

## Alien's Diapered Pet Ch. 26-30

By Champ ([champtehotter.com](http://champtehotter.com))

Spot learns all about dinner, bedtime, and bath time as his new and exciting life as a cherished and pampered pet continues, and he begins to suspect he's not the only little in the Beringan household...

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### 26

After Daddy left, I asked if I could speak, remembering my earlier agreement with the twins about waiting for permission. The two otters grinned at each other.

"Gee, I don't know, Maffy... should we let him talk?"

"Gosh Laffy, that's a tough one. I was thinking we should just pop his nuckie back in. He's so much *quieter* that way. Better behaved too."

They began to giggle behind their paws while I huffed, stomping my feet and crossing my arms in indignation.

"Oh, alright," Laffy said at last, patting my head. "We're only teasing, little one. You may speak."

"About time." I muttered, hands on my hips. Despite my show of annoyance, I couldn't hide the quaver in my voice as I glanced toward the crib, knowing I would be stuck there alone all night. "So... you're gonna stay and babysit a little longer? How long can you stay?"

The twins exchanged a look, then broke into matching grins, chattering over each other.

"As long as we like!"

"This is our room now!"

"We're your official full-time playmates and bodyguards!"

"The family has decided!"

I stepped back, wide-eyed at the flood of information.

"W-wow, really? I... I don't know what to say..."

"Yeah! I know! We didn't expect it either!" said Maffy, holding up his paws with a shrug.

"It's *great* news!" laughed Laffy, throwing up his arms in celebration. "We get to spend more time with our favorite buddy! Guess we'd better get diapered too, huh?"

"Right you are, brother!" chimed in Maffy, "and then we can learn *all about* the times of day!"

I narrowed my eyes at the eager otts as they scrambled to grab diapers. They chatted excitedly, each picking out a thick white one decorated with yellow smiling stars. I was beginning to suspect there was some ulterior motive at play for their long stay in the nursery. Was this just a convenient excuse to indulge in a little bit of crinkly fun? A slow smile crept across my face as I waddled after them.

"Don't tell me you *want* to wear diapers," I said, leaning on the changing table just as Laffy started to lie down for his change. The otters froze, diapers in hand, looking scandalized.

"Us? Like *diapers*?" asked Maffy. "No, no, no. We were just doing it to make *you* feel better!"

"Yeah, so you wouldn't be the only one!" Laffy added quickly.

"Oh really?" I said, crossing my arms and smirking. "Then why are your rudders wagging so hard?" I could see their ears growing red. They cringed as I pointed and shouted, "I *knew* it! You *do* like them!"

"Well, *his* rudder might be wagging." said Laffy, pointing to his brother. "He likes 'em *more*!"

"No, *he* likes 'em more!" Maffy huffed, arms crossed, diaper still clutched in one paw.

Laffy and Maffy began play-fighting like little otter pups, wrestling and bopping each other with diapers before collapsing into a fit of giggles as they pulled me into the fray with a few well placed tickles and kisses.

Satisfied that they had each won the nonexistent argument, they padded each other up in big, poofy diapers and hurried me over to a gigantic holographic vidwall surrounded by big soft cushions – enough for a whole audience.

"Pick a seat!" said Laffy, eagerly fiddling with a little black square that activated the screen. "Your Daddy hooked us up with the best streams about the stars and moons

and planets and everything! We already picked out the perfect show to teach you all about it!"

"It's called Pantherian Star Scouts," added Maffy, clapping. "We're so excited for you! It's a cartoon we loved watching when we were pups!" I watched their rudders wagging furiously, filling the room with crinkles.

"Excited for *me* huh?" I said, chuckling. "I'm beginning to wonder who the *real* littles are here... Hey, wait a second, are you *babies* like me now?"

Maffy paused and looked over to his brother with a cool expression.

"Gee, Laffy, I think it may have been a mistake to take that pacifier out after all. You still have it nearby?"

"Sure do, brother!" said Laffy, holding up the big binky. Laffy and Maffy advanced on me with devious grins.

"N-now hey, you two!" I said, fighting to keep a straight face as I held up my hands and backed away. "I was just asking because I'm new here, you know? I m-mean, you two are pets too, right? I thought maybe you *had* to be here like me..."

The two brothers blinked and looked at each other. Then, they burst out laughing.

"Pets? Us?" Laffy was leaning on Maffy to keep from falling over, while Maffy ended up on all fours, eyes screwed shut as he fought to catch his breath. I was beginning to think I should feel insulted when, finally, Laffy elaborated. "Oh, no, no. We're not pets. Servants, yes, but not pets."

"Is there a difference?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"We're full citizens of Homeworld just as Master is," said Maffy, turning his nose up slightly. "We simply came from other circumstances."

"What my proud brother means is... there are *levels* here on Homeworld. Even among the *great* houses Beringas is among the top."

"And are you from a great house?" I asked, leaning forward with interest.

