

Dad's in Charge

By Champ (<https://champthehotter.com/>)

Jeremy does his best to hide his diapers from Dad, but in close quarters, he was bound to get caught sooner or later. What Jeremy doesn't expect is just how Dad will react!

"Dinner's ready! Come on down, sweetie!"

"Ugh... Owww..."

"Sweetie?"

"Coming, Dad!"

Jeremy rubbed the sleep out of his eyes, wincing as he felt a twinge from his bladder. He'd been napping in his room for the last... how long was it? He pulled back the blackout curtain in his room and saw that it was still light out, though not for long. He overslept.

"Oww..." Jeremy said. He felt his gut clench slightly with another sharp pang from his bladder. When looked down, he saw that the front of his diaper was yellowed. He frowned as he reached down to feel it. It hadn't been wet when he went to sleep.

"Aw man... this isn't good..." Jeremy was always careful not to use his diapers in case his Dad noticed the smell. "Aw, man... I must've slept pretty hard..."

"Ok, time's up! I'm coming in there, young man!"

"N-no wait! Dad!" Yelled Jeremy, diving behind his bed and grabbing his pants. He was frantically pulling them up his legs and buckling them just as his dad barged in.

"Alright! Where are you, kiddo?" Dad peered around the bed, catching sight of Jeremy's feet as he came closer. "Jeremy! There you are! Quit goofing off! Dinner's ready at 1800! It's 1803, man!" Dad was always a stickler for the rules, and being on time.

"Daaaaad! Go away! I'm getting dressed!" Jeremy's face had grown hot from embarrassment, but luckily he'd managed to get his pants up before Dad caught him. His shirt did a well enough job hiding the waistband of his pamps, though only if it stayed where it was supposed to. Jeremy glared at his Dad who only glared back, a slight smirk on his face.

"What were you doin' in here anyway? Jerkin' off?"

"No, Dad! don't *do* that," Jeremy huffed.

"Oh, come on, buddy." said Dad, rolling his eyes. "We *all* do it. Nothing to be ashamed of. Just don't let it make you late for dinner."

"Ugh. *Alright*, dad," said Jeremy. "Can I have a second?" He looked at his father pointedly and then toward the door.

"Yeah, sure. One. Now up and at 'em, buddy boy. I'm not movin' til you do."

Jeremy had been hoping to have a chance to take off his wet diaper before leaving his room. Normally he'd stash it before he left his room, but this time he was SOL. Instead, he had to get up and walk past his Dad, and he knew what that meant. Butt slaps!

"Attaboy," said Jeremy's Dad, catching Jeremy with a slap on the butt even as Jeremy tried to hurry past to avoid it.

Jeremy felt his stomach drop into his shoes as he heard the loud crinkle and caught a whiff of baby powder and pee. And he nearly crapped his pants when Dad hooked his finger in Jeremy's collar and stopped him in his tracks.

"Hold up, boy!"

"D-d-d-dad?" Jeremy squeaked out, sure he had been caught. Jeremy's dad looked at him squint-eyed.

"Your shirt's on inside out..."

Jeremy's eyes went wide. He quickly thought of an excuse.

"Uh... yeah. That's the new style."

Dad looked at Jeremy for a few seconds like he'd said the dumbest thing imaginable. Then, he just snorted and shook his head.

"You kids today. Well, let's go eat, before dinner gets cold. G'wan now, scoot!"

Jeremy practically fell to the floor as he felt the tension leave his body. His dad hadn't noticed. Thank goodness. Jeremy scooted off to the couch where the TV trays were. There wasn't much room in the trailer where they lived, so the couch served as the common area for meals and TV time, something his dad annoyingly insisted they do together every day after dinner.

Jeremy sat down on the couch and winced as he felt another twinge in his bladder,

"You okay, buddy? You look uncomfortable," said Dad. Jeremy looked up at him and then down to his plate again, blushing.

"Yeah Dad, it's... nothing. Must've pulled a groin muscle, or something..."

"Heh, I'll bet..."

"Would you cut it out Dad?" said Jeremy, tossing a throw pillow at his father.

"Alright, alright," said Dad, chuckling. "Just eat your broccoli."

"Ugh. Broccoli...." Jeremy made a face, but quickly started eating when his dad gave him 'the look'. Satisfied, Dad smirked and started eating his own food.

"Ah, ah, ah, you don't start on that meat 'til you've finished your broccoli!" said Dad, when Jeremy went for the steak.

"Aw mannn..." Jeremy huffed and took another bite of the green stuff. Despite his complaints, the food tasted pretty good. Jeremy's dad could cook. He could do a lot, in fact. And he had to, since it was just him and Jeremy for most of Jeremy's life. As annoying as he could be, he was actually a pretty good dad, and Jeremy smiled to himself as he ate. "Thanks Dad..."

Dad looked at him strangely for a second. "Fer what?"

"For dinner."

"Ah, heck. I'm not gonna let my boy waste away to nothin'. You know better than that Jer' boy. Now eat up, and stop tryin' to butter your old pa up. Leave that butter for the potato."

"Alright, alright," said Jeremy, smiling to himself. He'd just finished all his broccoli when he began to shift uncomfortably. He felt uncomfortably wet down there. Wet? That's when he felt the warmth between his legs. It took a second for Jeremy to register that he was peeing, but when he did, he immediately tried to clench, almost knocking the TV tray over as he brought his hands down to his crotch. As soon as he tried to clench, however, he felt a shooting pain from his groin, and he had to stop, feeling himself flood his already wet diapers instead.

"Hey! Whoa there, you okay?" asked Jeremy's dad, jumping up.

"Ahh... yeah, I'm fine, Dad. Just... Ow... shit!" Jeremy couldn't stop it. He felt the pee coming out, but any attempt to clench those muscles hurt. He had no idea what

could have caused it, but this was a big problem. Then, the smell hit him. Like a broken sewer pipe. It was the broccoli! This was very bad.

