

Alien's Diapered Pet Ch. 41-45

by Champ (ChampTehOtter.com)

Spot grapples with the question of who he is when he returns to the planet he called home only days ago. Is he ready to become humanity's diapered ambassador? Does humanity have a chance of escaping captivity? Silos only knows!

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Laffy bounded over to the vidwall on all fours, leaving Maffy behind to pick me up with a smile and a shake of his head.

"I get to hold him in my lap first, brother," called Maffy. He made his way to the beanbags and plopped down while Laffy stood up in front of the vidwall with his hands on his hips.

"On the next episooooode of Pantherian Star Scouts..." said Laffy with a grand sweep of his paw, "space pirates!" He held up his claws and showed his fangs, making me crack a smile and hide my face a little in Maffy's fur despite all my worries. "Let's start it up!"

The opening sequence started, with all the members seemingly hard at work studying. Peck was discussing the latest news with Purrsula, while Squeaks and Ursus were on the bridge plotting out some trajectory. Then, Ursus called the crew up to start the show, waving for the viewer to join in as well.

"Welcome back, scouts! Are you ready for another adventure?"

"Yeah!" we shouted at the screen.

"I love your enthusiasm, scouts!" Ursus leaned forward, holding up his paws and sweeping them dramatically as he looked around. "We've talked all about the skies of Pantheria, but have you ever wondered what lies beyond?"

"I have!" said Peck, raising a wing. "In fact, I wrote a song about it!"

What lies beyond the—"

"One moment, Peck!" said Ursus, holding up a paw. "I haven't given the mission briefing yet!"

"Oh, right! I'll wait," replied Peck, leaning on his lute.

"Today's mission is to explore the area just outside of Pantherian control. Are we ready to learn about the skies beyond Pantheria? Paws in, everyone!" We all joined the holographic characters in a paws-in cheer. "That's the spirit! Now, let's explore! Squeaks, engage engines!"

"Hold on, Captain!" said Purrsula, checking her feeds. "We have reports of pirate raiders in the area!"

She projected her feed to show us a group of green and black creatures with their claws out, hissing at the camera.

"Pirates? You know what that means, Scouts..."

"Wait a second..." I said, pointing at the vidwall... "I've seen them before! Those were the creatures that came after me in the market!"

"That's not possible, said Maffy. There's no way that pirates would mess with a Beringan."

"You've seen the pirates?" asked Ursus, "That must have been very scary. That's why it's important never to travel in space alone."

"That's right," added Squeaks. "You should always travel in a caravan, or with a top level security detail... like me!"

"Well, you don't need to worry about those scary pirates, Spot," said Laffy. "We promised Daddy you'll never be alone again, and they're certainly not going to attack us while we're flanked by two Beringan battleships!"

"That's smart thinking," said Squeaks. "Those pirates rely on speed and pick weak targets. Smaller ships should stick together, hire security, or stay in safe lanes to avoid those stinky raiders!"

"And little ones should always stick with grown-ups, whether they're in space, or the busy market!" added Purrsula. "Isn't that right, Peck?"

"That's right! And there's nothing like a song to help us remember!

Never travel into space

Without a safety plan in place

Raiders want to ruin your day

But bigs will keep you saaaafe!"

With a little encouragement, I joined Laffy and Maffy in song, but as our cartoon friends sang and wiggled, Squeaks's elbow nudged the controls and sent them outside of Pantherian space. Suddenly, a menacing black and green ship appeared, as sharp as a knife with imposing barbs on top. A glowering civet appeared on the viewing screen with a menacing message for the crew.

"Halt, Star Scouts! It is I, Captain Blackpaw! Prepare to be boarded!"

"W-we're just a research vessel!" said Squeaks. "We don't have anything!"

"Oh yeah? What about... THAT?!" asked the captain, pointing.

"Not my favorite lute! It's one of a kind!" squawked Peck.

"Then prepare to battle!" said the pirate. That's when the action really ramped up. For the next few hours, we lost ourselves in the world of the Star Scouts. However, in the small moments of quietude a nagging worry still wormed its way to the surface. How could I suddenly start wetting myself without knowing it? How could I forget my own name? And how on Earth was I going to feel better by the time we got home?

Over the next several hours, my mind returned to the same questions again and again until Daddy finally came to check on me. He was all smiles, as if it was just another normal day.

"Hello, little one. It's time! You're coming with me to the bridge."

"I'm not ready, Daddy," I said, as he slipped on my paw mitts and laid me down for a change.

"You will be, little one. I promise. Just be my brave little boy and do as Daddy says." I groaned as Daddy opened my diaper to reveal my yellowed padding. He tweaked my pee pee and gave me a wink.

"I'm sure your diapee could hold more, but we want you to be nice and fresh for the big announcement, so we're going to put you in your favorite: Dragon Dreamers."

