

Diaper-Training My Boyfriend

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

Cyrus loves his boyfriend, and he loves to put his boyfriend in diapers. Ever since he discovered the boy's bedwetting, he's slowly training his boyfriend to go full time, and making sure everyone knows about it too!

Chapter 1

I could feel his diaper pressing into my right butt cheek as he twined his legs around my thigh. The puffy plastic protruding out from his waist was such a familiar sensation that it felt wrong to have him in bed without it. In fact, whenever Tommy and I snuggled, I'd insist he be diapered.

The alarm went off and he fumbled to pick up his phone and turn it off. When he put it down, he noticed me staring.

"Oh, did I wake you?"

"No, love. You didn't." I replied. Without asking, I slid my hand under the sheets and cupped his diaper.

"Somebody's a soggy guy this morning. It's a good thing I keep you *diapered* for bed." I gave him a half-lidded smile.

"Oh my gosh, Cyrus! *Stoooooop!*" Even in the morning light I could see him blushing.

"You're so cute when you're embarrassed. Come on, buddy, let's get you into the shower." I pulled him into the bathroom and untaped his tapes, letting the diaper fall to the ground with a loud thud.

Imagine my surprise when I learned that my boyfriend was a bedwetter. And yes, it was a bit of a shock, but it was pretty darn cute, too. And of course I immediately wanted to "help". It took a while to get him comfortable with letting me take care of his changes, but eventually he stopped complaining and just let me take charge.

"Into the shower with you, soggy butt."

I smacked his rear to hurry him up and raised an eyebrow as a few more drops of pee hit the bathroom floor. That was new. I grabbed the razor and cream. Today was shave day for Tommy, and you can guess who was in charge of *that* task. I grabbed the shampoo first.

Warm water streamed down his body as he stood under the rain showerhead. He was soft and small with feminine features, especially since we'd decided to let his hair grow out more. I started there, running my fingers through his soft blonde curls, working up a lather. Once I was satisfied, I rinsed him off and moved on to the rest of his body.

"Arms up, bud."

He sighed and put them up. I raised an eyebrow.

"Don't get huffy with me, sweetheart. I know you like getting washed in the shower."

"Sorry. I *do*. It just feels a little childish. I don't know."

"Nobody here but us, love. If you enjoy it, then just relax and let me give you some personal attention. And smile."

"Okay," he said, smiling a goofy smile. "Thanks for washing me, Mr. Man!"

"Dork." I chuckled, picking up the washcloth and squirting a healthy dollop of shower gel onto it. I sighed as I looked at the shower timer. As fun as it would be to take my time with this, we both had places to be, so I made quick work of cleaning Tommy off, leaning in to speak into his ear that I was done.

"Okay, love. You're all done. Now it's time to shave your *diaper* area."

He winced and blushed.

"Can we *not* call it that?"

"Why not?" I shrugged. "That's what it is. Your diaper area. The place where your *diapers* go when I put them on you." I leaned in to enunciate these last few words and watched him turn red.

"Aw geez." Tommy covered his face with his hands. I leaned back and put my palms up.

"Hey, you need them for bed. So what? That's nothing to be ashamed of."

"I guess you're right..."

"I *know* I am, so shut it. Now let's get your little bits and your tush *nice* and smooth for your diapers."

Every time I said 'diapers' I played with his cock. I wanted to condition him to get hard every time I said the word, and from what I could see, it was working. I held up his penis against my own and admired the pronounced size difference.

"Such a *little guy* down there."

"Cyrussss!" he whined. "You *know* I can't help that."

"It's good. I like it small. Saves me time shaving." I gave him a little kiss on the forehead and then creamed him up as I told him how much I liked him just the way he was. "Such a good boyfriend you are. Letting me feel so masculine and strong all the time. You even stay tiny down there for me. Such a good boy."

All that praise and humiliation mixed together had Tommy practically melting into the tile. I was afraid I'd have to block the drain to keep from losing him. But once again, I had to work at an efficient pace, pulling the razor to leave behind smooth, clean skin where once there was the hint of stubble. I wasn't kidding - it really didn't take long to shave those tiny bits.

"Okay, love, you're all done. Go ahead and dry off."

As soon as he was out of the bathroom, I took a big dollop of shower gel and began to jack off furiously. I never told Tommy just how turned on I was when I got to do things for him like diaper him up or shave him, though I'm sure he could have guessed by the extra helpings of dick juice I'd been feeding him since this little wrinkle in our relationship had started.

I pumped my cock and imagined taking charge of his changes during the day as well, keeping him in diapers and locking the bathroom so I could control his potty schedule, showers, and anything else he needed to do in there. I thought about how I started regularly cutting up his food. How he looked embarrassed but said nothing when I did it in front of his friends last week. About after, when I scolded him for cursing and warned him, he'd get a spanking - also in front of his friends, much to their amusement.

I thought about how I encouraged him to drink more before bed and then cuddled him with my hand against his crotch til I felt it getting warm. Whispering him to sleep as he continued to pee. I thought about how much more he was wetting thanks to all that liquid, how we had to switch to even thicker diapers for night-time use. And then, I thought about what I had planned for him next. I screwed up my eyes and came dumping what must have been a paint bucket worth of cum on the shower floor.

"Oooohhhhh, holy mother of... wow." I opened my eyes and watched the last white spurts of semen painted the floor of the shower. "Oh gods that was good," I panted, leaning against the wall and catching my breath.

I shut off the shower and went into the bedroom. Tommy was already dressed for work. I spoke.

"Be home by four tonight, yeah?"

