

Alien's Diapered Pet Ch. 21-25

By Champ (champtehotter.com)

The plot thickens as Spot learns more about his new home planet and its people, including the time-honored custom of embarrassing public diaper changes for pampered pets. Welcome to your new normal, Spot!

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I felt distinctly naked as I was pushed down the alleys of the bazaar in my stroller. The straps securing my arms and legs made sure that they were open, displaying my hairless body and my adorable diaper to the world. Daddy brought out a big bottle of blue milk from his fancy new diaper bag.

"Okay, Spot, do you think you can feed yourself or do you want one of your playmates to feed you?" Great. Another non-decision.

"Daddy, do I have to drink that stuff?"

"Yes, it's hot and you've lost a lot of liquids, sweetheart. You need to stay hydrated, so I want to see that bottle empty by the time we get to the food vendors, understood?"

"Okay, Daddy, I'll feed myself," I said, accepting the bottle as daddy untethered my hands. "Can I have my blanke—"

"No. It's too hot for that, little one. The shade screen is enough— and don't give me that pouty face because I'm not letting you hide. You're a proud Beringas now, so act like it."

I shut up and put the nipple in my mouth, grateful for the independence of at least being allowed to feed myself, even if it was from a bottle.

As I drank down the refreshing liquid, I took the opportunity to observe the denizens of the market. My heart went out to pets like me that we passed, always in the company of elites, who stood out because of their striking markings, their bright fur, and their dignified bearing. Were they happy? Sad? Resigned to their fates like me? The sight of these other pets stirred something in me. My struggle wasn't just about me but about the rights of all sentient pets. I had to find a way to convince Daddy that what they were doing was wrong; sentient beings deserved freedom too!

Suddenly, our group came to a stop as a procession passed before us. My companions seemed delighted by the interruption, happily chattering about the tableau before us. A powder-pink cat-creature reclined on a light, open carriage that slowly ambled by, flanked by a dozen or more servants in full formal dress caps. The carriage was pulled by a pair of naked, ten-foot purple stallion-men. They looked like elites!

The massive, muscular stallions were trussed up head-to-toe with harnesses, bits, armbinders, and reins. Their gold nose and nipple rings gleamed bright in stark contrast to their deep purple hue, their large, erect horsecocks bobbing, and their gigantic testicles swinging with every clop as the perverse procession trotted past.

My eyes bugged out as I noticed the gleaming gold piercings running through their flared cockheads in a 'magic cross' style, I couldn't help but stare openly as my gaze followed the fine gold chains that connected their cocks to their thick, pierced nipples, ensuring a painful tug if they ever went soft. My eyes flicked back down to the bands of various colors encircling the stallions' indigo cocks and buttocks. *What had they done to earn those?*

"Ah, there goes Tabbytha showing off her equine servants again," said Nyctos, crouching beside me with a faint smirk. His eyes followed the spectacle with detached amusement.

My mouth fell open as I turned to him. "B-but aren't they *elites*?"

"*Were* elites," he corrected. "The whole Equus Clan is in disgrace now. Tabbytha owns at least twenty studs. Calls them her fallen angels. Dramatic, isn't she?"

I swallowed hard. "W-what did they do to deserve that?"

"They tried to convince everyone to free the pets," he replied, shaking his head, then giving me a cool glance. "They failed miserably, of course, and this is their punishment. Naive, those ones; they were always too idealistic for their own good."

This new piece of information collapsed any hope I had of appealing to Daddy's better nature for my own release. I must have looked stricken, because Nyctos chuckled and continued.

"Oh, don't feel too bad for them. They've got centuries to climb back up the ladder, and their so-called 'punishments' are really just excuses to help them let loose for once and indulge their deepest desires. Those *horses* were so obsessed with their spotless reputations that they were practically virginal — it's no wonder they were so uptight. Now, they can embrace their true selves and we can embrace and support them

fully, even the parts they would rather keep hidden. Just look how bashful they get when they know they're being watched."

I caught the gaze of a stallion, who glanced at me and Nyctos before quickly turning forward, the blinders cutting off his view. His ears flicked back, and a fleeting grimace of embarrassment crossed his face. As his cock softened, the gold chain suddenly snapped taut, jerking hard on his nipples. He let out a loud neigh, his cock immediately stiffening to full mast and spilling blue precum all over the dusty street below. I felt heat rise to my cheeks as the crowd gasped and whistled. I quickly looked away, earning a chuckle and a light pat on the head from Nyctos. Maybe the poor beast was an exhibitionist, I reasoned, ashamed of my own curiosity.

Nyctos's grin widened. "Enjoying that blue milk? They say it's even better fresh from the source."

"What?" I froze, the bottle halfway to my lips, my cheeks burning as I stared at it.

"Oh, you didn't know? Equine milk is highly coveted across the galaxy, but those ponies were holding out on us for ages. Now that they've been, let's say, 'encouraged' to share, *everyone's* drinking it! You should see the stud farms — they're running full tilt day and night. They even give tours now!" Before I could fully process this astonishing revelation, Daddy's voice rang out, light but serious.