I whimpered as my moderately thick diapers were replaced by the incredibly poofy purple dragon diapers that Nyctos had recommended in the market. They were incredibly bulky, soft, and babyish. They were also the only thing Daddy would let me wear to the bridge aside from my mitts, regardless of my pleas for modesty.

The bridge was gigantic, lined with polished wood and an incredible viewing window that covered the front of the room and the entire ceiling. Dozens of blue and green mustelids were at their stations, checking systems and analyzing readouts. As Daddy, Laffy, Maffy, and I entered, all present stood at attention, along with Lissenger, Berenger, and a few other family members I recognized but couldn't name. Berenger's serious gaze broke into a smile as we approached. He bent down and ruffled my hair.

"Hey there, kiddo. Welcome to the big bridge. You're about to see Beringan military tactics in action." My stomach lurched when he said that.

"M-military tactics?"

"All is ready, brother," said Berenger, ignoring my question. "Will you do the honors?" Daddy nodded as he took the captain's seat, sitting me on his furry knee.

"Earth. On screen," called Daddy. Suddenly, the screen was filled with a crystal clear image of Earth. It hit me like a blow to the chest. Up until a few days ago, that little blue marble was the center of the universe. That was all about to change. This was really happening.

"Berenger. Report."

Berenger gave a hearty chuckle. "Their defense systems are laughable, brother. Heavy reliance on explosive projectiles and nuclear weaponry. Limited development of directed energy weapons. No magnetic or gravimetric defense capabilities. As for protective measures, their most advanced research barely touches the fourth dimension, leaving them completely exposed to our scout drones. They can't even see us watching them. Threat level: zero."

Daddy nodded, his eyes scanning the air in front of him as if he was reading something.

"Yes, that's in line with what I gathered when I visited the first time." He broke his gaze and glanced down at me. "You never told me they had so many nuclear toys down there. That's not for little ones like you," he said, poking my nose and frowning.

"I-it's a problem," I stammered. Daddy was right of course, humanity couldn't be trusted with such dangerous technology, though he didn't have to put it so condescendingly. Still, right or not, I couldn't imagine people accepting rule by alien overlords so easily. "Please be careful, Daddy."

"Not to worry, little bug. We'll turn off those toys in no time. Then we can take over the communication systems and give our speech." He smiled and patted my diaper

before turning back to the screen and barking his orders. "Disable all defense systems now."

"Disabling all defense systems," squeaked an otter. There was a flurry of activity at the modules as I stared at the screen, expecting to see explosions at any moment. My stomach twisted up.

"What if somebody gets hurt?"

"Not a chance, sweet pea. They won't even know it happened until it's over."

I gulped. It was just like how he took away my potty control... and my name...

"H-how long do you think it'll take, Daddy?"

"Hmm? Oh, about fifteen minutes or so... there's a lot of detailed work to do or it'd be faster."

"F-f-fifteen minutes?" I began to hyperventilate. How was I going to tell Earth they had lost it all in only fifteen minutes? I wasn't ready.

"Don't worry," said Daddy, laying his hand on the front of my diaper. "Everything is fine."

Instantly, I felt a wave of calmness wash over me. He was right. Everything *would* be fine. Daddy and his brothers were in charge now. They were bigs. They would take care of everything. I snuggled into Daddy's fur, burying my face and closing my eyes shut tight.

"Done!" called one of the otters in chief.

"Excellent! Switch to broadcast view."

I froze as soon as I saw my own image reflected on the large screen in front of us. There I was, an alien's diapered pet in my adorable padding and nothing else. All of humanity would be watching me soon. What would they think when they saw me? No matter. There was no hiding what I had become, sitting on my massive mustelid Daddy's knee, his legs spread wide, cock poking out of his juicy sheath. I blushed and tore my eyes away, looking up at Daddy for reassurance.

"Alright, snugglebug," said Daddy, kissing my head, "it's time to announce our big news to the Earthlings and any interstellar news geeks who might be tuning in. Just repeat what I say. That's all you have to do."

"Y-yes, Daddy," I said, with more confidence than I felt. I did my best to sit up straight. I would pretend I was wearing a uniform and looking very smart. A professional pamperbutt.

"People of earth," began Daddy, giving my diaper a gentle squeeze with his paw and pulling me toward him, "you are now under the protection of the Beringas Clan."

I let the words sink in... it took a couple of bounces on Daddy's knee before I remembered that I was supposed to be repeating after him.

"People of earth," I began, and repeated Daddy's words as he spoke them.

"It is your day of salvation. You will know no more hunger. No more pain. You will know boundless prosperity and security unlike anything you have ever known."

I fought to remain focused on the message as Daddy casually groped me, bounced me, showing the world just what I was — a diapered pet to my alien master.

"But make no mistake; you are ours, just as surely as this adorable little one is mine."

I sputtered the words out, fighting to keep my voice from trembling with embarrassment, but I lost my composure as he gave my diaper another squeeze, eliciting a soft moan.

