

Alien's Diapered Pet Ch. 16-20

By Champ (champthotter.com)

At the market, Daddy proudly displays his rare and special pet, Spot. There they encounter another shopper with a pet of their own and Spot realizes he's not alone in this humiliating situation. As his opportunities dwindle, Spot hatches an escape plan, but will it be clever or foolhardy?

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"Upsie daisie," said Daddy, lifting me up under the armpits and laying me back on the changing table. It was taller than me, with a shelf stocked with free diapers for customers to try out. "Laffy, Maffy, go take a look around and report back with anything interesting you see for my pet. You've played with him a bit, so I'm sure you'll have some lovely ideas."

"Yes, Master!" said the twin otters, in unison.

The red panda raised his eyebrows as they scurried off, looking up from his own charge.

"I thought you said this one was your first pet?"

"Family servants," said Daddy, waving a dismissive paw. Red cocked his head.

"Two *personal attendants* for the clan's youngest? I see the rumors of our sister clan's immense resources are not exaggerated."

"Perhaps, but I find it uncouth to talk about," said Daddy, not bothering to spare Red a glance as he swiped through the incredible selection of diaper samples. Daddy paused to gesture toward a diaper that piqued his interest. "Hmm. This one looks good. Purple is such a nice color. Have you tried these on your pet?" The red panda took the hint and immediately dropped the topic of wealth.

"Oh, yes, I love those ones. Purple with clouds and dragons and stars – quite the relaxing but imaginative diaper. They're intended for nighttime use since they're too thick for most pets to walk in, but I like to put them on Princess during the day as well," he said with a conspiratorial wink. "It's not like she really *needs* to be able to walk anyway. It's safer to crawl or be carried by Daddy, isn't that right, Princess?"

Princess's ears were fully flattened back against her head as Daddy Red pinched her cheek, but with her paws stuck to her collar, all she could do was mewl behind her paci gag and look away as her big red panda Daddy opened her diaper.

At least I had the privilege of being able to cover my blushing face as my own diaper was opened in the middle of the busy market. There were a number of passersby who had stopped to watch with mild interest, and I was adamantly pretending that they weren't there.

"Your pet is quite the novelty here," said Red, noting the small but growing audience. "You'll have to get used to this attention, I imagine. My name is Nyctos by the way." The creature and Daddy exchanged formalities and Daddy shared his name which, once again, my translator refused to translate.

"I believe we met once before when we were cubs," Daddy said, "but it was during some formal visit and we didn't get to talk long."

"Here's hoping that will change. You seem like fun," said Nyctos. He and Daddy returned to the task of wiping our little bottoms off until Nyctos noticed what was going on between my legs. "Oh! I see you have your pet properly caged! A good idea!" The red panda grinned, pointedly inclining his head toward his own pet's genitals. I followed his gaze and was surprised to see that Princess had a pee-pee too, albeit one that was confined in an incredibly small prison.

"I found this little sweetheart while on a diplomatic mission in the Epsicron sector, if you can believe it. She seemed to enjoy the name Princess, so I made that her official name after I adopted her, along with changing her permanent wardrobe to the diapers and restraints she seemed so fond of." Princess's tail was thrashing wildly. She mewled around her paci gag and shook her head, her cage jumping as her master went on about her 'preferences'.

"Well, that's quite the coincidence, mine was the same way!" countered Daddy. "We observed him on his home planet where he stated many times that he needs to wear and make stickies in his big thick diapers like a good little boy, isn't that right my little cutie?" I blushed and whined. Daddy's words stung even more because I *had* said that.

"It must be an outer sector thing!" said Nyctos. "Did you find yours in the Epsicron sector as well?" Daddy smiled and shook his head.

"Let's stick to shopping for products for now. Business matters are so *tiresome*."

"Oh, haha! Right. You probably don't want to give away the location of an unprotected species. Understood. Understood." The red panda's manner was easy, but something about him rubbed me the wrong way. Still, I could say the same for Daddy, whose attitude toward other species left a lot to be desired. How could I convince any of these aliens that I was their equal when I was the one collared, caged, diapered, and regularly placed on my back for a diaper change without so much as a peep of resistance?

I looked to my right and saw the curious eyes of onlookers staring back at me. I looked to my left and there was Princess whimpering softly, her cage clearly straining as her bits tried and failed to get hard. Finally, I opted to close my eyes, but that only heightened my awareness of the crinkling sound as Daddy fluffed my next diaper, making his humiliating conversation all the harder to ignore.

"...such a squirmy little guy," said Daddy, as he tweaked my peepee, causing me to yelp in surprise as my eyes flew wide open. "Look how sensitive he is! I have to give him stickies in his diapers at least once a day, but I'm thinking I might have to do it even more often."

