

Diaper-Training My Boyfriend

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

It's getting harder and harder for Tommy to hide his crinkly secret, and Cyrus certainly isn't helping hide it! Who else is going to find out about Tommy's special underwear needs?

Chapter 6

I was glad that I remembered the anniversary *before* I had to pick up Tommy. It was pure luck, really. I had never been into things like anniversaries, but Tommy was all about that sort of thing, and I was sure it would be on his calendar. When he wasn't totally freaking out about who might know about his little potty problem, that is. The latter could be solved by gradually introducing his diapers to those around him, while at the same time desensitizing him to that exposure. He needed to understand that he really needed them, and I was sure others would be quick to accept that as well. If not, it wouldn't be hard to prove he needed them.

I readied myself to pick my little barista up from work, the main task of which was to repack his diaper bag. I made sure to grab the thickest diapers and stuffers we had and put them in the bag since we were going to be drinking. Wouldn't want my little one to have a leak too soon.

The sun was getting lower in the sky by the time I turned up at the coffee shop to pick up Tommy. I wondered how soggy his diaper would be after work. I thought about him crinkling around the café and wetting himself in the middle of a bustling shop. My cock started to chub up once more, despite having achieved a ridiculous number of orgasms since I stopped by to bring him his change earlier that day. Why it turned me on so much to see my boyfriend helplessly diapered, I couldn't say. All I knew was it *did it* for me – and it was clear it did it for him too. Why question it?

I had made sure to arrive a little before the end of the shift so I could come in and make it more obvious that Daddy was picking up his little boy from work.

I walked into the shop and waved at the cutie behind the counter – *my* cutie.

Some of his coworkers seemed to recognize me, because they had their eyes glued on me the moment I walked in. One ended up overflowing the coffee cup he was filling as he stared, only to stop when another employee, also staring, elbowed him in the ribs.

“Can I help you, sir?” asked a tall blonde woman in an apron who was standing by the coffee pickup counter.

“Oh no,” I replied. “I’m just here to pick up my little chipmunk. I guess I’m a little early.”

“Your little, chip-” she looked around, confused about what I was talking about.

“Oh, there he is! Behind the register.”

She zeroed in on Tommy immediately and looked back to me, turning slightly pink as she stifled a giggle.

“I’ll... I’ll let your, hehe, *little chipmunk* know you’re here.”

“Just tell him his Papa Bear has come to pick him up.”

She was practically hyperventilating to keep from laughing out loud and had to just bite her lip and nod as she turned around and walked toward my beautiful boyfriend. She tapped him on the shoulder, and pointed my way, saying something I couldn’t hear.

I waved toward him, and he waved back, returning to his conversation with the customer before doing a double take, his mouth hanging open. He quickly shook himself out of it and finished handing the older woman in front of him her card back, but I could already see the red rising in his cheeks as whatever she’d said sunk in.

Nia walked over, wiping her hands on her apron and smiling at me.

“So, has my baby boy been staying out of trouble?” I asked with a grin.

“Little Tommy? Oh, sure. He’s pretty easy to keep in line. Especially since I warned him that I’ll report his behavior to his *Daddy* if he doesn’t behave.” She gave me a toothy grin. “He knows to be good. Not like *some* people who work here,” she said, glaring over at Jay-Jay, who once again had abandoned his cleaning duties to drool over my red Aston Martin.

“Jay-Jay! Back to work! You have 5 minutes to finish those windows or I’ll have you on toilet duty tomorrow!”

He jumped, startled, and started wiping the windows at double speed.

Soon, Tommy disappeared and came back out sans-apron.

“Ready to go, kiddo?” I asked.

“Oh no, not you with *her* again. I need to keep you two apart. There’s no telling what the two of you are planning,” he said, pulling me away from the counter.

“Don’t worry, sweetie,” she said, “all for your own good, we promise!”

“Yeah, kiddo. We’re just looking out for our little Tommy. Don’t worry your pretty little head over it, love.”

Before we were too far, I called out to Nia, “See you this Wednesday for Game Night!”

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world,” she said.

“Why did you invite her?” he growled as he tugged me away. “Just what are you up to?”

As soon as we got out of the store, I smacked his butt and wagged my finger at him.

