

## Diaper-Training My Boyfriend

By Champ (<https://champteh hotter.com/>)

It takes a village to raise a big little diaper butt like Tommy. He's certain to adjust to his new life sooner or later, though with Cyrus around, it's bound to be sooner.

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### Chapter 11

I spent the day texting back and forth all day getting updates from Tommy's new babysitter as I went about my business. I had an important meeting with a big wine distributor, and a full day after that filling in for Melinda at the winery, but every message about Tommy seemed to make the day go by a little easier.

First, Tommy and Cassie cuddled up to cartoons, and she ambushed him while he was distracted, holding him in her lap and buzzing his diaper til he squirted. After, she said, he seemed to settle down a bit, which was good because she wanted to make sure he rested and took in lots of fluid. I smiled to myself when she complained that he was a fussy eater, but was apparently able to get a selfie with Tommy pouting and blushing while being fed pedialyte through a bottle.

She had many things to say but most of all, she just couldn't get over how damn *cute* he was. I called Cassie a little after noon to check in.

"How's the little boy?" I asked.

"Cute as a button. Take a look." She sent me a picture of a sleeping Tommy snuggled up in her lap.

"I just put him down for his nap," she said. "He fussed, but a little visit from Mr. Buzz Buzz calmed him right down. He made the most adorable noises when he came in his pampers, then he went all limp in my lap and went right to sleep. "

"Good trick! I'll have to remember that. He give you any trouble?"

"Oh, he keeps whining about wanting to use the potty, but it's nothing I can't handle."

"Good. Don't let him push you around. If he tries, call me and I'll set him straight."

I didn't expect her to call back, but later that day as I was wrapping things up in the fields, my phone went off. I excused myself and started walking back toward the road as I picked up the phone.

"Hey, what's up, Cassie? Everything okay?"

"I'm fine, we're having a little tantrum here is all. Tommy *demands* to talk to Daddy."

"Oh, he does, does he?"

"Oh yeah...hold on..." her voice got a little more distant as she spoke to Tommy. "No sweetie, you don't use the potty anymore."

"But I-"

"Shhhh.... you're just not ready for that, sweetheart. You go in your diapers now."

"But-"

"No more buts. Now you use those diapers like a good little boy."

"Hnnn I..."

Cassie returned to speaking with me. "Well, I think *that* argument just ended. He's holding his crotch like he's trying to stop his peepee, but I see someone's diapee getting a lot bigger all of the sudden. Oh! That is warm."

"You tell Tommy Daddy says no more asking to use the potty or he's going to get a red bottom when I get home, or you can give it to him."

"Tommy... your Daddy said no more asking for the potty or you're getting a spanking from **both** of us. Got it? No sweetie, you don't *need* a change yet. Your diaper can hold a lot more... I'm sorry to waste your time on this Cyrus," she said, though her voice sounded anything but. I suspected this call was simply to make a point to our little Tommy.

"It's okay," I said, "he's just getting adjusted. This is good for him."

"Well, we can all do our part to help little Tommy feel comfy being himself. That's *right*, little Tommy! I'm talking about *you*!"

Cassie was back to cooing at my baby boyfriend and I could hear Tommy's annoyed voice in the background. "Ah! Hey! knock it off! Don't boop my nose!"

"Aww, Mr. Fussy is back. Mama Cass knows how to take care of that! Cyrus, I'm gonna have to let you go. This little one is gettin' ornery again."

I heard the click of the buzzer go on before she hung up and I chuckled. She must have buzzed him a dozen times by now.

When I got home, I was almost afraid of what I was going to walk into. But when I came in, I was relieved to find that there was no broken furniture, and no big messes from angry toddler tantrums. In fact, the moment I entered the living room, Cassie got up holding Tommy's hand and he followed her lead, meek as a lamb, coming right up to me.

"Okay Tommy. Remember what we practiced. What do we say?"

"Hi, Daddy. Welcome home!" he said, with a shy smile.

"And then?" she asked, expectantly.

He came up and gave me a big hug and kiss on the cheek.

"Thank you for being my Daddy and helpin' me learn how to be a good boy."

Cassie clapped and Tommy blushed deep red as she praised him. "That was so good, Tommy!"

"Aww, thank you sweetie!" I said, Ruffling his hair and giving him a kiss on the forehead. "It looks like you're feeling better too!"

"He is," chimed Cassie. "The little boy just needed a little TLC, isn't that right, sweetie?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said, brushing his hair back behind his ear and looking so adorable and shy.

I couldn't believe how obedient he was being. Just to test him, I turned him around and stuck my two fingers in the leghole of his diaper. He didn't so much as flinch. He just stood there and took it.

"Looks like he's dry," I declared.

"Just changed him," she said, smiling proudly.

I handed Tommy back his cellphone and sent him off with a pat on the butt, then I pulled out my own.

"Thanks for coming, Cassie. You really saved my bacon. Can I pay you with Pear Pay?"

"Yeah, sure. Heck, I'd do it for free for a cutie like him! I haven't had this much fun in ages! And after all, he is my friend, and he did need looking after with that nasty hangover, poor dear."

"Well, maybe we can work something out tomorrow at game night, but for now I'm definitely paying you. How did you get him to be so good?"

She laughed. "I have my ways. But those will be my secret. A little incentive to keep hiring me!"

I laughed. "You've done more than enough to convince me of *that*. Okay, woman. Keep your secrets. And thank you," I said, giving her a big hug.

"So, see you tomorrow?" she asked.

"Tomorrow. Game night. Be there or be square!" I said.

She left and I set off to find out where my little guy had run off to. I found him rubbing his little diaper in the bedroom. He made a surprised little noise when he saw me.

"Uh oh. Is my cute little boyfriend enjoying his diapers?"