"Mine is the exact opposite," said Nyctos. "She gets stickies *maybe* once a year on her adoption day. But mostly, every three months or so, she seems to be pent up enough that they just happen on their own, so I don't worry about it too much." Daddy gave a big open mouthed gasp of delight.

"Great idea! Do you hear that, Spot?" I froze, terrified of what he might suggest next. "We should plan something special for *your* next adoption day as well!" My relief was tempered by the sheer audacity of Daddy's suggestion. So every year I would be reminded of the day I was taken from my home and turned into an Alien's diapered pet? Great.

"Oh, pets *love* treats and prizes," said Nyctos, clapping his hands together. "I have quite a few, and I've found that..." It was at about that point that I zoned out. As nice as it was that *they* were having a good time, I had had enough and was dearly anticipating my chance to 'run around in my diaper', as Daddy put it.

The two giant animal people took their sweet time changing our diapers, but nobody came to hurry us along. It seemed this was part of the experience as well. Another thing that you just couldn't get from a replicator. When an attendant did finally come around, it was only because Daddy flagged them down.

"Yes, sir? How may I assist?" asked a dusty colored pangolin.

"These diapers fit my Spot like a glove," Daddy said, running his soft fuzzy finger inside the elastic leg guards of my diapers and causing me to shudder in ticklish pleasure. "Could I have a case sent to my pet's quarters?"

"Of course, sir." There ensued a quick negotiation 'behind the sleeve' followed by a nod and a shake as the two came to some sort of arrangement. The pangolin scanned my neck with a handheld instrument, nodded again, and tapped something into a tablet. "Sent! Thank you for your business. Let me know if you should require anything else."

"Over here, shopkeep," called Nyctos, raising his hand like an excited schoolboy. I observed the red panda launching into a quietly animated conversation with the shopkeep, pointing toward us and gesticulating with a big grin glued to his muzzle. Another negotiation with sleeves followed, their expressions cycling through excitement, surprise, and consternation.

Transactions hidden behind the sleeves of rich robes. Wealth hidden behind compound walls. I was beginning to piece together how this world worked and our place within it. Though Daddy and his peers seemed to disdain any discussion of privilege and wealth, they made their status quite obvious through other means both seen and unseen. Some wore it on their bodies. Others had servants. Few, if any, traveled so lightly as Daddy and none that I observed possessed his covert technology to control things with a glance or conjure objects out of thin air.

Nyctos's eyes gleamed, shooting Daddy a mischievous grin once he completed his transaction.

"I took the liberty of sending you a few cases of my favorite diapers to keep your pet comfy and protected. My compliments."

"You honor me," said Daddy, with a nod that had the stiffness of rehearsed formality. "I do hope you will help me with some more suggestions for my pet some time, perhaps when you are finished shopping for yourself."

Daddy picked me up and turned toward the goods on display.

"Now is as good a time as any!" called the red panda, quickly picking up Princess and joining us.

I felt Daddy's grip tighten on me for just a moment before relaxing again. He smiled his silly, handsome smile (was I really calling a fifteen foot green space-marten handsome?) and said, "Oh, that's wonderful news! Why don't we take a look, then?"

"Yes. Yes. Yes. *Those* are great. I'd stay away from *these*." The excitable red panda had taken the liberty of sorting through Laffy and Maffy's findings. He tossed various items into the 'yes' pile, but upon encountering a shock collar, he shook his head and immediately banished it to the 'no' pile. "Why let a piece of equipment have all the fun when you can make the punishment so much more *personal*?"

Daddy seemed to be only half-listening to Nyctos's advice, his gaze wandering the area in search of anything that might catch his fancy.

I wasn't paying much attention to either one of them. Now that I had been let out of the stroller and given free reign to roam the bustling bazaar, I was busy testing how far I could go before being yanked back by some invisible force on my collar. I was now skirting the perimeter of a sort of invisible boundary about 60 feet across with Daddy at its center.

"Well, that about does it for accessories," said Nyctos, wiggling his fingers in delight. "Now onto the medical stuff!"

"My, my, it seems like you've already bought just about every pet item in the market," said Daddy, glancing over to me as I was yanked back yet again by my magnetic leash. "It's a wonder there's any reason for you to come *back*!"

Nyctos chuckled in response to the subtle jab, digging through the baskets of goodies that Laffy and Maffy had collected.

"There's *always* something new," he countered. "Ah! Speak of the devil. It's actually here!"

I looked over to see what the red panda was so excited about. My eyes bugged out as he opened a box covered in alien script and pulled out a huge neon green dildo. It was mounted to what looked like a reciprocating saw with a readout. Nyctos pulled the trigger, and my buttock immediately tightened as it gave a few rapidfire thrusts.

