. "Is it new?"

"I'll bet it's the one he won from Nyctos," said Maffy. Daddy nodded.

"That's right. Thanks to him it looks like we will be travelling to Earth in style and comfort, though I don't really see the point of it. Our ships are plenty comfortable." Laffy turned to his brother.

"Who built it I wonder? Can we pull up the specs?" The two otters chattered between themselves in excitement as we approached the shuttle bay.

"Are they going too?" I asked, pointing to the two massive ships at least as large as the megaship we were in.

"Yes, they are," said Daddy. "We have to protect ourselves on the journey and we need plenty of space for your fellow humans."

I felt a knot in my stomach, torn between the need to be Daddy's good boy on the one hand, and my loyalty to humanity on the other. Then, I had a stroke of genius.

"Daddy?" I said, turning away from the window to look my big fuzzy master in the eyes. "Can I tell you something about humans?" Daddy nodded.

"Yes, little one, but make it quick. We're docking, and Daddy has a lot to do once we get on board."

"Daddy, I'm... a special kind of human. I've always wanted... Well, you heard me talking to my boyfriend before you took me. Um... not all of us are babies forever, though. Just some of us, and we're not so common. Most humans grow up and want to stay that way."

"Hmm," said Daddy, tilting his head. "Are you sure you're not telling me tall tales?"

"No, Daddy! I swear it! We'd never be able to run a planet if everyone was a baby, right?"

Daddy tapped his chin and smirked slightly. "Hmm, well, you humans *do* have houses and countries with a rudimentary political structure..."

"Exactly," I said. "So you see, I was thinking... Maybe you could just take humans like *me* as baby pets, and let the others stay big?" Daddy chuckled hard enough to shake me.

"Oh, *I* see. You're worried about their feelings. You want the other humans to be happy. You're such a sweetheart, Spot. It's really refreshing to see." I furrowed my brow. I didn't know if this was a good response or a bad one, but I had to do my best to sway him, for Earth's sake.

"So... will you consider it, Daddy? Please? For me?" Daddy patted me on the head.

"From what I saw of Earth, it's probably for the best that they are taken care of by masters who will look out for their wellbeing. You *do* realize that your planet is on the brink of a crisis with how your species is mismanaging resources don't you?"

"But Daddy, I—"

"Don't worry, little one. We will make sure to improve the lives of all humans and always do what is best for them, so your species can be happy *and* healthy. That's a promise."

I opened my mouth to speak, and got a locking pacifier in it instead.

"That's enough, my little treasure. Your request will be taken into account, I promise. Now, we have landed and Daddy has a lot to do, so he's going to have to leave you with your little otter friends while he's busy. Laffy, Maffy, take him to the nursery deck."

I was taken aback as the otter strapped me into my stroller. The landing had been so smooth, I didn't even realize we'd finished docking. Lissinger and Berenger were waiting as we exited the shuttle.

"Took ya long enough!" came Berenger's gruff voice. "We were almost ready to go to Earth without you!"

"This is quite the upgrade, brother," said Lissenger. "You must have had a *lot* of fun with Nyctos to get this sweet ride."

"Oh hush" said Daddy, the hint of a smile tugging at his maw, "Let's focus on the convoy plan and leave the teasing for later."

"Seriously, though, this thing is handmade top to bottom," continued Lissenger. "The engineers are nerding out!"

"If you're that impressed, maybe *you* should invite Nyctos over for tea," said Berenger. The three of them laughed and that was all I caught before Laffy and Maffy wheeled me out of the docking bay.

"Don't fret, Spot," said Laffy, "Nothing bad will happen to Earth or the other humans. Daddy is as good as his word on that account."

*That may be*, I thought, sucking my pacifier for comfort, *but I'm afraid good and bad may have a different meaning from humanity's perspective*. I had a sinking feeling in my stomach that Earth was about to become a giant nursery thanks to me.

As we rolled deeper into the huge ship, we found the crew abuzz with excitement about this special journey, the ship specs, and of course, me. Now that I was more well known to them, the whole crew thought nothing of coming up and putting their paws all over me. By the time we reached the elevator, my hair was a complete mess.