"We're from the rings," he said pointing toward the sky. "Just a little independent colony, nothing special."

"But we're special where it counts," said Laffy, tapping his head. "You want to talk about tech, talk to a ring colonist who relies on tech for survival! We were the go to guys in our sector! The best of the best!"

"So when we got an invite to enter voluntary servitude with the Beringan Blues..."

"We jumped at the chance!"

"And here we are!"

"Yes, here we are!" The two brothers nodded at each other as if this explanation made perfect sense. I stared for a few moments. Whatever answer I expected, I definitely didn't expect *that*.

"So... voluntary servitude?" I said slowly. "Like... indentured servants?"

"Or cadets," said Maffy, waving his hand. "I don't know if it translates perfectly. Working for the Beringas Clan is an honor and a privilege, and we serve our clan with pride."

"Yes! Much pride!" chimed in Laffy, puffing out his chest with a loud crinkle. I laughed into my hand at the ten-foot tall otter posing majestically in a big poofy diaper.

"You two are very silly," I said.

"So are you, crinklebutt," said Laffy, grinning. "Come on Maffy. Let's get him! We'll show you what happens when you laugh at the Laffy brothers!"

I tried to get away, but they were much bigger and faster. I didn't even make it five steps before I was enveloped by Maffy's soft furry grip.

"I got his arms! Commence the tickle assault in the name of the Maffy Brothers!"

"Nohohoho!" I said, giggling uncontrollably.

There was no mercy, not from the otters, and not from all the milk and ale that flowed right through me as they tickled the daylights out of me. I ended up leaking all over the colorful rug and having to be changed *yet again* by my alien caretakers. My cheeks flushed as I realized I had gone at least two days without using a potty or changing my own diaper. I was going to become diaper dependent at this rate!

"Wow, guess you *did* need a change after all. What a super soaker. We're gonna hafta double you up for bed, aren't we?" smirked Maffy.

"We'll make my special superstack. It's unsoakable!" exclaimed Laffy, running to grab some stuffers while Maffy soaked up the puddle I'd left with a hand towel.

"We can change you right here," said Laffy, laying out the changing pad. "That way we don't miss cartoon time!"

I sighed and blushed as I was laid back on the floor in front of the vidwall. Laffy assembled an incredibly thick diaper, layering thick soaker pads in the front and back, with a stack of thinner ones down the middle. There would be nowhere for my pee to escape to once I was sealed inside, and probably no way to walk properly either.

Maffy stood over me, putting his paws on his hips with a crinkle.

"Hey, no fair, Laffy! You got to diaper him last time!"

"Well, there's only one way to solve this!" said Laffy, bringing out his favorite flipping stone. "Let's flip again!"

"No way," said Maffy, "It's my turn!"

"Okay, let's do it together," Laffy offered. "This is a two otter job anyway." Maffy nodded in agreement and bapped a paw on the remote.

"Spot, you don't need to worry about all this diaper business. Just look at the fun cartoons! We'll be done in a jiff!" The two of them set to work taping the massive diaper around me while I turned my attention to the screen, silently amused by their silly antics.

Alien letters flashed across the screen and a voice announced the title: *Pantherian Star Scouts!* In bounded the cutest cartoon characters in sleek jumpsuits: A pink lioness cub with a bow in her hair, a bright turquoise bird with a cute yellow beak and prominent cheek feathers, a stocky brown bear cub with a scar on one eye and a bright friendly smile, and a blue otterpup, with a permanent heads up display over one eye.

The animation was colorful and fluid, and the idea behind the Star Scouts was genuinely stellar. I imagined this show would be quite the hit on Earth. The theme song went on as the four characters showed off their special skills in an out-of-this-world montage.

Ursos the bear cupped his paws to his mouth and called out, gathering the team for a paws-in cheer. Purrsula, the lioness, put a device to her ear, raised her eyebrows, and made a dramatic announcement that got everyone racing to the helm to peer at the viewscreen. Squeaks the otter tapped his HUD and pointed to a starmap, lecturing the

group. Finally, Peck the bird pointed to the sky in amazement, then pulled out a stringed instrument and began to sing to the group as they clapped along.

The theme music came to an abrupt halt as Ursos held up his paws and pointed directly at me.

"By Silos! What have we here? A new viewer! Hello, little adventurer! Are you ready to learn about the stars?"

"Uh, Ursos," said Purrsula, "I don't think the newbie knows what Silos is... he's kind of new here..."

"Well then, he's in luck because that's what we're going to talk about today! Did you notice that big star in the sky when you arrived?"

I jumped slightly as Maffy picked me up in his arms and carried me over to the beanbags.

"Enjoying the show, little one?" he asked with a bright grin, settling us down onto a super-soft cushion.

"I forgot where I was for a second," I said, glancing back at the vidwall. "It felt like they were talking to me..." The two otters grinned at each other.

"Of course! This show is designed to speak to little babies like yourself, so I'm not surprised."

"Heyyyy," I said, smirking.