"The Check-O-Matic Home Diagnostic Device," announced Nyctos. "This is the *cutting edge* of medical technology for testing your pet's health at home!" Nyctos turned to Laffy and Maffy. "They didn't happen to have any more in stock, did they? I'd *love* to get my paws on one for Princess."

The otters looked at each other and replied in unison, "Sorry. That was the last one."

"Darn," said Nyctos, snapping his red-furred fingers. "Lucky find."

"Let me see," said Daddy looking for the first time with interest at something that Nyctos had recommended. He took the Check-O-Matic up in his paws and scanned it with his eyes, his pupils moving as if reading out some invisible text. His face broke into a wide grin and his sheath plumped up. "Oh, this is *perfect* for my pet."

"W-what?! Th-that can't fit inside me!" I protested, stepping back subconsciously only to be yanked back toward the monstrosity in Daddy's paws.

"Yes, pet, it can, and it will... because Daddy said so. Looks like we can check your temperature, your vitals... it even facilitates collection and analysis of bodily fluids... I know my good little one produces *plenty* of those!"

I blushed hard as Daddy extolled the device's supposed virtues, his hardness peeking out a little bit more with each feature he described. He could call it whatever he wanted, it still looked like a big ol' dick in my eyes. I had no idea how he was going to fit it inside me, but I had no doubt he was going to try.

"I think you could do with *lots* of tests, Spot," said Daddy with a wink.

"Aww, I think Spot likes the idea!" said Nyctos, pointing out the obvious struggle I was going through as my cock fought yet another losing battle with my cage.

"Oh, I'm sure of it," said Daddy. "Let's see what other treats we have that can excite my little one. He deserves lots of treats for being such a good boy for Daddy." The whole party of giant furry animal people looked at me with predatory grins while Princess eyed me with a mix of sympathy and relief.

"Now you understand why I keep coming back," said Nyctos. "It's hard not to spoil your pets."

The next item that Nyctos won Daddy over on was a pair of mittens that made my hands look like cute little cat paws and a matching pair of booties with overstuffed paw pads that would make walking next to impossible.

"How adorable! What do you think, pet?" asked Daddy, holding the mitts out to me. I obliged by running my hand over the soft smooth exterior, and felt the paw-pads, shuddering and biting my lip in pleasure at the soft, sensual, skin-like feel. Daddy gave me a knowing grin and lowered his voice to a soft, deep purr.

"Oh my, that got a reaction, didn't it? Do you want to try them on now or should I just have them sent straight to the nursery?"

"N-no thank you, Daddy," I said, resisting the urge to say yes. "I'd like to be able to explore a bit more, if that's okay." Now was not the time to give in to temptation. I needed my comfortable athletic shoes to enact my plan.

"Ah, you want to be able to touch and feel things for yourself," said Daddy. "Such a good and smart pet." Daddy's praise hit me like a pile of bricks, making me melt like a pile of butter in the desert sun.

"These look like a lot of fun!" said Laffy and Maffy. I looked over and nearly fell on my butt when I saw that the two of them were holding up an extensive system of crib straps that would make sure I couldn't move an inch during nap time. Lord help me. I whimpered and rubbed my diaper, thinking of all the videos of guys diapered and strapped down for long stays in restraint systems just like that. That could be *me!*

"I'd say that's a yes from Spot!" said Daddy. Nyctos nodded his approval.

"Ah, Pet-Fix Bed Restraints. Princess has a set of her own. Believe me, they'll keep your pet snug and secure for as long as you want them to be."

I gulped. With all these restraints, I realized that I would soon have less freedom than ever. If I was going to make my escape, it was now or never, but with the collar in place, I didn't have a chance.

After Daddy made his purchases, workers came with carts to clear the remaining clutter. With such a haul, I thought the shopping trip was complete. Daddy chuckled when I asked.

"Oh, no, no, sweetie. We've just got here! There's so much more to see!"

"Ah, sometimes pets get a little tired on days like this," said Nyctos. "It's those tiny metabolisms. Princess usually conks out in her stroller after her second or third diaper change."

"Really?" asked Daddy, rubbing his chin. "Hmm. Yes, I suppose it *could* be a lot for the little ones. Laffy, Maffy, schedule a stroller nap for Spot in about--"

"I-I'm really fine," I said, cutting in. "I want to see the market." Daddy gave me a proud smile.

"That's my good boy. Such a little explorer I have on my hands." He wasn't wrong. As far as I knew, no other human had ever ventured this far from home.

Our next stop was an area of the pet market that specialized in collars. Here, vendors had erected tall walls covered with collars of every conceivable kind: Plain, elegant, cute, gritty, hi-tech, primitive, starry. They ranged from six inches wide to wire-thin, made of leather, metal, nylon, silicone, jade, gel, even LEDs that seemed to float in mid-air.