“That was very rude, little man,” I said. “You shouldn’t tell the grown-ups what to do. This was the first time, so I’m letting you off with a warning, but do it again and you’ll be over my knee with your pants around your ankles. I don’t care if it’s at work or anywhere else. Got me?”

“Aww geez, Cyrus, come on,” Tommy said, rolling his eyes.

“Cyrus huh? Okay, you must really want this, then.” I reached for his pants, and he scooted away from me. “I don’t know where you think you’re running, baby boy. You’re still gonna have to come over here and get in the car.”

He continued to back off until he bumped into a slumped over Jay-Jay, who was too busy checking his watch and looking dejected to notice us until then.

“Oh! Sorry, man,” said Tommy. Then he noticed Jay-Jay’s body language as he barely reacted, too lost in his own troubled thoughts. “Uh, hey... What’s wrong?”

“I don’t know if I’m gonna make it at this job, man. I keep getting yelled at by Nia. And I missed my bus, so I guess I’ll have to take a cab... so much for my daily earnings...” It was a pitiful sight.

“Hey,” I said, jerking my thumb back toward my convertible. “Want a ride?”

His eyes lit up, and he broke into a big smile. “Hell yeah!”

“Jay-Jay, right?” I asked.

“Yes, sir!” he said, shaking my hand and smiling. I patted him on the back and led him over to the passenger’s seat.

“Get on in! Little Tommy can sit in the back. It’s safer for boys his age anyway.”

The comment sailed right over Jay-Jay’s head as he was too enthralled by the interior of the car to pay much attention to anything I said. He didn’t waste one second getting into the seat and buckling up, almost like he was afraid I’d change my mind.

Tommy glared at me, annoyed.

“Aww, you okay, love? Do you want a change in the back seat before we leave?”

Blushing, he shook his head. “Oh god, please no...”

“Then hop in,” I said. “We’ve got places to go!”

Jay-Jay was having the time of his life on his ride-along, and I was more than happy to punch up the acceleration just for a little extra thrill. I drove Jay-Jay to his place, which was a bit out of the way, and then dropped him off.

“Hey, kid,” I said, even though I wasn’t much older than him. “You’ll do just fine working there. All you need is a little guidance. I can set you up with a friend of mine, if you like. I think he could really help you.”

“Uh, sure!” he said, shrugging. I handed him a business card for a Daddy friend of mine who had been looking for a boy for some time.

“If you take this, you have to promise you’ll call him. I only have one of these to give out, and this is not to be shared with anyone.”

“Oh, shit! Yeah, okay,” he said, suddenly looking much more interested.

“And don’t try looking him up online. You won’t find anything,” I added, with a smirk. I had the guy hook line and sinker. By this time next month, he’d be a model employee, probably with slightly poofier pants as well.

After dropping Jay-Jay off, I headed straight for the winery.

As soon as he was out of sight, Tommy spoke up.

“Daddy?”

“Yes, love?”

“Can I bring my own diapers to work from now on?”

I feigned reluctance.

“I don’t know Tommy, that’s a pretty big responsibility for such a little boy.”

“Oh, come on. I can do it. You *know* I can. Pleeeeeease?”

I smiled. Sometimes to get your way you have to go a little past the mark so you can get what you really want as the ‘compromise’. Today, Tommy had had to rely on me to bring diaper changes, so of course he would be eager to bring his own diapers now. That was the whole goal of today, and I had reached it. Now all I had to do was reluctantly accede to his terms.

“Well... okay. But only if you agree to check in *before* you have a change, so I know what’s going on. Deal?”

“Deal,” he said, crossing his arms and smiling smugly. He was so sure he had won, and it was really quite adorable. Thanks to the seat blocking his view of my crotch, he had no idea what his gullibility was doing for my libido.

“Wait... this isn’t the way home,” said Tommy, realizing we were taking a different route than normal.

“I know, sweetie. I’m taking you somewhere very special today.”

“Special?”

“Yes, sweet pea. Remember when we met a year ago?”

“Oh my god. I can’t believe I forgot it. It’s our anniversary!”

That’s right, love. And do you remember I told you to trust me? And you did? Well, I think that deserves something very special to remind you what a good decision you made.”