"Shhhh, you'll miss the show!" said Laffy, plopping a big bowl of blue kibble in my lap.

I found myself sandwiched between the two otters, my thighs spread wide by my thick padding as they fed themselves – and me – the salty blue snack. I sighed, sinking into the soft memory foam as we watched the show. I would have great difficulty getting up on my own, but I was so comfortable I didn't care.

"Hey, Star Scouts!" called Purrsula, "I do believe our audience is multiplying!"

"Why yes it is!" said Ursos, looking out at us. "If it isn't our two favorite Scouts from the rings, back after all these years!"

"They're talking about *us* Maffy!" Squeaked Laffy, bouncing up and down.

"Calm down, Laffy, it's just an interactivitooon," said Maffy.

"Is not!" Laffy winked at me. "The star scouts are REAL!"

"That's the spirit, Scouts!" said Ursos. "Now, are we ready to learn? Paws in, everyone, if you're ready to learn!"

I rolled my eyes but put my hand in with the otters. Together, we threw our hands up with a Star Scouts cheer and just like that, I became a Scout too. As silly as it all was, I found myself giggling and laughing with my otter playmates as we watched the show.

The episode covered the basics of Pantheria's visible celestial features and times of day. The main star was called *Silos*, and the secondary one was *Cadens*. The third source of illumination, ring shine, occurred only under certain conditions. Peck pointed to the sky.

"Hey, I see Pantheria's rings glowing bright tonight! This calls for a song!

When Silos falls below the sky,

and Cadens follows close behind,

the rings come out to shiiiiine!"

"You're gonna love Peck's songs," said Laffy, vibrating with excitement. "You can't get them out of your head!"

"Yeah," squeaked Maffy, "that's how we remember the times of day and all sorts of stuff! Let's sing along!"

With much coaxing, the two otters got me to join in. They were openly delighted by the unique auditory quality of my human voice.

"He sings as beautifully as a bird, Maffy, don't you think?"

"Why yes, brother! As smooth and gentle as Peck himself! What a voice!" I blushed.

"Stop, you guys, I'm not *that* good..."

"Humans are full of surprises," said Maffy, grinning, "but this little human is starting to yawn... I think we'll have to watch more cartoons after the dawwwwn!"

The two otters stopped the show and picked me up. I tried to protest, but I was rubbing my eyes, and my eyelids were drooping fast.

As I ended the day in my crib, tucked between two luxuriously soft balls of blue fur, I had to admit life didn't seem as dire as it did when I first woke up on that ship, hurtling toward a destination unknown. Was it crazy to think that maybe part of me was *glad* I had been taken on this fantastic journey? Was it... bad?

I frowned, fingering the tag on my collar with a mix of pride, comfort, and shame. I felt as if I was betraying Bret and all of humanity because I was Daddy's now. But I told myself something that made me feel better: That for Bret's sake, and perhaps humanity's it would be best if we never returned.

In the morning I was awoken by the soft stirrings of the otter brothers. Apparently, there was no middle ground between dead asleep and wide awake for these two, because the moment their eyes opened, they leapt out of the crib squeaking their little otter squeaks.

"Time to get up! Time to get up! It's the getting-up soooooong!" cried Laffy, doing a few squeaky circuits around the crib.

"Come on brother! It's time to get the baby out of beeeeed!" sang Maffy, in a cheerful but chiding imitation of his brother's little ditty.

The two otters worked in tandem to unlatch and lower the crib rail. They quickly checked my diaper and determined that I'd wet heavily overnight, but Laffy's unsoakable otter stack had held. I was still yawning and rubbing my eyes when they picked me up — one under the arms, one under the legs — and carried me toward another part of the nursery.

"Here we are! The baaaathroom! Time to give little babies a baaaath!" sang Laffy, in a cheerful squeak.

The bathroom was just what he described: A room with a bath — a big, luxurious tub the size of a small pool set into the floor — and it was already filled with steaming water.

"Computer! Add otterberry scent!" chirped Laffy, and suddenly the scent of rivers, seagrass, and sweet berries filled the air. But there was one important element missing.

"Where is the toilet?"

"Toilet?" the big blue otter laughed. "There are no toilets in the nursery, silly baby. You've got your *diaper*. Unless... you need some *help*?"

I glanced toward the wall and noted the hanging enema hoses and bags. I shook my head quickly. "No, no no. I don't need help. I just... I mean do I really have to use my diapers for *everything*?"

"Ohhh, I get it," said Laffy, winking at Maffy. "He's playing a *game*." He beamed at me. "Yes, little one. You *do* have to use your diapers for everything. We'll teach you all about it with... the *diaper* song!"

"N-no, that's really okay!" I stammered, waving my hands, my face burning. "No diaper so—"

"Ohhh, diapers are for little boys,  
they fill them up with so much joy!  
You can piddle til they sop,  
the diapers soak up every drop!  
Perk your ears 'cause here's the scoop,  
the diapers also hold your—"

"Ohhh, gods," I groaned, covering my face in embarrassment as they sang, swinging me back and forth to the tune.