"See anything you like, Spot?" asked Daddy. The group of furry creatures turned to me, watching expectantly.

"You're asking *me*?" I scoffed. Collaring myself would be tantamount to *choosing* to be Daddy's pet, something I definitely *hadn't* agreed to. Misreading my silence, Daddy repeated the question more slowly, drawing out each word.

"Do you like one of these collars, little boy?"

I scanned my furry companions' faces for any sign of mockery. I found none. Not from Daddy, Laffy, Maffy, or even Nyctos. Of course they didn't understand how I felt; they already saw me as a pet. Reluctantly, I pretended to consider the collars on display, feeling completely ridiculous. Was I really about to choose my own collar? That's when I had a flash of inspiration.

"W-well, I guess... If I'm the only one of my kind... I should have a one-of-a-kind collar, don't you think? These... they're all so... *common*." I waved my hand at the wall of collars and scrunched my nose in distaste. The creatures all gasped.

"Of course, he's right!"

"Makes sense to me!"

"Alright," said Daddy, nodding. "Let's try and find you something special!"

I grinned. I had them eating right out of my hand. As soon as they put a collar on me, I'd reject it, and it would come right back off again. Far from being put off by my picky attitude, my caretakers actually seemed animated by the challenge. Daddy soon had Laffy and Maffy running every which way to find a collar fit for a rare and picky pet. My original collar sat off to the side, practically forgotten.

"Over there!" Daddy shouted. "No, no, that won't do. That one, that one!"

"I think I saw something better in the other stall," Nyctos called, already jogging away. "I'll have them send it over!"

I tugged Maffy's arm and pointed to a dragon-scale collar that was far out of reach. It sat in a heavy wood and glass case marked with a bold red sign.

"What does that one say?"

"It says *not for sale*." Bingo.

"I want it!" I yelled. The otter twins scrambled to fulfill my desires. I almost felt bad as Laffy climbed up on Maffy to try and reach it.

"It's too high up," he squeaked, wobbling atop Maffy's shoulders.

"Can't you read?" asked the irate shopkeep barreling toward them. "That collar is one-of-a-kind and definitely *not for sale*!"

Even as an alien, I knew that was not true: Everything in the market was for sale, and obtaining the unobtainable was just part of the game. Daddy set about negotiating with the shopkeep while Laffy and Maffy prevailed upon the staff to provide a ladder.

Now was my chance. With everyone sufficiently distracted, I drew my blanket around myself like a robe and waddled off. I glanced back one last time and caught a glimpse of Daddy's triumphant face as he presented the collar — and his shock when he realized I wasn't there. Before he could spot me, I ducked behind a large

hippopotamus-like creature and slipped further into the crowd. I didn't stop until I was well out of the area. When I felt confident I was too far to track, I sat back against a building, exhausted.

I had escaped. Now what? I didn't know what my plan was on this strange planet where I had nothing and knew no one. Maybe I would work until I could buy passage on a freighter. Maybe I would try to hitchhike back home – though I doubted anyone but Daddy knew the way. Maybe there was no way out and I would eke out my days hiding behind stalls and living on scraps like a mouse.

If I'm being completely honest, it was never about succeeding. I just needed to feel like I had *tried* to push back against becoming this creature's pet. It didn't matter that it was ultimately hopeless.

I pushed away that small pang of guilt that came when I thought of Daddy and that final look of shock. I hadn't betrayed him. I *deserved* the fighting chance that he had denied me.

For a little while, I just wandered the market place. I was on a strange planet. Everything was huge around me – the stalls, the patrons and the shopkeepers. There weren't many creatures my size who weren't wearing collars or baby clothes – sometimes they wore both.

Some strange black and green-furred civets glared at me, and I decided I'd better get out of the pet district. I hurried my diapered butt along. Collars and cages gave way to ointments and oils, spicy and sweet fragrances which then gave way to savory smells – smoke and heat and fat and spices. It was food. Food that *wasn't* blue milk.

My stomach growled, but I had no money. I took refuge behind a barrel of fish and watched to see how these aliens bought their food. No bargaining here – the price was the price. The locals paid in what looked like little wooden jacks, like the kind you might play with. I saw a few tumble to the ground as a black-furred vendor stashed his payment away. The big bat-like creature grabbed three skewers of what looked like chicken, and handed them to the customer. I cautiously waddled over to where the jacks had fallen and scooped them up. Then, I waved to grab the bat's attention.

He looked surprised, peering down at me with curiosity. When I held the jacks out to him and pointed at the skewers he chuckled, seemingly amused. Opening one winged arm, he held out his hand with a cheerful nod. I placed them in his palm, and was rewarded with a skewer and a pat on the head. I waddled off, munching as I went.