"Jeremy, you are clearly not fine," said Dad, grabbing the TV tray and moving it away from his son. "Let me see. Where does it hurt?"

"Dad! No, leave me alone..." said Jeremy, trying to push away his bear of a father, though he had no hope of doing so.

"Come on, kiddo, let Daddy help. Don't be two proud for your old man to... hold up... what's that smell?"

"Dad, no..." said Jeremy, plaintively as his hand went limp against his father's chest.

"Jeremy... did you..." Jeremy's dad slowly reached for Jeremy's pants, and Jeremy winced as his dad put a hand on his waistband. Dad's touch elicited a loud crinkle.

"Son..." said Dad, quietly. "Are you wearing a diaper?"

"Dad! No!! It's not what it looks like!"

"Hell if it ain't!" said Dad. "No time for nonsense, Jer. You're leakin' all over the couch!"

"I-I-I'll take care of it," said Jeremy, jumping up to rush away, as he held his crotch.

"Oh no, you don't!" said Dad. "You're in no condition!"

Unlike the skinny Jeremy, his father was a big and burly bear of a man, and when he gripped Jeremy's arm, his hand completely encircled it. Jeremy tried to argue, but his dad was right. Jeremy was wincing and shuffling and clearly needed help, unable to even clench his pelvic muscles in the slightest.

"Up we go, buddy," said Dad, lifting Jeremy up in a bride's carry and bringing him to the bed. Jeremy buried his hands in his face as he felt his wetness leaking all over Dad's undershirt. "Ah, don't worry about it, Jer. I can wash it in the laundry. These, however..."

Jeremy's Dad whipped off the covers and blankets from Jeremy's bed, to reveal the crinkly waterproof mattress protector that he insisted Jeremy use "Just in case," even after Jeremy outgrew bed wetting. Dad lowered Jeremy onto the crinkly mattress, then he slapped his hands together and rubbed them, looking around.

"Where are your diapers, kiddo?"

"Dad, I don't..." Jeremy began, but he gave up trying to deny it when his Dad gave him the no-nonsense look. "Th-that's private... I don't want you to see."

"Don't fuss, Jer, it's nothing I haven't seen before. Don't forget, I was the one who changed every diaper you wore."

It was true. Jeremy had been a bedwetter for a good portion of his life and only in the last few years had he actually been able to finally sleep without nighttime protection. It was just Jeremy's luck that he'd eventually taken a liking to his crinkly protection, and had worn in secret on and off since then. Just his luck, since he now appeared to *need* them for whatever reason.

"Th-they're... under the bed," croaked Jeremy, his face as red as a tomato.

"Ahh... here we are," said Dad, picking up a freshly opened package of Soggy Dancing Doggies. "Well, isn't that cute? Gee, Jer, I don't remember them making them *this* cute when we had you in them before..."

"Aww, geez, *Daaaaaad!*" said Jeremy, hiding his face in his hands.

"Alright now. Calm down, buddy boy. Let's get those wet pants off ya. We're gonna have to change you before we take you to the emergency room."

Jeremy gripped the waistband of his jeans with a death grip when his Dad reached for the fly.

"Dad, you really don't have to-"

"I decide what has to be done and doesn't around here. You just lay back, kiddo, and let yer old man take care of ya."

Jeremy sighed a frustrated sigh and looked away, throwing his arm over his eyes as Dad unbuttoned Jeremy's pants and pulled them down.

"There we go. Aww, aren't you just cute as a button in those..." cooed his Dad.

Although his Dad had big, rough hands, there was a gentleness in how he went about it, as if Jeremy really was still just a baby. Jeremy lay there on the bed, his heart beating a mile a minute as he waited for his Dad to make the next move. This was almost worse than his Dad getting angry.

CLICK

"What was that click? Did you just take a picture?!" asked Jeremy.

"Just something for the ol' memory bank, kiddo. Not to worry. I won't go posting this up on Facebook or anything."

Jeremy hated his stupid horny brain for making him want to wear diapers. Jeremy was especially nervous as he could pop a boner at the drop of a hat. As his dad tore away each tape, Jeremy winced, fearing the worst would happen as the diaper came down. Jeremy's mouth was working as fast as his brain as he tried desperately to talk his way out of this incredibly embarrassing situation.

Rrrrip

"Dad, you don't have to-"

"I thought I told you to hush up, kiddo."

Rrrrip

"But I-"

"I *don't* wanna hear it!"

Rrrrip

"*Dad*, I-"

"*Enough*, Jer. What's gotten into you today?" Dad stopped to fix Jeremy with his 'I mean business' stare, causing Jeremy to freeze. "Now, this is happening whether you like it or not. No way I'm gonna let you go around in leaky pants."

And with that, the last tape came away.

Rrrrip

Dad pulled down the front of his diaper, and sure enough, Jeremy's boner sprang straight up, hitting him in the belly and dribbling a bit of pee down his waist. Dad paused. Then he chuckled. Then he openly guffawed.

"Hahaha. *That's* what you were worried about? Buddy, that dinky little thing ain't nothin' yer pa can't handle. Shoot. Looks about the same as it ever did. Now, let's wipe you up. You *do* have wipes, right?"

"N-n-n-nightstand," whispered Jeremy, too embarrassed to even speak normally.

"There we go. Now we're in business!"

Dad smiled big as he grabbed a handful of wipes and wiped his son down. He was thorough with the wet wipes, taking care to get every inch of Jeremy's waist and

legs as well as the most important areas between the legs, and even lifting Jeremy's ankles to wipe around behind.

"Hey!" squeaked Jeremy. "I didn't go back there!"

"Yeah, but you sure needed the wipe," said Dad, showing him the used wet wipe. Jeremy squeaked again in embarrassment when he saw it. Dad then tossed the wipes in the used diaper and balled it up.

"Pee-yoo! Well, we won't be feeding you any more broccoli, buddy boy. That's *my* bad."