"You cannot change the channel. You cannot click away. So pay close attention. You have one week. One week to offer up one hundred thousand of your population as

pets. Your tribute to your new protectors. They can be anyone you choose; criminals, saints..." He groped my diaper again. "Perverts. Choose them yourself and deliver them to the designated coordinates or we will take them. In return, you shall have all the benefits of Pantherian Galactic Union membership under the Beringan banner. This is not an option. You are our children now. Rejoice in your new lives, and in your glorious future..."

"Unngggghhhhh!" I groaned, as Daddy reached a finger into the leghole of my diaper to tickle my balls. This was so wrong. I wasn't supposed to be enjoying this. I was delivering the death sentence to the freedom of humankind! It made no difference. Daddy knew exactly how to make me moan. My heart raced as Daddy masturbated my thick diapers in front of the whole world.

"Nnnghhh, Daddy, don't! N-not in front of everyone!"

"Shhh, little one. We need to show the world how fun it is to be Daddy's sweet little pet." I whined and bit my lip, the thick diaper forcing my legs open for all to see while Daddy rubbed me off.

"Good boy," said Daddy, his voice gentle, but definitive. "Tell them how much you love being Daddy's pet"

"I love being Daddy's diapered pet," I mumbled, my face turning bright red.

"Louder, sweetheart..." he said, reaching deep into the front of my soggy diaper to tease my needy cock. I struggled to speak as my legs trembled with pleasure.

"I love... I love being Daddy's diapered pet!"

"Repeat after me, little one..." Daddy began murmuring into my ear as he jacked me off harder. I desperately wanted to resist, but I couldn't stop myself because he was Daddy and it was all true.

"Hnnnhhh... I love being Daddy's good diapered pet. I... Nnnfff... Love every bit of it and I never want to go back. If you want to be like me... even a little... hnnghhh... seize your chance or forever regret what you missed..."

Daddy growled into my ear, his hardness fully out and scenting the air around us.

"Good boy. Now, be a good pet and cum for Daddy..."

"Gahhhhh!" I convulsed in Daddy's lap, beads of sweat dripping down my forehead as my thighs squeezed against my poofy padding. My pelvic muscles pumped volley after volley of cum into the soft fluff despite my regular milkings from Daddy and

his big fuzzy family. Finally, after what seemed like minutes, my useless mitts came to rest weakly, impotently on my belly. I nuzzled into Daddy's warm green fur and closed my eyes. My butt and crotch were swimming in spooage, which Daddy spread around with gentle crinkle-pats.

"There there, little one. You can relax now," he murmured.

"Did I do good, Daddy?"

"You did so good," he said. "You were perfect."

I smiled and relaxed. "Are they still watching?"

Daddy Chuckled. "No, little one. They are not. We stopped broadcasting the moment you told them to rejoice in their glorious future..."

I sat bolt upright, staring at Daddy in shock. "You mean they didn't see *any* of that?! Then why did you make me say..."

Daddy chuckled again. "I just wanted to hear you say how much you loved being my pet because it feels good to hear you say it."

"Daddyyyy," I said, blushing and burying my face in his fur.

"You were a very good and brave pet, Spot," said Lissenger, clapping. "You deserve a commendation for your trust and obedience to Daddy."

"That took guts," added Berenger with a nod. "You did us proud."

"Yes, he did, and we'll be sure that the right people in the population get to see that special little addendum to our message..." said Daddy with a wink. "I expect we'll have plenty of eager pets in a week's time."

I groaned. Daddy was smarter than I ever gave him credit for. Smart enough to outsmart me, and that was saying something. So much for humans being the center of the universe.

"What's going to happen now, Daddy? Are they going to fight back?"

Daddy chuckled and nuzzled my nose with his own before responding with a warble-click so condescending my cheeks burned.

"What a precious question, little one. Of course they'll *try*." He pointed to the screen, which zoomed in to show a landscape pockmarked with yawning holes. "See? Someone already panicked and released three hundred warheads. Now they're wondering why they won't launch."

I gasped, my blood running cold as I realized what that meant. "W-wait, why would they do that? That could kill everyone on earth!"

"You're right, little one, but we're not going to let that happen. Little pets don't get to play with dangerous toys like that, so we've turned them all off."

As terrible as it sounded, I was relieved. Humanity *would* be better without all those naughty 'toys' at its fingertips.

"Are you saying you've disabled every weapon on earth?" I asked. Daddy shook his head.

"We're not quite there yet, sweetie, but we've taken care of the big ones."

Lissenger laughed, walking up to Daddy's side and putting an arm around his shoulder.

"He's being too modest. We've messed with their magnetic fields, scrambled their circuits, and confounded their communications on every level. They're going to have one heck of a goose chase before they even realize they lost!"

There were some chuckles from the staff on the bridge, but Berenger remained stone faced, regarding the screen with cool appraisal. When the gruff badger spoke up, the laughter died down immediately.