It was very good. Like yakitori, Japanese-style grilled chicken skewers. It might have been a single portion, but in a world of fifteen-foot giants, a single skewer was plenty for me. I felt surprisingly satisfied as I cleaned up the last of the meat off the stick.

At least, I hoped it was meat.

No sooner had I finished than my stomach began to grumble. What was it they said about eating street food in foreign countries? What about foreign *planets*?

I had to find a bathroom. Fast.

I tossed my skewer to the ground and looked around, not even knowing what to look for. This was so bad. I began to get desperate, looking for any sign of a restroom and coming up short. Come to think of it, I hadn't seen a single one since I left the holo-room on Daddy's ship. For all I knew, these creatures didn't even *use* restrooms.

Luckily, the cramps subsided as quickly as they had started, but as my belly finally calmed down, I suddenly realized I had another problem. In my desperate search for a toilet, I had wandered into yet another part of the market. Where was I?

I looked all around me but recognized nothing. I wandered. Fabric stalls. Then — maybe tech? I couldn't really tell what was for sale and what was being used to *facilitate* sales. It didn't matter. I was lost.

Of *course* I was lost. I wasn't *from* here. I didn't *belong* here. It was so *stupid*. I could feel the tears of frustration bubbling up as my eyes began to water. I couldn't help it. I began to cry.

Lost. Scared. None of the friendly fuzzy faces I recognized smiled down at me. Just massive creatures jostling past, practically bowling me over as they went about their day's errands. I began to realize just how fucked I was. And there they were again, those menacing civets stalking toward me, black and green, eyes locked on mine.

My heart skipped a beat. Was I in danger? My hand instinctively reached up toward my neck and, feeling nothing there, I wondered. Was I still under Daddy's protection?

I turned to run and got a face full of red fur instead. Before I could react, I was scooped up and lifted high into the air to meet Nyctos's friendly face.

"Well, hello there, little soldier! What are you doing over here all by yourself? This is no place for cubs to be on their own. Good thing I found you first!"

"You gave us a scare there!" said Nyctos. "It's about time we get you back to your daddy, don't you think?" I nodded, struggling to hold back tears. It took all I had not to bury my face in his fur as he carried me away from the predatory gaze of my pursuers.

When we got back, the pet area was thronging with creatures searching high and low for the lost pet. The crowd was so thick that Nyctos was unable to clear a path. Had I really created that much fuss?

Nyctos handed me off to someone in the crowd, who then passed me to someone else and so on. A series of warm hands conveyed me inward, each pair of paws gently supporting me under my diapered tush with reverent care until a familiar pair of blue paws held me.

"Laffy!" I said, recognizing my otter companion immediately.

"You weren't gonna leave me behind, were you?" I blushed, ashamed as he lightly chided me. Laffy gave me a quick kiss before he handed me to Daddy, letting me know there were no hard feelings.

The moment I was in my owner's paws, a great cheer erupted. It was the perfect storybook ending for them: Pet and master reunited, and all was right with the world. With the day's drama suitably resolved, the crowd began to disperse, leaving us behind to continue our own story: A story that was just beginning.

"Have we learned our lesson?" asked Daddy, holding me up under the arms.

I nodded, his stern but affectionate chitter sending another wave of guilt washing over me.

"I am here to protect you as much as I am to possess you, so that will be the last time you wander off like that. Am I understood?"

I looked away, comforted, embarrassed, and upset all at once. Guilt twisted my stomach but at the same time, I had nothing to be sorry for. My face grew hot. He was the one who abducted *me*. I was only fighting for my freedom! It wasn't my—

"Look at me, Spot," he said, holding me nose to snout. I stiffened. "I want to hear that you understand."

"Yes, Daddy, I understand," I said, still avoiding eye contact.

"I want to hear it like you mean it."

"I understand, Daddy," I said more clearly, finally meeting his eyes. He gave my nose a gentle kiss with his warm, fuzzy lips, and rubbed a thumb over my forehead making me melt.

"Good. That was a cute attempt, my little escape artist," Daddy said, holding me firmly in his paws, "but as you can see, there's nowhere for you to go even if you *do* manage to crawl out of your designated play area. And don't forget," he added, smirking as he touched his nose to mine and held my gaze, "you're chipped. There's nowhere you can go on all of Pantheria or even the Silurian system where you won't be found and returned to Daddy. Now let's get your collar back on. The original one looked best after all, don't you think?"

I was speechless. Of *course* they could track me. Did my escape even rattle them? The way they were acting, it almost seemed like they'd been expecting it.

Daddy chuckled. "I can tell what you're thinking, little one. Of *course* we knew what you were planning. Tactics and intelligence are our specialties. I did enjoy watching your clever little mind at work, though. Watching you set up your masterful little scheme was entertaining and adorable."