"C-can't you knock?" he asked, blushing and looking away.

"Now that doesn't sound like the polite boy who greeted me at the door."

"Cyrus-" he began.

"It's Daddy now, remember?"

He gave me an exasperated sigh. "Daddy... we need to talk."

"We do?" I asked, sitting next to him and putting my hand on his thigh. My boy looked so adorable sitting there in just a diaper and Ninja Lizards t-shirt, but I made an effort to stay focused.

"Yes, we do. You can't have Cassie come to babysit me again."

"Oh, I can't?" I asked, smirking and running my hand up his leg. "And why is that? Didn't you have fun today? I just caught you rubbing your... *diaper*..." I continued, giving his package a little squeeze through the material every time I said the word diaper. "And I *know* how many times you came in your *diaper* today... That tells me you must *really* like being babysat..."

I could feel his pee-pee through the padding responding to my attention even as he shook his head.

"No way, Daddy. Mama Cassie treats me like a little kid. She's even worse than *you!*"

I chuckled at his use of the word 'Mama'. Ironically, his protests about his treatment sounded just like a little kid.

"I'm *serious*," he said, slapping my thigh. "She uses baby talk, she doesn't let me feed myself even when I tell her I don't need her help... She had me drinking out of a *bottle* for gosh sakes."

"Aww, I'm sowwy widdle guy," I said, making an exaggerated frowny face. "That sounds *really* hard."

He huffed and nodded. I continued.

"But I don't get it, sweetheart. If you're such a *big boy*, why did you let her treat you like a *baby*?"

"L-let her? What do you mean let her? I didn't have a choice!"

"You didn't have a choice but to listen to a girl half my size? Really?" I chuckled.

"Come on, Daddy. You *know* that's not allowed," he said, crossing his arms and getting all huffy.

"And so do you. And do you know why? Because you're a *good* little boy. Not a man," I said, speaking softly but firmly as I gripped his package through the thick padding and looked him firmly in the eye, "and you know exactly how you should behave."

I pulled down my pants and hooked the waistband of my silk boxers under my balls so he could see me getting hard while he sat there next to me trapped in his diaper. He whimpered.

"See the difference between you and me, Tommy? A real man wouldn't let another man shave his little peepee, or lock the potty and throw out his big boy undies... A real man wouldn't beg another man to put him back in diapers for good..."

I began to run my fingers around the leg holes of his diaper and over the front, teasing him as I listed every way in which he showed he was a baby.

"A real man wouldn't go around calling adults Mommy and Daddy... and let them feed him baby bottles... A real man wouldn't let another man tell him he needs to make *all* his stickies right... here..." I gave his little package another firm squeeze through the padding.

"So what does that make you, love?"

"D-daddy...I- unh... I'm not a baby..." he moaned. I continued my attentions. I wasn't going to let him off that easy.

"Really, Tommy? Then why do you have a baby pee-pee? A baby pee-pee that can't even stop itself from piddling all over the floor when those *diapees* come off..."

"Th-that's not fair..." he whispered, giving his hips a light thrust.

I got down and stuck my nose into the leg of his pissy pampers and sniffed, jacking my exposed cock to full mast.

"Mmm... You've just gotten changed and you're already wet. What does that make you, little boy?"

"Daddy, I..."

"Say it, Tommy," I said, sliding my fingers in through the leg holes of his diapers and playing with his cock. "Say 'I'm just an incontinent little pants piddler...'"

His face contorted as he tried to resist. I knew he was already losing the battle. His hips were thrusting as I teased his little dicklet.

"I-I'm... an incontinent little pants piddler," he breathed. He gave a little shudder and squeezed his legs together. I could feel a trickle of wetness hit my fingers inside the diaper.

"That's right... doesn't that feel good to admit it out loud, little boy? I'll bet that feels so *good*."

Tommy didn't respond. He just opened his legs wider and his breathing got more ragged as I brought him closer to the edge.

"You *need* this, little Tommy. And there's nothing wrong with getting and enjoying what you *need*, is there?"

"N... no...", he mumbled, doing his best imitation of a ripe tomato.

"So tell me one more time... are you a man... or a little boy?"

"L-little boy," he said, breathlessly...

"That's right. So there's no more hiding it, little boy. From now on you're going to be a good boy, let Daddy make all the important decisions. You're going to do whatever Daddy and the other grown ups tell you from now on. Do that and, and I promise you it'll be the best decision you ever made..." I spoke, echoing the words I had said the day he first came into my life.

"Yes, Daddy," he said.

"Good boy. Good boy," I said, taking him past the tipping point to a screaming orgasm in his diaper. "It feels so good to obey Daddy, and do what he says... so good to give in and be a *good baby boy* for Daddy."

I could hardly tell if he heard me with all the shuddering and moaning he was doing. Eventually, his orgasm subsided to the occasional aftershock and I spoke.

"I trust we won't have to have this conversation again, right Tommy?"

"No, Daddy," he said, looking spent and satisfied.

"Good. Now suck Daddy's baba. You got Daddy all horny and he's got a lot of cream for his baby boy."

## Chapter 12

I worked up quite an appetite ravishing my boy, so I decided to get cooking once I was done dumping my cream in him. I opted for a simple outfit of an apron and boxers. I told Tommy he could wear whatever he wanted now that I was home and smiled to myself when I heard his exclamation from the kitchen. I set down the pepper grinder and turned around to see Tommy storming into the room in just his diaper and a dragonsphere T-shirt.

"Where are they, Daddy?"

"Where are what?" I asked, playing innocent.

"My pants? My shirts?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," I lied. "All the clothes you need are up in our bedroom."

"Then why aren't there any *pants*?" he asked, getting huffy.

"Because you don't *need* them." I said, dipping a ladle in the sauce.

"Hey, Tommy, what do you think about this sauce?"