Jeremy was speechless as he felt himself being lowered down until his butt touched soft, dry padding. Evidently, Dad had noticed the powder sitting next to the wipes in the nightstand because there followed a few shakes of that as well, and then the comforting feel of Dad's big warm hands massaging the powder into his skin. Dad was taking to diapering Jeremy like a pro, and why not? Dad had to handle Jeremy's diapers without any help the first time around, so going back on diaper duty was no problem. Before Jeremy knew it, his dad was taping the diaper up snugly and securely, achieving a fit that Jeremy was never able to get quite right when diapering himself. It felt... nice. Jeremy felt himself relax a bit despite himself.

"That's better. All clean. You sure are a lot less fussy now that you're in a dry diaper. Guess some things never change, eh, baby boy?"

Jeremy's dad kissed his tummy like he always used to do and gave his butt a little pat, causing Jeremy to go all blushy once more.

"I'm not a baby!" said Jeremy, crossing his arms and looking away.

Dad looked at Jeremy laying there with a red face, his lower lip sticking out in a childish pout. Then he looked at the baby powder, the baby wipes, the cute cartoon-print diaper, and finally, back to Jeremy, raising an eyebrow.

"That ain't what it looks like to me, buddy boy, but no time to argue about it. We're going to the doctor's. Right now. You stay right where you are!"

Dad pointed a finger at Jeremy, arresting the boy in the middle of sitting up. Reaching into the dresser drawer, Dad pulled out a pair of bright red sweats that had long ago shrunk to a size too small and brought them up to Jeremy's feet. Jeremy instantly cringed, knowing that they would show the outline of his diaper clear as day, and do absolutely nothing to muffle the crinkle.

"Dad, I can't wear these!"

"Stop kicking, Jer! You wanna fight with me, we can take you to the ER *without* pants. What'll it be, little man?"

Jeremy stopped kicking and let his Dad slide the too-small sweats up his legs.

"Hey, they still fit! They're pretty darn cute on you, kiddo. Now upsie daisy. Hold on to Daddy's neck. There ya go. Don't worry, kiddo. Daddy's got ya. "

Jeremy whimpered, holding onto Dad's neck as Dad cradled him and lifted him up, carrying him out of the house. Jeremy crinkled with every bounce, and the sweatpants held his diapers close and snug. If it were anyone but his Dad, Jeremy might have been able to really enjoy being carried out to the car. As it was, it was just so weird and embarrassing that this was all happening to him at home. Jeremy never expected Dad to find out about it, nor had he expected quite such an enthusiastic reaction. Being talked to like a baby was even more embarrassing than being told to grow up. Jeremy was so cowed, that he didn't even protest when Dad set him in the back seat instead of the front and buckled him in.

"You hang tight, okay? We're gonna take you to the doctor and getcha all fixed up." Jeremy didn't respond, and Dad crouched down to look at his son. "Jeremy? I'm talking to you."

"Y-yes, pa," said Jeremy, finally. He felt like he was a little kid again the way his Dad was taking charge. Part of him liked it, while the rest of him was appalled and hoped it was just a terrible dream. Nevertheless, as they pulled out of the trailer park and onto the main road, one thing was abundantly clear: This was happening, Papa Bear was in control, and he was operating in full Protective Daddy mode. At least for the time being.

In the doctor's office, Jeremy sat on the exam table in just his diaper looking distinctly cold and uncomfortable, his arms crossed tightly over his chest.

"How long has he had this problem?" Asked the doctor, completely bypassing Jeremy and looking straight to Jeremy's dad for an answer.

"I don't know, I just found out myself," said Dad, rubbing his chin and looking at his son. "Jer bear?"

"J-just started after my nap..." Jeremy said, fidgeting and looking into his lap. He couldn't look either man in the eye. Just a few hours ago his use of diapers had been a jealously guarded secret. Now, it was being thrust out into the open, under the harsh white light of the exam room.

"Well, we're going to have to do a urine test. Do you think you could pee into a cup for us?" asked the doctor.

"I could... m-maybe?" said Jeremy, feeling the burning sensation that told him he'd probably be peeing at any moment anyway. "Do you think I could get some privacy?"

"I'm afraid not," said the Doctor. "We're going to have to do some tests, and I'd like to get them done as quickly as possible. Here, I'll get a pad in case you leak."

"*Dad?*" Jeremy asked plaintively as his father moved to take off his diaper while the doctor grabbed the soaker pad.

"No, Son, now lay down and let me take that diaper off ya. Be a big boy and no complaining."

Easy for him to say, thought Jeremy as his dad undid the tapes. It felt anything but 'big boy' to be diapered and undiapered by his dad.

Sure enough, the soaker pad came in handy because almost as soon as the air hit his skin, Jeremy found himself urinating without control.

"Agh!" he said, wincing when he tried to clench his muscles.

"Whoa, there!" said the doctor, catching his pee mid-stream in the sample cup.

"What's wrong, son? Where does it hurt?" asked Dad.

"It... h-hurts when I try to stop the pee," said Jeremy, clenching his teeth.

"Well, then, don't," said Dad, simply.

Jeremy covered his face as the doctor held his penis with a gloved hand and directed the pee into the sample cup. He felt so tiny and helpless, letting another man hold his weiner for him while his Dad told him to just pee himself. It might have been hot in theory, but the pain in his groin was an instant boner-killer for Jeremy.

"Good, boy," said the doctor as the stream petered out. "This should be enough."

He examined it and muttered something, then had Jeremy perform a series of tests, including muscle clenching, water retention, and a weight test of the urine in the soaker pad when they were all done.

"Do you have another diaper?" asked the doctor.

"Darn. I didn't think to bring one," said Dad.

"It's okay, I've got some here. Shall I diaper him or will you?"

Jeremy couldn't believe it. "I can diaper myself!" he said, offended that they hadn't even considered the possibility.