"One, two, threee!" they cried, and I sailed through the air, splashing down in the warm tub.

"You dummy! You forgot to take off his diaper," said Maffy.

"It's a *floatation device*," said Laffy, crossing his arms and sticking out his tongue.

I bobbed in the tub with my padded butt sticking out of the water and shot them an annoyed look. The diaper soaked up the bathwater like a sponge, swelling so large it felt like I was wearing a giant pocket pussy. Every squirm produced a warm, wet squish that tickled in ways I didn't want to admit. I stifled a moan.

"Aww, looks like he's having some fun!" said Laffy. "I wanna try too!" With a joyful squeak, he belly-flopped into the tub, splashing me. "Ohhh gods... Th-this feels so good, brother!" he called out as his diaper swelled up.

Maffy rolled his eyes, but I could tell he was tempted. His ears flattened and he glanced around. Then, cautiously, he stepped into the water. His eyes fluttered shut as his own diaper expanded.

"Well? Do you like it?" asked Laffy.

"Y-yeah," Maffy admitted, a dumb smile spreading across his muzzle as he began rubbing the front of his swollen padding.

Well, if *they* were doing it, so could I, I thought. But the moment I tried to touch mine, my cock cage hardened, locking everything away. I pouted as the two otters groaned and wriggled with obvious delight.

Were they teasing me on purpose?

Laffy finished first, shivering in his soggy seat. "Oh, gods! I'm cominnnnngggg!" he cried, unloading into his diaper.

Maffy let out a cute, high-pitched squeak as he climaxed, then slapped a paw over his muzzle, eyes wide in embarrassment.

"Did you two have fun?" came a voice from above.

We all froze. Daddy stood over the tub, flanked by Lissenger and Berenger. The otters looked like someone had poured a bucket of ice down their diapers.

"Ah! M-master!" cried Laffy.

"W-we can explain!" squeaked Maffy, ears folded low.

"No need to explain," Daddy said, shaking his head and looking over at his two companions. "What did I tell you, brothers? Our nursery attendants are 'taking care' of the little one just fine. In fact, it seems like they're right at home here!" The two senior Beringans gave a hearty laugh, while my otter playmates squirmed in embarrassment.

"Maybe we should keep *them* in diapers too," mused the burly badger Berenger. "It seems to suit them."

"Goodness, what an idea, brother," laughed Lissenger the skunk. "I don't know if we can handle *three* big babies, though. *They'd* need attendants, and then their *attendants* would need attendants... Pretty soon, we'd *all* be big babies!"

"What do you think, young ones?" asked Daddy, gazing down at the otters, "Would you like to be diapered all the time like our pet here?"

The two otters shook their heads, looking incredibly ashamed as they stared at the water.

"And why not?" asked Daddy, crossing his arms and raising an eyebrow.

"S-sir, please. We've worked long and hard to earn your respect, and we want to prove that we can one day be worthy of induction."

"You want to earn our *respect*?" asked Daddy, his smile growing.

Lissenger and Berenger were no longer laughing but instead gazing intently down at us, arms crossed, their expressions stern. Daddy continued.

"You have been exemplary servants, that much is true, but it appears to me that you make very cute babies as well." He laughed a bit as he said this, and the otters hung their heads in shame. I could see Laffy beginning to cry.

"Do not cry, young one. Why are you so sad?" asked Daddy, crouching down and speaking in a more confidential tone. "Did you think you could hide this from us?"

"I s-suppose Master wishes to d-d-dismiss us now, sir?" asked Laffy.

"Do you think I should?" asked Daddy, looking between the two of them.

"M-m-maybe we deserve worse than *that*," said Maffy. "M-Master may wish to... p-p-p... p-p-p... *punish* us!" He seemed to have difficulty even saying the word punish, though he managed to spit it out with a miserable squeak.

"Or perhaps..." said Daddy, rubbing his chin. "Perhaps I should *commend you*."

The two otters looked up at him, their jaws hanging open.

"After all, you have been dependable and loyal servants thus far, so I have to assume that you were doing this to better serve us. In fact... now that I think about it, that seems the most likely explanation, isn't that right brothers?"

"Hmmm... There are no potties in the nursery," postulated the gruff Berenger, drumming his claws on his utility belt. "Wearing diapers would allow a strategic advantage as these two could attend to Spot without interruption."

"Not to mention, they are quite adorable this way," said Lissenger with a wide grin. "Spot already lights up our home with his adorable presence. I am now pleased to see three times the cuteness before me."

"Yes," said Daddy, nodding sagely, "and I'm sure their special attire will make Spot feel more at ease, won't it, my pet?"

Not wanting to see my furry friends punished, I quickly nodded. "Yes, Daddy, they have made me feel at ease. I swear it!"

"And do they make you happy?" asked Daddy.