"Little one," he called, looking over "I don't see you *drinking...*"

I whimpered as he reached over, pressing the bottle back against my lips.

"I want to see that little mouth working, or we'll be giving a little punishment performance of our own."

I didn't know whether to be turned on or disgusted as I gulped down the sweet creamy liquid, but I couldn't deny I was tenting my diaper. Was this planet corrupting me?

Once the little procession moved past, we continued on our way. As I processed all that I had learned, a terrible realization struck me. Laffy and Maffy said they served the Beringas, and that I was like them... Did that mean they were in a similar situation as those poor purple horses? I glanced back at them, squinting. They seemed content, even cheerful, chattering happily as they took turns pushing me along. What was their story, I wondered, and what could they be hiding behind those bright smiles?

Soon, the unmistakable smell of the food stalls wafted our way. The trip back seemed much shorter this time and I had to look around to be sure I wasn't imagining things. From my stroller, I noticed we had picked up a few 'cling-ons' – spectators from our little 'demonstration' in the pet market. Some chatted excitedly with Nyctos or Daddy, their ears twitching with interest, while others simply trailed behind, content to watch us in quiet fascination.

I spotted the skewer vendor who sold me my snack earlier, and he gave us a friendly wave.

Daddy glanced down at me. "He seems to know you, little one! Let's go say hi."

"Welcome, welcome," said the vendor, flashing a friendly, fanged smile as we approached. "Back so soon, little cutie? And you've brought some friends, I see!"

"Friends indeed!" laughed Daddy, "I am his *Daddy*! This little rascal ran off earlier. I take it he stopped by your booth while he was off on his little adventure?" The vendor chuckled.

"Oh, he sure did. Bought a few skewers with the widgets I tossed on the ground."

"Oh, *did* he now?" asked Daddy, smirking as he looked down at me. "I never told you you could have food, did I, little one? You're more resourceful than I thought!"

I blushed and looked down at my feet, feeling a little ashamed, but Daddy was still smiling so he couldn't be *too* angry.

"He's quite the clever one, isn't he?" remarked the vendor, grinning. "I know we aren't supposed to feed stray pets, but I just *had* to see him close up. I've never seen anything like him!"

"He's one of a kind! The first 'human' to ever set foot in this sector," Daddy said with a proud nod.

"Bless my stars, what a little marvel he is! Of course, I made sure to keep an eye on him when I saw the mark. He wasn't any trouble, though – just curious."

"Well, thank you for that," said Daddy, not looking the least bit worried. "I'm *****. And you are?"

"Empresari, of the merchant's guild!"

"Well, Empresari, let's get a round of skewers for everyone here as a thank you for looking after Spot! We can take the rest with us to the beer garden."

The vendor's black eyes widened as Daddy reached into the air and pulled several gleaming golden bits out of nowhere. He pressed them into the bat's paws, where they shone like stars against his black fur.

"Right away, sir!" the bat exclaimed, his voice trembling with excitement as he fumbled to stash the payment in a pouch at his waist. In a flurry, he snatched up all the skewers and hung a sign on the cart, drawing cheers from nearby vendors.

As Daddy turned his attention to distributing the skewers, Nyctos leaned in close. "It's not often they see actual currency here. Food is free courtesy of the Chiropteran syndicate running this market."

"Chiropter-what?"

"The bats," Nyctos replied, pointing toward the market center. "Merchants. They live in that big black-domed citadel. I'm sure you saw it... They run this whole market experience. See those widgets?" He nodded toward another stall, where animal-people were purchasing stuffed bread snacks with the little wooden jacks. "They're just trinkets, really. Fun little props to complement the whole 'authentic market' vibe."

"What does that sign say?" I asked, nodding toward Empresari's cart.

Nyctos patted my head. "Sold out. Your Daddy sure knows how to make an impression." Without waiting for a response, he strode forward to accept a skewer, as if the exchange had never happened.

Daddy glanced my way, holding a skewer aloft. He looked back to the bat. "So you really fed him one of these, huh? I'm surprised he was able to stomach it, being so new here and all. Well, I suppose he could have one more – if he wants it." Bending over my stroller, he smiled indulgently. "Well, little one, what'll it be?"

I pointed eagerly. "Another one!" Daddy tried to look stern but couldn't hide a grin.

"Just this once, I'm letting you eat 'Big food,' but I'd better not catch you trying to eat or drink anything without permission again, little one. And I don't want to hear any complaints about what I give you from now on. Can you do that?"

"Yes, Daddy!" I said, making grabby hands for the skewer.

"Alright." He handed me the skewer and ruffled my hair. "You're too cute for your own good, you know that?"

"Ooh, may I pet him as well, sir?" asked the bat, his nose twitching eagerly and his eyes shining in anticipation.

Daddy chuckled. "Of course you can! But no more of this 'sir'-stuff. Please, call me *****. You're a friend now and I hope you'll greet me as such from now on!"