"Lower your voice," said Dad, giving Jeremy a stern glare, "you're in no condition." Dad then sighed. "This has gotta be stressful for him. I think I'd better do the diapering." As if Papa Bear would let anyone else do the diapering when he was in protective mode.

Jeremy had to lay there trying to pretend he *wasn't* being treated like he was two by these two men while Daddy diapered him in the doctor's medical diaper. Jeremy knew these diapers. They had a yellow stripe down the middle that would turn bright blue as soon as he wet, making it super obvious just what he had done. Dad then gave Jeremy the customary kiss on the belly button and diaper squeeze, and Jeremy protested, his voice going up two octaves and cracking.

"*Daaaad!* Not in front of the *Doctor!*"

"Oh, hush," said Dad. "Your Daddy loves you. Ain't nothing shameful about that!"

Jeremy could only groan, his face bright red as he buried it in his hands.

"Wait here," said the doctor. "We'll run this up to the lab and have the results back shortly."

Jeremy had no idea how long shortly would be, but it seemed like forever sitting there in his diaper.

"Can I have my clothes back?" asked Jeremy after the doctor stepped out.

"You just hang tight, kiddo," said Dad.

"It's embarrassing," said Jeremy, crossing his arms and shivering.

"I think you look cute, kiddo. Nothing embarrassing about it to me."

"But I'm cold," Jeremy said, taking a different tack. However, this backfired on him.

"You come sit on Daddy's lap then. I'll warm you up."

Thus, Jeremy was obliged to sit on his Dad's lap while they waited for the doctor to return with the lab results. Dad was right about one thing. It was warmer in his lap. Dad guided Jeremy's head onto his shoulder and told Jeremy to hug his neck. As Dad hugged him and rubbed his back, Jeremy began to relax. He breathed in his father's

scent, which was familiar and comforting. It *did* feel pretty good to be held like this, even if this *was* super cringy. Jeremy relaxed so much that he didn't even notice the warmth spreading in his crotch until he felt the rumble of his dad's chuckles and then the feel of a squeeze on the front of his diaper.

"Oops! Looks like you really *do* need these, buddy boy," said Dad, pulling back and tapping his finger on the bright blue wetness indicator in the middle of Jeremy's diaper. Jeremy clenched instinctively and instantly winced.

"Agh!"

"Don't hold it," said Dad, smacking Jeremy's thigh, and Jeremy let go, whimpering as the line of blue made its way back toward his tailbone, warming his butt. Jeremy was peeing in his dad's lap! This was so embarrassing, but there was no helping it. Then, the Doctor walked in and Jeremy tensed up again.

"Agh!"

"What's the problem?" Asked the doctor.

"He won't stop clenching," said Dad, turning to the doctor as he patted Jeremy's tummy.

"We can do a few things to help with that," said the doctor, but first, let's go over the results.

"What could it be?" Asked Dad.

"Well," said the doctor, "Why don't we talk about it over here."

Jeremy's eyes went wide as his Dad stood up, carrying Jeremy to the exam table and depositing him like he weighed nothing more than a paper weight. The doctor put a hand around Dad's shoulder and the two of them turned away from Jeremy. The men talked out of earshot of Jeremy while Jeremy strained to hear.

"H-hey! What are you two talking about?" asked Jeremy.

"Never you mind, Jer bear," called Dad. "The grownups are talking."

And that was the end of that discussion. Jeremy was forced to simply wait until they were done. Once the conversation had concluded, Dad and the doctor turned around, and the doctor spoke so Jeremy could hear.

"He's to get bed rest and plenty of fluid. You can stop by the pharmacy on the way out."

"Sure thing, Doc. And thanks."

Finally, the doctor turned to face Jeremy, putting his hands behind his back and smiling. "You've been very good, Jeremy. Would you like a lollipop?"

"Don't you dare," said Jeremy, hackles raising at the patronizing tone.

"Jeremy!" barked Dad. "You be polite. Yes, doc. He'll take a lollipop."

The doctor smiled indulgently as Jeremy was obliged to pick a sugar-free lollipop from the fishbowl that the doctor presented. He clenched his teeth but said nothing as the doctor patted his head.

"Good boy. Your Daddy will help you get all better, so listen to what he says."

"What do we say, Jer Bear?"

"Thank you doctor..." mumbled Jeremy, looking down at his feet and blushing red from embarrassment.

Jeremy couldn't get out of there quickly enough, and was only too glad to be dressed by Dad so he could walk on his own two feet as they left. It was uncomfortable to walk, but he managed to convince Dad to let him do it. Of course, that's when he remembered just how much the undersized sweats showed off his diaper - it was much more obvious when he walked compared to being carried, but Dad pulled the embarrassed Jeremy along regardless, going *Crinkle* *Crinkle* *Crinkle* with every step.

A short wait at the pharmacy and another back seat drive later, they were back at home and Jeremy was put straight to bed, but not before he was put into a thicker diaper.

"Those flimsy things'll never hold," said Dad. "Let's get you into another one of those cute diapers you got. Where did you get those anyway? We're gonna need plenty more before all is said and done."

"Dad... Uh... Can't we just get 'em at the store or something?"

"Come on, kiddo. *I'm* the one who has to diaper your sick butt. You might as well let me pick some fun ones."

"But the website where I buy them from... I mean... It's not exactly... you might see some things on there I don't want you to misunderstand..."

"Like what?" asked Dad, crossing his arms and smirking.

"Like..." Jeremy cleared his throat, looking distinctly uncomfortable. This was not a conversation he'd ever wanted to have with his dad. "Grown men... in... d- uh... you know... protective... underwear..."

Jeremy blushed, finding the 'D' word especially hard to say out loud. His Dad's smirk grew.

"Diapers? You mean diapers, kiddo?"

Jeremy just blushed and nodded.

"Yeah, I see a big guy in diapers right in front of me, so I'm not worried about it. Now tell me the website. Actually, you know what? It's probably on the bag." Sure enough, it was right there. "Snuggables dot com, huh? That's pretty darn cute..."

