

Alien's Diapered Pet Ch. 6-10

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

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We rode in what looked like a floating saucer-shaped limousine with no discernable driver. The two otters were shorter than Daddy, but still gigantic at ten feet tall, with deep blue fur. They reached forward to unstrap me, but Daddy insisted on being the one to pick me up.

"He's in delicate condition," he click-warbled. "It's because he was allowed to wander around free. My fault... He's very clever, this one. I'll be giving you some special instructions about his care."

The two blue creatures scrambled to stow away the stroller as soon as I was out of it. I thought they might drive us back toward the rest of the complex, but instead they got into the cab right after us. Managing to sit on the plush seating rather stiffly.

Inside, our saucer-limo looked quite luxurious with plush blue tufted velvet seating all the way around. It was the kind of thing King Louis the XIV might have if *he* was a giant space-alien. I immediately saw an oversized and well-padded car seat with way more restraints than seemed necessary: a myriad of straps and metal rings were set into the body of the seat, accompanied by a neoprene-like bodysuit, open and waiting. I could guess right away who it was for.

"Oh, good!" Daddy exclaimed. "You brought the seat I requested."

My heart began to race as I took in all that shiny material and gleaming metal. The whole setup looked like it was made to hold a bear or gorilla, and I quickly understood I wasn't going anywhere as Daddy carefully wrapped me in the soft, spongy yet rubbery casing, effectively encasing my body in a soft layer of protection like a thick wetsuit.

"Isn't this a bit much?" I asked, but it just came out as a series of muffled noises in my pacifier.

Daddy hummed a tune that dipped in and out of my range of hearing as he cinched strap after strap securely over my padded body. Over my chest, my stomach, across each of my shoulders, my biceps, my forearms, over my thighs holding them wide open, over my knees, and shins. He narrowed the headrest until I found I couldn't turn my neck at all. I was completely comfortable and immobilized.

Despite the comprehensive coverage, the outfit conspicuously left a few things uncovered: My head, my feet, and my crotch.

"There we go, kiddo," he said, giving my diaper a squeeze in front, then he leaned in and lowered his voice. "Best to keep an eye on that diaper of yours at all times since you won't be speaking, little one. And since I noticed you barely touched your kibble, I've come up with something that might suit you a little better..."

He gave his head a little tilt and a clear tube snaked down and attached to the button of my pacifier. I watched a liquid like blue milk run through it and then I tasted the cool splash as it poured over my tongue. I had no choice but to gulp it down.

"That's a good pet," said Daddy, patting me on the head as if I had the option to be anything else. He looked over to the two attendants. "He's to be kept immobile for a little longer while he heals. After that, I want him restrained, or restricted to proper containment pens until we can finish his training — if he can, in fact, be trained."

"Yes, sir," they both said, nodding in unison.

"I don't want him bored like he was on the ship, either. Make sure you take a look at his files to see what I mean. You'll all get plenty of ideas from the recordings how to keep Spot entertained.

The two otters looked at each other and I thought I could detect the hint of a smirk on their lips, but I couldn't pay attention too closely because I was busy dealing with the deluge of liquid entering my system. Already, I could feel the front of my diaper warming as my bladder emptied of its own accord. Then the rumbling started. I thought it was the engine at first, until I stared out the windows and realized that we had been floating for some time. I sucked on the pacifier in surprise and was rewarded by another low rumble between my legs. I gave it another suck, increasing the milk flow. Another low rumble. Soon I was sucking for dear life, uncaring of how full I was getting. I just had to cum! This endless teasing from Daddy was driving me nuts.

"Looks like Daddy's special hydrating milk is doing its job on Spot," said Daddy, sitting back with an arm on top of the backrest. He smiled as he reached over and rested his free hand on the front of my diaper, softly kneading the material and making

me moan. Being unable to move meant the stimulation was agonizingly slow, especially as my padding swelled with hot piss, further dulling the sensations from his paws.

"Will he be raised as one of us, Master?" asked one of the otters, leaning forward with a curious look. The other one gave him a stern glance and softly cuffed his chest with the back of his paw. Daddy chuckled.

"You always were a curious one, Laffy. Make him my 'Child'? No, it would be a shame to make him ordinary after going so far out of my way to procure him. I think I'll keep him like this..."

The two looked at each other, their grins getting slightly more noticeable.

"You two seem to like that answer," Daddy said. I tried to call out to tell him to rub me harder, but he was paying me little mind.

"Master's pleasure is our pleasure," they said, bowing in unison. It sounded rehearsed, but I could see from the smiles on their faces that they really did like what they were hearing.