The bat's furry paws ruffled my hair, and I giggled at the soft, pleasant touch, clutching the skewer triumphantly. Finally, I was getting my way. Once Daddy saw I could handle 'Big food,' I was sure I could convince him to give me more.

Inspired, Nyctos grabbed a skewer for Princess and unclipped her paws. You would have thought someone had stuffed her diaper with catnip the way her ears perked up and her pupils dilated. I suspected it had been quite some time since she'd eaten solid food.

As Empresari finished wiping down his cart, Daddy spoke up.

"Hey, since you're done for the day, why not join us?" Empresari stopped, his mouth hanging open just enough to show his fangs. He blinked a few times as if trying to process what he'd just heard. After a few seconds, he recovered and his smile returned, wider than before.

"Sure!"

As our party migrated to a tree-shaded beer garden, our larger companions finished their skewers in a few bites, but for Princess and me, each chunk was practically a meal in itself. Princess and I bit into our skewers, devouring the juicy chunks of meat like we were starved. Princess made a classic cat 'omnomnom' noise while she chewed, making me giggle. I, on the other hand, made a much more dignified 'Mmmm' sound as I savored the familiar flavor of yakitori. We were still nibbling when our strollers were parked side by side at a long table packed with feasting furs.

"Welcome! Prost!" came cheerful calls as Daddy and his entourage found their seats.

"Prost! I brought enough skewers for everyone!" Daddy announced as Laffy, Maffy, Empresari, and the tag-alongs plunked platters down, much to the delight of the creatures around us.

Much like beer gardens on Earth, this one was divided into two sections: a restaurant area with full meal service and a 'Bring Your Own Service' section, where guests could buy drinks or bring their own food. This being the BYOS section, Daddy sent Laffy and Maffy to grab more food.

Before we even had a chance to settle in, a handsome brown buck strolled by, balancing a tray of drinks.

"Beer, ale, stout—fresh from the cellars! Who's thirsty?" he called, his polished antlers catching the light as he moved through the crowd.

"We'll have some!" called Daddy, raising his hand. Tankards of ale were passed around to Daddy, Nyctos, Empresari, and our tag-alongs at the table. Everyone clinked glasses and called 'Prost!' meeting each other's eyes.

Feeling silly, I held up my bottle to Princess. She caught on quickly and clinked her bottle against mine with a grin.

"Prost!" I called. Laughter rippled through the table as everyone noticed our own little cheers.

All around us, creatures were eating and enjoying food side by side, and Princess and I, being rare and unusual pets, became the center of attention at our table and those neighboring us.

"What do you call those critters?" asked a coyote across the table. Nyctos and Daddy lit up, as if they had just been waiting for someone to ask.

"Princess is a Royal Caitarian," said Nyctos. "They're an *Ailurian* protected species."

"And Spot here," Daddy added with pride, "is the first and only domesticated human. I discovered his species myself!"

A blue ringtail leaned in to get a closer look. "Another new species? Did you hear the Chiropterans are opening a secondary trade market in rare pets?"

"If you like pets, you should come to the little event we're having later," Daddy said, glancing briefly at Empresari as he spoke. "Keep an eye on the society pages for the details. It'll be worth your time." Empresari's ears twitched, and his eyes sparkled with barely concealed excitement, though he said nothing more.

"Hey, can we give them some ale?" the coyote chimed in. "I bet it'd be funny."

"Not happening," Daddy said firmly. "Blue juice already makes offworlder pets wet themselves; imagine what ale would do! Besides, they're much too *little* to handle it... I'm not sure we should have even given them food."

Princess and I both grumbled indignantly, gripping our skewers tighter.

"What was that you said about the big pet event?" asked Empresari, his eyes wide with curiosity.

"Oh, that? Well, just between you and me, I'm going to make a special announcement at The Club. You'll be there, right?"

The bat hesitated, stammering as he looked anywhere but at Daddy. "W-well, I'm not sure if I'm on the list..." Daddy gave him a half grin.

"You're my friend now. You're definitely on the list."

Daddy leaned in but made no effort to lower his voice. "This isn't public knowledge yet, but we're planning our big debut for..." He glanced briefly at me before tilting his head and continuing, his speech suddenly shifting into unintelligible clicks and warbles. The bat's eyes went wide, and he let out an excited squeak, drawing the attention of the few neighbors who hadn't already been listening in.

Nyctos chuckled.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"Your Daddy is clever," Nyctos said in a low voice.

"What do you mean? Wait... How come I can understand you?"

"Diplomat," Nyctos said, tapping his temple. "It's my job to understand and be understood. And I have a feeling that this 'little event' will be the talk of the town before it ever hits the papers."

I glanced at Daddy, who was still chatting with Empresari. "What kind of event?" I asked, narrowing my eyes. Nyctos just smirked.

"If your Daddy hasn't told you, I certainly won't."

I snapped my fingers in frustration earning another chuckle and a pat on the head.