"Dad, don't go on that website," warned Jeremy, but Dad was already waving him off and typing the web address into his phone. Jeremy winced as the site loaded up, and he saw his Dad's eyes widen as the light of understanding entered them. Dad just stared for a few seconds, not saying anything, and Jeremy braced for the worst when Dad finally opened his mouth.

"This is..."

Jeremy winced.

"This site is cute as shit," said Dad, grinning as he scrolled through the images. "Sorry, I mean, *cute as sugar*." Dad had the annoying habit of avoiding any 'adult' language around Jeremy.

"Dad. I'm not a kid. You can say the 's' word around me." Of course, Jeremy knew better than to say the 's' word *himself*, lest he be punished by Dad, sick or not. Dad, however, was getting way too into the site to care and Jeremy was once again embarrassed by his father's enthusiasm.

"Wow! They have space themed ones? You *love* space, kiddo. We need to get you some of *these*!"

"Hey! C'mon, stop looking," said Jeremy, lunging for his Daddy's phone. "This is embarrassing!"

Dad was too fast, however. He just pulled the phone out of reach and pointed to the bed.

"On your butt, mister. No getting up."

Jeremy obeyed, crossing his arms in a huff, and Dad, satisfied, went right back to browsing.

"So is this what you get up to in here?"

"N-no! I just... they're... they make the best underpants, okay?"

"Diapers," said Dad, firmly.

"Whatever," said Jeremy. "They're just better quality, that's all."

"Don't 'whatever' me," said Dad, putting his hands on his hips. "You'll call them what they are. Diapers." Jeremy looked at his Dad, his cheeks burning, but Dad stood firm. "Jeremy. I want you to say it now."

"Do I have to, Dad? *Whyyy?*"

"Because it's nothing to be ashamed of."

Jeremy's mouth went dry as he tried to say the word. "D- D-... I can't do it, Dad."

"Listen, buddy, I'm here," said Dad, sitting on the bed and holding Jeremy's hand.

Oh no. This is making it worse, thought Jeremy, whose heart was now racing. Here he was, sitting on the bed in just a diaper while his dad looked through his ABDL diaper vendor's site, and now his Dad was going to make him say the word 'diaper' out loud.

"It's not your fault, kiddo," said Dad, giving Jeremy's diaper a pat and showing him a tender smile. "You just need these right now. Now come on and say it with me. Di-Di- Diapers..." Dad said the word like he was explaining it to a little kid who was just learning to speak, and Jeremy blushed as he was forced to follow along.

"D-d-diap..." Jeremy's voice cracked as he choked the word out and he had to clear his throat and start over again. His dad gave him an encouraging smile and nod.

"Come on, buddy. You can do it. I believe in you!" Jeremy rolled his eyes at his dad's sappy encouragement, which felt completely inappropriate given the situation.

"Diapers," Jeremy finally managed to choke out, and mercifully, that was enough to satisfy Dad.

"Attaboy!" said Dad, giving Jeremy a bone crushing hug. "I'm so proud of you."

"Can't... breathe..." gasped Jeremy.

"Oops, sorry. I forgot how delicate you are, buddy, hehe." Dad chuckled as he released Jeremy from the bear hug, and let him get under the covers.

"You sure it's not too hot for that?" asked Dad, looking skeptical.

"Yeah, I'm sure..." muttered Jeremy, embarrassed beyond words.

"Okay, then. You just rest, kiddo. I'll go make you some chicken soup."

The next day or two went on in a similar fashion. Dad was clearly enjoying his 'Papa Bear Protector' role a little too much, insisting on doing all diaper changes, and carrying Jeremy around as much as possible when he was allowed out of bed at all. And of course, there were plenty of diaper changes given the amount of soup and liquids Dad kept feeding Jeremy.

"Gotta stay hydrated, kiddo!" he would say, whenever Jeremy complained.

Dad's overbearing fathering was even putting a crimp in Jeremy's game time. It came to a head when Heremy got a little too into his game close to bedtime.

"Time's up Jer Bear! Go get your teeth brushed and then right to bed!"

"But daaad... I'm in the middle of a co-op mission!"

"Well, you shoulda planned to be done in time for bed."

"It's nine o'clock! Can't you let me stay up a little later?"

"Sorry kiddo, rules are rules. Maybe when you're older."

Jeremy's friends could hear everything, and he was completely embarrassed as they laughed at his expense.

"Sorry, guys, it's my Dad. I have to go."

"Okay, *kiddo*," said one of his friends. "Tell your Daddy I said to tuck you in nice n' tight! Hahaha!"

"Heyyyy, c'mon! It's not funny, guys," whined Jeremy as his face turned bright red. Then, Dad walked in and grabbed the headset right off Jeremy's head, holding it up to his own mouth.

"Alright, guys. Daddy says it's Jeremy's bedtime. You guys can play with him tomorrow... if he's *good*." Dad then turned off the console in the middle of the game.

"Dad! No!!!" cried Jeremy, but it was too late. His game had been ended and his reputation ruined.

"Aw, stop with the pouty face, Jeremy. You know you have to go to bed at 9 now. The doctor said plenty of bedrest, so get your butt in the bathroom before I carry you there and brush your teeth for you."

"But-"

"No buts. March." After that event, Jeremy learned not to play video games close to bedtime.

When the diapers arrived a few days later, Jeremy was in for a surprise. He was pretending to take one of his abundant and *required* naps when his blanket was suddenly whipped off.

"Aww! Ain't you a cutie!" said Dad, as he found a very soggy Jeremy with his hands on his yellowed diaper.

"Dad!" squealed Jeremy, who had been in the middle of a nice covert masturbation session rubbing his favorite undergarments as he often did when he thought no one was around.

"Enough playin' with yourself, kid. It's time to get up! I got ya somethin'!"

"Dad! That's so messed up!" yelled Jeremy before adding with a growl, "I wasn't playing with myself."