"Daddy, you're not taking this seriously," he said.

I leaned against the kitchen counter. "You're been stressing out too much about what you look like and trying to hide your diapers, and that's not healthy so I've decided that in this house, little pamper piddlers don't get pants."

The truth was, I had thrown out any non-work related adult clothes he had days ago, but he hadn't noticed because I had been laying his outfits out on the bed every morning. I relished his reaction as I let the hammer drop and revealed to him the latest addition to his increasingly infantilized lifestyle.

Tommy's cheeks got bright red. "But you can't... I-I mean I... It..." He huffed. "Daddy, that's not *fair*!"

"What's not fair is you being allowed to talk to me like you have any say over what you wear. I get that you were cranky today from your hangover, but it doesn't feel *good* when Daddy tries to help you and you fight him. If you can be a good boy for Cassie, you can be a good boy for Daddy, the man who takes care of you. Don't you think?"

He looked slightly abashed when I laid it all out like that. Y-yeah...but..."

I took his hands in mine and looked him in the eyes as I spoke.

"Tommy, I know you're going through a lot of changes right now, including losing your ability to control your pee-pee. That must be really hard to accept, but that doesn't make it okay for you to yell at me and be disrespectful."

I paused for a moment to let that sink in.

"I *care* about you, Tommy, and I do the things I do because I know what's best. I need you to start giving me a little more trust, and I want you to start being more appreciative of the things I do for you."

"But Daddy, you keep *embarrassing* me, and I don't like it..." he said, pouting adorably.

"Tommy, the only person who has had a problem with the fact that you need diapers is you. No, don't look away, think about it," I said, giving his hands a squeeze. "In all your time with me, has anyone ever gotten upset or embarrassed at you for anything I've asked you to do?"

"Well..." He paused. I could see the gears turning in his head and nothing was coming up, so I pressed on.

"Have they?"

"No..." he said, sounding unsure.

"Has anything bad happened to you for listening to what I told you to do?"

"...No..."

"Did I not tell you the truth a year ago when I told you that coming away with me would be the best decision of your life? Think carefully about your answer, love. We've been together for a year, and that's the make or break point for most couples. I think you should be able to tell by now whether or not you can trust me. Did I lie to you when I made that promise, baby boy?"

"No, Daddy," he said, quietly, looking down on the floor.

I put my finger under his chin and raised it up so he could meet my gaze. "And I never judged you for anything that made you *you*, including that fact that you wet the bed."

"Daddyyyy," he said, averting his eyes, but I turned his chin back towards me.

"Including the fact that you're so *adorable* I have to fight the boys and girls off with a stick wherever we go. Including the fact... that you *love* and *need* your *diapers* so much you asked me to keep you in them for good."

Tommy's eyes were wide now, but how could he deny what I said when he was in a cummy diaper as we spoke?

"I've supported you this whole time, haven't I? And doesn't that deserve a little more trust?"

"Yes, Daddy," Tommy whispered, blushing.

"That's right, sweetheart, so no more whining or you're going over my lap and getting strained peas for dinner. Am I understood?"

Tommy giggled a bit as I gave him a little tickle. I had shifted to a more firm but playful tone with him, and he stuck out his tongue at the prospect of eating strained peas for dinner.

"Yuck! fine Daddy," he said, rolling his eyes.

"What's that? Are you rolling your eyes at me?" I said, picking up a wooden spoon from the counter and giving him a playful smack on the butt.

"Oww! Okay! Hey! I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he said, laughing.

"Good. Now tell me that rule one more time so I know you got it, *little boy*. And then... if you promise to be a good boy, *maybe* I'll let you make poo-poops in the potty again."

I figured a little temporary incentive to play along would sweeten the deal for him. It had the desired effect. Tommy's face went red as he stood there like a little boy called to attention for doing something naughty.

"N-no more pants in the house..."

"For *whom*?" I asked.

"For little pants piddlers..." he squeaked, looking completely embarrassed.

"That's right Tommy. No more pants in the house for little pants piddlers. And who does that include?"

"...Me..." he said, in a mere whisper as he covered his face in his hands. I could see that he had another raging 2-inch erection in his diaper. Where he got the energy, I had no idea.

"Good little boy," I cooed. Then I reached for my keys and tossed him my magnetic fob.

"There you go Tommy. You can have your potty privileges back. But remember what we agreed to. You step one toe out of line and start to whine or disobey an adult, and your butt is going right back into pampers and using them for *everything*, got it?"

He nodded and ran off to the potty.

"And no making stickies without permission!" I yelled after him, knowing fair well that the last rule might be too much to hope for, at least for now.

I smiled to myself as I went back to preparing a delicious chicken cacciatore. Little Tommy had been so excited about getting the potty back, he hadn't even stopped to think about the implications for game night. I couldn't wait until tomorrow.

## Chapter 13

After a few minutes spent enjoying his potty privileges, Tommy returned to the kitchen holding his untaped diaper up between his legs. It was adorable but also a little worrisome since I didn't know what it meant.

"What's the matter Tommy? Do you need Daddy to help you put it back on?"

"Um... I think I have a diaper rash..." he whispered, as if afraid someone might overhear.

My eyebrows went up. I was surprised to hear that. "Aww, sweetie! Let Daddy see."

I washed my hands and brought him over to the living room carpet to lie down, then I opened the diaper up.

"Ooh, yes, it does look a little red. Not a rash yet, but I'll bet it stings a bit, huh?"

He nodded and pouted.

"Aww, it musta been all that rubbing, little guy. We need to get you more powder and cream. Tell you what. Let's give you some time out of the diaper tonight. You can air out til it's time for your night diaper at 8. How does that sound?"

"Good!" He said with a nod, clearly happy for the chance to take a break from being padded 24/7.