Daddy continued to tell them of his plans for me, casually flicking off the translator with a tic of his head so all I heard between them were chirrup and squeaks of surprise, glee, goodness knows what. I was left to drink down the blue milk as best I could. I could feel my tummy expanding uncomfortably as the liquid kept flowing. He did know I wasn't an inflatable toy, didn't he? I whined into my pacifier, feeling beyond quenched at this point.

Daddy turned his head and looked down at me with a mildly surprised and very delighted look on his face, and the two others leaned forward, watching me with interest. He opened his mouth and let out a happy chirrup, giving my diaper a few pats, then rubbing my belly. I squeezed my eyes shut, as I sucked. It seemed like I had reached an equilibrium of liquid intake and output, drinking and wetting at equal rates so that I no longer felt so desperate. Daddy and the other two nodded at each other, but I couldn't devote any of my attention to figuring out what that meant. I had found the perfect balance of stimulation and hydration, and I was not about to let that go when the potential for stickies was so close. Daddy chuckled and clapped his hands. The liquid-carrying tube withdrew, and with it, the added vibratory stimulation. He gave a miniscule tic of his head and spoke again.

"Behave yourself when I introduce you to everyone, and I'll make sure you finish," he said. "Deal?"

I nodded, my cheeks puffing out in frustrated resignation as I tried to calm myself down. What was I doing? I couldn't believe I had been acting so horny in front of these strangers. The diaper had expanded to halfway down my thighs, and I knew how ridiculous I must look. Daddy, on the other hand, seemed to be extra chipper as he looked out the windows.

I saw that we were coasting by a massive ornately carved building with furry creatures of various eye watering hues walking here and there on the flat green earth. I felt that strange lurch in my stomach and the outline of the building seemed to misbehave, as if being turned around without moving. Several creatures phased in and out of view, and the distances of everything outside the vehicle shifted in a way that made me have to look down to keep from throwing up.

"He's not used to travel in four dimensions," whispered one of the otters.

"No," whispered the other. "He's probably never moved that way before."

"Worry not, my pet," said Daddy, noting my discomfort. "We are here!"

Daddy pointed out the window toward a gigantic tree, under which a number of vividly green-furred creatures were sitting. Daddy chirruped with joy as our limo came to a stop about a hundred feet away. Immediately, he bolted out the door to greet the motley crew of furry forms. A large, slightly chubby looking wolverine turned his head in surprise, and then gave a gentle smile as Daddy bounded up to him and gave him a big hug. I realized that among his kind, Daddy wasn't all that large at all, and I had to reassess my situation once again. Were *these* the older siblings Daddy had spoken of?

Daddy had seemed a bit defensive about his age and I could see why. For a centenarian he sure hadn't caught up to the largest of his 'siblings' from what I could see. He also seemed much more excitable, chittering away as he pointed back toward the vehicle, then signaling with his paws. The two otters immediately began the long process of unstrapping me.

"It's a special day for Master," said one of the two. "His very first personal pet. What a lucky one he is!"

"Yes, a lucky pair, these two!" said the other. "This means that young Master is ready for..."

They both looked down at me with a smile as they pulled the final layer of protective covering off of me, and I realized they had been saying this all for my benefit.

"The Banding!"

Banding? Images of gelding horses and steers briefly came to mind before I shook them off. They weren't going to do *that* to me were they? Daddy *had* said castration was an option... I shuddered at the thought. I wanted to ask the two otters what Banding meant, but the pacifier in my mouth wouldn't let me speak a word. I suckled it for comfort instead, as the two excited creatures began to unbuckle the many straps of my car seat sleepsack.

My immediate concern upon being let out of my bindings was just how difficult it was to move in my totally oversaturated diaper. The thick heavy mass was weighing me down and forcing my legs apart into an impossible waddle as they helped me out of the chair, each holding me under an arm, guiding me out of the car and onto the grass like an infant who was just learning to walk. The two otters began to giggle and fawn over me, their faces bright and cheerful.

"Aww! Heehee, what a cute little waddler Spot is!"

"Indeed! A cutie for sure!"

I thanked the stars that our transport was now blocking the larger group's view of me. I had seen pictures online of people wearing two, three, even four diapers stacked together and soaked, and the single diaper I was wearing easily rivaled that. Darn their alien technology! I couldn't even *try* to look dignified with this monstrosity between my legs. Some ambassador I was turning out to be.