“Awww.... *Daddyyyyyyy!*” he said, blushing and covering his face. “This is so sweet!”

“Anything for you, pumpkin,” I said, unable to stifle my mischievous grin. This would be a very special treat for me as well.

Chapter 7

“Do you want me to pull over and change you in the back seat?” I asked, as we drove the winding road to the winery.

“No,” he said. “But I’m *really* soggy. My diaper is all swollen and squishy,” he said, wiggling around in his seat.

“I can tell, baby boy. I could spot a diaper bulge like that a mile away!”

I glanced into the rearview to catch him looking down between his legs.

“Oh my gosh, it’s so obvious! I felt so self-conscious at work today, Daddy. Do I really have to wear diapers to work every day? Can I at least take it off before we get to the winery? I don’t want anyone to see me like this!”

“Yes, you must wear them all day every day. You wore to work and you got through it, so no excuses now why you can’t wear elsewhere.”

“But... they’ll know!”

“And if that’s a problem for them, they’ll just have to deal with it. Get used to it baby boy, because those diapers aren’t going anywhere, unless you’re getting changed into a fresh one.”

He threw his hands over his face and groaned. He had been so ready to agree to self-diapering at work, but the closer we got to the winery, the less confident he felt. He was entering yet another unknown situation – unknown how he could operate in a diaper in the new environment. Unknown how Melinda and Carter would react. There were just so many unknowns. Tommy barely had time to work any of them out because soon, I was pulling up right in front of the château.

“Take it easy, love,” I said, as I got out of the car and opened the back door. “This is supposed to be something for us to relax and enjoy. Now lay down.”

He looked around nervously. The open convertible provided little cover, even if there was almost no one parked outside. It was the middle of the week after all, and approaching sunset. We practically had the place to ourselves.

“I-I can’t,” he said, looking pale with fear. “W-w-what if someone walks out of there and sees us?” he asked.

“They won’t,” I said. “And I wasn’t asking.” Yet another thing he would have to learn was to trust me. I reached for his belt and undid it, pulling his pants down roughly.

“If you want to walk in there with pants on, you’d better stop squirming and let me change you. Otherwise everyone really *will* see you in diapers.

There. The balance of the threat was reset. Now relaxing and staying still was his best option. And he did, throwing his arm over his eyes to block out the surroundings and letting out a few involuntary moans as I untaped the front of his soaked double-stuffed diapers.

“I think we’d better choose something a little thicker. How about these,” I said, holding up some thick crinkly white diapers. I did my best to sell him on their virtues. I explained that they were nondescript, aside from their incredible bulk, and if anyone spotted them peeking out of his waistband, he wouldn’t have any explaining to do.

“Or I could put you in these *fun* ones with safari animals frolicking all over them. It’s up to you baby boy. Since it’s our *anniversary* I’ll let you decide.”

The old, give-them-a-false-choice tactic. He pointed a finger at the white one, and I smiled. I loved making him an active participant in his own diaper degradation.

“Good job picking your own diaper, sweet pea! So mature for your age, kiddo. Such a good helper for Daddy!”

He whimpered as I unfolded it. I could already see he was turned on immensely by this situation, which I was happy to point out as I cleaned him up, slid the dirty diaper out from under his bum, and replaced it with a fresh one. I didn’t take too long because I didn’t want to miss the sunset, so I quickly powdered him, taped him up, and helped him into a seated position.

“Okay, buddy. Step out of the car so I can finish pulling your pants back up.”

“But, Daddy,” he whispered.

“No buts,” I said. “Do you want a spanking in the parking lot? I thought you learned your lesson, but I’m happy to teach you again...”

He quickly jumped out of the car and stood there, shifting uncomfortably. While his pants were still around his ankles, I made sure to give his little package a squeeze through the padding and give his mouth a long deep kiss. Just then, Carter poked his head out the door.

“Hey, guys. I just saw you pull up and- ohhh. Sorry! Didn’t mean to interrupt. See you inside, love birds. Oh, and lookin’ cute, there, Tommy!”

Carter’s head disappeared into the winery. Tommy was devastated. Couldn’t even form a complete sentence.

“He- he- he- he-....”