"It may have been pitifully easy for us, brothers, but don't forget those 'dangerous toys' of theirs nearly deprived the galaxy of something truly special and adorable. We must protect Spot's kin and planet to ensure that tragedy never happens. On our honor as Beringans."

"Hear hear," said Lissenger, clapping. "We're going to leave this planet a safer, happier place than when we came."

The rest of the crew joined in applauding the sentiment. I, however, wasn't clapping, for Berenger's words had led my mind to my next big concern about this campaign: the tribute. I looked up at Daddy, who was still holding me in his arms.

"Daddy... Do you think they will be able to offer enough people?"

Daddy smiled. "I'm sure the humans are more than up to the task, but that's enough questions for today, my pet."

"But Daddy, I—"

"Hush. You can stay with Daddy on the bridge if you behave, but the moment you get fussy or sleepy, it's back to the nursery with you! Now, open up for your paci, little one."

I spent the next several hours being bounced on Daddy's knee in an increasingly squishy diaper as the Beringans discussed everything from cleaning up pollution to dismantling what remained of our weaponry. Daddy didn't even bother to turn off my translator. He just carried on the conversation like I wasn't there, only stopping when I soiled my diaper right in front of the bridge crew. The Beringans were not annoyed at this interruption in the slightest. In fact, they all leaned forward and watched with great interest as Daddy laid me out for my change.

Daddy grinned deviously at his big badger brother, who was leaning in so far I thought he might fall onto me. "I suppose you want a turn changing him?"

"Who me?" asked Berenger, blushing. "W-well..."

"Oh, go on," said Lissenger. "You know you want to. Stop acting gruff and tough and help the little tyke out."

Berenger rolled his eyes and shuffled over to take Daddy's place. "Well, if you insist, I guess I could help out again..."

"Oh, you're great at it," said Lissenger. "We've all seen the, uh, *care* you put into your changes."

Daddy was holding his tongue out of respect, I was sure, but he couldn't stop himself from grinning as Berenger puffed his chest up.

"I *am* pretty good, aren't I?" the big badger said, smiling down at me. "Isn't that right, Spot?"

I giggled into my paci as Berenger tickled my belly. He always seemed so gruff and tough except when it came to me. Now, his expression was softer, his hands big and gentle and warm. I knew he could easily snap me in two if he wanted, but he seemed much more content to lay me down, open my diaper, and wipe me clean while showering me with affection. I sighed and sucked my paci. All of these big creatures had such a relaxing touch.

"I suppose you'll have one of your own soon too, won't you?" asked Daddy, as Berenger smiled dreamily down at me.

"Huh? Oh... yeah, sure. Maybe. I don't know," he said, shrugging, and getting back to the task at hand. He smoothed the fresh diaper over my belly, tucking the sides snug around my waist, then reaching for the tapes.

"Of course he will," said Lissenger. "He's a natural! Loves caring for the little one as much as you do, *****!"

"I am fine with one, thank you," said Berenger. "I'm a very busy badger."

"Only because you drink too much and train too much," laughed Lissenger. Berenger made an expression that I could swear was embarrassment if I didn't know any better.

"W-well... maybe if one catches my eye..."

"Mark my words, brother," said Lissenger, nudging Daddy, "the question isn't *if* one catches his eye, only how many."

While the brothers continued their playful banter, I stared at the image of Earth on screen. How would humanity respond to this alien encounter? Even with our weaponry disabled, there was sure to be chaos. I cringed as I thought about Princess's disgrace among her people and thought, perhaps, it was better not to know.

A couple days later, I was playing with Laffy and Maffy in just my diaper when Berenger showed up to the nursery cradling something in his arms. When he reached us, Berenger leaned forward and lifted one arm to reveal a big tough looking man in a bigger, tougher diaper and camouflage onesie. My two otter caretakers were immediately beside themselves with glee, giggling and squeaking up a storm.

Ah, I thought. This must be the surprise Laffy and Maffy have been hinting at all day.

"I've brought you a playmate, Spot. He's quite the little fighter!"

I looked the man up and down. Tree-trunk arms with terrifying tattoos of skulls and swords. Huge, calloused hands and a jaw that could cut glass. I did not doubt Berenger's characterization, but despite the man's intimidating appearance, he was a mere baby in the gigantic badger's arms. More importantly, he was *human*, which was a relief, no matter how he looked.

Berenger beamed down at the man, looking for all the world like a proud papa as he spoke. "His elite unit was planning a little ambush for tribute day, and we had to intervene before they hurt themselves. The moment I saw this adorable little man, I just *had* to have him for myself. And what's more, he likes something you like! Isn't that right, Schnookums?"

"Yes, Daddy," the man grumbled, turning bright red as Berenger patted his diapered butt. My eyes went wide as the man placed his thumb in his mouth, completely breaking his aura of fearsomeness. Berenger smiled and kissed the man on the head.

"You can be yourself here," the big badger grumbled softly as he sat the man down in front of me. "I know you'll be a good boy for Daddy and play nice, won't you?"