"Nothing makes for better gossip than a *secret*, and you never know who's listening. Then again, sometimes you do..." He nodded toward Empresari. My eyes widened.

"Is he important?" I asked, dropping my voice. "Like an undercover syndicate guy?" Nyctos put his hand over his mouth for a second like he was holding back a laugh.

"Not quite, but he's with the guild, and he's definitely no ordinary guy if he's vending in the Grand Bazaar. You can't even *shine claws* here unless you're well connected or very resourceful."

I was still mulling over this new information when Laffy and Maffy returned, their arms comically overloaded with treats.

My tummy rumbled in anticipation, but as I leaned back in my stroller, a heavy fullness settled in. Maybe I shouldn't have eaten so quickly.

The gurgling in my belly grew louder as the bigs began eating, and a wave of cramps hit me hard. I groaned as the pressure built until, suddenly, I let out a loud fart. Every creature's ears perked, and all eyes turned to me.

Blushing furiously, I stammered, "S-sorry!"

My stomach gave another ominous gurgle. This was bad. "D-daddy! I need to use the potty!" I whispered desperately, squirming in my stroller.

Daddy ignored me, continuing his conversation with Empresari. My calls grew louder and more urgent. "Daddy! Daddyyyyyy!"

"I think the little one is trying to tell you something," said Nyctos, grinning. Daddy finally glanced my way, as if just noticing, and tilted his head.

"Oh! The little one is getting fussy. He must want to be held by Daddy. Come here, cuddlebug."

He unstrapped me from the stroller with ease, ignoring my feeble attempts to escape his grasp. Being picked up was the *last* thing I wanted right now, but Daddy was many times my size and easily cradled me in one arm, picking me up and casually checking my diaper where I could easily be seen by everyone at the table.

"D-daddy, urf.. Please, I n-need-" I tried to grunt out my plea but Daddy silenced me with a pacifier, popping it into my mouth as he took the skewer from my hands.

"Alright, that's enough 'Big food'. Have your paci instead." He rocked me gently, kissing my forehead and ignoring my pleading whimpers. "Calm your fussing, little one. Daddy's got you."

I scrunched my face up, trying desperately to hold it in, but my tummy betrayed me with a loud, wet fart. My face burned as I squeezed my eyes shut, silently praying. The same thing had happened last time and I was able to successfully get through it. If I could just hold it and make it past the initial discomfort, I'd be fine...

I noticed Nyctos cradling Princess in his arms too. She was being fed an enormous bottle of milk, her already full belly round and taut. Her tail swished around rapidly as she scrunched up her face, letting out a thunderous BLORT. Her diaper ballooned out, and I cringed at her public embarrassment.

Before I could pity her too much, my turn came. Still cradled in Daddy's arms, I filled my diaper in the loudest, most humiliating way possible. My legs curled up, and I

balled my fists, grunting into my pacifier as my tummy forced every last ounce of poopie inside me out into the back of my thick diaper. Tears flecked my eyes from the strain of filling my pants, blurring my vision as I blinked rapidly. The thick padding swelled as the hot mush piled up, the back of my diaper growing warm and heavy as I finished with a final, mortifying squelch.

"See?" Daddy said, shaking his head as he looked to Nyctos. "Their little tummies aren't ready for big food. No more big food for you, little boy!"

Nyctos laughed. "Ah, offworlders always seem to have this problem at first. Honestly, I never bothered getting her accustomed to it. The little stinker has been on a strict diet of liquids and purees ever since she got here — just like a baby! It's much cuter that way, don't you think?"

My diaper squished uncomfortably as I shifted, feeling the mushy contents press against me as spasms periodically hit my gut, loading my diapers even fuller. I felt everyone's eyes on me, but when I glanced up, it was not judgment or disgust that I saw. Instead, everyone was smiling at me like my big blowout was *cute*. I really was just a pet to them. Nothing I did would fall short of their expectations — because they had none.

I locked eyes with Princess. She seemed equally humiliated, her cheeks puffed out in frustration as her tail lashed indignantly in Nyctos' arms. Silently, we shared our shame, unwilling competitors in the world's most embarrassing pampers-filling contest.

When the spasms finally passed, I uncurled and looked up at Daddy, feeling betrayed. He had known this would happen all along, I was sure of it!

"Aww, don't give me that face, little one," he said, tapping my pacifier. "You got exactly what you asked for, and look what happened. Let this be another lesson to you, little bean: You do as Daddy says because Daddy knows best. Now, let's get you changed."

My eyes went wide as he laid me back on the table, right there in front of everyone. He wasn't seriously going to change me here, was he?

Nyctos clapped his hands with a jovial chuckle. "A fine idea!" he said, placing a horrified Princess on her back beside me.

Yes, it looked like We were in for another tandem change in public. I shut my eyes, resigning myself to my fate, and wondered if I would ever, ever get used to this. I covered my face and sucked my pacifier for comfort as I felt Daddy pull down the front, lift up my legs, and wipe my butt clean while narrating the whole ordeal.