I didn't want this to be my introduction to the creatures of this planet, and I certainly didn't want to have anything to do with '*The Banding*', whatever *that* meant. I just wanted to stay right there and hide behind the transport, but the otter twins marched on and it was all I could do to keep from falling flat on my face or my squishy butt as they hurried me along.

The moment we caught sight of Daddy's family, the blue-furred attendants straightened up and took on a more serious expression. I noted the change in demeanor, and suddenly I felt severely underdressed for the occasion. Ahead was the whole group of fuzzy giants, some naked like Daddy, and others with light tactical gear such as utility belts, utility kilts, or cross straps with pockets. Under normal circumstances, a group of big green space mustelids playing dress-up would have looked ridiculous, but none of them were dressed like a big diaper baby. Only me.

"There he is," chittered Daddy, pointing in my direction. Aside from an ear or nose twitch here and there, the group stood stock still, all focused on me with laser intensity.

You could hear a pin drop as we approached, until we came to a stop at Daddy's feet. The family now towered above me staring, a forest of green fuzzy critters all about twelve feet tall or taller. Much like the creatures on the ship that brought me here, the expressions on Daddy and his kin's faces did not show ridicule or disdain, only open curiosity and interest – for they really had no expectations of what a human should look like. Daddy lifted me up for all to see, puffing out his chest, and warbling proudly.

"Everyone, this is Spot."

"Spot," said a tall thin creature that resembled a green weasel.

"Spot," said the large, bearish one that Daddy had greeted first.

"Spot."

"Spot."

"Spot."

The others all echoed this name as if trying it out for flavor. I noticed that they all looked different. Different sizes and shapes. Different patterns and markings on their fur. The one thing they had in common was that they all seemed to resemble some sort of musteloid.

"I found him on a small planet in sector Omilon," Daddy announced, cradling me in his arms.

"Omilon?" said a badger-like creature with a few thick stripes of white fur on his left arm. "That's unexplored territory!" There was a murmur of quiet chitters among the group that my translator had difficulty parsing. Nevertheless, I gathered that several of them were impressed. The badger, however, crossed arms and looked sternly at Daddy. He spoke in a low growl.

"That's *very* dangerous, little brother. You should not have gone on your own."

"I went *most* of the way on the transport carrier," said Daddy, looking slightly sheepish. "Only the last few parquamsecs were by personal transport."

"Still," grumbled the badger, shaking his head. "You did not inform *us*. If you had encountered something *dangerous*..."

"He was just exploring, Berenger, let it go," said a green skunk with bands of white fur around his right thigh and left arm. "I'm sure he followed all the protocols, isn't that right, *****?"

Daddy nodded with his gaze fixed downward toward the grass like a guilty puppy. The Badger rolled his eyes looking unconvinced, but the skunk smiled, seemingly satisfied.

"You see? He's just young. Let him have his adventures. You've had more than your fair share yourself, brother." The badger snort-huffed through his nose and looked away.

"Now who's acting immature?" said the skunk.

"That's quite enough," said the portly wolverine, easily the largest of the creatures in the group. He spoke in a soft churr as he sat against the trunk of the large tree, but the moment he spoke, the bickering brothers went silent, leaving no question as to who was in charge here.

"So let's see him, then. Bring Spot to me." The wolverine held out two furry paws and beckoned me forth. Daddy jumped at the chance, practically tripping over himself to carry me over. The large musteloid had an open, friendly face, and he was absolutely covered in rings and bands of many colors, making it hard to tell what color his base coat even was. There was green, obviously, but also blue, brown, silver, teal, and even red among other markings.

"He's called a human," said Daddy, handing me over. "This one is full-grown but still went by the title of 'little boy' on his Homeworld. Apparently 'little boys' need to wear and make stickies in their diapers."

There was more murmuring from the others, and the large creature chuckled and smiled down at me, lifting me up under the arms with both paws. I blushed as I felt the weight of the diaper pulling down as the rest of my body was lifted up, only for the creature to press it up against me again, supporting my rear with one of his massive paws.

"Aww... What a *treasure*," he said. His hands were so soft and warm, and his voice was so soothing, yet he could pick me up like a paperweight. "Oh, he's changing color. Is that normal, young one?"

"It's completely normal, Father. It seems to indicate..." Daddy chattered to himself for a few seconds as he searched for the words, "...*embarrassment*."

"I see," said the large creature, looking at me curiously. "A very special pet indeed, young one. We welcome Spot to our family."

"Hear hear!" called the others. I looked over my shoulder at Daddy, who was wearing a proud smile on his face. I felt so small in this big creature's hands, and perhaps even more embarrassed than if they had all openly mocked me. But what was there to mock? I was simply a diapered alien pet to them, and I wasn't ever expected to be anything more.