"Of course. I won't be late," he said smiling and rolling his eyes. We were having some of our friends over for our weekly dinner and game night, he knew. He gave me a quick peck on the cheek and left. After he left, I checked my incoming orders. A new package was arriving today. Perfect timing. I'd have the contents installed by tonight.

Chapter 2

Later that night we finished dinner a little later than usual. It was almost eight by the time everyone was done because we were having so much fun just talking. There were seven of us, and we'd been doing this game night for a while now, so the routine went like a well-rehearsed dance. Someone was already clearing off the table before I had the chance, and Percy, our resident game guru, was setting up tonight's game.

"It's a bluffing game called cookie security," said Percy. "We have to guard the cookie vault, but one of us is the cookie thief."

I smiled and nodded. "Sounds exciting! Tommy and I just have to step away for a second and... take care of something in the other room."

"Sure, take your time." He said. "Looks like Cassie and Jorge are still busy with the dishes anyway."

Tommy gave me a questioning look but I just led him over to the bedroom. His diaper was already waiting for him on the bed.

"Up, up!" I said, patting the bed like he was my pet.

He looked at me with his mouth hanging open.

"You can't be serious. Not *now*. There are *people* here!"

"You remember what we agreed to. 8 o' clock, no exceptions."

"Yeah, b-but," he spluttered. "But it's not even *bedtime*!" It was true that we had always diapered him before bed, but we never said that bed was a prerequisite. I fought down my smug grin and raised my eyebrows, sagely.

"This is about developing *good habits*, buddy. We've been over this before. Now up on the bed or they're gonna hear me making good on my threat of a spanking."

"I still haven't forgiven you for that, you know."

"Yeah yeah, keep it moving."

He relented and parked his butt right on top of the diaper where it belonged. I smiled as I powdered him and taped him up. He got squirmy when he saw I was going to use the scented baby powder on him, but he knew he couldn't stop me. At least not *quietly*.

This was good. I had slowly been bumping back his bedtime diaperings earlier and earlier knowing that eventually they would overlap with nights when we had company. Tonight was that night.

I taped him up, took my time checking the leg guards to make sure there would be no leaks, and patted his diaper. "All done!"

It didn't take him long to notice the two stuffers I had added into the diaper. I had thrown them in to account for the longer duration of his diaper time, and his diapers looked extra thick and poofy because of it. It was adorable.

"This is really thick, Cyrus. There's *no way* I can keep this hidden."

"Don't worry bud. You'll be wearing pants. No one will see."

"And what about the noise? These diapers are *really* loud. And the smell of the baby powder?"

"Your *mouth* is louder than your diaper," I said, pulling up his pants and zipping them. "Now stop worrying! just go on out there and let's play some games and have fun with our friends."

I pulled him up off of the bed and gave his thickly padded butt a pat. It made a 'whoof' sound and he walked forward a few steps, then hesitated. He looked down at his pants and twisted around to look at his butt.

"You really think they won't notice?" Tommy seemed doubtful.

"You can hardly even tell," I lied.

I hurried him out to the living room to rejoin the group.

"Hey," said Percy, greeting us as we returned from Tommy's discreet diapering. "Ready to play?"

"You know it," I said, taking a seat at the game table. Tommy hastily took a seat beside me in hopes of making his diaper less detectable, I was sure. Of course, the poofy padding was obvious the moment we returned to join our friends and the ones I'd told gave me a knowing look. But I would wait for Tommy to out himself in his own time, or at least let him *think* he was outing himself. It really was almost impossible to ignore the large bulge and the crinkle that followed him around everywhere. And would it really be fair to keep that all to myself? It was just too cute for one man to handle.

"Sweetie, why don't you get us a couple drinks," I asked. Tommy looked at me like I'd asked him to swan dive off the top of the building. "C-can't you get it yourself?"

“No, you know how terrible I am at choosing. *You* pick.”

He looked down at his lap, his soft curls falling over his eyes.

“Is somebody going to get themselves in trouble?” I asked, raising my hand. His eyes went wide, and I knew he understood that I had no compunction about threatening to spank him in front of friends.

“Uh oh!” said Cassie, our group’s resident ‘mom’. “Better do what your boyfriend says there, Tommy. Sounds like he means *business!*”

Tommy stood up stiffly and quickly scooted off to the fridge.

Crink *Crink* *Crink*

He returned with two sodas.

Crink *Crink* *Crink*

“See? Was that so hard?” I asked, giving the front of his diaper a little squeeze under the table once he sat down. Instantly his face went red. It was too adorable for words, and had me rock hard.

“N-no, guess not,” he said, quietly.

Of course Percy knew exactly what was happening, and Cassie had likely figured it out since she was watching our every move with keen interest. I'd say at least half the table was in on it, while the other half was happily oblivious, chattering away as we got our game tokens. Nevertheless, everyone quickly turned their attention to Percy when he cleared his throat to explain the game.

“Okay. So each of you are members of the cookie security team, and you are in charge of building and maintaining a state-of-the-art cookie vault. Pull out your cell phones because you need to download the app to find out the security updates. At least one of you will also get a message informing you that you are the cookie thief. It is your job to set yourself up to steal cookies, but don’t get caught, or you’ll be sent to cookie jail and have to work off your debt in the cookie factory, got it? Okay, let’s get started.

The game was silly. It was fun. It was perfect for getting Tommy to relax and be his goofy self. He turned out to be the first cookie thief, though he sort of gave himself away with his mischievous grin and adorably dorky bad guy voice.