"Okay, love, you just wait right here. I'll be right back."

I left the slightly confused looking Tommy waiting on the living room carpet while I rushed off to get wipes, changing supplies, a few diapers, and some pup pads. I came back and set everything on the entertainment center except the wipes and a pup pad, which I laid down right next to Tommy.

"Alright, Tommy, legs up."

He obeyed without complaint, allowing me to remove his diaper and wipe him clean of urine and semen residue.

"That's better. Now you sit on that pad and stay there while Daddy finishes prepping dinner. I'll put a little something for you to watch on T.V."

He looked at the pad like he was about to say something but thought better of it and just sat on it.

"Good boy," I said, turning on the 'Little Junior's' channel.

"*Pride Defender? Really?*" he asked, as a baby lion and his friends bounded onto the screen.

"That sounds suspiciously like a complaint to me," I warned.

"Eep!" he said, covering his mouth and blushing.

"You watch your shows, sweetie. And **stay on that pad**. It's there to catch all your piddles, leaky boy."

He opened his mouth but all that came out was an adorable squeak. I left him with the warning that if a single drop got on the carpet I'd tie him down for his next air-out time. Then, I went back to the kitchen taking the remote with me.

After a few more steps in the kitchen, I set the Chicken Cacciatore to simmer and went out to join Tommy, setting my apron on one of the dining table chairs. I sat behind him on the floor and pulled him into my lap, hugging him from behind.

"So who are the characters in the show you're watching?" I asked him.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, "I don't watch this."

"If you can't tell me then I guess that just means you haven't watched it enough. Maybe I should make you watch this channel *all* the time..."

"The main character is called Kondo...", he said, with a sigh.

"Can you point him out to me?" I asked.

He pointed and said "That one. He's the leader and he's a fierce warrior."

"Oh, okay! Wait, is it that one or that one?" I asked, pointing to another lion on the screen who joined them. Tommy giggled a bit.

"*Nooo*, Daddy! *That's* his friend, Nya..."

I smiled as my adorable boyfriend elaborated on the character backstories. He must have liked the show better than he let on because he was able to explain everything to me, laughing at silly Daddy as I played dumb with some of my questions. This was what I wanted more of from him. More time just like this, though of course seeing him all blushy was fun too.

It was the hottest thing I could imagine, knowing that I was slowly but surely turning my boyfriend into an adorable diaper dependent little boy with no

self-awareness about his childish behavior whatsoever. This was the proof that it was working.

After about 50 minutes, the timer went off and we had an excellent meal at the table.

"Do you like it?" I asked, staring as he inhaled his meal.

"This sure beats bottle feeding," he told me, laughing.

"I hope that's not a complaint about your *babysitter*, young man,"

"No, no, not at all," he said. "I'm just... she *really* wanted to treat me like a baby."

Her and everyone else, I thought to myself. Tommy turned to look at me.

"Hey, Daddy? That reminds me. Can I make one teensy tiny request? Please?"

I looked at him. "Okay, but be careful, kiddo. You're treading on thin ice."

"C-can I at least have *some* of my plain shirts back?" he asked. "All I have are these cartoon ones..."

"Is that a *demand*?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

His eyes went wide and he shook his head. "N-no... not a demand! Just a request...? Please?"

I sighed in mock resignation. "I'll order you some new clothes that fit better with your diapers," I said, "*including* pants and plain colored shirts..."

"Yesss!" he said, pumping his fist.

"But if I *do*," I added in a serious tone, "you must promise to *wear* them without complaint when they get here. Sound fair?"

He nodded. I smiled. I had been planning on buying him more babyish outfits sooner or later anyway.

"Good boy. I'm proud of you, little one. How about Daddy gives you some special rubbies as a treat for trusting Daddy and obeying."

His eyes lit up.

"Out of my diaper?"

I chuckled and shook my head. "No, little one. It's just about diaper time so I think we'd best get you padded first."

He looked down in disappointment and nodded.

"Ah ah ah, none of that, now. What do we say, Tommy?" I asked.

"Thank you," he said, blushing at being made to thank me for forcing him to cum in diapers once again.

"And smile, Tommy. Show Daddy how happy you are that you get a special treat."

He gave me a goofy smile, and I kissed him until that smile became genuine, then I smacked his ass drawing a yelp of surprise from him.

"Ooh, bet that wouldn't sting so much if you were wearing a *diaper*, little one. Now over to the bedroom with you."

Tommy slept well after dinner, and once again, I stayed up just to watch him fall asleep. I made sure he was well hydrated for bed as always, and I stayed up until I felt the front of his diaper grow warm beneath my hand, as always. Feeling that warmth helped me get to sleep too. I could rest easy knowing the evidence of his diaper dependence was there between his legs should he ever try to get out of diapers again. However, feeling his diaper grow warm usually gave me *one more thing* to take care of first. That night, I cupped his warm diaper in one hand as I jacked myself off to another satisfying climax. Then, I drifted into a nice deep sleep beside my beautiful baby boyfriend.

## Chapter 14

In the morning, I dressed Tommy for work in an extra thick diaper which I managed to squeeze into his work pants.

"I think we're gonna have to get you bigger pants, my boy," I said, tut tutting as I busied myself getting us both dressed and downstairs.

After a quick breakfast, I packed a diaper bag for him and slung it over my shoulder. Tommy, who was still holding his hand out to accept the bag, gave me a confused look as I opened the garage door.

"W-what are you doing, Daddy?"

I smiled. "Carrying my baby boy's diaper bag. What does it look like, silly?"

"But I kinda need that for work," he said, clearly trying to find a polite way to remind me that I had agreed to let him change himself at work.

"I know that, little munchkin. I'll give it to you when I drop you off."

"*Drop me off?*" he asked, incredulous, as he followed me to the car.