"Here you go, my child. Hand Spot to Brother Berenger and come to me."

The large creature handed me off to Daddy, who handed me off to the large, gruff badger. Berenger looked down at me, his eyebrows raised, clearly not expecting to be the one to hold me while Daddy approached the elder creature.

"***** of the Beringas Clan. You have done us proud today. You have gone out into wild space, discovered an unprotected planet, identified a new sentient species, and even started the process of diplomacy by adopting one as your pet. These actions are truly worthy of a warrior and fully grown Child of the Beringas. Are you ready for what comes next?" Daddy nodded, his face now serious and unflinching.

"Yes, Father."

"Today is a special day, everyone. Our youngest has reached maturity. ***** will now accept his first band."

Daddy held his left arm out, and the larger creature encircled his upper bicep just below the shoulder. The larger wolverine smiled, as the fur under his palms began to glow. When he took his paws away, a single band of white fur had appeared on Daddy's arm.

The group cheered, several clamoring to put their paws on Daddy and congratulate him. I looked around to see that they all had at least one band of white fur somewhere on their body. The bickering brothers had three each, while some had as many as a dozen or more ringing their tails, arms, legs, snouts, necks. Some even wore theirs around individual digits, like rings. I looked up at Berenger, whose expression had softened as he met my gaze, bouncing me lightly.

"Don't go stealing him away from little brother, now," said the skunk with a lopsided grin. Berenger's arms tightened around me defensively, his eyebrows going up in shock, then down in consternation.

"I would *never*," the badger began, but then he noticed his brother chuckling. "Lissenger! That's not funny."

"I'm just teasing you, brother," said Lissenger.

"I'll show you teas-"

"Uh oh!" the skunk exclaimed, interrupting his stockier brother. "Looks like your charge has sprung a leak!"

"He what? Oh, no..." said Berenger, holding me out at arm's length. The badger followed the drizzle from my diaper to the grass with his eyes, then looked back up at me. "Oh, boy. Looks like the roughhousing had better wait. You got off easy this time, Lissenger," Berenger nodded his chin at his brother before lowering me gently to the grass and pointing at me. "Sit. Stay. Lissenger... watch him and make sure he doesn't go anywhere. I'll be right back."

I looked up at the big badger and resisted the urge to roll my eyes. What else did he expect me to do?

The air was warm and humid under the bright blue suns, but a slight breeze kept it from being too hot. I sat on the grass enjoying a brief respite from all the commotion while Lissenger kept an eye on me. His presence irked me somewhat. It was true that Daddy was presently distracted by all the congratulations from his brothers and Berenger had stepped away, but I didn't really think I needed a *babysitter*. I was on a planet who knows how far away from home in a massive four dimensional complex I couldn't make heads or tails of surrounded by giants that could easily outrun me. If anyone thought I was going to try and run off *now*, they were seriously underestimating my intelligence.

"So... uh... Spot," said Lissenger, clearly unsure of what to do. I wasn't much for conversation with the pacifier stuck in place, so I just stared at him. The green skunk began rapidly chittering and chirping to himself. "Uhh... What am I supposed to do here? I've never raised any young... hmm..." After a few moments of deliberation, he spoke up. "*Ahem* Uh, human. Are you intelligent?"

I looked at him for a few seconds longer and he watched me with curious eyes. I nodded. He smiled.

"Oh, that's good. It means you could become like us one day..."

I cocked my head, and he seemed to understand the meaning.

"Oh! You don't know. Well, my brothers and I weren't all born this way. In fact, most of us aren't even related, not by blood anyway. We-"

"I'm back!" said Berenger, returning with the two blue otter attendants from earlier. The otters were carrying changing supplies and I quickly realized there wasn't any private place for them to change me here. That got me worried. I shook my head and whined into my pacifier, pointing toward the transport in hopes of some cover, but Berenger was already laying a blanket on the ground and I knew it wasn't in the cards. What was in the cards was yet another embarrassing addition to my already abysmal record as ambassador for all of mankind.

As he laid out the blanket and changing supplies Berenger hummed to himself. He still had that soft, gentle look on his face that he'd been wearing since I'd been thrust into his arms. He continued humming as he picked me up and carried me over to the blanket, seeming quite content compared to his earlier gruff demeanor.

"Down we go," said the stocky, badger, laying me on the blanket and pulling open the front of my diaper.