"Yeth, Daddy." The man's deep voice was a contrast to his adorable outfit, a camo diaper and matching onesie that made a mockery of your typical military combat uniform.

Berenger sat down, smiling and watching us intently. The man and I looked at each other. After a few awkward moments of silence, the big badger spoke again, ruffling the man's hair. "Well, go on. Say hello."

"Name's Schnookums." He stuck out his hand and immediately blushed. It was a pet name, we both knew that, but I took his hand as if it were perfectly respectable. It was the only decent thing to do.

"Uh... hi," I said, returning the handshake, much to the delight and interest of our three observers. "I'm, Spot..."

"Yeah," he chuckled. "I know who you are. *Everyone* knows who you are."

"Oh." My stomach dropped. "Right. Sorry. You must really hate me, huh? Because of my part in all this..." I gestured around us, "alien invasion stuff."

"Hate you?" asked Schnookums, with a laugh. "Not at all. You're just some poor sap who got abducted and turned into, well... you know," he glanced down at himself and back at me. "I think most people feel sorry for you, the ones who aren't jealous, that is."

"J-jealous?" I stared at him.

"Let's just say that alien daddies are the hot topic of the day in certain circles."

"W-well, I guess that's better than being hated." I quickly changed the subject. "Um... so how are you holding up? You don't seem to be freaking out right now..."

Schnookums blushed. "Let's just say my Daddy and I had a good long chat after they captured my special ops unit and we... came to an understanding."

"The little guy challenged me to a fight," Berenger muttered to Laffy and Maffy. "It was adorable. I pulled off his tactical gear and spanked him in front of his whole unit!"

Schnookums turned red. "Uh, anyway. After that, we listened to what the Beringans had to say. I realized pretty quickly that there was no fighting them, but I never expected to agree with them. Or to be adopted by Daddy."

"So you just... gave up?" I asked, feeling almost disappointed.

"Well... not exactly. You remember that chat I mentioned? Daddy told me he was reviewing global resistance personnel when he discovered a certain little boy who needed his Daddy. He personally supervised my unit's capture to meet me for himself. Turns out Daddy outmaneuvered me from the start. How could I say no?"

I was stunned. It was just like me and my Daddy. The Beringans were always one step ahead.

Berenger chuckled and ruffled his new pet's hair. "My little soldier. The only special ops he'll be doing now is in his diaper, right, Schnookums?"

"Yeth, Daddy," Schnookums murmured, his thumb slipping back into his mouth as he went into little boy mode. I gaped as his diaper swelled and yellowed before my eyes. Fudge. What a time to start tenting in my diaper.

Schnookums' eyes went wide as he watched his diaper yellow and expand. After a few moments of stunned silence, he looked at me and immediately noticed my tented diaper. I watched his own tent begin to rise and swallowed hard. It looked like he was smuggling a baseball bat in his onesie, and it was still growing. I felt like a circus act for the three aliens watching over us.

"It looks like you're both getting along famously," said Berenger, grinning wide enough to show his fangs, "but what are we going to do about your pokey problems downstairs?"

Schnookums looked up at his Daddy like he was begging for treats. "Um... Daddy... Can I?"

The badger looked at me, then back to his pet, rubbing his chin. "Hmm. You'd better ask Spot's permission first."

"P-p-permission?" I stammered.

Schnookums gave me a sheepish smile and rubbed his arm.

Berenger smiled softly and nudged him. "Well, go on, ask him..."

"Um," said the larger man, his voice cracking with embarrassment, "a-are you a bottom?"

"Oh!" I blurted out, blushing hard. I played with my hands, unable to look him in the eye. My heart thundered in my chest as I spoke. "Umm... y-yeah... I guess I *am*..."

"Would you like to...? You know..."

I looked at Schnookums, then Berenger, then the two otters. They would all be watching, but I was rapidly becoming too horny to care.

"Y... yeah," I finally squeaked out.

Schnookums smiled like an excited puppy, then hesitated and looked back at his Daddy for confirmation.

"That's good enough for me," said Berenger, clapping his paws together. "Go ahead, Schnookums. Get your treat!"

I covered my eyes as Schnookums reached for my diaper tapes. He was big enough to break me in half, but he was gentle, handling me like an easily bruised fruit as he pulled open the diaper tabs and lowered my soggy padding, exposing my caged bits to the open air.

"Would you untape me as well?" he said, softly. I paused. It had never occurred to me that I could do such a thing to any diaper here. To my surprise, his tapes came away easily when I pulled – a discovery which I filed away for later consideration.

Schnookums let out a sigh of relief as his girthy cock sprang free. My eyes bugged out as they beheld a dong to rival the check-o-matic!

"Wow!" chittered Laffy. "I didn't know they came that big on humans!"

"Well, we've only seen Spot's," said Maffy. "Guess his little pee pee really was baby sized!" I whined, abashedly excited by the otters' fascination with my genitals and their teasing comments.