"But..." I stammered, my voice shaking. "There were others after me! Scary creatures with green and black fur... they looked like they were going to... to *kidnap* me!"

Daddy snorted in amusement as he sat me down on a nearby counter.

"Not a chance, little guy," he said, tickled by the very suggestion. With casual ease he laid my collar — a sleek strip of black with a silver diamond tag — around my neck. The band sealed itself seamlessly once more. He tapped the tag. "No one would dare lay a finger on a Beringas. Not on *this* planet. Anyone who lays eyes on you knows that such a decision would be their last."

There he went, invoking the clan name again. Just how infamous were they?

"But... how can you be so sure?" I asked, still skeptical.

"Let me show you something," Daddy said, snapping his fingers.

Maffy, who had been standing ready the whole time, brought a small mirror over and held it up in front of me. There on my forehead was a white dot where the Father had touched me. I felt a strange rush of pride and power on seeing it that I hadn't expected.

"No one dares touch a marked pet," Daddy said, his tone firm. "especially not one of *ours*." I looked around, my tension easing slightly as I saw Laffy and Maffy nodding enthusiastically.

"We're not as soft as we look, little one," said Laffy puffing his blue-furred chest in a display that was more comical than intimidating.

I couldn't help but smile even as my doubt lingered. While it was hard to imagine my soft and fuzzy otter friends or my slightly goofy, green-furred Daddy scaring anyone, their confidence brought me comfort.

"He's right, you know," said Nyctos. "The Beringas Clan were great warriors long before they joined the core families. Anyone fool enough to think they've grown soft after a measly few peaceful millenia of peace is gravely mistaken. As they say: Cross a Beringas and it will be your last mistake."

"And an Ailurian diplomat can kill you with a smile," said Daddy, with a smirk.

"Ah, thank you," said Nyctos, taking a theatrically flamboyant bow.

"Thank *you* for your advice today, and for retrieving my pet," said Daddy.

"Think nothing of it," said Nyctos, with a sly smile. "Seems like I have a knack for being in the right place at the right time. Otherwise I wouldn't have met *you*. I do hope we will see each other again?"

Daddy's face broke into an equally devious grin. "You needn't even ask, friend. Our Ailurian brethren are always welcome within our walls, especially *you*." Daddy gave Nyctos a wink that sent chills down my spine and straight to my crotch. "And perhaps you can bring Princess along too. I'm sure she'd make a wonderful playmate for Spot, seeing as they have so much in *common*."

"Thank you," said Nyctos, with a slight bow. As red as he was, I swore I could detect the faintest hint of a blush in his ears. "If we're done shopping, shall we get a bite to eat?"

"That sounds like a plan," said Daddy, "but first, I have a piece of merchandise to try out..." My eyes went wide as Daddy held up the neon green dildo-gun from earlier.

"H-here?! Now?!" I yelped, squirming in his grip. The towering green marten gazed down at me with a predatory gleam in his eyes.

"Yes, little one. Here and now. Because Daddy said so."

"You have two options: Your knees or your back. Which would you prefer?" My buttohole clenched and my mouth went dry as I sat on the changing table, gaping at the big green Check-O-Matic DiagnostiCock in Daddy's hands. Was he really asking me to choose?

"Spot," said Daddy, narrating slowly as a smiling Laffy hopped up on the neighboring changing table to act out the positions. "Do... you... want... knees... or... back?" With dramatic flair, the big blue otter arched his back and lifted his tail before flopping down like a possum with his legs in the air. My gaze shifted between the two of them. It wasn't a question of whether this test was happening: The only choice I had was in what position.

"Um... knees?" I stammered, hardly able to get the words out as I felt my face get hot.

"Good boy, Spot, such a smart pet to understand Daddy's question! Now, can you get onto your knees all by yourself? Let Daddy help... That's it." Daddy gently spread my legs apart with his warm fuzzy paws, supporting the swollen diaper with a big paw as he ripped open the tapes, then he let the sodden garment fall to the mat with a plop. I began to panic as I felt the warm breeze on my bare bottom.

"Daddy, you can't! It's too big-"

"Shh, shh, shh," he said, pulling out a condom from a recessed pocket of the table and ripping it open, "everything will be fine, I promise. And your Daddy *never* breaks a promise."

Daddy's confidence was small comfort; that dildo was going to destroy me.

"Everyone is watching," I whined, casting a glance at the many onlookers witnessing my debasement: Laffy, Maffy, Nyctos, and of course Princess, who seemed relieved it wasn't her on the changing table about to get wrecked.