"Nothin' to be ashamed of, kiddo. Everyone does it," said Dad, who was already busy dragging in a box. "Guess what? Your diapers are here!"

"You bought a whole case?!"

"Hold on, kiddo. I'm not done bringing 'em in!"

Jeremy was abashed to see that his dad had bought not just a pack. Not just a case. But **three cases** of diapers. Jeremy's jaw hit the floor at the size of the shipment.

"I couldn't pick just one!" said Dad, sheepishly. "They're all too cute!"

"But three cases?!"

"I hate to break it to ya kid but you're not getting out of diapers any time soon," said Dad, sitting on the bed and putting a hand on Jeremy's knee. "Now, calm down. And don't worry so much! I like bein' Daddy again. And you seem to like your diapers..." Jeremy blushed as Dad glanced down at the padding that Jeremy had been playing with minutes before, and the obvious bulge that had resulted. "So just enjoy it. Just don't enjoy it during nap time. You need your sleep!"

Jeremy couldn't believe his dad was saying all this. "Dad. I don't *enjoy* diapers and baby stuff, as much as you might like to think so. I literally just wore these as a temporary fix. And because they don't sell functional diapers at the store."

Jeremy's dad seemed to deflate a little at those words, but even though his smile faltered a bit, Dad kept up his cheery attitude.

"Well, kiddo. I guess I have been treatin' you a little younger than your age..."

"Ya think?"

"Don't you start with that attitude, Jer Bear. I'm trying to say that I can do my best to try and be more respectful, but not if you're going to disrespect *me*."

"Sorry," muttered Jeremy, looking down again.

"Good. Glad we understand each other. Now let's get you changed, 'big boy'," said Dad with a wink, as he ripped open the first box of babyish diapers. "I get first pick! How about the space cruisers?"

"Aww, Dad..." groaned Jeremy, not wanting his diaper to be changed when he still had this raging boner. But of course this wasn't the first boner he'd had while being changed, as his Dad was all too happy to remind him.

"No need to be embarrassed," said Dad, as he wiped around Jeremy's legs. "Happens to little boys all the time... Oop, and big boys too, of course," added Dad, smiling down at him. "Now how are we gonna tape this thing shut with your hard willy in the way?"

"Kill me now..."

"Well, we'll just leave it up for now, Jer Bear. I'll come and fix it in a sec." The leave-it-and-fix-it-later routine was Dad's go to for this sort of situation. Dad would lie in wait, and when Jeremy least expected it, he would reach in and point Jeremy's willy down, always garnering a blush and angry complaint from Jeremy, and a chuckle from Dad.

With that problem settled, Dad taped Jeremy's diaper up and followed with the kiss on the tummy and diaper squeeze. That was almost too much for Jeremy who groaned in both embarrassment and pleasure at the attention to his needy bits.

"See, buddy? It's not even showing over the padding. Guess you're lucky you're not as gifted down there as your old man, huh?"

Jeremy curled up and covered his face as Dad began putting away diapers in his closet. Then Jeremy's eyes shot open as he suddenly remembered. *Shit! The baby stuff!* The closet was where he hid his adult baby stuff like his bottle and his baby print plastic pants. *Shit! Shit! Shit!* thought Jeremy, afraid to turn around.

"Jeremy..." came Dad's voice. He spoke slowly, in measured tones that had Jeremy practically crapping his pamps. "What is this?"

Jeremy didn't answer. He didn't move. He didn't even dare to breathe.

"Jerry? Jer Bear? Look at me when I'm speaking to you."

Jeremy slowly turned around to face his father, terrified of what he'd see. Sure enough Dad was holding Heremy's baby stuff in his hand - A cute bib, a bottle, a pacifier, locking plastic pants with bottles and babies crawling around on it.

"Care to explain, Jer Bear?"

Jeremy looked at his Dad, whose eyebrows were up and pursed his lips, shaking his head. Dad came over and set the things down on the bed then sat down with his hand on Jeremy's leg. Jeremy whimpered.

"Look, I don't wanna make any assumptions, but you just told me you didn't like 'baby stuff'. Can you understand why I'm confused?"

"Dad..." began Jeremy. "I-"

Suddenly Dad's hand reached into Jeremy's diaper to tuck down his pee-pee. This sneak attack usually worked any time he was taped in pointing upwards due to an erection, but this time, Dad was unable to point it down because it was still rock hard. He quickly pulled his hand away, looking surprised. Jeremy closed his eyes tight, feeling like he wanted to drop off the earth. This was too much.

"Jer Bear?" Asked Dad's rumbly voice "...is there somethin' you're not tellin' me?"

"Dad! Why don't you mind your own business?!" Jeremy yelled, his face turning bright red.

"Don't you dare yell at me! I'm your father. Your life *is* my business!" Dad said, in a voice that made the whole trailer shake. Jeremy should have been scared, but he wasn't. He was angry. He had been pushed too far, and the humiliation of what had just happened was too great to face, so he pushed his dad away and lashed out.

"Just because Mom's gone doesn't mean you can use me as a substitute!"

Dad drew back, looking hurt.

"Jeremy! I'm not doin' that. You know I love ya..."

"Get a life, Dad! I'm a grown man and I don't need your help! Go get a puppy or something!"

"You- Grrrr..." Dad's face went red, and he started to say something but stopped himself. Instead, he stormed out of the trailer, slamming the door behind him. Jeremy knew that Dad only did that to curse or cry, and he suddenly felt bad. He didn't really mean to hurt his dad, he had just reacted to a very stressful and embarrassing situation.

Jeremy got up and pulled on some pants. He thought he'd better look for Dad to apologize or something, but he still didn't know what he'd say about the baby stuff. He decided he should just chuck it in the bin and try to forget about it. Sniffing and trying not to cry, Jeremy gathered it all in a big plastic bag and tossed it in the trash can, too ashamed of himself to even give that stupid baby stuff a second look.