When we arrived on the nursery deck, I could hardly believe my eyes. Instead of some sort of all-purpose holographic room like in Daddy's last ship, the entire deck was a big elaborate nursery that rivaled the one I had at home.

"Welcome to your mobile nursery, little one!" said Laffy with a happy smile on his face. "Pretty snazzy, huh?"

"Yeah! Welcome!" said Maffy, bending down and sticking his schnozz in my face. "Are you ready to help me catch and diaper my little brother like the big baby otter he is?"

"Am not!" protested Laffy, putting his paws on his hips. "Spot's going to help *me* catch *you* and prove that *you're* the big baby ottercub! How about *that*?"

I couldn't help but smile a bit as my silly companions play-fought. It was a comfort to have them by my side in this moment of uncertainty. And, who knew? Maybe Daddy and his brothers just wanted to adopt a few volunteer pets, fix a few little environmental catastrophes, and go home. We were only taking three ships, after all.

There was no way they were taking *everyone*. I just hoped our return to Earth really was the start of something better for humanity. There was no going back now.

Laffy was following close behind me, patting my diapered butt and thighs with his blue furry hands as I made my way through the impromptu obstacle course.

"That's it, little one! Keep crawling! You're doing so good! Faster now!"

"I'm... HUFF... going as fast... HUFF... as I can..."

"Not according to our readouts, silly bean. Don't you know that naughty fibbing babies get tickle attacks?"

"Eeee!" I squealed, my knees and hands gripping cool vinyl as I scrambled up a bumpy padded ramp to escape Laffy's tickling fingers. I summited the peak and stared down at the olympic size ball pit below, which I would have to swim through next. "Why me? I knew I should have kept up that gym membership..."

Despite my complaints, I was glad for distraction. Better to stay focused on the next obstacle in front of me than on the uncertain future further ahead.

"I'm gonna getcha!" squeaked Laffy, looming up behind me with his arms out for a waist grab. I squealed again, launching myself over the edge into the big ball pit below. I hit the ballpit with a splash and began to doggie paddle through the slippery orbs.

"Wow! You're doing so good, little one," cheered Maffy from off to the side. "You could probably even beat me now!"

It was exactly the sort of thing my dad would say when I was little. I might have gotten nostalgic if I wasn't fighting for my life. As I fought my way forward, the end of the ballpit seemed further and further from my reach.

"I'm... getting... tired... can't... continue," I gasped, sinking into the balls until only my hand broke the surface. I felt a fuzzy mass hug me from behind and pull me to the surface.

"Up we go," said Laffy, easily closing the distance to the edge with a few powerful swishes of his tail-rudder. He gripped onto the side of the pit and brought me up so that Maffy could lift me out. He may have been shorter than Daddy but ten feet of pure sleek otter mass was still plenty for him to pick me up like a ragdoll. I stifled a groan and closed my eyes as Maffy pressed his paw into the front of my soaked diaper.

"Aww!" said Maffy, "What a little soaker! Do you think we should change him?"

"Nah... Squishy diapers are more fun!" said Laffy, climbing out of the pit and squishing the front of his own diaper. "Let's feed him some milk and give him pets instead."

I was a little surprised that they weren't going to change me yet, but I was too tired to care. I just lay back as my otter babysitters rubbed my chest, belly, diaper, and every other body part they could reach. It was relaxing, and I needed to relax right then.

"Such a good little one," said Maffy, softly. "I can't get over how cute he is..."

"Yes," said Laffy, smiling down at me. "Our little brother is the cutest little one in the galaxy."

I smiled and let the sensations of their hands take over, soothing my sore muscles and pushing away any remaining worries of where we were going or what I would have to do. I felt a bottle of blue milk slip between my lips and happily suckled on it, enjoying its soothing effects.

"He's wetting again," said Laffy. "What a good little boy using his diapers without hesitation." I looked down, surprised. I had been trying for years to lose control with no success. How had I lost so much control in only a few days?