"Oh yes! I would be so lonely without them. I don't want them to go!"

"Well, there you have it, brothers," said Daddy, shrugging. "I suppose I have no choice but to give them both commendations..."

I heard a squeak off to my right and looked over to see Maffy covering his mouth.

"...for being such good role models and such dedicated caretakers. They have proven their devotion to serving our clan's needs - whatever they are. Would you agree, brothers?"

"Yes!"

"Absolutely!"

"Then it's decided. Laffy and Maffy... From now on, the two of you will consider diapers as your uniform whenever you are in this nursery. You may decide for yourselves when you should wear diapers outside – for now. Any objections?"

The two otters managed to squeak out a shaky "N-n-no, Master!" shaking their heads vehemently. Daddy smiled.

"Good. If I catch you in here without a diaper on, there will be consequences."

"What about me?" I asked. "Can I take my diapers off when I leave too?"

"Nice try, little one," said Daddy, with an amused smile, "but we all know that you need and love your adorable diapers."

Berenger whispered something into Daddy's ear and the oversized marten nodded, turning back to my two caretakers.

"Come forward," he commanded. They obeyed without hesitation, climbing from the tub to stand dripping before Daddy and his brothers. Laffy and Maffy closed their eyes, ears back as Daddy pressed his thumb to each of their brows. A brief flash lit the room. When he withdrew his paws, a light green spot remained where he had touched them, mirroring my white one.

"I give you each your first commendation," said Daddy.

Berenger then stepped forward, tracing a line below Maffy's right eye and Lissenger placed a finger below Laffy's left eye, each leaving a short green line of their own.

"We give the second," the elder brothers said.

"On my honor as a Beringan, I pledge to help guide Maffy on his path to brotherhood," said Berenger.

"On my honor as a Beringan, I pledge to help guide Laffy on his path to brotherhood," said Lissenger.

The two elder brothers stepped back, and Daddy moved forward, towering over Laffy and Maffy, who looked like they were about to cry all over again.

"On this day, you have each gained a mentor and guide. Feel honored. You were each chosen by your mentor because they saw something of themselves in you, brotherlings... but this is only the first step." Daddy paused his solemn speech and broke into a grin. "However, given your, ahem, unusual choice of attire, it remains to be seen if you will complete the path to induction in the Beringan Brotherhood... or end up adopted like our beloved pet Spot."

At that comment, the two otters' ears went so red, I swore I could see their cheeks turn purple. Daddy smirked, seemingly pleased at his ability to fluster them. Berenger spoke up next.

"The Father will be notified of these proceedings – and the new rules regarding Laffy and Maffy's attire – right away," the badger turned toward the door and nodded to his skunk brother. "Lissenger?"

"Oh, must I leave so soon?" groaned Lissenger, throwing back his head and looking up at the ceiling. "I wanted to help change their diapers!"

"*Lissenger...*" Berenger growled in a warning tone.

"Oh, alright, alright."

Daddy watched the two leave before turning back to us and smiling, his eyes wide with happiness and excitement.

"Congratulations, little ones. We've been discussing this possibility for some time, you know, but I *never* expected you to earn your commendations so soon..." He paused and collected himself. "Thank you both... for giving us your full selves. Now, get those diapers off, wash up properly, and hop on the changing table. Daddy is going to personally diaper the lot of you."

I pushed away from the bath's edge, shielding myself from the splash of two very happily wagging otters jumping back in the tub.

"Help! I'm being aggressively washed by two excited otters!" I squealed. Daddy chuckled as I tried to escape the two water creatures.

"It's your own fault, kiddo. *You're* the cause of all this commotion!"

After a rapid power wash, the twins lifted me over their heads and spirited me off to the edge of the bath with rudder power. Daddy scooped me up in a towel and dried me off before doing the same with both otts, surprising everyone with his strength. I watched the brothers' ears go red and fold back as they were both lifted and towed off together. Daddy smiled down at them as they squeaked and covered their faces.

"Do some little otts like being treated like tots and dried off by Daddy? Good. Now everyone hold hands and follow me to the changing table."

At the changing table, Daddy had the twins stand by while he laid me on my back. Judging by their pokey pee-pees and blushy demeanors, I surmised they were enjoying their modified roles in the nursery.

"Okay, kiddos. Now that I know what experts you are at diapering, how about you teach Daddy some tricks of the trade?"

"Yes Ma—" began the two otters in tandem. Daddy held up his paw.

"Ah, ah, ah. It's *Daddy* in the nursery from now on. Got it?"

"Y-y-yes, Daddy," said Laffy with a gulp.

"Yes, ma— er um... Daddy," added Maffy.

"Good. Now that's settled, let's get this little boy diapered, huh?"

"Yes, sir!" they both said at once, before awkwardly correcting themselves again with timid and blushy stutters of 'D-d-daddy'. Daddy chuckled and shook his head.

"We'll have to work on that. Why don't you two pick Spot's first diaper of the morning and tell me why you picked that one?"