Outside, he found his dad in the driver's seat of his truck, head buried in his crossed arms. Jeremy knocked on the window.

"Dad? Are you okay?"

Dad jerked up, quickly turning his head away when he saw who it was and wiping at his face with his forearm, which broke Jeremy's heart. Dad *had* been crying.

Dad opened the door, stepped out, and spoke, his voice sounding huskier than usual.

"What are you doin' out here, Jer Bear? You know you're not supposed to be out of bed."

"Dad, I'm fine," said Jeremy. "...and I'm sorry for yelling at you. I didn't mean it."

Dad ruffled Jeremy's hair. He smiled, even though his eyes were red and puffy.

"Don't worry, kiddo. You'll be punished later so you don't have to feel bad."

"Punished?!"

Dad chuckled. "Hoo boy, you should see your face, kiddo. Come on, let's go inside and put you back to bed."

"Aww, Dad, come on! I'm fin- urgh!"

Jeremy's knees buckled as he felt a fresh spurt of pee escape his groin, followed by torrent, warming the front of his diaper. Having learned not to tense up, Jeremy let it

flow. Still, it did make him weak in the knees. Luckily for him, his Dad caught him before he fell.

"I gotcha, buddy," said Dad, grabbing Jeremy under the arms and bringing him into a hug. "Don't need your Pa to take care of you, huh? Yeah, right."

Dad snorted and gave a laugh. His confidence had returned. Jeremy blushed as he was carried back into the trailer, wondering if he had made the right decision going after Dad after all.

"This is humiliating," he muttered to himself as he was brought back into the bedroom. His dad looked around after setting Jeremy back in his bed.

"Hold on a sec... where's your baby stuff, Jer Bear?"

"I don't want to talk about it," said Jeremy, crossing his arms and pouting.

"You'd better *start* talkin', or else your punishment is gonna get a lot worse."

"Aww, Dad... come on!"

Jeremy's Dad returned his pleading stare with a steadfast glare of his own. Finally, Jeremy relented.

"Fine! I sort of... um.. I-like... babystuffandbeinababy..." the last words of Jeremy's sentence trailed off into mumbles.

"What was that, kiddo? I didn't quite catch that last part."

"I said..." Jeremy had a hard time saying it out loud, but he knew Dad wasn't going to let this go *now*. "I... I like... I like it... the, um... baby stuff... and the d-... the diapers."

Dad raised his eyebrows and gestured for Jeremy to go on.

"Um... I like to... you know... play pretend... I'm a baby... I guess. 'Cause it feels nice. And, um..." Jeremy's face went bright red as he thought of how much it also got him off.

"Oh," said Dad, putting his elbow on his hand and rubbing his chin, "so you *do* like the baby stuff."

Jeremy just nodded, his face still red.

"Well, where did it all go, Jer Bear? Where's your baby stuff?" Dad said this in the condescending tone used for pets and small children, which made Jeremy instantly feel littler.

"I-I threw it out," Jeremy replied. "I'm sorry. I should never have bought it... I'm sorry you had to see that, and it won't happen again."

"You should be sorry," said Dad, causing Jeremy to flinch. "You threw away your perfectly good things. That's not how I taught you."

Jeremy was stunned.

"I... You're not mad?" asked Jeremy, cocking his head and giving his dad a strange look. "Aren't you going to lecture me about how I need to grow up?"

"Oh hell no," said Dad. "This is too cute to get mad about! I'm just mad you tried to throw your stuff out!"

"A-aren't you ashamed of me?" asked Jeremy, beginning to sound indignant at the fact that his father *wasn't* offended. "I mean... you weren't like this when *you* were my age, were you?"

Dad laughed and put his hands on his hips. "Haha, no, I sure wasn't! I coulda broken you in two at that age. But that doesn't matter, Son. You're my baby boy. Always will be."

Jeremy blushed, and looked away, embarrassed. "*Daaad!*"

Dad sat down on the bed beside Jeremy and put a hand on his leg. "Listen, son. I wasn't always able to give you the fanciest life, I know, but I'm a darn good Daddy if I do say so myself. And I like bein' Daddy again. And since I know you like bein' a baby, that settles it."

"But Dad, it's not that simple..."

"Oh, nonsense. You just let Daddy take care of everything, okay, Jer Bear?"

"O-okay dad, said Jeremy, his voice quavering. It was a decision that went against years of self-denial and shame, but having Daddy make the choice for him helped Jeremy accept it a little more.

"That's my boy. Now where's your baby stuff?"

"I-in the kitchen trash."

"Good. You just wait right here, kiddo. Hoo boy, throwing away your things when you're not done usin' em? You sure are rackin' 'em up today!"

Jeremy gulped as his dad walked out of the room, knowing full well that he was in big trouble, but that's not why his heart was pounding. He was thinking about his Dad actually using that baby stuff on him.

Epilogue: One Month Later...

"What do you think of this one, Jer bear? Looks brand spankin' new!"

"I-it's nice, I g-guess," said Jeremy, blushing and fidgeting as Dad inspected a bright red adult-sized car seat. Jeremy covered his front as he felt a familiar tingle return to his diaper area. Dad smiled.

"Well, I'd say that's an endorsement, mister blushy pants. Let's check out the price... Ten Dollars?! I'll take it!"

"Aww geez," said Jeremy, feeling his face go hot. "Not so loud..." But Dad wasn't listening. He was too busy holding up the adult carseat in victory.

"Thrift Town, you've done it again!"

It was true. Over the past month, they had found a crib, a stroller, even a high chair for Jeremy without breaking the bank. Of course, because the trailer was so small, for every item of baby furniture that went in, a piece of adult furniture had to come out. And so Jeremy no longer had a bed to lie in, or a couch to sit on. Just his big baby furniture 24/7/365.

Of course, Dad was as excited about all the baby stuff as Jeremy was. Probably more so. Spoiling his little boy with more baby treatment seemed to energize Dad, and after the killer car seat find, Dad was on a roll.