“Oh my, this is just terrible. Looks like someone stole the cookies! I wonder who it could *be?*” he said, trying and failing not to smile.

He was quickly sent to cookie jail to learn the error of his cookie thieving ways and made a big dramatic speech for cookie court about how he'd learned his lesson and he wouldn't do it again. Of course, with all his gesticulations and hand waving, it was inevitable that his shirt would ride up just enough to show a peek of plastic.

I grinned as the back of his shirt got caught on the back of his diaper and stayed there after his arms went down and the shirt settled. He would now be flashing everyone whenever he wasn't facing the group, and of course I said nothing. I did ask him to get us another drink, though, sending him off with a playful swat on the rear. I wanted to keep him well hydrated throughout the night, and give him plenty of opportunities to unwittingly show off his adorable underwear.

After a couple rounds of cookie security, I noticed that my boyfriend was squirming.

"What's wrong honey?" I asked, quietly.

"I have to go to the bathroom," he whispered back, just like a little kid. He looked at me with a sense of urgency, like he was seeking permission. And that's just what I planned to give him.

"It's okay, buddy," I whispered back. "Just relax and let go."

He looked down at his lap and back to me with a look that said 'are you joking?'.

I placed my hand on the back of his neck and shook my head.

He cleared his throat nervously, shifted a bit, then held his breath for a few seconds. He let out a sigh and sat still for a good 30 seconds. It was obvious to me that he was peeing his pants in the middle of game night and I was so proud of him for taking this big step. I gave his crotch a squeeze under the table and kept my hand there to feel the spreading warmth.

He tried to push my hand away, but my arm didn't budge.

"Not here," he whispered, looking worried.

"What's the matter, little Tommy?" I whispered, rubbing harder. "Don't you like your *diapers*? Are you shy about your *diapers*?"

I emphasized the D-word with another squeeze each time, knowing that he was already beginning to associate that word with pleasure as I kept up this reinforcement day after day. This was just the first time it was happening around others. And of course, I knew exactly how to be discreet when I wanted to, even if he felt as if we were broadcasting his little problem to the whole world.

I 'let him off the hook' by letting him go get us some more drinks, and he was more than happy to scoot off back to the fridge, flashing the group with several inches of bright white plastic sticking up over the back of his pants.

No one said anything or gave any indication to him of what they had seen. Instead we all passed a lovely night of games and merriment, and I was glad to see him feeling comfortable around others in his padding. Of course that wouldn't last once he found out about his wardrobe malfunction.

Chapter 3

At the end of the night, we said goodbye to everyone.

“Good luck,” said Percy, giving me a wink.

Cassie pulled me aside to ask what the hell was going on and I filled her in. She looked at me dead serious for a few tense moments and said, “Call me if you need a babysitter.”

I was pleasantly surprised to hear those words, and I agreed to call her at some unspecified time in the future. She later sent me a text that simply said, “Seriously, I want to do it.” I was tickled.

Once everyone was gone, I told Tommy to go brush his teeth.

“And then we’ll check your diaper to see if you need a change before bed.”

“Aww, do I hafta go to bed so early?” He whined.

“Good habits, remember, Tommy?” I chided, sending him off to the bathroom with a swat on the butt. I followed behind, allowing him to get there ahead of me so he could attempt to use the restroom.

“I’m glad they stayed to help with the cleanup,” he said as he entered the bathroom. He stuck his hand out when I entered. “Hey, give me a second, Cyrus, I need to... hey what’s this?”

“Oh that?” I asked, leaning against the door frame with my arms crossed and checking my nails. “That’s just a potty lock. It’s to keep *naughty little boys* like you from trying to use the potty before they’re ready. I’ve installed them in all the bathrooms”

Tommy blushed bright red and I could tell he had a little tent going on in his diaper.

“Cyrussss!” he whined, and I moved in for the kill, circling my arms around him from behind and hugging him, my front hand reaching into his pants and cupping his diaper. He struggled weakly, but he clearly wasn’t trying too hard. A few moments and he was peeing himself as we both stared at our reflections in the bathroom mirror.

“Told you you wouldn’t make it,” I said, teasing him. “You *need* these now. Don’t deny it. I’ve noticed you dripping on the bathroom floor. From now on you come to *me* if you want to use the potty, got it?” He closed his eyes and nodded.

“Look at yourself when you agree. And tell me what you agreed to.”

“I-I...” He made a funny face as he looked at himself in the mirror, a thick diaper under his pants and his boyfriend cupping his padded crotch from behind. “I need diapers and I’ll come to you if I want to use the potty...”

“Such a good boy,” I said. “Now go brush your teeth.”

With no more need to use the potty, he went and grabbed his toothbrush.

“Wow, Cyrus. I have to admit, that was really hot,” he said with a smile, before stopping dead.

I saw the moment of recognition in his eyes as he caught a glimpse of white sticking up over the back of his pants. His eyes widened as he turned to get a better view of his butt. I smirked.

“Oh my god, was this...”

“Uh huh.”

“In front of everyone?” he asked, looking even more worried.

“Uh huh.” I said, smiling wider and moving back in to hold him from behind once more.

“...The whole time?!” he squeaked.

“That’s right, sweetie. The whole time. And nothing happened, at all, did it? You did just fine.”

“Just fine?! No. This is terrible! Now they all *know!*”

“Know what? That you need diapers, buddy? Because you do. You know we need to pad you up before bedtime or you could fall asleep and wet your pants.”

“But it’s so embarrassing! And the diaper rubs were nice, but what if they saw that too? They’d think I’m a freak!”

“So what if you enjoy them? They don’t have to know that. Unless you *want* them to...”