The two rushed off, stumbling over each-other as they ran to carry out Daddy's orders. It was cute and comical and I giggled at their antics. They soon came back with a fun blue diaper covered in a bubble-themed print. It looked thinner than my normal diapers.

"Ah! An interesting choice," said Daddy, taking the proffered diaper and holding it up to look at it. "Why did you choose this one?"

"It's perfect for an active tot," said Laffy, "It's thin but it has a lot of absorbent polymers inside so it'll wick away the moisture really quick while allowing him to move easily."

"Yes," added Maffy, "the wicking isn't the best, but he's going to be active, so he'll probably pee in many different positions, and besides that..."

"...It gives us more chances to change him!" finished Laffy.

"As good a reason as all the rest, and maybe even better!" said Daddy, with a smile. "Thank you, boys. An excellent choice. Now, let's talk about taping techniques. I always have trouble with the legs here. Any suggestions?" The otters smiled and looked at each other before launching into an extensive diaper tutorial, more than happy to coach Daddy with their suspiciously specific knowledge of what to do.

After taping up the final tape of my diaper, Daddy leaned in so that he was nose to nose with me and said, smiling softly, "You did a very good thing back there, little one. You really stood up for your friends, a trait which we Beringans highly value..." I shook my head.

"I just said what was true. I didn't do anything special." Daddy lowered his muzzle and looked me in the eye.

"Believe me, little one, not all pets would do the same. It appears that *my* pet has a very kind heart. May you never grow out of it as so many others do." Somehow, I found this praise to be more embarrassing than my baby treatment.

"I didn't want them to get in trouble," I said, blushing and looking away.

Daddy smiled, leaned in, and whispered, "Don't worry, sweet boy, they were never in any real trouble. We all just adore them, but don't tell them that. They might get a big head." He gave me a wink. Then, speaking more loudly, he said, "You've been such a good boy, I think you deserve a treat after I diaper up my two little helpers. Now down you go. It's your big brothers' turn!" The two otters squeaked and wagged their tails, edging closer to Daddy in anticipation as he picked me up under the armpits and set me down.

"Alright, Maffy, you're first!" Daddy said. "Let's see how well I learned your lessons, shall we? Laffy, I expect you to speak up if I miss anything, okay? Don't let me make a mistake or you'll get spanked and caged just like Spot!"

I blushed at being made an example for the others, noting how Laffy gulped and whimpered as his hard on plumped up to full mast immediately. Daddy saw it too and gave a devilish smirk, no doubt waiting for the perfect excuse to punish the horny otter. Despite the distraction, Laffy was able to point out a few ways for Daddy to improve his technique diapering his twin brother.

Maffy, too, was having a heck of a time keeping it together, his hard on proving to be an obstacle in the diapering process. It was funny to see one of the 'biggs' turn into a squirmy tot on the table for a change instead of me.

"Almost perfect, Daddy," Laffy said as Daddy finished taping up the blushing Maffy.

"Almost, eh? Well, I'm about to have my second chance with you, buddy boy," said Daddy, exchanging the twins and plopping Laffy down on the table. "I believe the first step was to make sure the little otter's pee-pee is well *oiled*..." His devilish grin returned as he took some baby oil and lubed up Laffy's shaft, causing him to groan, and cover his face. "Now, don't get too excited and squirt without permission or Daddy might have to punish y—" Daddy didn't even finish his sentence before Laffy squirted semen all over his own belly fur.

"You should always pull up the diaper so you don't get any splashes, Daddy," said Maffy, patting Daddy's arm as he gave Laffy the smuggest shit-eating grin I'd ever seen.

"Oh, ho ho," said Daddy grinning down at the sticky otter before him. "I think a certain little otter has earned himself a spanking!"

Laffy was a squirmy, blushy mess, his brightly colored erection jutting up against his sticky belly fur as Daddy lifted the otter's legs and raised a paw. With each smack of Daddy's hand, Laffy moaned and squeaked in delight. I could see that Daddy wasn't spanking with full force, though it was still more than I could ever take. Seeing those massive paws come down on Laffy's butt made me pity anyone who had to face a creature like Daddy in battle. If it were me, I would drop my weapon and piss my pants then and there.

"I think that's enough," said Daddy, panting lightly as he lowered Laffy's ankles. "That's quite a good morning workout, but it looks like I need something else worked out now. Look what you did."

Laffy sat up only to see Daddy's raging erection pointing his way. His eyes bugged out.

"Well, you'd better take care of it unless you want me to put a cage on you too."

Laffy squeaked and scrambled off the table, his otthood only seeming to get harder at the suggestion.

"Maffy," Daddy commanded, "why don't you give Spot your thanks for his glowing review while your brother takes care of the problem he created?"

"With pleasure, Daddy," said Maffy, while Laffy got down on his knees and opened his mouth to take in Daddy's impressive malehood.

I knew how adept my two blue friends were at giving sexual pleasure, and my pee-pee was already fighting with my pleasure-limiting cage in anticipation.