“Shhh, shhh, shhh,” I said, putting a finger to Tommy’s lips before bending down and pulling up his pants. I buckled them up and grabbed his hand. “Nothing a little wine can’t fix. Come on, just enjoy the day. In a few minutes, you’ll have forgotten all about it.”

I pulled my bashful boyfriend in through the front door, and Carter greeted us enthusiastically as if he *hadn’t* just caught us making out while I groped Tommy’s diaper out in the open. Tommy was unable to meet Carter’s eyes.

Carter, as always, had no trouble handling a shy customer. “About time you two came in together. What’s it been, Tommy, almost a year since we got your little butt up here? Well, we broke out the best for you and the Boss’s anniversary. Set up a table and everything.”

“Th-thanks...” Tommy managed to mumble, his cheeks tinged pink from the knowledge that Carter had caught him with his pants down. Of course Carter and Melinda already knew my boyfriend needed diapers. I was sure to vet them ahead of time and make sure Tommy was in no danger of a negative reaction from someone at the winery. But of course Tommy didn’t know that.

“Heyyy! Is the *cute* one here yet?” asked Melinda, strolling into the storefront from the kitchen just as Carter ran off to grab something. “I *thought* I heard someone new. Hey there, Tommy. Oh no, now don’t start with that handshake crap. Give Mama Bear a hug!”

His face went red as she squeezed him tight, causing him to rustle like a paper-wrapped gift.

“*Gosh*, he’s a cute one, boss. Hasn’t aged a day since you first brought him in. Hard to believe it’s already been a year, eh?”

“Harder to believe when you don’t live with him! This little guy can be quite the handful!”

“Oh, come on. Look at him! Could you see this adorable little fella bein’ anything more than a perfect angel? Don’t worry, sweetie,” she said, turning to him. “I’m not gonna let your boyfriend talk smack on you. Even if he *is* the big boss here. Let’s get you two something to enjoy that wine with. Cheese work for you?”

He nodded, while instinctively holding his shirt down to cover the already prominent diaper bulge in his pants.

"Hey, check it out, guys," said Carter, popping back in from the storeroom. "I got this 1948 reserve that we found by accident a while back. Found a whole case of it. I better not tell you what the other bottles sold for at auction or you'll never drink it. Anyway, that's just the first one. Let's give it a taste, eh?"

He poured four glasses of the vintage and the four of us clinked glasses. It really was quite good, though Tommy was probably more grateful for the fact that the focus of the conversation had shifted away from him, at least for the time being. Mercifully for Tommy, we were escorted to a table they had set up overlooking the vineyard, and we were treated to a heart-stopping vista of the golden sky over green rolling hills. Rows and rows of grape vines covered those hills, extending out into the distance where the early evening air cast a soft haze over everything.

"Wow," said Tommy, almost taking a seat on thin air as he kept his gaze trained on the strikingly beautiful scenery. "It's even more beautiful than I remember."

"And you're just as beautiful as ever," I said, with a grin.

He rolled his eyes. "Where'd you get that one? Off a Cracker Jack box?"

"Hey. It's a classic American snack!" I said, shrugging and smiling.

"Speaking of snacks, boys. Dig in," said Melinda, bringing out a platter. "You'll have to tell me how you like the cheese and crackers. We're testing these out for the next tasting season," she said.

"Melinda..." I said, in a warning tone.

"Alright, alright. I get it. No business during pleasure time." She said, holding her hands up. Then, she moved one hand to the side of her mouth and whispered to Tommy. "Just tell me how ya like it after. One wink means good, two means bad."

"*Melinda*," I said, rolling my eyes.

Carter then jumped into the conversation.

"Hey, here's a flight of our current wines, Tommy. I wanna know how you like 'em! You should start at this end and progress through the wines. That'll give you the best flavor progression."

"Carter!"

"Sorry, boss!" He said, pulling his fingers across his lips like a zipper and throwing an imaginary key away.

I picked up a piece of cheese and Tommy picked up a wine glass. I took a nibble. He took a sip. We looked over to my two head managers hovering over us and back to each other.

“Get outta here you two! Come on!”

“Fine! Enjoy the sunset. But I better have a chance to chat with him *after*,” said Melinda.