“Nooooo” he said. “Please don’t tell them, Cyrus!”

I unbuttoned his pants from behind and let them fall to the floor so the diapers were in full view.

“Oh? I shouldn’t tell them that my little boy loves his little diapees and has to wear them because I keep him in them? I shouldn’t tell them that you are just an

adorable little boy who is a goof and a dork and who is no longer allowed to use the potty without adult supervision?”

He was moaning now, as I rubbed the front of his soggy diaper.

“Don’t tell them *that*?” I asked.

“Yes,” he said, quietly as he leaned back into me and closed his eyes.

“Alright,” I said, picking up the pace of my rubbing. “But only if you admit to me that it’s all true. Repeat it after me and I’ll even let you put on your own diaper tonight.”

He just nodded in response.

“Repeat after me, little one.” I said. “I need diapers at night so I don’t wet my pants or bed.”

“I need diapers at night so I don’t wet my pants or bed. Ohhhh...”

He moaned as I rubbed a little faster and harder.

“Don’t cum yet baby boy, we’re not done. Say, “I’m just a little boy who wears diapers because my boyfriend keeps me in them, and I need his permission to use the potty.”

He repeated what I said.

“Good boy. You’re almost done. If you cum too early you’ll be getting a spanking, so listen carefully.” There wasn’t a real danger of him cumming. At this point, I had gotten very good at edging him, backing off just enough whenever he got close to having an orgasm. “Say, I’m a little cutie who is no longer allowed to use the potty without permission.”

“I-I’m a l-little... huff... cutie who is... no longer allowed to... ohhh.... use the potty without... permission.”

I was going all out now. Feeling his orgasm coming fast, I gave him one last thing to say.

“Say, I love my diapers, Cyrus, and I want you to keep me in them from now on.”

“I love my diapers, Cyrus and I want you to keep me in them from now on,” he screamed, as the noise of plastic being jostled back and forth filled the bathroom, faster and faster, ripping the orgasm from his body.

Tommy convulsed and went weak in the knees, but I was there to hold him. Of course he would want the diapers off now, but I stuck my fingers in the leg holes of his diaper and declared them dry enough to sleep in. My fingers came back with a healthy dollop of cum on them, and I made him suck it off my fingers before allowing him to brush his teeth.

“Such a good boy,” I said, petting his head once he finished. I couldn’t wait for the next game night. I promised myself we’d make more progress by then so he’d be ready for what I had in store. Maybe I’d have him go pantless. Maybe even change him in front of everyone. The possibilities made me hard as diamonds, and I pressed my tented pants into the back of his diaper. After all the events of the day, I needed to get one out as well.

“You’ve made your boyfriend *very* happy, baby. Now you have to finish what you started.”

I hauled my blushy boy off to the bedroom for a nice hard fucking, opting to pull down the back of his diaper to give me free access to his hole.

“No, no. The diaper stays on,” I said, smacking his hand away when he reached for the tapes. “You peed last time we did this, remember?”

He buried his red face in the pillow as I plowed him nice and deep. Nothing could compare to the feeling of babying my boyfriend, and I made sure to fill him to the brim with bubbling seed before kissing him goodnight.

Chapter 4

After the good fucking I gave my boyfriend, we both slept well. In the morning I awoke, groggily to Tommy shaking me awake. I was surprised. For once, he'd woken up before me.

"What... what is it, baby butt?" I asked, reluctant to get out from under the warm covers.

"Cyrus, I need to use the potty..."

"What?" I yawned, feeling my morning wood throb at the mention of 'potty'. "Is that all? You've got your potty on..."

"No..." he said. "It's all that... umm... from last night..."

"What?" I asked, feigning ignorance but knowing exactly what he meant. He hesitated, but I wouldn't let him off the hook. "You can say it, Tommy. My semen? My cum? By boy butter that I shot into your ass last night?"

He just squeezed his eyes shut and nodded, doing the potty dance.

"Say it, or I won't help you," I said.

He stopped. His lower lip trembled. Then, he spoke. "I have to use the potty because of the semen you put in my butt last night." He got as red as a tomato and I loved it.

"Good boy," I said, grabbing him and pulling him into the bed. I began to tickle and kiss him all over as my erection pressed straight up against the back of his diaper.

"No, Cyrus! Stop!! You said you were gonna help me!"

He squirmed but I held him tight.

"I am helping you, little boy. Helping you use your diapers!"

He giggled and groaned as he tried his hardest to hold everything in while resisting the relentless onslaught of tickling. It was a valiant effort, but he didn't stand a chance. Only moments later I heard a loud fart, followed by a blort, and several more wet farts as he dumped my cum right back into his diaper. I reached around and rhythmically squeezed the front of his padding, which was wet and squishy from a night of pissing in his sleep.

"There's a good boy," I said, working his stiffy which had already sprung up at my touch. "doesn't it feel better to just let go and use your diapers?"

“Ugh, no, Daddy, I... I think I made...”

“What did you just call me, sweetie?” I asked, growling into his ear.

“S-sorry, I mean Cyrus,” he squeaked.

“Oh nooo, you meant *Daddy*.” I said, picking up the pace of my rubbing. “Is *that* what you want? You want me to be your Daddy? I can be your Daddy,” I said. I was so turned on right then, you could have snatched the bed from under us and I wouldn’t have noticed. All I could think of was my adorable boyfriend and how fast he was learning to love being my little crinkle butt. “Tell me that you want it, little boy, and it’s yours.”

He moaned and bit his lip. I knew I had him. I took my hand away. “Or we could call it off and take a cold shower. It’s up to you.”