"Let's go check out the games section next, kiddo! Hold Daddy's hand so you don't get lost."

"O-okay, Dad..." said Jeremy, as Dad grabbed his hand. "They probably won't have anything good though... It's usually all out of date..."

Sure enough, the games section was a bust. That is, until Jeremy spotted a rare gem.

"Oh my gosh! Killer Carnage?! How did *that* end up here? Nobody can get a hold of it. Daddy, can I get it? Please? Pleeeeease?"

Dad raised an eyebrow and tapped the Mature rating. "Hmm... Maybe we can find you something more age appropriate... This looks a little too violent, even if it is only five dollars."

"Dad! C'mon! I'm not really a baby. I can handle it..."

Dad looked Jeremy up and down, and Jeremy knew just what Dad saw. His son in overalls and a onesie, with messy hair, and a thick diaper bulge puffing out between his legs. Jeremy hardly looked like an adult anymore.

"Why don't we get you this game?" asked Daddy, picking up a copy of "Dragon Baby's Soft and Fluffy Adventure".

"That's not even for my *system*," said Jeremy. "That's for the old one..."

"Hmm, you're right. Luckily we still have it. I don't think they make games like this for your system at all, do they?"

"No, they don't Dad," said Jeremy, crossing his arms and nodding, glad he was finally getting through to his Dad.

"Well, that settles it then. We're selling your new system."

Jeremy's face fell and his mouth opened in shock.

"Dad! No!"

"Yes, baby boy. Now stop making a scene and let's go."

Jeremy began to cry like an actual baby and his Dad shook his head as he took the boy's hand and led him toward the checkout lines.

"Nap time... definitely nap time."

The ladies behind the register already knew the duo by now, so they smiled and waved hello to Jeremy when it was Daddy's turn to pay. They were nice. They were even nice enough to give Dad a call when something special came in for the big baby, as they had done that morning.

"Aww, is the poor little guy having a rough day," asked Margaret from behind the register.

"He's just tuckered out, is all. It's my fault for keeping him up past his nap time, but you know I couldn't pass up a deal like this!" Dad held up the carseat, and Margaret clapped.

"You got it! Oh, goodie. I was hoping you'd get that one. It's no good for the little guy to ride around without a carseat."

Dad smiled down at the boy, whose cries had quieted down thanks to the pacifier placed in his mouth. "Nope. We gotta keep this cutie well protected."

"Oh! That reminds me! Look what came in..." The lady looked around and smiled as she pulled out a stack of cloth diapers and plastic pants. "Brand new from the medical store! I guess they were trying these out in bigger baby prints and it didn't sell well. I thought they might be right up your alley! Only a dollar each!"

"We'll take 'em!" Dad practically yelled.

Daddy was delighted, but Jeremy eyed the thick diapers with dread. Jeremy actually liked cloth diapers for night time use, but with this many on hand, Daddy could start making him wear them when they were out and about as well. And there was no way such thick diapers would go unnoticed under clothing. It was just Jeremy's luck that the ladies at Thrift Town shared Dad's enthusiasm for Jeremy's new lifestyle.

Dad paid for the items, thanking the cashier profusely, and then smiling back down at his pouting boy. "Let's go kiddo, and after your nap we can play your new game."

They brought their haul to the new minivan, which Dad had traded in his pickup to buy, and Jeremy had to stand there and watch while Dad set up the carseat, all the time knowing that he would soon be in it. The suspense had his heart pounding. It was amazing that he was able to live this lifestyle openly, and he knew that a lot of ABDL friends envied Jeremy and Daddy, but being a big baby was sometimes really frustrating.

Jeremy's tummy did flip flops as he was lifted up by Dad and deposited into the car seat.

"Daddy," asked Jeremy, pulling out his pacifier to speak as Dad strapped him in.

"Now, you know better than that Jer Bear," said Dad, grabbing the pacifier from Jeremy's hand and aiming for his son's mouth. "No pulling out your pacifier."

Jeremy dodged the pacifier, holding up his hand to push his Dad's hand away.

"Daddy...can I please be treated like an adult again?"

Dad looked at him for a few seconds and smirked. "Mmm... no."

"But why not?" asked Jeremy.

"Because five minutes later you're just going to want to be a baby again."

Dad wasn't wrong. Jeremy would love to be able to cherry pick the times he could be a baby, but unlike Jeremy, Daddy couldn't change his Papa Bear mindset on a whim.

"Sides, just think how disappointed Justin and his big little kiddos would be if you had to cancel all your playdates."

"Yeah... I guess that's true..." said Jeremy, sighing. Everybody knew Daddy and Jeremy in the ABDL scene, especially since Dad took to posting all their outings to social media.

"And you know what else? Now that I have my baby boy back, I can't see you any other way," said Dad, holding up his phone. "And neither can anybody else. Now smile for the camera!"

The photo of Jeremy in the car seat and Daddy smiling into the camera as his hand shoved a big pacifier into the surprised Jeremy's mouth was an instant classic and would become quite a popular meme in the coming weeks.

"There we go. I'll tell you what, why don't we post this photo and put it up for a vote?" asked Daddy, already typing rapidly into his phone. "Who thinks we should keep little Jeremy as a baby? For how long? Like for yes one day, reblog for one week."

"Aw, Dab, you mow how dat's gonna go," said Jeremy, struggling to speak around his pacifier.

"We won't know until people... uh oh, looks like people are already voting. A hundred votes for and zero against?! Holy smokes! Look at all those reblogs too! Looks like we're gonna have to keep you like this for quite some time."

Jeremy blushed, his pee-pee pressing against the soft padding of his diaper. There was no visible tent in his pants this time, not with the extra thick padding his dad kept him in for errand days, but he definitely felt his pee-pee pushing into his soggy padding as the belt between his legs kept his diaper snug. It looked like Jeremy was stuck like this for good, and despite his embarrassment, that's just what Jeremy had hoped to hear.