“Yes, enjoy, boys,” said Carter, pulling Melinda along with him as they disappeared into the winery. Moments later Tommy and I saw two pairs of eyes peering at us through the window. I just shook my head and chuckled.

“I think that’s the best we’re gonna get,” I said to Tommy, before taking a sip of my wine. “Damn, that’s good vintage.”

“I-it is pretty good,” said Tommy, taking a sip. Then another. Then another. Before he knew it, he had made it past tipsy and was halfway to trashed. But Melinda and Carter didn’t show any signs of letting up with the wining and dining.

I was getting past my limit as well, and I didn’t like to do that because it meant I might say something I wasn’t planning to say; a problem for someone who very much liked being in control. Unfortunately, drinking also affected my coordination, which would actually end up helping my plans, strangely enough.

My beautiful boyfriend and I watched the sun dip down to touch the edge of the horizon, widen out, then slowly, slowly flatten until only a tiny sliver of orange was left. There followed a fantastic twilight with blues, purples, oranges and reds painted on the sky above the rolling vineyards. It was easy to just let all our daily concerns wash away as we watched the sky and land change color. Tommy forgot about being self-conscious and I forgot about forcing him into ever thicker and more public diapers, at least for a little while. For a precious few minutes, we were just there in the moment. Enjoying it together, like we had the very first day we met. And then, that moment was gone as I heard the splish splash of water dripping on the flagstone.

Chapter 8

I looked down and saw a puddle rapidly forming under the chair. I followed the drip and saw they led up to his seat, where his pants had ended up soaked.

“Oh..no... *Tommy*,” I said, looking slightly concerned. “Looks like my little guy had an accident!”

He looked down and after a second or two delay, his eyes slowly widened in surprise to see that he had indeed soaked his pants.

“Oh jeezh... Whendithat happen?” he asked, slurring his words.

“I dunno, buddy. Don’t worry, I’ll get it.” I stood up but quickly plopped back into my seat when I realized how dizzy that made me. “No, I won’t...”

“Hey, are you two okay?” asked Melinda, stepping out to check on us.

“I hadda accident,” said Tommy, pointing to his pants.

I giggled at his word choice, but quickly covered it up by pretending to clear my throat. As fun as it may have been, this was not a drill, and I was in no condition to change a soggy diaper.

“I’m sorry, Mel. I think I’m gonna need help on this one...”

Melinda, not fully comprehending my words, followed his finger to see some very wet pants between little Tommy’s legs.

“Oh! Come here, sweetie, Mama Bear’s gotcha...” She grabbed the diaper bag and hurried him out to the back area of the château, wasting no time once she knew what the problem was. They went past the open-air courtyard where employees snacked and rested and over to the washing up area off to the side of the restroom, where a long study table butted up against the stucco wall.

I stumbled after them, leaning against the wall for support, and watched things unfold, no pun intended. By the time I got there, he was already on his back on the table.

“I’m shorry, Molly,” said Tommy, slurring his words. “I didn’t mean to ruin your birthday party.” He was evidently reliving some embarrassing event from his childhood.

“Shhh. You are drunk, sweetie. Oh boy, hon, you are soaked! Let’s get you outta these pants.”

Luckily, she'd had the presence of mind to grab his diaper bag when she pulled him away, and once she'd gotten his pants off, she started setting up the changing supplies on the table beside him.

"Let's see here, whadda we got? Bingo!" she said, as she pulled out the thick animal print diaper from the bag. "Lay back down, sweetie. There we go, don't hit your head. Alright. Let's get these offa you."

Tommy just played with his hands, oblivious to what was happening below his navel. He laughed as the wipes tickled his legs and said "whee!" as his butt was lifted in the air so more tickly wipes could reach his behind. This wasn't the first diaper Melinda had changed, though it was certainly the largest, as she would later confess.

"You're lucky you're small, kid," she said, unfolding the new diaper.

"Daddy says I'm itty bitty," he giggled.

"Daddy, huh?" Melinda raised an eyebrow at that and shot me a look. I just shrugged and tried to look as innocent as possible.

"We'll talk about this later," she said, locking eyes with me before turning her attention back to Tommy. "Okay, hon. Here comes the powder. Can you lift your butt up for Mama Bear? Good boy. Alright now legs open wide. Just like that! Let's count out the tapes. One! Two! Three! Four! Great job!" She clapped.