"N-no! You c-can't do that! It's too... unh... naughty!" I squealed as Maffy pulled down the back of my diaper and began licking around my butt, teasing my pucker with his whiskered maw.

"Oh my," said Daddy, "Our little pet thinks he can tell his *caretakers* what to do, hmm? Go ahead Maffy, show him what you do to tasty little pets..."

Maffy gave a growl and buried his snout in my boyhole like he was rooting for truffles.

"Oh my gaaahaaahaaahaaaadddd!" I groaned in absolute pleasure, my hands scrabbling for purchase on the soft mat beneath us. My caged cock was pulsing and dripping cloudy drops of spunk into my diaper as Maffy attacked my boyhole with his skilled tongue. Soon, my whines and whimpers became one long drawn out moan from the unspeakable sensations invading my back door.

"It must be Spot's first time being eaten out. Just wait til I have a turn with him," Daddy said, grinning and licking his lips with his enormous tongue. Daddy's gaze shifted down to the otter trapped between his legs, running his paw through Laffy's headfur. "As for you, my loyal servant... It's time for you to get your Fishhhhh..." With that, Daddy grabbed the back of Laffy's head and brought the massive green member to his lips. "Open wide!"

Without so much of a warm up, Daddy started thrusting his cock down the otter's flexible throat. Laffy didn't even gag but just took it all in, bobbing up on the shaft like a pro. The nursery was filled with the sounds of fucking and sucking as Daddy pistoned into Laffy's mouth and Maffy went to town on my boytwat.

When Maffy finally came up for air, he kept his fingers buried inside me, stimulating my hole while he nipped at my nipples and edged me through the front of my diaper with delicate touches. I was putty in his paws as he slipped four whole digits inside my back door stretching me as wide as that monstrous Check-o-Matic Daddy had used on me earlier but still unable to stretch me any further.

I fell into a blissful haze, enjoying the edging for what felt like hours until Daddy bared his fangs and began to grunt, indicating he was about to burst. Laffy made a frantic "Mmmph!" as Daddy gripped his ears and thrust his cock all the way down his well-used throat to cum directly down it. That was Maffy's signal to bring me over the edge, increasing the pressure on the front of my diaper and sinking his teeth gently into my shoulder. For a split second, my hole relaxed and Maffy took the opportunity to

shove his whole paw right up my poop chute before my orgasm overtook me. As my body attempted to clench down around the massive intruder, my brain temporarily redirected all signals to its pleasure centers, and instead of discomfort, all that registered was more pleasure, piling on top of the already mind-shattering peak he had built me up to. The resulting howl that emanated from my lips was so raw and loud that all three of them stopped and stared at me in surprise.

"How could such a little one make such a big sound?" asked Daddy, pulling his softening cock out of Maffy's maw with a pop. "We'll have to pacify him next time, though I must admit, Spot's cute little noises made Daddy cum much quicker than normal."

Laffy and Maffy murmured their agreement, making me blush.

"I think we'd all better have another bath before we feed the little one."

"Yes, Daddy," the two otters said in unison. Daddy smiled and nodded his approval.

"Now you're getting the hang of it!"

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After another fun-filled bathtime with Daddy and my big blue attendants, Daddy sent them away and fed me breakfast. I ate my pet kibble out of my pet bowl without complaint and drank from the fountain before stretching out lazily on a beanbag by the vidwall. Daddy had once again turned off his translator as he spoke to someone I couldn't see, perhaps to help train me not to concern myself with grown-up matters. That was fine. Star Scouts was more interesting anyway. The scary thing was, I was slowly becoming used to the idea of being a pet. It didn't hurt that it kind of already matched my fantasies - minus the bizarre aspect of giant furry alien critters taking over my life.

As I watched my favorite cartoon critters discover the secrets of the Pantherian skies, I thought again about Laffy and Maffy's special ceremony and Daddy's comment – about how they would either be inducted or adopted. What had he meant by that? I would have to ask about it when I got a chance...

"Doesn't that sound good, Spot?"

"Unh?" I asked, raising my head, groggy and confused. I must have dozed off a bit in my daydreams because the vidwall was paused and Daddy was cuddling me on the beanbag.

"I said you've got a playdate with Princess today. Won't that be nice?" I smacked my lips, rubbing my eyes.

"Mmmhhh... Princess? Nyctos's Pet?"

"Yes," said Daddy. "Who else? He has Princess very well trained, you know. I may even steal a few ideas from him."

I blushed hard at that, squirming in Daddy's grip. Daddy wasn't even trying to tease me, he was just stating a fact, as if it was everyday conversation.

"I'm not a sissy like Princess, Daddy," I said.

"Don't worry, munchkin. Daddy likes you just the way you are – his adorable little diapered baby boy. And that's how you'll stay. But that doesn't mean we can't experiment with some new things along the way!" I felt that familiar nervous tingle in my tummy at those words. Daddy was looking way too excited about all this.