"Ohh, what a stinker we have here," announced Daddy. "He made big poopies!"

"Oh, no. Mine is way stinkier," said Nyctos, grinning wide.

Were they seriously bragging about whose pet made bigger poopies? My hands stayed glued to my face as I listened to Laffy, Maffy, Empresari, and all the other spectators cooing over how adorable we both were. Even the handsome waiter buck had stopped mid-stride to watch the spectacle unfold, still holding a tray of tankards aloft. I couldn't bear to see them all staring at me in this position, I simply *couldn't*... I counted sheep, thought about math problems; anything to take my mind off what was happening. It was Daddy's voice that finally pulled me out of my thoughts.

"Hey, little guy. Show me that proud little Beringas face, huh? Look, you're all done!"

"Hnnh?" I blinked and looked down to see that I had been fully changed into another thick diaper with cute little clownish characters dancing across the front.

"Aww, the little guy is so bashful!" said the buck, putting a hand to his cheek.

"The diapers and the bashfulness are both adorable on him," said Nyctos, "and if he's anything like mine, he'll never grow out of either!"

"Aww, is my little guy gonna be a blushy little supersoaker forever?" asked Daddy, with a light and teasing chirrup.

I glanced at Princess, who was looking away with her ears back and her tail swishing violently in humiliation. I felt a painful twinge between my legs and I wondered if her cage was as tight as mine right now. Why did I have to *enjoy* this? What was *wrong* with me?

A jingling sound cut through my spiraling thoughts.

"Hellooo... are you still with me, Spot?" asked Daddy, giving my collar a playful little shake with his fuzzy finger. "My, but we are so distractible today, aren't we? I think lunch is over. Let's go home."

"I should be getting home too," said Nyctos. "It's about naptime for Princess."

Daddy and Nyctos clasped hands at the wrist, parting ways with a promise to visit soon.

It wasn't until we were back in the limo-saucer that our party spoke about anything beyond the great things we bought and how much fun we had.

Once the door was closed, Laffy said in a hushed whisper, "Do you think that Ailurian was a..."

"Plant," muttered Daddy in a low and serious warble as he secured the last of my child-seat restraints. "And a good one too. He's an *Ailurian*, after all..."

"He expertly put you in his debt," said Maffy; not an accusation or disparagement, just an observation of fact. Daddy smirked.

"What makes you think I didn't intend that all along?" The two otters looked at Daddy with their mouths agape.

"You mean you *knew*?"

"Master is amazing! Incredible!"

"Not at all," laughed Daddy, waving a paw as our hovercraft departed. "Nyctos knows I could've easily retrieved Spot myself. I simply allowed him to do it for me as a way to get his foot in the door. A Beringan would just ask directly, but that's diplomats for you, always have to do things the diplomatic way..."

"But why would you invite a spy?" asked Laffy.

"Ooh! I read about this in the Beringan strategy manual!" said Maffy. "It's useful to keep enemies close so you can keep tabs on them!" Daddy chuckled again.

"I see someone's been studying. Yes, he may be a spy, but that doesn't mean we don't want him around. Let's see what he's after..."

There was a pause while the two otters absorbed this astounding information.

"We should have him over for Chai some time soon," mused Daddy. Laffy and Maffy nodded as if that made perfect sense. The logic of 'keep your enemies close', was quite unlike my own logic of 'stay as far the hell away from them as possible'. Still, Nyctos had shared some information I didn't know about my surroundings. Perhaps *he* could be the one to help me find my way home. But what would I be able to offer *him* in return?

When we got back to the nursery, I was surprised to see that almost everything had been delivered and put away for us. Daddy smiled with approval as he checked the crib to see the restraints had been installed. Likewise, my new mitts were hanging on the headboard for easy access. Diapers of all varieties were stacked neatly by the changing table just waiting to go on my tushie. Only my cute booties and a few pet items were left for Daddy to put away. He seemed pleased to have the chance to do so, smiling softly as he reverently hung up some restraints on my headboard, toyed with a teething keyring, and finally, picked up my booties, holding them gently in his paws as he approached me.

"Okay, little one. Footsies up!" Laffy and Maffy each pulled off one of my sporty seal-shoes and the soft baby booties were slipped on in their place. Everyone cooed at how cute they looked on me. "Alright, Spot. Let's put you down for your second afternoon nap."

"Afternoon nap?" I asked, suddenly sitting up. "Hold on, how is it still afternoon? Didn't we get here in the afternoon? We've had a nap and a whole day at the market since then so how can it still be the afternoon?" Daddy thought for a second and then let out an amused chirrup.

"Ah! You had much shorter days on your home planet, and half as many suns, little one. By your time we've already been here a day and a half!" I thought back to the market time and I remembered that the day did seem to pass strangely with the two suns in the sky.

"When's evening?" I asked. Daddy's expression instantly melted.