"Yes, they are!" Daddy replied, taking my protest for enthusiasm. "You're getting *all* the attention, little one, because you're just too precious to ignore!" I felt so small and helpless as Daddy gently took hold of my bits and rolled a condom down over it. Being 'helped' like that not only made me feel little, it instantly got my dick hard. Damn my stupid horny brain.

I cringed at the sight of my straining, condom-covered pee-pee standing proud for all to see. I quickly redirected my gaze to stare fixedly at the yellowed padding

beneath me. My mind raced. Was I really about to get railed in public? How did he expect to get that monstrosity inside me? My partner on earth had barely got me comfortable with a single finger, was this really going to—

"EEP!" I jumped, completely unprepared for the cold lube Daddy slathered on my butt to ready me for my 'diagnostic'.

"Daddy..." I whimpered as he circled my hole with his thumb. A strong tingling was starting up between my cheeks. "That feels weirrrruhuhhhhh..."

My words turned into a nonsensical moan of pleasure as he pressed his thumb inward to penetrate my slightly numb and tingly tightness.

"Breathe, little one... that's it... nice deep breath... and breathe out..."

As I breathed out my hole relaxed and he slipped in more fingers.

"That's my boy... open up for Daddy... Very good, little one." Warm tingles spread over my body as he praised me and I could feel a big dumb grin spreading across my face as he pressed inward, curving his fingers.

"Uhhh..." I moaned, as he hit a new place inside my rectum. I felt my cock throb and a squirt of whitish liquid appeared in the tip of the condom.

"Wow, would you look at that? He's squirting already..." said Daddy.

"Oh, you're lucky," said Nyctos. "Not all pets are so easy to milk, but it seems like Spot is *made* for it..."

"He must *really like* having his butt played with," mused Daddy as he pumped his fingers in and out of me, pushing against my prostate with each thrust. I opened my mouth to refute Daddy's embarrassing assertion but all that came out was more moans.

I began to squirm as my pleasure and discomfort grew. The feeling was alien to me — a little like being jacked off but it also felt like I had to pee. The pleasure was quickly outweighing the comfort, and I soon found myself pressing back on Daddy's hand, making him chuckle and say some more encouraging words that went right over my fuzzy, blissed out head. I was lost in my pleasure, but all too soon, he was removing his fingers leaving me whining for more.

"What a needy little pet you are," he chuckled, lubing up the dildo like he was polishing a rifle. "Just a moment, baby boy. Daddy will have your cute little tush stuffed in no time..."

Daddy shouldered the Dildo, squinting one eye as he lined it up with my backside. Laffy held my left hand, clasping it supportively while Maffy stood to my right holding the other one. I squeezed both hands, and screwed my eyes shut tight as I felt the thick, blunt-headed intruder begin to mount its assault on my rear. I cried out as my anal ring began to yield to the invading cock, following the otters' directions to breathe in and out... In and out... Suddenly, the head slid in past the mushroom tip, causing me to cry out briefly, but the numbing lube had done its work and it was more from shock than from pain.

"Are you okay sweetheart?" asked Daddy, a note of concern entering his voice as he gently rubbed my back with his paw. "Does it hurt?"

"I-it's so big, Daddy!" I whined and my cock throbbed again, depositing another glob of cum into my condom. There was a chorus of gentle laughter as everyone was reassured that I was not hurt.

"You're doing so good, baby boy, so good," Daddy said as he pressed on, inching the gargantuan cock forward with his bodyweight. "Just a few more inches and... *there* we go..." Daddy gasped out the last few words in a tone of relief as the thick green tool pushed past my prostate and sank deep inside me, my body finally accepting the prodigious probe.

"Unh!" I cried out, stifling my yelp as my arms gave out and my cheek touched the mat. I wanted to avoid drawing more attention to my mid-market buttfucking; anyone who looked our way could see exactly what Daddy was doing to me, and a small but growing crowd had already gathered to gawk. Trying to escape their gaze, my eyes accidentally landed on Nyctos's big red cock before darting up to meet his eyes. Blushing hard, I quickly looked away, but his open, friendly smile was burned into my mind. Did he actually find this... cute?

I risked a peek at Daddy and the others and was surprised by what I saw: Though their bodies showed signs of arousal, their faces reflected innocent joy and adoration, like someone smiling at a pet getting a belly rub. How was this *normal* for them?

Daddy cooed, as he watched my cock throb and spurt more cloudy white precum into the condom. "Thaaat's it, boy. That's a *good boy!* Let's take a look at the readout. Temperature: Three-hundred ten Kelvin. Heart rate: Elevated but within normal parameters. Sexual response: Excellent... orgasm imminent. Aww, *who's a good boy?* Is it you? Is it you?"

Daddy pressed a trigger and the green toy began to piston in and out of me, mashing into my prostate with each thrust. My mouth fell open and I began to drool,

panting, the pressure behind my balls building up as my arousal and frustration mounted.