Her demeanor completely changed once she heard the word 'Daddy' leave his lips. And the funny thing was, he responded just like the tot she treated him as. On some level, I guess that was just something he clicked with, and I was amazed to see how effective her technique was for keeping him happy and engaged during what could easily be an embarrassing and traumatic situation. Of course I've also heard it said that alcohol turns people into overgrown toddlers. Either way, it was adorable.

I chuckled and shook my head.

"Don't laugh now, mister, or you're next!" she said, pointing right at me. Now it was *my* turn to blush.

"Thanks, Mama bear," said Tommy.

"Aww, you're welcome sweetheart," Melinda replied, smiling at my beautiful, adorable, very drunk boyfriend. When he reached for his pants, she pulled them away. "No, you can't have your pants back."

"But why not?" He whined.

"Because you'll catch a cold. Look, they're all wet!" She held them up to show that there was a big dark stain covering the seat and inner thighs of the garment.

Tommy crossed his arms and pouted. "But I don't want anyone to see me inna diaper, Mama bear. It's too embarrassing."

"But sweetie, we've all already *seen* you in a diaper, haven't we?"

"Well... yeah..." he said, reluctantly.

"Tell you what, sweetie. Why don't we get you into a nice cozy-comfy bed for a little while to sleep it off. No one will see you if you're all tucked in in bed. I'll get you some water and you can rest until it's time for Daddy to take you home. Sound good?"

He nodded his head. "Kay!"

She laughed softly. "You're so cute, Tommy, even when you're drunk. Alright then, baby bear, let's go. Whoops," she said, as she helped him off the table only for his legs to give out under him when his feet hit the floor.

"Okay, that's not happening. Mama bear's just gonna hafta carry you."

One look at the guns under her rolled up sleeves made it clear that wouldn't be a problem. After lugging around crates of wine and stacks of trays and dishes day after day, she had more than enough strength to overpower and carry *both* of us to bed if she really wanted to. Melinda hoisted Tommy up without so much as a grunt,

"Okay sweetie, wrap your legs around me. That's the way." Melinda supported Tommy's thickly diapered butt with one hand and his back with the other, making him look like a real toddler being carried off to bed.

"I'll be back," she said to me, as if she was simply going to drop off some groceries or something. Then, she strode out of sight.

I stumbled back to the table where our glasses still sat, along with the remnants of the snack platter and, of course, the puddle beneath Tommy's seat. Tommy had really soaked those pamps. I was getting hard just thinking about it. And the fact that Melinda had jumped in to help all on her own was just icing on the cake. She and Carter really were two of the coolest people I knew, and I felt lucky to have them on staff.

I began to clear off the table, but just ended up stumbling and dropping the platter to the floor. Carter showed up and helped when he saw what had happened.

"Hey, hey, it's okay. Have a seat. Guess I went a little overboard with the wine tonight, huh boss?" He had a pained smile, obviously feeling guilty for our state of inebriation. "You just take it easy, boss. I'll clear the table."

Carter quickly cleared off the table and disappeared into the château. Moments later, Melinda strode out dusting her hands. She looked at me and opened her eyes wide, giving an exaggerated sigh. "Oh, that Carter... he is in so much trouble for feeding you boys so much wine."

I nodded. "Yes. Carter's fault! All his doing!"

"And as for *you*, boss, or should I say *Daddy*? You've got some explaining to do yourself!"

I gulped. Her hands were on her hips. Never a good sign.

"W-w-well, what do you wanna know?" I asked.

"How about you start by explaining why he called you Daddy back there?"

"Well," I began. "It's a long story, but basically... we've incorporated his diapers into our relationship. And that includes... uh... treating him like my little boy and not just my boyfriend."

"Uh huh," she said, working her jaw as she took in this information. "You gave us the heads up about his diapers, but you never mentioned *that* part."

"I didn't think it would come up so soon... I mean, I didn't mean for it to go this far tonight..."

"Okay, hold up," she said, holding up a hand. "Did you do this on *purpose*? If you're telling me you took advantage of this poor boy, I swear, boss or no boss..."