Berenger crossed his arms and smirked. "My little soldier picked it himself. It's his first time having a real pee pee and he's excited to use it. Just like his daddy when *he* joined the family."

While the aliens discussed the finer points of our anatomy, I dealt with the reality staring me in the face. The smell and sight of Schnookums' arousal had all but demolished my higher faculties, so my attempts at dirty talk were coming out more like, "I, uhhhh... You... Hhh... Hottt..."

Schnookums gave me a confident grin as I struggled to form a coherent sentence. Without wasting words, he lifted my legs above my head and promptly dove face first into my hole. The room filled with the sound of slurping and smacking as he gobbled my ass like a dog going after kibble. I blushed, moaned, and begged, my cock jumping and dripping all over my stomach from this unspeakably naughty, and still very unfamiliar act.

Berenger tilted his head. "Guys! You gotta see this! Spot and Schnookums are mating!" A few moments later, Daddy and his Beringan brethren piled into the room to watch.

I halfheartedly pushed Schnookums' head away, but that only seemed to make him more bold, slurping and smacking loudly as he dined on my donut with gusto. I

cried out, throwing my head back and pounding my fists on the soft nursery floor as my first ass-gasm overtook me.

Schnookums pulled his head free with a gasp, earning him a smattering of applause from our appreciative observers, then he grabbed my thighs and pulled my ass right up against him. I could feel the heat of his huge cock as it flopped down over my puny pee pee, splattering me with yet more precum. He pulled back and gripped his tool, rubbing his cockhead all around to tease my primed pucker. For several agonizing seconds, the room held its breath until finally, he pressed forward, moaning as his pole sank into my yielding flesh.

"Your ass is like filet mignon," groaned Schnookums as he bottomed out. "How you doing? Do you need a moment to adjust?" I was too riled up from his teasing to be content with that.

"Just fuck me," I growled. "Hard. Don't hold back!"

Schnookums looked back at our alien caretakers and tilted his head.

"Don't worry, you can't hurt him," said Daddy, chuckling.

"You heard them," said Berenger, rubbing his sheath with a fanged grin. "Fuck him silly."

Schnookums growled and plowed forward with all of his might, forcing sticky white globs of semen out of my prostate as he bottomed out on every stroke.

'PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!'

I stared at my drooling dick in disbelief. He was fucking the cum right out of me!

"Aww! Looks like Spot's seeing hearts!" said the skunk-like Lissenger as I locked eyes with Schnookums. By now, the room was filled with the smell of spunk, baby powder, and males in various stages of arousal. Our daddies were stroking their enormous erections while Laffy and Maffy were shamelessly rubbing their diapers. Oh, how I wished one of them would stuff my mouth with their fat furry cock and dump their load down my throat!

"Daaaddddyyyyy," I whined, feeling overwhelmed by the intense sensations building between my legs. Daddy was immediately by my side, petting my head as Schnookums continued his anal assault.

"Shhh, it's okay, sweetie, just breathe... Open up that hole for us... That's my good boy."

Berenger crouched beside Schnookums, cheering him on with gruff growls. "Good boy, Schnookums! You're making Spot feel so good! Daddy is proud. Keep it up. That's the way, boy. Get your treat!"

Schnookums' cock seemed to grow even thicker as Berenger spoke, threatening to split me in two. I could feel Daddy's cock poking my cheek as I was stretched to my limits so I turned my head to nurse on the tip for comfort.

I swelled with happiness and gratitude as the fucking reached a fever pitch. I loved Daddy. I loved Schnookums. I loved Berenger, Lissenger, Laffy, Maffy, everyone in the room. Everyone on the ship. Everyone in the galaxy! I wanted to call out to them. To beg them to come and rub their cocks on me until they covered me with their cum. I was filled with love!

Moments later, I released Daddy's dick, screaming silently as my whole body tensed up in an explosive orgasmic crescendo. Schnookums bent down, forcing his tongue into my mouth as hot white ropes of semen shot out of my caged cock and painted my chest and face. He buried himself in me with one final thrust, broke the kiss, and bellowed as his massive tool pulsed inside me, coating my insides with so much love, it spilled out around his cock and drenched the open diaper beneath us. Schnookums stayed inside me for another minute or so, my ass spasming and twitching around his member as if to milk every drop from his loins. Finally, he pulled out and rolled onto his back. We both lay there panting as the group of giant horny mustelids gushed over us and petted our sweaty faces.

"What good boys! They're adorable!"

"These two are really made for each other."

"Another one for the archives!"

We basked in the afterglow of our mating, letting the many soft paws wander over our bodies, caress us, comfort us, towel us off, wipe us down, and, yes, diaper us up once again. The soft dry diaper felt wonderfully comforting after such a hard fucking. It was the first time I had wanted anything to do with a diaper after cumming. A turning point, perhaps.