"That's what I said, little chipmunk. Now come along, chipmunk. You don't want a *spanking* from Nia!"

"Hey, shut up!" he said, running after me. He was blushing bright red and I loved it. "Come on, Daddy. Can't I take the bus like normal? It's embarrassing being dropped off for work."

"Well, you can take the bus if you want to, but you won't be bringing this diaper bag with you if you do. Would you rather take the bus and text me to bring you a change again like before?"

"No," he huffed, clearly realizing he had lost. But when he put his hand on the passenger's side handle to get inside I stopped him.

"Ah, ah, ah, baby. Little ones sit in the back."

"*What?!* But that's-"

"Complaining already, are we?" I asked. "You must really be hoping for one of those adult car seats I've had my eye on. I can get one if you keep this uuuup," I added in a sing-song voice.

He huffed again and went to the back seat.

"Much better," I said, taking the driver's seat. I looked into the rearview mirror with a smug grin. I could just imagine him waddling around all day at the store and it sent shivers down my spine. "Okay, chipmunk. Off we go!"

It wasn't long at all before we were pulling into the parking lot in front of his work.

"Okay, sweetie. This is your stop. Give Daddy a kiss before you go, my little chipmunk."

"Stop calling me that!" he snapped, grabbing for the bag. I held it away.

"Such attitude for such a *good* little boy. What happened? Yesterday you were so good!"

Tommy just huffed and crossed his arms, looking away. I set the bag down and looked at my watch. Plenty of time before his next shift. I sighed, got out of the car, and joined Tommy in the back seat.

"Hey, it's ok. It's ok, Tommy. Come here. Sit on Daddy's lap."

"But what if somebody sees?"

"Sees what? Two beautiful men in love? I don't care who sees that. I want you to come here and sit on my lap. Now."

He nodded and obeyed, his eyes cast downwards and I brought both my arms around him, holding him in a warm embrace.

"There, there, Tommy," I said, Rocking him and kissing him as he began to sob. "Now tell me what's wrong."

"I'm... I'm scared," he said, sobbing.

"Scared of what, love?"

"...Of everything!" he said, pulling away so he could look at me. "Of becoming incontinent. Of losing control of my bladder, and... and what I *wear*... of losing control of my life. It's all... changing so fast. My relationship with *you* is... changing... so fast... It's just... I..." He was gesticulating wildly and losing coherence by the second as he spoke. I stopped him.

"Tommy," I said, taking his hands in mine. "Do you want this?"

He looked startled by the question, so much that he stopped crying for a second and responded with a "...Wha?"

"This power dynamic that we've been in since we met... we both know the diapers aren't optional for you, sweetie. You like them, and what's more, you *need* them... and that's *okay*. But what *I'm* asking is... do you want Daddy to be a part of that?"

"...O-of course I do," He stuttered. "It's just... I mean *what will other* people think?"

"Fuck what they think, Tommy. This isn't about them. This is about you and me. And what my beautiful boyfriend wants... and needs..." I cupped his crotch and gave it a little squeeze, filling the car with the sound of crinkles. He blushed and smiled and laughed a teary laugh as I gave him a kiss on the side of the head.

"Oh Daddy, you make it sound so *simple*... but...."

"But it *is simple* Tommy." I said, squeezing his shoulder. "Being my little diapered chipmunk is what you want... and *need*. And don't tell me it doesn't turn you on because I've seen the sticky results for myself when I've changed your diapers..."

Tommy blushed bright red at that and I smiled, brushing his long hair behind his ears. "Listen baby boy. Let *Daddy* worry about what others think, ok? You just be your happy little self and I promise you you will charm the pants off them. *Everyone*. And if you can trust me to make sure that you are surrounded by people who love you and only have your best interests at heart... if you can believe that I will *never ever* put you in a dangerous situation, or let you get hurt... If you can believe that, then I promise you I will *never ever* let you down."

"Oh *Daddy*," Tommy said, coming in for a tight and tearful hug.

I looked him dead in the eyes. "I know we already had this conversation yesterday. *twice*. So I'll ask you one last time. And this is the last time I'll ask."

I paused for a few seconds, and began to speak again. I knew his answer to my question, but my heart was racing nonetheless.

"Do you want to continue this dynamic? Do you still want me to diaper you... and care for you...?" I traced my finger around the outline of his diaper causing him to gasp and moan lightly as his head fell back and his mouth fell open. "...And do you still want to be my good obedient boy?"

"Yes," he whispered, as I rubbed a bit harder.

"What's that, baby boy? I couldn't hear you."

"Yes! Yes!" He said, moaning louder.

"Are you sure? Because this is the last time I will ask. If you say yes, you're Daddy's diapered boy for good. I won't listen to any more tears or complaints. I'll just spank you, wherever we are, because we both know this is what you want and need."

I kept up rubbing him knowing he must be desperate by now, especially since he didn't get his morning milking yet. "If you want this, tell me this is what you want and need."

"Yes, this is what I want and need, Daddy."

"And what do you want and need?" I asked.

"To be kept in diapers. To be your good baby boy forever and ever. Please, Daddy. Please let me do it... unh... Daddy I need this..."

I stopped rubbing him altogether, leaving him pent up and bucking uselessly into the air. "Is that really what my baby boy *wants and needs*?"

"Yes, damnit! Yes!" he practically screamed.

I brought him into a deep kiss as I grabbed his little Dicklet through the padding. He was literally shaking from the pleasure as I did so. After a few seconds, I broke off the kiss. "That's my good little pants piddler," I growled at him. "Then so be it."