"Where's Laffy and Maffy?" I asked, changing the subject.

"Oh, I sent them off to tend to other duties, not least of which is a meeting with the Father. I'll be fine looking after you today during your playdate with Princess. Now let's get you dressed for the day, shall we?"

"Dressed?" I asked. "You mean I get to wear more than a diaper finally?"

"Of course! We can't let Princess upstage you now can we? Now let's see what we can put you in today... Let's see, let's see..." Daddy sat up with me in his lap and reached out a paw. Seemingly out of thin air, he brought down a pile of folded up clothing and laid it down next to me on the beanbag.

"We'll start with this onesie..." I groaned as he unfolded an adorable onesie with cartoon baby skunks and weasels dressed in warm-looking sleepers, holding their feet and giggling. I noticed it felt just like thick cotton as he dressed me in his lap like a doll.

"Good boy. You're being so well behaved today," said Daddy, noting how I lifted my arms and spread my legs without even being asked, allowing him to button the thick onesie between my legs without complaint. My diaper was now snug against my body, and I knew it wouldn't sag – which was a good thing. But it also meant he would have to undress me to check how wet I was. I blushed at the thought as he unfolded the next item, a pair of thick overalls with multicolored four-pointed starbursts embroidered at the knees. As he pulled them up, I noticed they seemed to be padded, hugging me and giving my body a puffy, more babylike appearance. I blushed as he tested the crotch

snaps and nodded, smiling. Yeah, he was definitely planning on plenty of conspicuous diaper checks for his pet. Satisfied, he set me down.

"You look adorable in your new overalls, my pet. Now why don't you prove that you're a big boy by taking them off all by yourself? Go on... try to take them off," he said, with a bright smile and an encouraging nod. I shrugged and did as he asked.

"That's easy, Daddy. All I have to do is open the shoulder straps... wait... hang on a second... what's going on?" The clasp should have slid off easily; I couldn't see any reason why it wouldn't, yet, somehow, it was stuck. "It must be broken," I mused. I tried the other strap and encountered the same problem. "Hmm..." I said, licking my lips and furrowing my brow in frustration. They were stuck and just a little too secure to slide off my shoulders. Next, I tried the crotch snaps, but to my surprise, they just wouldn't unsnap. Frustrated, I looked up at Daddy and said, "I can't," Then I noticed he was smiling. "Wait a second... you did this on purpose!" He nodded.

"Locking clothing. I just wanted to test it out and make sure it was working. Even if you manage to slip out of that, the onesie is also tamper-proof so you don't try to mess with your diaper, which as you know also has a failsafe."

"Isn't that a bit overkill," I asked, trying not to get too horny from the increased feeling of helplessness. Daddy just raised his palms and shrugged.

"We Beringans take our security very seriously," he said, "and you're a very important pet, so I'm making sure you are commensurately secure!"

Yeah, that tracked. Based on how security focused my captors were, I could expect more of the same in all aspects of my life.

"Speaking of which, we can't forget the kitten mitts and booties you picked out at the bazaar. I'm sure Princess will be delighted to see you with cute paws like hers." Daddy grabbed the thick, soft accessories from their hooks by the crib and slid them over my hands and feet. He walked a few strides away and crouched down, clapping and holding out his hands. "Come to Daddy!"

I took one step and ended up immediately on all fours, the thick paw pads making it impossible to walk or properly use my hands. I was forced to crawl on unsteady paws, looking much like an awkward newborn kitten as I made my way forward. Daddy picked me up and tickled my tummy, walking me to the stroller as I squirmed in embarrassment at my complete inability to walk.

"Aww! You look so cute crawling, kitten," cooed Daddy as he secured the stroller straps to keep me from climbing or sliding out. "All you're missing is a cute little tail to complete the look. Maybe I'll get you a tail plug later, but for now let's go to the chai house."

"Is that a restaurant or something?" I asked, dreading the prospect of another public outing.

"No," he said, looking at me strangely. "It's the building just past our lovely dining hall, opposite the big tree. It's where we drink chai."

"You have... your own coffee shop," I said, once again being hit by just how different his life was from mine on earth. He chittered in amusement.

"I guess you could call it that. Let's go. And remember, Nyctos and I are going to have an adult conversation, so don't try to join in or I'll have the paci ready."

"Yes, Daddy," I said, bowing my head sheepishly and sucking my paw. I don't know why I did it, but as soon as I did I knew I had made a mistake. Daddy gasped and brought his paws up to his cheeks with a big smile.

"Ohhh! That's adorable! I just have to get a picture!" He tilted his head, but nothing happened. His eyes seemed to scan something in the air. "Oh, this is perfect for the archive. You'll have to do that more often, little one!"

I quickly pulled my paw out of my mouth, my face bright red. Daddy chuckled and ruffled my hair before cocking an eyebrow at some unseen clock and saying, "Oh, look at the time! We'd better hurry off to chai!"