“Unh. *Daddeeeeeeee*,” he whined.

“See? You’re calling me Daddy already. *Good boy*. Tell me what you want, little boy.”

“Unh... P-please be my Daddy, Cyrus,” he whined. My hand returned to his diaper front with renewed vigor. “That’s a good boy,” I said. “Very good. And since you already put stickies in the back of your diaper, you might as well put them in the front as well.”

He moaned and nodded.

“Tell me you want me to help you make stickies in your diapers, little guy.”

“Daddy, I want you to help me make stickies in my diapers.”

“That’s right, little one. Because you’re too little to do it yourself. You need Daddy’s help.” I ground my erection against the back of his diaper, already slick with my pre. “Tell me you want Daddy to help you make stickies in your diaper from now on.” I growled. I knew I could get him to agree to anything when he was this close to cumming.

“Y-yes, Daddy. I want you to help me make stickies in my diapers from now on.”

“Good,” I said, nearly ready to cum myself. “Then from now on, you’ll be making stickies in your diapers and *only* your diapers. And only with Daddy’s help.”

“No,” he gasped. “But that’s not-”

“What?,” I asked, slowing down. “You don’t want to make stickies anymore? That can be arranged...”

“No, Daddy, I want them. Please!”

“It sounds like my little boy doesn’t know *what* he wants. That’s okay. Most little boys don’t. That’s why you have *Daddy* to help you understand. No more stickies without my help, and when you make them, they’ll always go into your diaper.” I breathed the words into his ear as I neared my climax, my engorged cock rubbing against the slick, cummy plastic. “You’re going to cum in your diaper every day until it’s the only way you can get off.”

I flipped him around and gave him a kiss on the mouth, grinding against his diaper bulge with my thick hard cock. Then, I grabbed his shoulders and forced him down. He eagerly went for my cock without any further prompting and I gripped his shoulders tightly as I gritted my teeth and thrust my length down his throat, grunting as I pumped every bit of seed from my balls into his mouth and down his throat. I could see from the way he kept jerking and shuddering every few seconds that he was experiencing the aftershocks of an intense orgasm himself. I panted as I pulled away, and he made sure to squeeze the last drops out of my shaft and made him lick them off before letting him go.

When I finally caught my breath, I said, “Wow... Shit. That was really good, baby boy. Did you like that?”

He nodded and smiled, his cheek resting on my thigh as he played with my cock idly. He looked so content and relaxed like that. He always seemed happier after a good dose of Daddy’s seed. It was the fastest way to cure his pouts.

“Alright, kiddo. Let’s get you ready for your shower.” I said, getting up again. He got up to go into the bathroom but I tugged his arm and he fell back on the bed.

“No, no. Let’s take off your diaper here,” I said.

“B-but Cyrus!”

“No buts,” I said. “And that’s not my name anymore. You call me Daddy from now on.”

“Okay, D...Daddy,” he said. Smiling and shrinking back all shy. “But can’t we do this in the bathroom?”

I shook my head. “I’m going to do all your changes outside of the bathroom from now on. I want you to stop thinking of the bathroom as the place where you go potty and that includes taking off your diaper.”

“You’re not saying you want me to use my diapers for *everything* now, are you?”

“You said you wanted me to keep you in diapers, didn’t you? So yes, that’s what I’m saying. If you have to make stinkies, you come to me and I *may* unlock the potty so you can go. But otherwise, it’s diapers full time for you and changes when and where I say.”

He buried his face in his hands as I crouched down to get an up close and personal view. I opened the diaper up.

Rrip *Rrip* *Rrip* *Rrip*

The sound of each tape rang out in the room as I opened the front of his diaper and pulled it down. He acted like he’d made a big mess, but in fact, all I could see back there was a bit of cum. I reached down and slid my fingers into his cum slicked asshole and gave his prostate a little press, causing him to yelp and squirm. Then, I pulled them out and showed him.

“See, baby boy? Clean as a whistle. All you have back there is a bit of Daddy’s cum, and the rest is in your tummy.”

He looked surprised but relieved as I wiped my finger off on the padding and made him stand up.

“Up we go! Let’s go to the shower.”

He looked down at the diaper as if he didn’t quite believe that all had come out was cum, and I had to scoot him along toward the shower.

“Go on, Tommy, move it or you’ll be late for work!”

He went ahead of me to turn on the water so it would be warm when I came in. That also gave me the chance to lay out his work clothes, with an open and powdered diaper next to them. I grabbed all his undies and threw them in a trash bag which I tied up and sat on the floor next to the bed.

“You won’t be needing these anymore, Tommy,” I said to myself, smiling. Today was a very good day.

After a quick shower, we returned to the bedroom where he stopped dead in his tracks. I just kept moving forward, and he had no choice but to move along with me toward his next diaper.

“Wait, I can’t wear a diaper to work,” he said, panic overtaking his features. But before he finished his sentence, I had already laid him down on the diaper and he had to know I wouldn’t be backing down.

“You begged me to keep you in diapers, so that’s exactly what I’m doing.” I said. I held up the trash bag for emphasis. “All your undies are in here. You’re not ready for undies, you still need diapers. Look, you’re already dribbling on yourself!”

He looked down and sure enough a little dribble of pee had come out and rolled down his legs onto the padding. “No! I… how did that happen?”

“Tommy,” I said, putting my hands on my hips. “Do you think I’m just doing this because I enjoy seeing my adorable boyfriend in his diapers? Because if we’re being honest here, I do. But I’m sure you’ve noticed that you’re starting to have more and more of these little accidents. I’ve seen it when you dribble on the floor on your way to the shower. I’ve seen the wet spots in your undies.”