The two otters leaned in like they were studying how to do it, and Lissenger remarked, "This will be recorded for the archives. We can learn a lot about humans from this. Could be a whole new market for them."

I couldn't have made this up if I tried, and for a brief moment, I thought that maybe this all really *was* a dream, but the cold wet wipes brought me back to reality causing me to yelp into my pacifier as Berenger began to wipe me down without any warning or preparation at all.

"Sorry, little one. They're a bit cold," said the badger, smiling down at me. Nope, I was definitely here, and I was definitely being changed out in the open. The skunk continued to narrate to an unseen camera, and I wondered how they were recording this.

"He seems intelligent, so I told him he might become one of us someday."

"He's already male," said Berenger, taking a moment to examine my caged member and balls between wipes, "so that would make it easier on him, but he's just so *little...*"

I squirmed as the big badger casually moved my bits about with his paw, my penis beginning to harden. Despite my embarrassment, I was developing a healthy stiffy. Of *course* this was the perfect time for others to notice and begin to crowd around.

"Look!" said the tall thin weasel from earlier. "Berenger's changing Spot's diaper!"

A chorus of curious murmurs went through the group as I heard my new name, 'Spot' being repeated by the others

"Spot?"

"Spot!"

"Let me see!"

Everyone hurried over to look, even Father Wolverine.

"Hey, Berenger, don't finish yet, I wanna see what he looks like!"

"Yeah, bring that diaper back down!"

"He has external genitalia, just like us! Interesting. And are those nipples?"

I buried my face in my hands while Berenger began the whole examination over again, gripping my genitalia and moving it this way and that. Great. Now we had a bigger audience. If this was going to be a regular occurrence, my new life was going to be even harder to get used to.

Still, no one was laughing, they were just curious. It was like being naked in the doctor's office when a group of medical students suddenly crowds in. I felt vulnerable being examined, but at least I wasn't being made fun of.

"Alright, enough of that," said Daddy, pushing through the crowd, "unless you want to get sprayed."

"He can spray?!" asked Lissenger, grabbing his own tail.

"Not like that, big brother," said Daddy, smirking, "just urine. He's got a trigger happy little squirt gun there."

The others present had a good laugh at Lissenger's misunderstanding and everyone seemed to be having a great time except for the humiliated little human in the blanket, whose hard on just wouldn't go down. Mercifully, I felt the warm furry paw let go before I could blow my load in front of everyone and the front of my waddle-thick diapers was taped into place. Daddy thanked Berenger for watching over me and then scooped me up in his arms.

"I think my pet needs a rest now. Please excuse us. Good noontide to you all..."

Before we left, everyone got to touch me, giving me a pet or a crinkly pat on the padded rump and a word of welcome.

"Welcome Spot!"

"Welcome!"

"Welcome to our family."

The elder Wolverine stopped to put his thumb on my forehead and I saw a burst of light from above me. I knew then that I had been marked in some way. What had he done up there?

Daddy seemed very pleased. He was beaming as he carried me to the transport, and so were the helpers, who managed to peek around him and smile at me as he strapped me into my special car seat. I pointed to my pacifier while I still had use of my arms, hoping that I had earned the right to speak again. Daddy just patted my head and said, "Yes, you were a good boy."

I rested my head back, frustrated as he secured my paws.. That's not what I was asking. I hoped that I wouldn't be kept restrained like this once I was all healed up. I only had myself to blame for the extra restraints and I resolved to be a good boy as much as possible from now on. Maybe Daddy would give me back some of my freedoms if I did that.

The transport took us off to another area of the temple-like compound where a towering double set of wooden doors stood open to the outside. I was helped out of the seat and led in a much less waddy fashion out of the limo-saucer and toward the entrance of the gigantic structure. Daddy didn't have the patience to wait and I didn't have the speed to match his stride, so he scooped me up in his arms and carried me.

"Leave the stroller behind and come with me," he told the two otter-helpers. "He won't be going anywhere else today. My good pet has earned his rest..."

I was conflicted. I was grateful to be free of any other social engagements with strange and curious aliens, but I still wasn't home. However, I still had to marvel at where I was as we entered through the doorway. Perspective did funny things here and it was hard to really fathom the scale of the building until we were at the threshold. I looked up to see the white pointed arch of the entrance stretching up far enough to make my fifteen-foot adoptive Daddy look small. Inside, the humid day gave way to a comfortable coolness as we moved across brown-tiled floors. The open spaces, and colonnades brought to mind the architecture of the greatest Indian palaces. This was nothing like the metal and machinery I'd expected from such a technologically advanced society.