Our daddies chattered happily about pet things as they dressed us in matching locking sleepers and deposited us in the crib to cuddle and rest, me the little spoon to my larger crinkly companion. With all that horny energy expelled, we quickly dropped off into slumber, the enthusiastic chatter and cooing of our big fuzzy captors fading away as we lost consciousness.

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I woke up to the feeling of something big and warm, but not fuzzy, holding me. Slightly confused, I opened my eyes to see Schnookums's big arms still wrapped around me. He stirred and gave me a squeeze, then reached down and patted my swollen belly. I blushed as I felt his massive load churning inside me. Some had already escaped, slicking the seat of my diaper. I knew the rest would not be far behind.

"Looks like the babies are awake!" chirped Laffy.

"Two babies," said Maffy with a grin. "They're multiplying!"

"Even better!" said Laffy, crouching down and looking at us through the bars. "Twice as many fun little ones to play with in the nursery!"

I sat up like a bolt and stared at them. "Does that mean he's gonna stay?"

"That's right!" said Laffy, clasping his paws together and grinning ear to ear. "He's your new permanent playmate!"

I looked at Schnookums and raised my eyebrows. He shrugged, seemingly as surprised as I was.

"Oh, I hope you're pleased," said the otter, his smile faltering a bit at our reactions. "Everyone saw how well you two got along and, well... We thought you'd like to spend more time together..."

"I-I'm delighted," I said, looking at the big hunk now holding me in his lap. "I just... I'm surprised! To be honest, I never thought I'd see another human again."

Maffy chimed in. "How could we keep you two apart after your adorable little reunion? In fact, the two of you were so cute together that your Daddies have decided to let Schnookums mate you whenever he wants! As long as someone's supervising, of course."

"And someone is *always* supervising," Laffy added with a wink.

"Do you really mean it?" asked Schnookums, bouncing with excitement.

"Of course we mean it!" giggled the big otter. "We want you both to be happy. After all, you're family. Both of you."

"Can I have my cage off too?" I asked.

"No," the otters both squeaked in cheerful unison.

"Aww, man..."

Schnookums put a quick end to my pouting, forcing me to giggle instead when he bear-hugged me from behind and tickled my neck with kisses.

"Awww! This is just too cute!" said Laffy, clasping his paws and bringing them to his chest. "Can we keep them, Maffy? Can we?"

Maffy rolled his eyes as he lowered the crib rails. "Yes, silly. We're *already* keeping them."

"Oh, that's right," said Laffy, smacking his forehead as Maffy handed me over to him. "I forgot we're the luckiest otters in the galaxy!"

"Indeed we are, brother! Every great house in the galaxy will wish they had a pet as cute as our adorable little crinklebutts. They're going to be soooo jealous." I blushed as Laffy squished my cheeks. I wasn't *that* cute, was I?

Maffy hefted Schnookums into his arms. "Wow, this little one is heavier than Spot. He must be practically all muscle! Let's get to know him better with some games, then maybe we can watch them mate!"

I gasped so hard I started coughing. "Maffy! We don't do that on command!"

"We'll find out," he squeaked. The three of them looked at me with devious grins, and it took all I had not to get a boner and prove them right.

The two otters carried us to the changing tables for a tandem diaper change.

"This is great!" said Laffy as he pulled open my diaper. "Now we won't have to take turns!"

"Don't look now," said Maffy, pointing at his brother's sagging yellow padding, "but you're going to need a new diaper too."

"Egads, you're right, brother! After we finish with these two, we can change each other!"

Once we were all freshly diapered, it was time to play, but what kind of game would it be? The four of us put our heads together.

"Hmmm... well, we could race big wheels," I said.

"Or we could build the tallest tower ever with foam blocks!" said Laffy.

"Hey," said Schnookums, "I saw a big pile of blankets nearby. Do you know what we could do in a giant sized nursery with giant sized furniture and blankets?" After a moment, we both threw our hands up in the air.

"Giant blanket fort!"

"Giant what?" squeaked the twins.

Once we explained the concept, it didn't take long for our otter companions to catch on. For the next several hours, the four of us set about making the biggest blanket fort ever with dozens of rooms. It had tea lights, furniture, vidwall 'theater', and a big central pillow zone around one of our load-bearing block towers. There was no ducking and crawling in this blanket fort, either. It was big enough for even a 10-foot tall otter to stand up without touching the top.

Once we were finished, Maffy had a special request.

"We've observed younger humans playing a tactical game called 'hide-and-seek'. We would like to challenge you to a game right here and now!"

"Oh, I can't wait to play," said Laffy, jumping and clapping his hands. "You humans have so many fun games!"

Schnookums and I thought that was a fine idea, especially since we had the advantage of being smaller, and it turned out to be a blast!

Laffy went first. I watched him as I hid under a pile of pillows around the central pillar.

"Where are youuuuu?" He called. Unfortunately my giggling gave me away that time, but I would do better next time!

Schnookums went next. Within minutes, I heard his voice from my hiding spot behind the floating vidwall.