“The undies work just fine,” he said, blushing brightly, but despite his protests, I pulled up the diaper between his legs and prepared to tape them up.

“Your choices are diapers or nothing, and you know you won’t make it through your shift without the whole shop seeing your wet pants. But maybe that’s a good idea. It’s a great way to ensure everyone *knows* you need diapers. So what will it be? Diapers or nothing?”

He looked at the thick diaper waiting between his legs, my hands poised to tape it up. Then he looked up at the ceiling and threw his arm over his eyes.

“I’ll take the diapers,” he said in a quiet voice.

“Good boy,” I said, smiling proudly. I then helped him into his work clothes.

“Hey, come on. I don’t need help doing that,” he said, as I pulled his pants up.

“I know. But that’s what Daddies are for. Now hush and let Daddy finish dressing you. Arms up!”

“But what if I need to go at work?” he asked.

“Then you use your diaper,” I said as I did up his buttons. “And if you have to make stinkies, you can use the potty. Just send me a message so I know what you’re doing. If that diaper comes back dry, though, you won’t be using the potty at all for a long time. They make locking pants to keep little boys like you from taking them off, so don’t try me.”

He whimpered. "I'll be good, Daddy. But what if I need a change?"

"Don't you worry, sweetheart." I kissed him on the head and stooped down to tie his shoes on. "That's Daddy's problem. All you have to do is focus on relaxing and doing your job. You just forget about that diaper and keep away from the potty like a good boy unless you need to make stinkies. I'll take care of the rest."

"Really?" he asked, screwing up his face in doubt.

I stood up and put my hand on his shoulder.

"Tommy. Do you trust me?" I looked him straight in the eyes and he looked back.

"Yes, Daddy. I trust you," he said.

"Then trust me when I say I will never leave you hanging out to dry. Or your diapers, for that matter."

The tender moment was broken as he snorted and slapped me on the shoulder. "Stoppit. You really are a Dad."

"I made you laugh though, didn't I?"

He gave me a big hug and kissed my cheek.

"I'm just nervous is all."

"That's okay, sweetie," I said, as he stood up and we walked toward the door. "I promise it will get easier. I'm proud of you."

"What for, Daddy?"

"For being responsible and taking the step to accept what you need to do. Now off you go, no more of this. You got everything you need?"

"Yes, Daddy," he said, smiling coyly and brushing his curly blond locks back from his face. "Just need one more thing."

"What's that?"

He quickly leaned in and gave me a peck on the lips. "There! Now I'm all ready for work."

"Dork!" I said with a chuckle, and I sent him off to work with a swat on the butt.

I had a busy day ahead of me myself, and I made sure to pack an extra change for him before I headed out the door. I'd be by to stop in and check on him later.

Chapter 5

I may have failed to mention that I'm fairly well-to-do. I'm my own boss in a very successful business since I inherited the family winery, named Stellar Cellars, some years ago. I was lucky. It mostly took care of itself, thanks to the excellent management we had hired over the years, but I still go in at least once a week to check in on things. Today was one of those days.

As I went about my day's work at the winery - talking to the store manager and the field manager, testing the latest batches, and reviewing the month's shipments and orders - I could hardly keep my mind off the diaper bag that sat waiting in the back of my car. I kept checking my phone all morning to see if Tommy had left me a message. No such luck.

Shortly following my afternoon meal, the text came.

Tommy: Daddy, did you really change your name in my phone to 'Daddy?'

Daddy: Yes, I did. And don't you dare think of changing it back

Tommy: Come on, what if someone sees it?

Daddy: If you're worried about that then just wait til they hear the ringtone I added

Tommy: OMG What did you put?

Daddy: Be good and you won't find out at work. Aren't you supposed to be working?

Tommy: Yeah but I need to use the potty

Daddy: Good boy. Thank you for asking. Daddy's proud of you.

Tommy: Aw geez. Can I please go?

I smiled. This was the fun part.

Daddy: You're gonna need a change after. Wait til I get there, I'll bring you a change.

Tommy: Can't I just go now? I don't know if I can hold it!

Daddy: Try it and you'll be going to work in short-shorts and a bright red bottom. Understood?

Tommy: Yes, Daddy. Please hurry!

Daddy: On my way, baby boy.

I was excited. He hadn't asked me to come by his work since we'd started dating. He was worried it would be 'unprofessional'. Now he was begging me to come. Yet another reason why things were just better with him as my baby boy.

"Okay, Mel, Carter," I said to my heads of operations as I stood up from the table and shucked on my coat. "I'm wrapping up for the day. You got it from here. See you next week?"

"Sure thing Boss," said Melinda. "Tell the boyfriend I said hi."

"I will," I said.

Carter chimed in. "You should bring him up sometime. When's the last time he sat down to a flight of Cyrus's finest?"

"Too long," I said, smiling at the thought. "He's a nice kid but he's shy. Doesn't want to be the center of attention when he comes up."

"Aww, I mean, come on," said Melinda, putting her fists on either side of her hunter-green apron. "He's prettier than *my* girlfriend, plus he's the boss's main squeeze. Of *course* he's gonna be the center of attention."

"Hey, nothing like a little wine to loosen you up," said Carter, with a lopsided grin. "I'm saving a case of the best just for him. You bring him on by."

I waved goodbye as I strode out the door and threw my suitcase in the back seat of my red Aston Martin DB5. I hopped in the front and drove off with the top down. It was a beautiful day and I was about to get better. It would be fun to see my little barista on the job again.