"Awwww, what an *adorable* question, baby boy." I blushed as Daddy sat on the crib mattress and pulled me into his lap. "Well... having two stars means we have more stages to our day than you would." He began ticking the times on my tummy as he counted them off. "We've got first dawn, second dawn, low afternoon, high afternoon, late afternoon, twilight, dusk, deep dusk, night... plus there's moonshine and ringshine too which changes what we call things depending on how bright they are... If you're interested, we can get you a baby course on Pantherian astronomy." I thought about it for a moment then nodded.

"I'd like that, but I think I could handle a big boy course. I've been to school, you know..." Daddy gave me a bright smile.

"Then that is what you shall have, little one! But it *will* be the *baby* course. You'll learn all the baby words for the special times of day! Won't that be fun?" I blushed at his

patronizing tone, but it was hard to argue for grownup stuff when I was in a giant nursery.

Now it was nap time, and once again, I got to sleep nestled between my two warm and fuzzy otter playmates. Unfortunately, there wasn't enough room for Daddy, though I doubted he'd be caught dead in a crib. I hoped I might be able to cuddle him later, even if I was still holding a bit of a grudge against him for taking me. Daddy was undeniably handsome, and having his collar around my neck and no other word to call him but Daddy was having its effect on me. I felt drawn to him in a way I hadn't felt drawn to anyone else before. My thoughts continued to wander along these lines, growing more and more fragmented until I drifted into a brief, dreamless sleep.

That evening, Daddy returned to retrieve me for another little outing. Laffy and Maffy were just finishing my third evening bottle feeding when Daddy burst in.

"It's twilight, Spot, time to feast and make merry with our kin! Let's get you all ready." I was paci-gagged again, changed, and strapped into my stroller, my feet left in their adorable baby booties. Laffy and Maffy were again in their formal caps looking attentive and professional.

"Off to the feasting hall!" Daddy declared. The otter twins pushed my stroller as he led the way.

The outside air was beginning to cool a bit, the first purple fingers of dusk creeping over the horizon as we exited the nursery. I looked up at the beautiful golden twilight as we wheeled down a long covered stone path. The sky, framed by the walkway's open arches and columns, was stunning — filled with moons, the first twinkling of stars, and bisected by the banded planetary rings.

The party had moved inside another massive building among fire-lit halls of stone and tile. We passed through a massive doorway and I beheld a room full of long tables full of green and blue skunks, badgers, weasels, ermines, stoats, Wolverines, fishers, otters, skunks, polecats, ferrets, minks, sables, martens, raccoons, ringtails, and of course at the head table, their big Wolverine patriarch known simply as the Father.

"Hey, look! It's Spot!" called the skunk-like Lissenger as we entered the area. "Does he need another change yet?"

"Spot?"

"Spot!"

"Hi, Spot!" came the voices of the fuzzy clan.

"Hey, don't all thank the guy who found him at once!" said Daddy in mock annoyance as I got all the attention.

"Let's get him some beer and see how his diaper fares then!" said Daddy's badger brother Berenger, who was sloshing a tall wooden tankard in his hand.

"No one is giving my pet beer," said Daddy firmly, puffing up his chest.

"Oh, c'mon, it'll be fun!" said Berenger. "At least let's check his diaper, hmm?"

"What is with everyone's obsession with his diaper?" asked Daddy, crossing his arms.

"It's *cute!*" replied Berenger, mirroring the gesture.

"C'mon. *He* likes it," chimed in Lissenger. "And clearly you do too; you keep sporting stiffies every time you're near the little crinklebutt..."

"Yeah! You're hogging all the fun!" said a green otter with several rings on his tail and right arm. "Let your brethren have a turn already!" Daddy groaned.

"Not you *too*, Koa!" Daddy threw his hands up in exasperation. "Oh, *fine*," he relented, letting his semi-sober relatives examine me, once again on the pretense of 'changing' me. They were even more friendly with their paws than last time, closely inspecting the clearly defined nipples on my chest and the strangely sheathless (and permanently hairless) bits that hung between my legs.

"It's all just out there, no sheath at all!" said a stocky fisher, stroking my cock only to watch it grow like magic to several times its size.

"Yes, his nipples seem to be doing something as well," added Lissenger, toying with the sensitive nubs. "They're getting stiffer, though I don't see any milk coming out..."

The food was forgotten as more and more of the party gathered around to 'help' with my 'diaper check'. I bit my lip and moaned as they stimulated my sensitive nipples and bits with their soft warm paws. It felt good, even if I was totally exposed and at the mercy of a roomful of horny aliens.

I could smell the ale on Berenger's breath as he deactivated my cage and pulled down my foreskin. "Look at this! It pulls back!"

The whole family seemed fascinated that I had a retractable foreskin instead of a sheath, so that became a topic of focus for a while.

"Oh, he seems quite sensitive down there..." said Berenger, making me shudder as he ran his thick thumb over my exposed cockhead. "I want to see if we can make Spot cum! What do you think will happen if we—"

"Whoa there," said Daddy, pulling up my diaper just in time to stop a sticky accident, "he's only supposed to do that in his diapers. It was one of his last wishes before leaving his home planet and we have to honor it."