"It's no use hiding, Spot! I can smell you from here!"

I counted silently. Eight. Nine. Ten. Why wasn't he here yet? I risked a peek from behind the projection. Nothing. I pulled my head back and sighed in relief, only to come face to face with him standing right next to me.

"BOO!"

"EEK!"

Before I could move a muscle, he grabbed me by the waist and carried me back to home base, where the two otters were already waiting.

"He's too good," said Laffy.

"Agreed, Brother. Next time we need to pick a bigger arena!"

It was my turn next. I found both otters right away because they were so big and conspicuous.

"Ha!" I said, putting my hands on my hips as I finished walking the second otter to home base. "Looks like I'm on top this time!"

Schnookums ambushed me just as I turned to search for him. I fell in a fit of giggles as he tickled me.

"How did you do that?" I gasped.

"It's my tactical training!" said Schnookums, continuing the tickle attack. He soon had me pinned on my back with my legs over my head and his face inches from my padded butt. "Who's on top now?"

Suddenly, both of us were tenting our diapers again.

"Mmm... this is an interesting position," he said. The otters chimed in.

"Are we still playing, little ones?"

"I don't think so, brother. It looks like they're on to another game!"

I blushed as I realized we were about to do exactly what Maffy had hoped for.

"Can I gobble Spot's peach again," Schnookums asked, giving our minders his best puppy dog eyes as his diaper-boner throbbed with need.

"As long as Spot is okay with it, so are we," said Maffy, smiling and sporting a diaper tent of his own.

"We should lead by example, don't you think, brother?" asked Laffy, grinning and tugging at Maffy's tapes.

"Indeed!"

We all fell into a feisty frenzy of skin and fur in the big pile of pillows. Being the only one locked up, I was at the others' mercy when it came to getting off, and they took full advantage of the opportunity to tease me and make me beg while keeping me frustratingly on edge for hours. By the time I finally got to cum, all three of them had thoroughly feasted on my hole and covered me in multiple loads of their cream. We went straight to the baths from there, where we spent more time splashing and goofing off than actually getting clean. Finally, it was back into diapers, with us littles getting a fresh change of padding followed by the two 'big' otters.

"If you don't mind my asking," said Schnookums as we watched Maffy get diapered by his brother, "is it common for your kind to wear diapers like us?"

Maffy sputtered out a few flustered warbles, and a grinning Laffy jumped in to field the question.

"It's not common, no, but you cuties make it look so fun, how could we resist? Between you and me, I have a *sneaking suspicion* diapers might be more popular than we thought."

"Indeed they are," said Daddy, causing us all to jump. Daddy padded over and closed the last tape of Maffy's diaper. "There we go, all done. You know, we've been watching you upstairs. Today's episode was especially adorable. It's been doing numbers on the galactic dark web."

Laffy and Maffy gasped and looked at each other in alarm.

"Y-you've been streaming us?!"

Daddy waved his paw. "Of *course* not, little one. All our recordings go into our *secret archives* for *Beringan eyes only*. I can't imagine anyone would bother to look at some videos that got leaked here and there by mistake."

"Everyone's going to see us in *diapers!*" cried Laffy, throwing up his hands.

Daddy tapped the embarrassed otter's nose. "Well, that shouldn't be a problem because we have all decided that our little inductees are too cute this way to go back to being big boys. You're going to be diapered from now on, both inside the nursery and out."

The otters were stunned. Schnookums was stunned. I was stunned. But slowly, a grin spread across my face. Turnabout was fair play, after all.

"B-but Daddy!" Both otters opened their mouths and let out pitiful squeals. Daddy grabbed them both by the chin, squishing their cheeks.

"Ah, ah, ah, no buts, little ones. A Beringan never runs or hides who they are. You will learn to wear your diapers with pride. I'll spank you both until you learn that lesson if I have to, and so will your mentors. Am I understood?"

The otters' ears went back and they bowed their heads in humility, squeaking out a pitiful, "Y-yes, sir." I almost felt bad for them, but Daddy was right. They were too cute this way.

"Good," said Daddy, still holding the limp otters gently by the maws. "Now for the reason I am here: The time has come to receive Earth's first tribute. We are to make our way to the terrestrial transport shuttles immediately and prepare to meet the masses."

The four of us looked at each other, stunned.

"Now?" asked Laffy, pausing to scan something in front of him I couldn't see. "B-b-but I thought it wasn't time yet!"

"You two haven't been checking our internal communications feeds, have you? Too distracted playing, I imagine. It turns out Earth met its quota early. There were so many eager volunteers, we had to cap it at two hundred thousand!" Daddy slapped his knee and let out a high warble-laugh. "Can you believe it?"

I was speechless. Had I heard that right?

"I'll be damned," muttered Schnookums, shaking his head. "Those crazy bastards did it."

"C-can we at least have our hats?" asked Maffy.

"Yes," said Daddy, "but grab them quickly. We're about to make history."