I parked right in front of the shop, and stepped out, going around to the trunk to grab Tommy's diaper bag. Nothing fancy, really, just a tote with some changing supplies and a couple diapers.

I saw him behind the counter as soon as I entered and I stepped off to the side, giving him a wave and a wink. His co-worker, a heavy-set woman with dreads tied back and cute plastic rimmed glasses, looked from me back to him and back to me with her eyebrows up. Evidently, my arrival had drawn a lot of attention from the staff, most of whom were either staring at me or the car I rode in on.

"Who is *that*," I saw her mouth to him. He said something in reply but I couldn't hear it over the music and the chatter of the shop. Tommy tried to help another customer but the lady brushed him aside and shooed him over to me, smiling as she

watched him hustle off to see me, before quickly turning her attention to the next customer in line.

I caught a whiff of urine as he approached and my underwear instantly became two sizes too tight. Much like the coffee he sold, the scent of his diaper was toe-curlingly bold. I had heard that coffee makes your pee smell stronger, I had no idea *how* strong.

“Hey, Daddy,” he said, in a meek voice. “I may have had one too many coffees.”

“I can tell, baby boy,” I said, doing my best not to reach out and check his diaper right then and there. “How are you holding up?”

“I have to go so bad, Daddy,” he whined.

“I don’t suppose they’ll let me back there to help you?” I asked, hopefully.

The color drained from his face. “God no,” he said, looking positively terror-stricken that I might actually try.

“Never hurts to ask,” I said, shrugging. “Here are your changing supplies. I’ll wait here while you go potty and put on your next diaper. You bring me back the bag with whatever you don’t use *and* the used diaper. Just make sure you diaper thickly enough to last you the rest of the day. If that means double diapering or extra stuffers, then use them. You’re not getting another change until after you get home from work, got it?”

“Yes, Daddy,” he said. His cheeks had gradually turned darker and darker red as I spoke, going from pink to scarlet as I hammered home the fact that I was completely in charge of his bathroom habits. He turned to leave once he had the bag in hand and I stopped him.

“Hey, what about my kiss?”

“Right here?” he said through his teeth as he looked around.

“Don’t make me ask twice, baby boy. You know how itchy my hand gets when you don’t listen.”

“Ahh okay okay,” he said, quickly bending forward to give me a peck on the lips. He looked around to see if anyone had seen that. A couple of customers were smiling, as well as just about everyone behind the counter, but for the most part, the spectacle he thought we’d created was all in his head. Most people, it turned out, didn’t give a shit about what everyone else around them was doing. They were too lost in their own little worlds, checking their watches, thinking about the next thing they had to do, or just glued to their phones.

Tommy quickly shuffled off, crinkling audibly, and I moseyed on over to the side of the counter where I could watch the other baristas do their magic, any to me it really did look like magic. The co-worker from before sidled up to me, having pulled a returning co-worker to work the counter the moment they stepped foot out of the break room.

“Hey there, handsome,” she said, giving me a sidelong glance. “What brings a guy like you to a place like this?”

“My boyfriend,” I said, grinning.

“Damn,” she said, snapping her fingers. “Every damn time.”

I laughed. I could tell she wasn’t really trying to hit on me, but I never minded the compliment.

“So you’re my little Tommy’s sugar daddy, are you?”

“The name’s Cyrus,” I said, holding up a fist.

“Nia,” she said, bumping it with her own. “You know, your Tommy is pretty popular around here. He’s had to disappoint a lot of regular customers thanks to you.”

“Tell me about it,” I said.

“Oh, I will, but first you better tell me all about you and Tommy. That boy is harder to crack than a walnut.”

“Oh, not that hard,” I said, with a sly grin, “if you know what buttons to press.”

“Oh really?” she asked. “There’s *buttons* now, are there?”

I smiled. “Lady, you have no idea. Say, do you like board games?”

About 10 minutes later, Tommy came out brushing a few loose strands of hair over his forehead.

“You okay, there champ?” I asked. “I thought you had fallen in.”

“No,” he said in a hushed voice, coming in close to speak and handing me the bag. “You just never let me do it myself so I wasn’t used to it.”

“Boy,” I said, stepping back. “This isn’t a *drug* deal. You don’t have to whisper. I was just bringing you a change.”

His eyes went wide and he tried to cover my mouth. “No, nonono, shhh. It’s... haha, nothing. *Nothing!*” he said, looking around before looking back to me. “Are you *crazy*? You’re going to get me fired.”

“I don’t think so,” I said, smirking. “I met your manager, Nia. Really nice lady. Had a lot of interesting things to say about *you*, Mr. Popular.”

He turned to look at Nia with his hands on his hips. She shrugged from behind the counter and went about pretending to check the grounds in the machine for the third time, staying within earshot as much as possible.

Unfortunately for her, our interesting conversation was interrupted by one of Tommy’s other coworkers who had been mopping a spill off the floor nearby.

“Dude! Is that an Aston Martin?” he asked, leaning on the mop.

“Jay-Jay!” yelled Nia, “Get your ass in the back and leave the poor man alone. Sorry, guys, sometimes I feel like I’m running a *daycare*.”

Tommy shot me a look, and I tried to look as innocent as I could. Jay-Jay, shuffled off looking disappointed, and I nudged Tommy. “You think we should give him a ride home after work?”

“Stop trying to corrupt my co-workers,” said Tommy, pushing me toward the door. “You’re such a mischief-maker.”