I set him aside, knowing my little game of questions had left him pent up and needy in his diaper. Then, I reached over to get him his diaper bag. "Now get your butt in gear and go join your manager at the front door. I do believe she's waiting for you, and I think she enjoyed the show. "

"What?!" he looked over to see Nia standing in front of the door fanning herself and immediately turned bright red, making nonsensical flustered noises as I opened the door and pushed him out of the car.

"I hope there's more where *that* came from," she called out. "I don't know about little Tommy but I'm gonna need me a *freeze-a-ccino* to cool down when I get in there."

"Just stick the little guy in the freezer for a few minutes," I said, "That oughtta do it." I smacked Tommy's tush as I sent him off to join Nia, in effect handing him over to the next grown-up.

Tommy glared back at me, still red, before waddling awkwardly up to Nia. His gait was clearly hindered by the stiffer he was sporting in his bulky diaper. Nia just snickered behind her hand and shook her head before unlocking the door and throwing an arm around Tommy to usher him in. She looked back to me and I gave her a wink before I headed off and I smiled back, happy to know I had left my little Tommy in good hands.

And now it was time to take care of my own pokey problem. That little episode hadn't just left Tommy pent up, and I hurried off home as fast as I could to rub one out.

Later that day, I stopped by the winery again to make sure everything was in order. Then, I started a group chat with the people who had shown the most interest in looking after Tommy's wellbeing: Melinda, Cassie, and Nia. Going off of Melinda's suggestion, I named it 'Momma Bears' Chat' and in it I explained to them what was happening between me and Tommy. I answered all their questions, and asked a few of my own with special attention to hashing out how *they* wanted to fit into our lives.

It turned out that they all really cared about Tommy too and were more than willing to share the responsibility of looking after the precious little guy. I was both amazed and excited to see this support network for our new lifestyle crystallize before my very eyes. But I had other things to do that day, and while I was working, the chat began to take on a kind of a life of its own. Every time I checked it, there were about 22 new messages from the Momma bears going back and forth about who would have him on what day and how to best look after him. Finally, I had to put the chat on mute and admit that I was no longer in control of the conversation. Surprisingly, I was okay with that.

Then came the texts from Tommy:

11:01 a.m. Chipmunk: Did you change your name to Papa Bear in my phone?

11:01 p.m. Papa Bear: Don't you dare change it, little one.

1:15 p.m. Chipmunk: Great, now my nickname is chipmunk at work. Why is everybody calling me chipmunk?

1:20 p.m. Papa Bear: No idea, sweetheart. I only mentioned that Papa Bear was there to pick up his little Chipmunk. That's all...

4:00 p.m. Chipmunk: Seriously? Safari Soakers and Hippo Paddemupses? I thought we were packing \*adult diapers\* in the diaper bag today

4:05 p.m. Papa Bear: I hope that's not a complaint or next time I'll give the diaper bag to Nia and \*she\* can change the bratty baby.

It was fun to see Tommy slowly discover all the little changes I had implemented without his knowledge. It made me smile, and it necessitated many more bathroom breaks than normal as I was constantly having to spank it to keep my libido in check.

My work day ended a little late that day and Nia and Tommy ended up getting back to the house before me. By the time I got there, Nia and Cassie were already

feeding Tommy his second bottle while Melinda and her wife sipped wine on the sofa and contributed quips and comments. Tommy was, as per the rules, totally pantsless.

"Daddy! Thank goodness you're here!"

"Hello ladies, nice to see you all got here early like we planned. Hi Claudette," I said, shaking hands with Melinda's wife and completely ignoring the big infant in the room. We talked as if it were a normal everyday occurrence to see Tommy pantsless on the couch being bottle fed by his mommies, and only after introductions were complete did I turn my attention to my overgrown baby of a boyfriend.

"Whoa there super soaker! You'd better slow down there. You're gonna be leaking before game night even starts!"

Tommy wrested his head away from the bottle nipple being held in his mouth and yelled at me. "I can't believe you told them the no pants rule!"

"I told them *all* your rules Tommy," I said with a calm smile. "You didn't think you were going to get out of the no pants rule just because it was game night, did you?"

He squirmed and whined, obviously embarrassed about being out in the open like this; force-fed bottles in nothing but a soggy diaper.

"Cyrus! I need to talk to you! Privately!" he said.

"Ooh!" said Nia. "He used the C word."

"I think the little one's getting *serious*," said Melinda, raising her wine glass. "He means *business*."

The two ladies looked at each other.

"You mean besides the business he did in his *diapers* earlier?" added Cassie.

That just cracked them up.

While Cassie and Melinda were busy laughing, Tommy got up off of Nia's lap and grabbed my hand pulling me toward the bedroom as he stormed off. I just shrugged and said, "Be just a minute," before I was pulled to the bedroom and the door was slammed shut behind us.

Tommy was breathing hard. He looked angry, but he took a second to compose himself. He rubbed his temples. Then he got onto his knees and started begging.

"*Please please please* let me have pants, Daddy! I can't be seen like this when everyone comes!"

As attractive as he looked that way, I pulled him up from his kneeling position, and led him over to the bed, with a concerned look on my face. "But you love your diapers, Tommy," I said, rubbing the front of his diapers and making him moan.

"Please," he begged.

"Tommy. Remember what you agreed to. You said you would trust me and listen to what I said. And I said no pants for little pamper piddlers in the house, didn't I?"

He gave me a forlorn look.

"*Didn't I?*" I asked, more loudly this time.

He stuck his lower lip out and nodded. "Yes, Daddy,"

"If you can't keep your promise, then I'm taking back the potty lock key and you're going out there in diapers anyway without any potty privileges. Is that what you want?"

"*N-no!*" he said. "I don't."

"Then trust me. It's going to be just fine. Everyone already knows you wear diapers after you flashed everyone at that cookie game, and you've got three Mama Bears on your side if anyone gives you a hard time, okay?"