"Looks like the little one is easily distracted," chuckled Daddy as I looked around. I looked back to him and mmped into my paci. He smiled and booped the shield with his finger. "Not quite yet, little one. You've got to learn that you don't get to speak whenever you want to. As my pet, that's a privilege you have to earn. I huffed. I had been good, hadn't I?"

"Aww, now you're pouting again," he said, as we rounded a corner and went down another hall. "Don't worry, I haven't forgotten. I'll give you a special reward for being a *good boy* for Daddy. Now, here we are. This is your room, little pet. Isn't it convenient that our babies are the same size as you?"

We had stopped in what appeared to be a nursery. I looked around and was admittedly overwhelmed. It looked like an ABDL's wet dream. Gigantic crib... enormous playpen... ball pit... slide... tumbling mats... gigantic television... huge changing table... a baby walker, a baby bouncer, a high chair, and just about every other thing that could be used to restrain a rambunctious adult toddler you could imagine. And the whole thing was decorated with bright fun colors and adorable baby animals which – aside from their outlandish colors – would be at home in any earth nursery as well.

"Do you like it?" Daddy asked. He was smiling down at me, clearly expecting an excited reaction.

How could I answer? Yes, I loved it, but I still belonged on earth. Without a way to remove my locking pacifier, his question didn't leave any room for nuance, so I just nodded my head.

"Oh, great! I'm so glad. I knew it would," he said. "You see? This is much better than your earth home. And if you're really missing home later, I'll go back and get your companion and bring them back as well. Wouldn't you like that?"

I looked up at him, my eyes wide. He could go back any time he wanted to, which meant two things: One, it meant that people I knew were in danger of being abducted. Scratch that, humanity in general! And two, it meant that he could take *me* back home as well. Maybe he would do just that, if I could convince him that I really shouldn't be a pet. But how?

"Alright, my pet. I'll leave you here to rest for now while I go back and celebrate my special day." He paused to look at the newly formed band of white fur on his arm and smiled softly. "This band isn't just *my* special symbol," said Daddy. "It symbolizes our bond as well... I don't know if you are smart enough to understand what I mean... All you need to know is... this band means forever. You will *always* be my good pet and I will always take care of you. Daddy loves you very much, little man. Now, I think it's time for that reward of yours..." So much for talking him out of keeping me.

Daddy tilted his head and when he turned to address the two blue attendant otters, I could no longer understand any of what he said. I watched, being bounced in Daddy's arms as the smiles on the two creatures' faces grew and grew. They looked from Daddy back to me with a look somewhere between mischief and eager excitement, and I wondered just what Daddy had told them. Finally, he set me down in front of the two otters and nudged me forward toward them. He began to speak, then paused and tilted his head before continuing.

"Alright, little one. These two will be your playmates today. Get to know them and have fun. Remember to play nice, and don't worry – they won't let you do anything that is against the rules, so you can enjoy yourself without reservation."

I couldn't believe it. He really thought I was worried about breaking the rules? The arrogance of that man, nevermind the fact that he was right... Hey! Where was he going?

I mmped into my pacifier and toddled after him, but I had no hope of catching up. Daddy slipped out of the room, closing a six-foot tall safety gate at the entrance. I

could only grip the unyielding slats with my hands and peer through them as he walked away and out of sight. Off he went to celebrate when *I* was the one who was kidnapped. I had no say. No power. This stupid childish contraption was all it took to contain me. It wasn't fair! I felt so pathetic standing here like a dummy, stuck in this giant nursery in nothing but a diaper, sucking my pacifier. I felt even *more* pathetic because I was more turned on than ever. I winced as my pee-pee fought the confines of the one-way cage, hard and unyielding when I touched it yet soft and pliant when anyone else did. What was *wrong* with me?

I could feel my eyes start to water as emotion began to overtake me. That's when I felt two warm pairs of furry paws gently grab my hands and pull me away from the barrier. I looked to my left and right to see my two new 'playmates' right there, whiskers close enough to tickle my face.

"Hi, I'm Laffy!" chirruped one.

"And I'm Maffy!" squeaked the other.

"Don't worry about your Daddy, he'll be back soon enough."

I looked down, at the ground, my eyes beginning to water. This was too much too fast. Not even 24 hours ago I was home in bed. Now, I might never see home again.

"Ohh, he must still be getting used to the changes..."

"Oh, yes. You've never been a pet before, have you, Spot?"

I looked up at them and shook my head no.

"There, there. It's okay. We know what it's like."

"But here you are, just like us!"

"Yes, here you are. It can't be helped. You should forget about your old life as soon as possible."