“Alright, alright. I’ll go,” I said. “But you better give me a goodbye kiss, little boy.”

His cheeks burned red as I stood there, pointing to my cheek. I wasn’t leaving his work until he gave me a kiss. I tapped my cheek and batted my eyelashes, as I stood by the entrance.

“Ffffine,” he said, rolling his eyes. He gave me a quick peck on the cheek and I smiled triumphantly. All of his co-workers were watching the show like it was the Saturday Matinee. If there had been popcorn, they’d have been eating it, I’m sure.

“Be a good boy at work, Tommy,” I said, smacking his bum before he was out of reach. “I’ll be back to pick you up when you get off.”

Tommy waddled away as fast as his legs could carry him, blushing all the way to the back of his ears. Satisfied, I strode out the door, jumped in my favorite car, and drove off.

When I got home, the first thing I did was check out Tommy's diaper bag. I pulled out his soaked diaper from the bag. It was bright yellow, swollen, and very squishy. I

was glad to see it had been well used. I was also pleased to see that he had used up all the stuffers in the bag for his afternoon change. I spent the next hour with my face buried in his pissy diaper, jacking my cock furiously as I stood over the toilet that I'd keep locked at all times when Tommy was at home.

"Fffuck yesss..." I said, as I sprayed my fourth load into the toilet. I knew I should be saving it up for Tommy, but I was going to go easy on him tonight. After all, he'd already made so much progress, and his butt would probably appreciate the rest after the pounding I gave it the night before.

I took my time laying out his next change on the bed, and his change of clothes. No more big boy clothes at home is what I was going for, and a few old nostalgic graphic tees would do for now until I could get him some more age-appropriate clothing. I could just imagine him waddling around in just his diapers and a T-shirt, one of his friends randomly checking him and announcing that his Daddy had better come over and give him a change. Me laying him out on the carpet right there in front of everyone and taking care of his stinky butt. Yeah, that was good. I quickly hurried back into the bathroom to bust another one out into the bowl.

"This boy is going to be the death of me," I said to myself, as I tucked my tender penis back into my pants. I was getting very sore down there from all that excitement.

I decided to take a break from horny thoughts of my diapered boyfriend, so I sat down on the couch and turned on the TV. May 5th. The date flashed onto the screen as the daily news came on. May 5th. Hmm. Why did that ring a bell? Something had been nagging at my mind all day and it wasn't just how hot my boyfriend was in a thick diaper.

Yes, I had managed to keep my mind off of my cute boy for almost five minutes – a new record since we met! I thought back to the first day we met at the coffee shop. I had parked in the same spot as I did today. Gone in. I hadn't known him then, not yet anyway. It was just another day when I walked in. Nobody had really given me a second look back then, except him. And I hadn't been looking either. But when he looked at me to take my order, I saw the prettiest boy I had ever seen, and I knew I wanted him. Suddenly I felt a whole new attitude come over me, and one word came to mind. "Mine."

I remember his bright blue eyes meeting mine and then slowly looking down, the tinge of pink that rose to his cheeks. I loved to see it.

"What's your name?" he asked, as he held his pen over the cup.

I gave him my name and told him to add his number as well. I got my cup, disappointed to find that there was no number on it. I walked out, thinking I had read

him completely wrong. That was, until I finished my cup and found his number scribbled on the bottom. Clever boy.

I texted him throughout the rest of his shift. I don't know how he managed to get away with it but he answered every time within less than a minute. I learned his name was Tommy. He liked board games, and comic books, and had a goofy sense of humor, once he got past being shy.

As absurdly forward as it seemed, I knew I had to push my luck with this one. I just had to know if what I sensed when I first saw him was true... and I had complete confidence that it would be.

"Here's what's going to happen," I said, via text. "You're going to leave a little early. You're not feeling well. You're going to come out of the shop, around the corner and hop into my car. No questions asked. Do it, and I promise you it will be the best decision you ever made."

Sure enough, he came, and I took him to the winery, where we watched the sun set together. We both found something we needed that day. It was a good day. I would never forget that day. Then it hit me.

"Shit!"

I leapt up from the sofa. It was our anniversary!

I paced the room, wondering what I could do. I was wracking my brain and wracking my brain. A new rule? No, that was too cheap. Some of the baby clothes I had been eyeing online? No, they'd never get here in time. Reservations at Roy's? I'd never get them this late on such short notice. Then, I had a lightbulb moment. The Winery! It was the perfect place. It would be just like the day we met. And there was something more. I had already recruited Cassie, and Nia was definitely open minded. Could I go for a hat trick? I thought about it for about half a second before I grabbed my phone and dialed out.

"Mel? Hey, It's me."

"Oh," she said, sounding mock disappointed. "It's *you*."

"Yeah, it's me. You can tell Carter to break out the good stuff. I'm going to bring the boyfriend over..."

"Ohmigod, really?!"

"Yeah!..."

"When?"

"Today... Before sunset."

"Before sunset, huh?" she said, a hint of suspicion creeping into her voice.

"Uh huh. That's right, it's our *anniversary*. I want it to be special."

"Alright, Boss. You got it. We'll have a table ready for you and the cutie."

"Okay. Great, I knew I could count on you!... You're the best..."

"Yeah, the best at saving your ass. You forgot, didn't you? I'd say that's worth a bonus, don't you?"

"Haha, very funny. Yes, fine. You just saved my ass."

"We sure did! Give us that and two vacation days and you have a deal."

"If today goes well I'd say you two have earned it. Now go on, I've got a boyfriend to kidnap."

I hung up and smiled. I opened my messages and started a text to Tommy.