He looked down at the floor and sniffled. "Okay..." he said with a nod. I smiled. This was going to be fun.

"Hey ladies! Get up here!" I called. "It's time for Tommy's spanking!"

I heard a stampede of footsteps thundering up the stairs as Cassie, Nia, and Melinda appeared. I turned back to Tommy.

"Tommy, why don't you tell the ladies why you deserve to be spanked."

"What?!"

## Chapter 15

"Why do you need to be spanked, Tommy?" I repeated. "Tell your Mama Bears all about it."

"You c-c-c-can't be *serious!*" he said, looking frantically from me to the three women watching us. "Cyrus! I..."

"That's the first problem," I said. "You know what you're supposed to call me. Go on then, spit it out..."

"But I- I- I- ...But I-"

I raised my hand and he gulped.

"D-daddy," he said, squeezing his eyes shut. "I'm supposed to call you Daddy."

"That's right, baby boy. And what else?"

He looked at me with his puppy dog eyes but answered anyway once he saw it wasn't working, his cheeks as red as two glowing coals. "No complaining and no disobeying the grown ups..."

"Including?" I asked, pointing to myself.

"Including Daddy...." I then pointed to Melinda, Nia, and Cassi. "And my... M... M-Momma B-Bears," he sputtered, almost unable to say it due to sheer embarrassment.

"And do you remember the conversation we had this morning baby boy?"

"I sure do," said Nia, causing Tommy to hide his face in his hands and shake his head.

"The conversation, my dear boy," I said. "where I said we would not have this conversation again. Where you *agreed* to be my baby boy unconditionally... and agreed that if you tried to weasel out of this again, what would happen?"

"You'd...." he huffed as if he himself couldn't believe he was saying it. "You'd spank it out of me."

"That's right, baby boy," I said.

"I can't believe this is happening," Tommy moaned.

"Believe it, baby boy," said Cassie, stepping forward. "You clearly need it."

"Sorry, baby bear, but she's right," added Melinda, giving him a pat on the crinkly butt. "I changed your *diapers* the other night because you weren't able to do it yourself. Do you know what that spells in my book? B A B Y."

"But I..."

"And what kind of Daddy would I be if I allowed my little boy to go back on his promises and make a liar out of himself *and* me?"

"...N-not a very good one.... I guess..." Tommy whimpered.

"Very good, baby Tommy. You're so smart. So what's gonna happen now is all the adults you disrespected today - that includes me and all of your Mama Bears - all of us are going to spank that little hiney until *baby* learns his lesson. And you are going to lie there and take it like a good little boy. **Do I make myself clear?**"

He nodded, too shocked to do anything else. I shushed him and guided him over my lap. I pulled down the back of his diaper. "Just remember, baby boy. This is for your own good."

\*SMACK\* \*SMACK\* \*SMACK\*

He howled at the first strike, and by the fifth, he was really struggling to get away, but I just passed him off to the strongest of all of us, Melinda. I figured if anyone could subdue him and soften him up for the rest of us, she could.

"Sorry, baby bear," said Melinda as he was passed off to her. "Sometimes momma bear has to lay down the law. Even for adorable little baby bears like you."

\*SMACK\* \*SMACK\* \*SMACK\*

He was flat out bawling at this point. But it wasn't over yet. Nia came next. She was quite strong herself, but she started off with a gentle touch holding and rocking the distraught boy until he calmed down enough.

"Can you be a big boy for your Auntie Nia and take your smacks? I'll only give you three if you cooperate."

He sniffled and nodded, and she gave him a hug and a kiss on the forehead before giving him her spanks. And she gave him a hug after. Tommy even *thanked* her afterward, which just proved what a subby little boy he was.

Last but not least was the petite and sweet Cassie, who had a mean looking heart crop at the ready and an evil gleam in her eye.

"Little *Tommy*," she said in a sweet, high, and disappointed voice. "I'm not doing this to be mean. In fact, I think the fastest and least painful way for you to learn is to make sure you never *ever* make the same mistake twice."

"I-I-I won't. I promise! Please!"

"Oh, I *know* you won't, little Tommy. I'm about to make *sure* of it." She sat down and patted her lap. "Come one, little Tommy. Crawl to me."

"Crawl?" he said with a gulp.

"Do you *really* want to make me repeat myself, sweet pea?"

Tommy was obliged to crawl across the bed and lay over her lap for his final spanking.

"Now you can take 10 regular spanks, or just three extra special spanks. But I warn you, the three will hurt more."

Tommy immediately asked for the three.

"Okay, little boy. You asked for it. Just remember, if you do everything I say as soon as I say it, you won't ever have to experience this again."

He nodded, shivering as he braced himself. Then she told him to spread his legs apart. He obeyed. He gasped when he felt the crop come to rest against his sack.

"NO WAI-" \*THWAP\* "AIEEEEEEEEE!!!"

His screams filled the room and I winced involuntarily, appreciating that particular pain the way only another testicle-owning person could.

"Spread your legs, Tommy," she said.

"N-n-n-no! I c-c-c-can't!"

"Spread them now, or else you get three *more* special spanks," she sang. My jaw was on the floor. Cassie was *evil*. Even *I* was scared. Tommy tremblingly obeyed and Melinda rewarded him with two more rapid-fire smacks to the testicles.

\*THWAP\* \*THWAP\*

Tommy was left a blubbering mess by his testical torture, but with three loving Momma bears to console him, he was soon smothered in more love than he knew what to do with. Thanks to their aftercare, Tommy was soon brought down back to earth, and to a more calm and coherent state of mind.

"What do we say to your Mama Bears for helping you learn this valuable lesson, little Tommy?" I asked.

"Th-thank you," he squeaked, utterly humiliated as I made him thank them all for spanking him and teaching him how to be a good baby.