"Mmmfff mrrrrff mrrmm!" I protested into my paci gag, bucking my hips desperately as I tried to refute Daddy's claim.

"Look! He's agreeing! Isn't that cute?" said someone behind me.

The wolverine patriarch spoke up. "Well, if that's what our little one wants... we honor your choice, Spot!"

I was showered with another round of affectionate pets as I grumbled into my pacifier. I had doomed myself to live out my diaper fantasies in perpetuity. It was so unfair. Laffy and Maffy didn't have to wear diapers. Weren't they pets too? I'd have to ask them about it later — if I could convince them to remove my pacifier gag again.

A Beringan dinner was quite a rowdy affair full of laughter, horseplay, singing, and of course, mischief. Despite Daddy's admonishments regarding my strict training, the moment his back was turned, my paci gag got 'lost', and my cock cage 'malfunctioned'. Then, it became a competition to see who could sneak me a sip of beer, feed me a bite of 'Big food', or coax me closer to a diapered orgasm without him catching on.

"Hey, guys, come on!" Daddy said, spinning around to catch his mischievous brothers in the act of spoiling me for the umpteenth time. "No, no, Koa, don't feed him the— HEY! Lissenger! I said no beer! Are you trying to get him dru— *BERENGER!* Don't think I don't see you sneaking your paw down there!"

Koa froze mid-handoff, holding up a dripping spoonful of stew with an exaggerated look of innocence. Lissenger quickly ducked the mug behind his back, the amber liquid sloshing onto the seat below him. Berenger only grinned, unabashedly continuing to reach into the leghole of my diaper at half speed as I bit my lip.

"You are a bunch of big kids, do you know that?" Daddy fumed, batting Berenger's paw away. "Do I have to turn on my proximity sensors in the *Feasting Hall* of all places? I have half a mind to ask the Father to intervene..."

The three culprits stood there, shuffling their feet and avoiding eye contact as Daddy chewed them out, subtly looking over Daddy's shoulder and nodding to signal reinforcements. Before Daddy could finish scolding, three more relatives crept up behind him, snickering as they joined in the mischief. Moments later, Daddy wheeled around.

"HEY. What did I just— Grrr, you guys are hopeless!" Daddy growled, looking all around him in exasperation before throwing up his hands in surrender. "Fine. Do what you want with Spot. Just don't expect me to clean up after him when he makes a huge mess!" Defeated, Daddy plopped down on the bench in a huff as the brothers resumed spoiling me rotten.

A buff green marten named Vigga put an arm around Daddy's shoulders and squeezed.

"Now, now, don't mind them, lad. They're just excited to pay their respects to the clan's first pet. They'll get it out of their system... eventually. Anyway, tonight is your night. You've earned your first band, and we're all proud of you! Let's get you some ale and celebrate properly, eh?"

Daddy rolled his eyes, prompting another shoulder squeeze from Vigga.

"None of that, now! I taught you better than to scowl at the dinner table, especially on your banding day. Or are you trying to make your mentor look bad?" That got Daddy smiling at last, and I smiled too seeing him loosen up a bit. "Atta boy! There's that Beringas pride! Let's have a toast."

Daddy's kin soon had him forgetting all about his indignation as they plied him with drinks, backpats, and congratulations for a successful first venture.

It didn't take long for the room to erupt into song. They belted out tunes both familiar and improvised, waving their mugs in rhythm and laughing as they sang about battles, family, and even mundane pastimes. I was mortified when Lissenger struck up a tune about me:

"Spot's a cute adorable pet

You can be sure that he will be wet..."

My face turned beet red when Berenger joined in with his contribution:

"Spot likes milk and makes it too

Fills his diapers full of goo..."

The Father's addition was sweeter, bringing cheers and applause:

"Spot's our treasure head to toe

More important than he knows..."

Vigga rounded out the tune with another verse that had me beaming:

"Spot will never be alone,

He's found his place within our home..."

The verses kept coming, some heartfelt, some downright embarrassing. The assembled Beringans seemed to have their own system for deciding which lines would become cannon in "Spot's Song," and the ones that made me blush the hardest always earned the loudest cheers. I cringed, blushed, and giggled as they held me aloft, fawning over me and filling the room with raucous applause. Daddy, too, found himself on the receiving end of the family's affections. In fact, once he loosened up, I didn't see that smile leave his face the whole time.

I was overwhelmed by the love and attention, but no matter how excited they got, the big beasts were careful not to be too rough with me. Over the course of the night, I got to try all the Beringan dishes, relishing the opportunity to break my restrictive diet. They also got me rather tipsy, feeding me strange ales and giggling at my reactions, particularly at the more bitter or sour ones. And of course they were endlessly fascinated with my boy parts, finding every excuse to examine me closely with their curious paws.