"There we go, Spot. You can do it. A little more, now. Be a good boy, now... Make your stickies..."

I pressed my forehead into the soft mat below me, ass in the air as high as I could get it. I couldn't bear being so close to the edge without tipping over, but I knew the moment I touched my cock, the one-way chastity cage would harden, painfully compressing my erection and preventing any outside stimulation. It was out of my hands, *literally*. I wanted to scream; How was it possible that I hadn't released my load yet?

I could feel the wetness slicking my cheek as my body rocked back and forth with each thrust. Daddy's two-handed pistol grip ensured that he could give me a nice, thorough, heavy fucking, hilted the toy to my depths. I was a sweating, trembling, moaning mess now, well beyond caring how much of a scene I was making.

"He's still not cumming," murmured Nyctos.

"Oh, I know what he needs!" said Daddy. "He needs his diapers to get off."

Daddy picked up the soaked diaper and wrapped it around my cockhead, rubbing it over the tip. I cried out in pleasure, finally getting some stimulation on my aching cock.

"That's it, pet! Make those cute little noises for me. Oh, you're such a cutie, yes you are! You're doing so good for Daddy! Such a good boy! You're about to cum for me now, aren't you? You can do it for Daddy. Good boy!"

The feeling around my cock and the warm rush of his praise radiating through my body pushed me over the edge. My whole body tensed up and I could feel the air rush over the sweat on the back of my knees as my legs shot straight out, stiff as a board.

"Ahhhhhhhhh! Rrrrrr!" I cried out. A gasp of amazement arose from the audience as my balls contracted, ballooning my condom with so much milky seed it felt like I had been saving it up for a month. Then, it was just me and Daddy as he held me close, the comforting tone of his chitters filling my mind, taking up all my attention as he carefully eased the probe out of me.

A pair of paws gripped my bits and rolled off the condom, milking out the last drops of semen in the process. Other paws tickled my chin, petted my back, my legs, my head; I couldn't tell whose paws were whose at this point. Soft, encouraging voices

surrounded me, calling me a good, brave boy, and to my surprise, I actually felt a flicker of pride for taking the probe and making big stickies for Daddy.

Amidst the chaos, Daddy's constant touch and soft chitters grounded me, steady and warm through the overwhelming shower of affection. As Daddy and our companions spoke, my awareness of their words drifted in and out, my following the soothing resonance of their voices but catching only fragments of meaning:

"Can you put this in the sample analysis receptacle?"

"Looks good, his hormone levels are excellent."

"Do you think you can get more of them...?"

"No need to worry about that now... just good to know that he's healthy and fully functioning..."

Suddenly, Daddy's clear tone broke through the haze.

"Alright, Spot. Let's get you padded up now."

I was laid back, wiped down, and placed on a new thick and crinkly diaper. It was a relief to feel my spent bits covered by the diaper's inviting softness as I was taped snugly and securely in.

Meanwhile, the smell of arousal was thick in the air as a very excited crowd rushed the shop. Employees were taking orders and collecting cash as fast as they could, and Daddy gathered me up in his arms, patting my well-protected but and shushing me to shield me from the chaos. Before we left, the proprietor came under the canopy to thank us, genuinely smiling and bowing deeply.

"That was a *fantastic* demonstration, my friends. Absolutely exemplary. We happened to have another Check-o-Matic in reserve and I noticed your pet looking a little envious," he said, pressing a box into Nyctos's hands. "Consider it a gift. I hope you'll accept it."

"Score!" Nyctos exclaimed before catching himself quickly blurting out a more dignified response. "Y-you honor me greatly. I accept on behalf of my pet. You may have it sent to her quarters."

I stifled a giggle, glad to see a glimpse of normalcy beneath all that decorum; I hadn't thought it possible for Nyctos's blush to outshine his already crimson fur. Far from appearing offended, the shopkeep beamed at the unscripted response. I

suspected that provoking such a reaction had been his aim all along, with the mention of Princess serving as a graceful way to let Nyctos save face while accepting the gift.

Daddy, for his part, got a beautiful diaper bag to hang on my stroller, completely stuffed with diapers, drinks, and baby toys for my entertainment.

After a round of handshakes, bows, hugs, and congratulations, Daddy and his entourage finally pushed through the throng, leaving the commotion behind. Once we were in the open, Laffy and Maffy quickly strapped me into my stroller, their paws working in perfect sync as if they'd done it a hundred times before.

"That was fun," said Daddy with a cocky grin, glancing at his companions. "Now, who's ready to eat?"

The others cheered, still riding the high of my exciting 'examination.' My tummy grumbled too, though it was impossible to say if it was due to hunger, my earlier meal, or the unscheduled rearranging of my insides.