"Oh!" said Maffy, "I think he likes hearing about what a good boy he is. He suddenly got very pokey."

"You're right, brother. Look at this big tent! We're going to have to do something about this!"

I moaned and sucked harder as I felt a paw grasp my malehood through the thick soggy padding. I didn't move to hump it or touch the diaper myself, knowing full well that my chastity cage only allowed for outside stimulation, but would go rigid if I did anything to help.

"That's right, just relax, little one. You love your diapers. You love being good. Good babies get rubbies!" I knew I probably wouldn't get to cum, but I didn't mind. Laying on my back with my thighs spread wide by thick soggy padding was my new normal and it felt right. Before I knew it, I was sucking air. The bottle was replaced by my pacifier, which I immediately began to suckle as the otters nuzzled and rubbed me.

"He looks so peaceful and cute nursing his pacifier like that..."

"Yes, brother. He's getting so good at relaxing and being a good boy. Drinking his milkies... making piddles... I'll bet someone's jealous..."

"Am not!"

"Are too..."

"Am not!"

"Then how did you know I was talking about you?"

"What?! No fair! You tricked me!"

"Did not!"

"Did too!"

Their voices faded away as I drifted off to sleep, cuddled between their warm fuzzy bodies.

I was walking home from pre-school with my dad.

"Race you to the end of the block, champ. Whaddya say?"

"Yeah, let's go!"

I ran and ran, and when I reached the end of the block, I looked back to see my dad just behind me.

"Way to go, Spot! You beat me again! You're so fast!"

I jumped up and down, pumping my fist in victory. I was still too young to realize that he was letting me win just to see me smile. But this time, something was wrong...

"W-what did you call me Daddy?"

"I called you Spot, little one. That's your name!"

"No, that's not right... my name is... my name is..." To my horror, I realized that I couldn't remember. "What's my name?!"

I woke up in the middle of flooding my diapers. Maffy was smiling down at me as he prepared my next change, but his expression quickly changed to worry when he saw the fear in my eyes.

"What's wrong, Spot? Are you okay?" He pulled out my pacifier right away so I could respond.

"N-no! I can't... I can't remember my name!"

"It's Spot! Calm down little one, it's Spot."

"N-n-no... it's not! I had a name on Earth... and a job... and... and... I was a big boy!"

"Well, now I've heard everything," said Maffy, petting my head. "A little one like you shouldn't work or be big. Not ever." I could feel my eyes beginning to water.

"What am I supposed to do? Everything's all messed up now, and it's all my fault..."

Maffy looked over to Laffy, tilted his head, and frowned.

"There, there, little one," said Laffy, filling my vision with his big snoot while Maffy opened my diaper and got to work with the wipes. "Nothing is messed up. You've done a great thing, whether you know it or not, just by being you."

"I have?" I sniffled, desperately wanting to believe him. "What have I done but pee my pants and make a fool of myself?"

"You've won the hearts of everyone. You've taught us how to care for your kind. And now that the Beringans have staked their claim, you and your kind have never been safer!"

"Almost, brother," muttered Maffy, balling up the diaper and putting a fresh one under my butt. "We haven't made it official yet."

"Well, we will as soon as we reach earth and make our big announcement... Unless some scary space pirates get there first," said Laffy, curling his claws and showing his fangs.

"But we're not babies!" I said, trying to sit up. "*I'm* not a baby."

Laffy gently pressed me down with his paws, sighed, and shook his head.

"Whoever you were before, that's over now. For you, and for all humans. But I can promise you this: You will feel better about everything by the time we're back home. Otter's honor!" Laffy held up a solemn paw.

"Things have a way of working out," said Maffy, securing the last tape and patting my bulge. "You'll see. This little adventure won't be as bad as you think." As dubious as their assurances were, they gave me a little hope.

"Thanks Laffy. Thanks Maffy. I... hope you're right. What was that you said about space pirates, though?"

The two otters looked at each other and squeaked, "We'll show you!"