I don't know how long we were there, but I do know I got many more enthusiastic (and often completely unnecessary) diaper changes before Daddy picked me up to place me in my stroller, pronouncing it bedtime for the family pet. Suddenly, my pacifier reappeared and my cage ceased to malfunction. With a promise to be good, the pacifier did not go back in my mouth, but the departure was far from over; everyone had to pet their favorite little human on his way out!

I giggled as I was petted and tickled by more paws than I could count, with several family members coming back for seconds. A chorus of waves and farewells rang through the air as my caretakers rolled me out of the Dining hall, my stomach heavy with beer and treats and my balls much lighter than when I arrived.

As the cool evening air hit us, I could suddenly smell the ale on my breath. Fireflies – or something very like them – flitted through the purple dusk as we strolled over the softly lit grounds.

"Well, Spot certainly is a hit with the boys!" Said Daddy, chuckling. "Though they certainly do spoil him. I think half of the family has a mind to try and take him for themselves!"

"Can you blame them, Sir?" asked Laffy. "He's the cutest thing on two legs!"

"I think *everyone* is happy and proud of your achievement, Master," added Maffy. "They're just showing they care."

"Uh huh," said Daddy, smirking. "Or they just like to cause mischief!"

While the trio reminisced about the day's events, I sorted through my own thoughts. Despite all the attention, the *groping*, and the alcohol, I'd managed to glean a bit more about my new '*family*' and the world they inhabited. Added to the other tidbits I'd picked up along the way, I suddenly had a lot to consider.

The Beringas Clan: On the surface, they looked like a bunch of big, friendly, green-furred mustelids: An excitable skunk, a fierce badger, my goofy marten daddy, the

fatherly wolverine, and the rest. But beneath their playful exterior lay a formidable intelligence and a strong warrior spirit.

Beringans saw themselves as modern warriors, though based on what I'd overheard between Nyctos and Daddy in the market, it had been quite some time since any real war had broken out involving the core clans. Even so, Beringan's lives were far from mundane. Several of their merry songs featured graphic tales of mayhem and mischief that were relatively recent events. With such exciting topics as thwarting space pirates, defeating beasts barehanded, and casually chopping off the heads of surprised assassins, Nyctos' words rang true: One underestimated a Beringan at their own peril. I was fortunate to be on their good side.

Powerful, respected, dangerous. And I was somehow one of their pets. Which brought me back to my own preposterous situation: Diapered and helpless as I was wheeled back toward my comfortable, colorful, *inescapable* nursery. I had no control. I couldn't even take off my own *diapers* anymore thanks to Daddy's fancy alien tech. And worst of all, I was to blame.

This was exactly what I *said* I wanted before Daddy snatched me from my home, and he never let me forget it. Then again, after meeting *Princess*, I had a feeling pets like me often ended up in diapers one way or another, no matter what they did.

For an advanced society, they sure had an unenlightened view on sentient rights. My very existence here was... problematic. What if someone else saw me and wanted a human for themselves? Hadn't Daddy said something about humans being unprotected? That sounded ominous, but I had no way of knowing the true extent of the danger to humanity, and frankly, I didn't want to think about it right then.

My dark thoughts were put on pause when we entered my nursery. The crib, the colorful foam floor, the soft music, and the gentle lighting felt like an invitation to finally relax and turn off my brain after a long day full of unfamiliar people and places. Daddy smiled down at me as he unstrapped me from my stroller.

"We've had quite a day, haven't we, little guy?" he said, slipping a couple fingers in the leg hole to check for wetness. "Hmm, I don't think we need to give you another diaper change before bed. We can also skip rubbies and let your little bits have a rest, seeing as my brothers took care of *that* little need several times over tonight."

"Thank you Daddy," I sighed, relieved for the respite. Daddy kissed me on the head causing me to melt a bit and wet my diaper.

"That's my good boy. I'll let the boys put you to bed. If you want to stay up a little later with them, that's fine, but don't forget, you *are* still recovering, my pet." Daddy tweaked my nose and ruffled my hair before turning to the two otters, who stood at attention, looking very formal in their dress caps.

"Everything's settled, you two. The family is happy with your new roles, and I'm sure Spot will be too. Did you know that back on Earth, he lived completely alone with NO full-time caretaker?"

The two otters gasped, paws flying to their mouths in horror. Daddy nodded gravely.

"And he had to relive that today when he got lost in the market. I monitored his stress response the whole time; the poor thing was *terrified*. We must never allow him to wander off on his own, for his *own* sake. A Beringan should never feel alone or scared.

Can I count on you two to guide our precious pet and show him he's safe and protected with his family?"

"We shall guard him with our lives, sir," said the twins, saluting in unison.

I had a sinking feeling in my stomach. *Great*, I grumbled to myself, annoyed and, embarrassingly, a little touched. *Now I'll feel guilty for getting them in trouble if I escape. And what was with all that family talk, anyway? I already had a family. On Earth!* Darn these ridiculous creatures for making me feel things.