"Yes! Your old life is over. Best not to dwell on it. Come play with us instead!"

The floofy goofy water noodles tugged me toward the slide to the ball pit, but I dug in my heels. I didn't *want* to go. I didn't *want* to forget about my old life.

"Ohh... I think he needs a little help getting his mind off of things... poor baby..."

"I know what will help. Why don't we give him his reward for being a good boy?"

"Oh, yes! Not a bad idea at all!"

I looked between the two of them, and sucked my paci instinctively. What were they going to do?

The two of them picked me up, careful not to exacerbate my injuries as they plopped my puffy butt on some soft and squishy tumbling mats nearby. The cool plastic felt good on my bare skin, and I blushed a bit as I remembered just how naked I was — a little human in nothing but a diaper.

"Come on, cutie. Let's teach you how you can entertain Daddy and his family..."

"You'll like it too! We promise!"

I instantly relaxed as the pair began to trace their soft warm paws up and down my body, their soft fur feeling so delightful on my skin.

"Mmmnnhhh..."

I moaned into my pacifier involuntarily, my train of thought derailed by all of this sensory stimulation. I closed my eyes for just a moment and when I opened them again I was on my back with the two creatures above me, petting away. Up close, their fur glittered and sparkled in several hues of blue ranging from teal to sapphire. It was mesmerizing. Soft whiskers descended toward my mouth as Laffy Kissed me on the pacifier, soft and warm, while Maffy's whiskers grazed my belly and moved downward toward my diaper, diverting elsewhere just before they reached my most needy spot.

"Mmmm... Mmmnhhhh..."

This felt amazing... I was in heaven as the twin creatures worked in tandem to make me feel nice and relaxed, and more than that.

"That's it, little one," said Laffy, as he petted my head. I gasped, as I felt Maffy's maw at the leg hole of my diaper. "*Thaaat's* it... let us make you feel all better... feels so good, doesn't it?"

Laffy looked into my eyes and I managed a weak nod before moaning and letting my eyes roll back in my head as his brother began to reach into my diaper to toy with my pee-pee.

"See? Isn't this fun, Spot? Look how good your diapers make you feel."

"Feels so good to play with your friends in the nursery... doesn't it?"

I didn't want to open my eyes, but when they stopped, I peeked and saw them looking at me expectantly. I nodded quickly, hoping that they would continue, and they did, picking up right where they left off.

I could feel my horniness building up, but the moment I bucked my hips, the cage hardened, deadening all outside sensations on my pee-pee. I growled and whined in frustration, setting my bum back on the mat with a crinkle. Maffy grabbed at my diaper bulge while Laffy tweaked my nipples, and again that wonderful sensation returned, only to be deadened when I tensed up, trying to hump Maffy's hand again.

"Ohh, little one. You have to learn to be patient..."

"Yes, you can't get off that way. Just relax..."

"Relax and let us do all the work..."

It was infuriating, having to acquiesce to the slow pace of their delicate ministrations. I wanted cummies and I wanted them *now*, but that just wasn't in the cards for me, it seemed...

"Come on, little one... just a little bit more..."

I moaned in need as Maffy beckoned me forward, taking a step back every time I waddled toward him. I must have looked like a baby taking his first steps as I fought to keep my balance with the bulky diaper forcing my thighs apart.

"There we go," Laffy churred into my ear. He was just behind me, his blue-furred paws lightly brushing the back of my thick and crinkly diaper, and tickling my thighs as if to catch me if I fell. "Give us a big smile and giggle." I did as Laffy said and was rewarded by another squeeze on my diaper bulge as he reached around, and a nudge on the bum to send me forward. "Ohh, very good, little boy. Oh, he's so cute, Maffy! I hope we get more humans to play with soon!"

"Come on, buddy, up this way. Up the stairs!" said Maffy, stepping backwards up the wide carpeted steps. He was leading me up to the big platform with the slide to the ballpit. "That's it! No, no, safety first. Come up the steps on your hands and knees, like a little cub... *thaaaat's* it... much better. Such a good boy!"

"What a smart pet! Such a fast learner!" cooed Laffy. I was rewarded with more stimulation as Laffy reached between my legs, fondling the sagging bulge between my legs as I crawled forward. I was painfully hard in my diaper, and these two otters were edging me perfectly – It was almost as if they had done this before. I wondered just what kind of attendants these were, but mostly my mind was clouded by an intense and needful lust, egged on by their prurient paws.