"Diapers are in the closet ladies. I'll leave the rest to you. Oh, and you might want to hold off on Mr. Buzz Buzz for a little while... just... trust me. I think even *I'm* going to be walking funny for a minute."

I went downstairs and gave the ladies the chance to do their part. It wasn't easy, since I was used to being in control, but I knew it was best for them and Tommy to build that relationship on their own.

I smiled to myself. Our little family was growing. And although I knew there would be tears, it looked like with their help we would be quickly past that stage and Tommy would come to accept his new life.

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Tommy was soon back on the couch nursing his bottle as before in the care of his Mama Bears. All he had on was a Caring Bears shirt. His Rainbow-Pegasus diaper was clearly visible because of the no pants rule and already showing just how much he needed them because of a faint yellow indicator strip that turned bright blue at the first sign of moisture. One by one the guests arrived, and Tommy squirmed and writhed in embarrassment. Tommy, however, wasn't going anywhere. Not while he was being held in place by Melinda's strong arms.

"Shhhh... there, there." Melinda said, giving the front of his diaper a little squeeze as she held a bottle in his mouth to muffle his protests. Funny enough, the oral and frontal stimulation seemed to calm Tommy down and he soon returned to nursing on the bottle. "...That's a *good boy*, baby bear..."

Everyone who showed up had, of course, been forewarned, and not surprisingly, nobody backed out of the game. Whether because they were accepting of this change in roles, or due to sheer morbid curiosity, everyone showed up on time, or early. Some fussed over how cute Tommy was and others ignored him completely. Ultimately, once the games started and Tommy began to participate, his dorky charm came through once more, and things began to click back into their normal game-night rhythm. Well, with a *few* exceptions.

For one, no one could agree who got to hold Tommy, so Tommy found himself passed from lap to lap and allowed to help people with their moves and pieces as the game progressed. Tommy whined about the lap treatment at first, but when Cassie told

him he could be playing baby games on the carpet instead while everyone *e/se* played adult games, Tommy shut right up. Soon, he was enjoying the game making clever remarks and silly faces that had people laughing like normal, and sometimes awwing as well.

Between games, Tommy was checked. It wasn't that hard to see how wet he was; the growing bright blue strip was clearly visible across the room. But that didn't matter. Tommy was like a new baby to his Mama Bears and the rest of us were just as interested, so when Tommy was checked, it triggered a rush of hands offering a second opinion. Almost everyone had to check Tommy themselves 'just to be sure'. On the second check, everyone agreed that it was definitely time for a change.

"Right here on the carpet?!" Tommy squeaked, realizing that he wasn't going to be changed in the privacy of the bedroom anymore.

"Baby boys don't get to be modest," said Nia. "I don't think anyone *e/se* has any objections, do you?"

She looked around the room and we all shook our heads no and several offers of assistance.

"I'll help!"

"Me too!"

Ultimately, even our most standoffish participants began gravitating toward Tommy, not wanting to miss out on all the fun happening on the living room floor.

"Oh wow, it's so tiny!" said Percy gawking at Tommy's little pee-pee.

"*Toldja* he was a baby," said Cassie. "He even makes stickies like a baby. Right into his didees!"

"N-noooooo," Tommy whined, but he was immediately shushed.

"The grownups are talking, sweetie," I said. "Sorry, Cassie, what were you saying?"

"Oh yeah, he makes cummies right into his diapers every time. It's so cute!"

Everyone laughed, and several people wanted to see, so with much wheedling, I was persuaded to allow them to try out Mr. Buzz Buzz.

"Okay, okay. I suppose his balls must be feeling better now," I conceded. "You can give him *one* orgasm. But that's it. And this is for *educational* purposes only."

Poor Tommy was made to lay there as Cassie brought out her favorite toy to show everyone how a diaper baby cums.

"See?" she said as Tommy began to thrust his hips into the air, desperate to make more contact as she edged him. "He's almost there already."

Tommy was soon brought to an adorable panting mewling climax as Cassie gushed about just how cute his little panting orgasm sounds were. She wasn't wrong, either, though some of the spectators were clearly more in the 'turned-on' camp along with me.

After that, the game part of game night was pretty much shot, and we all retired to the comfier sofa seating to snack and chat. The topic of the night was, you guessed it, Tommy! And everyone had their two cents.

"You know," said Cassie, "Bonobo females are known to ambush aggressive males, holding them down and making them cum to help curb their aggression. I think the same idea applies to fussy little guys like Tommy..."

"I had to change this little gremlin the other night," said Melinda. "He had the *cutest* diapers... you know the ones, Tommy. The ones with the baby animals?"

"Safari Soakers," he muttered, his arms crossed.

"I didn't see a man that night, just a cute little baby bear. *Yes, I did*, and it was adorable!"

"Nuh-uh," said Tommy.

"Yes, huh! Mama Bear said so, so deal with it!"

"Cyrus and Tommy are adorable together," said Nia. "I swear. Cyrus has a fan club at the store, too. Hey, if you need a boyfriend that *isn't* a baby, I could help set you up Cyrus." She gave me a wink as Tommy glared at her.

"Hmm, I might just take you up on that," I said with a chuckle. Tommy gasped and looked back at me.

"*Daddyyyyyyy!*"

From that point on, this was the new normal for game night. No one could deny just how cute little Tommy was and as time went on, Tommy transitioned to more and more of a baby lifestyle. All his clothes became baby clothes and more babyish things appeared in the apartment, including his very own playpen. After a while, Tommy ceased being embarrassed and got used to his role as my adorable baby boy. Once

that happened, he was very happy, although I took plenty of opportunities to make him blush when I could.

Tommy even got a new playmate in the form of Jay-Jay, who had contacted the man on the business card I had given him and apparently made quite a good little helper for his new Daddy. But that's a story for another day.