By the time I made it up the gradual curving steps to the top of the slide, I was tired, but I finally made it into Maffy's arms. Maffy held me there for a well-earned rest as he fed me another bottle of the hydrating blue milk. I drank and drank, feeling the front of my diaper grow hot with fresh piss before I even reached the half-way mark of the bottle.

Laffy rubbed my belly with his soft, warm, and did I mention *incredibly* soft paws, saying, "such a good pet, you are. Such a good little *boy*! Drink up all your num nums for your playmates." Again, I felt like I was in heaven as I got lost in the sensations of suckling, of being held, of being rubbed on my belly, and around the edges of my diaper. I didn't even care that they were no longer touching the front of my diaper. This was, if anything, *better*.

"Ohhh, I think the little cub is blissed out," said one of them, I couldn't say which.

"His little eyes are closing. Uh oh! Don't go to sleep, little one! We're still playing!"

I groggily opened my eyes as Maffy shook me awake. Laffy slapped the bottom of my feet – firmly, but not painfully – and that helped jolt me awake fully. I was surprised to realize that the bottle was completely empty, and my diaper was a lot fuller. The twins had already disrobed, taking off their hats in preparation for more playtime, and without the hats, there really was little to distinguish them from the otters of earth save their size, their sentience, and their bright blue fur. They didn't leave me much time to contemplate why, however as they pulled me to my feet.

"Come on, soggy bottom boy, into the slide tunnel you get!"

Laffy smacked my butt, driving me forward like cattle toward the waiting tunnel.

"Down we goooooo!"

The three of us laughed and slid down, down, down, into the big colorful ball-pit below, balls flying every which way as we splashed into them. They were cool and slippery and we slid through them like water.

"Whoa! These balls are... weird!" I mumbled into my pacifier. It came out more like "Mmmph... mmm mmm mphhh mrrrdd!"

"The little one looks surprised! They're just baby-safe water orbz."

"I wonder if they don't have these on their planet. Probably not. It's okay, little one. We've got you..."

The two mistook my surprise, I think, for fear, and one of them took hold of me under the arms, while the other held my feet, both using their powerful tails to whoosh me through the slippery balls making me giggle all the more.

It was nice to laugh. I was upset earlier, but I couldn't be bothered to think about why, not with so much fun stuff happening. The exciting romp through the ballpit soon took a sexual turn when Maffy sank back, while Laffy dove forward and kissed my pacifier with his soft, warm, tickly lips again, taking me down into the balls.

Unable to see anything but a face full of colorful balls, I was totally enveloped by wonderful sensations of pressure and stimulation. The sensation of the balls sliding against every exposed surface of my skin. The sensation of the otter making out with my pacifier. The sensation of the paws exploring my nipples, my butt, my legs. And of course, the teasing pressure they applied to my diaper bulge whenever they would paw it.

"Looks like we've got one excited pet human on our hands! Doesn't it Maffy?"

"Sure does, Laffy! What should we do about it?"

"I say we play with him some more before nap time."

"Aww, do you think we should give him a break and finish him off now? Do you think he's been good enough?"

I've been good enough! I've been good enough! Finish me off! I wanted to yell. All I could say was, "Mmmph! Mmmph mmm!" The otters continued speaking as if I wasn't even there, and they had ideas of their own.

"Hmm... He's been *pretty* good... But he's just so fun to tease..."

"You're right, what was I thinking? We should *never* let this little guy blow his load. What would be the fun in that?"

"Yes, there's something much more fun we can do with *this* little wiggle worm."

So instead of more stimulation, I got tickled mercilessly as I tried my best to scramble away. Being chased through the balls while the otters played catch and release got my heart racing as I felt them constantly closing in on me. Of course, they were just toying with me. What chance did I have against genuine water mammals? By the time I was finally herded to the edge of the ballpit flopped onto dry land, I was in dire need of a change.

"Uh oh, I think we broke him!" said Laffy, panting slightly from all the effort and excitement of the game.

"Golly gee, chasing our new playmate was a good workout for us, wasn't it, brother?" asked Maffy.

"Better than the gym," panted Laffy.

The two of them flopped down beside me, only slightly out of breath while I, on the other hand, was gasping like a fish out of water.

"Alright," said Maffy hopping to his feet after only a few moments' respite, "let's change him. Who gets to do the honors?"

"I'll toss a rock for it. Widdershins I get to do the diapers and Deosil, you get 'em."

"You *would* choose Widdershins, silly." said Maffy. "*Everyone* knows Deosil is more lucky!"

"Well that just means that I can take all the extra luck that no one else is taking from Widdershins! Let's see!"