"No! Honest!" I said. I honestly hadn't. Well, at least I hadn't planned on *her* being the one to change him. "I thought he would have enough protection to last him through *most* of the night, and I'd change him before we left. We both just got a little carried away is all..."

She didn't look fully convinced.

"Uh. Huh. You oughtta go in a diaper too, with all the bullshit you're coming out with right now."

Shit. She had read me.

“Okay, okay,” I said, knowing when I was defeated. “I’ll admit I kinda planned for *something* like this to happen... but I thought I’d be sober enough to take care of him myself! I didn’t mean for you to get involved.”

“Yeah, well you clearly *can’t* take care of him yourself.”

“What are you saying,” I asked, gripping the sides of the seat in preparation to tell her off.

“I’m saying that he needs a *Mama Bear* to look after him when his *Daddy* is too busy, or too... ahem, incapacitated... to do so.”

I released my grip on the chair and sat back in surprise.

“Oh! Well, uh, that’s actually something I wanted to talk to you about...”

“Sure, but first thing’s first, you are *not* driving home like that.”

“No, I figured I wouldn’t be. I think Carter was going to give me a lift and I can pick the car up tomorrow when I’m sober.”

“That’s all well and good, but that’s not what I meant,” she said, patting the diaper bag on her shoulder with a grin. I hadn’t even noticed it until then.

“Uh... what are you doing with that bag, Mel? ...Mel?”

She pushed her sleeves up higher and walked toward me. I instinctively started backing away with my hands out.

“Hey now, I’m your *boss*,” I began.

“You think that’ll stop me? You saw what happened to your *boyfriend*. Wouldn’t want you having an accident too.” She reached into the bag and pulled out another thick diaper as she drew nearer.

“Hey! C’mon now! Please! I already said I’d give you two a bonus and two vacation days if tonight went well!”

She shook her head and placed her heavy hand on my shoulder. “Sorry, boss, but we need to set a good example for little Tommy. After the little stunt you pulled, that poor boy shouldn’t be the only one going home with no pants. Maybe after this, you’ll think twice before playing these little games with your poor defenseless boyfriend.”

“I’ll- I’ll double your bonus!” I said, in one last desperate bid to escape total humiliation.

She stopped and appeared to think, tapping her chin. "With *extra* vacation time?"

"Yeah! Sure! Whatever you want!" I said.

"Whatever I want, huh? Alright... then here is what I want."

I listened to her proposal. I was surprised to find it had nothing to do with money *or* vacation time and everything to do with making sure little Tommy was well looked after. A grin spread across my face as she laid out her terms.

"Lady, you've got yourself a deal! By the way, do you like board games?"

Chapter 9

"We're sticking with grape juice from now on, kid," I said as I dragged Tommy into the house and up to the bedroom with Carter's help. Carter had been kind enough to park my car in the garage at the winery and then take me home. Tommy was woken up to leave, putting up a *very* brief protest about going out without pants on. With a little coaxing, he obediently started to get up before promptly falling right back asleep so that we had to carry him to the car and then up to bed once more at our place.

Carter saw the cartoon t-shirt and diaper still waiting for Tommy on the bed when we got to the room.

"You sure do take this Daddy thing seriously, Boss," he said as I pulled back the covers and we laid Tommy down.

"What tipped you off?" I asked, placing my hand on the front of Tommy's diaper to see how wet he was (it was warm by the way).

"Well, there's his enormous diapers, for one," said Carter. "And then there's little things like these clothes. Oh, and the fact that he calls you *Daddy*. Not that it's any of my business. He's cute as all heck, to be honest."

I nodded.

"Well, then maybe you can see a little of what I see. He's my little boy first and foremost. I didn't know he needed diapers when I first met him, and believe me I was as surprised as anyone to find out, but I think the fact that he needs them just makes him that much cuter. I'm just helping him accept it and having some fun with it along the way."

"Well, that's pretty sweet, boss. You got a tissue? I think I'm going to cry..."

"Get outta here!" I said, smirking and waving him away. "I oughtta keep the bonus just for that."

"Hey! I'm just teasin', boss. Just teasin'! Get some rest and try to give the kid some water. He's gonna have a mean hangover in the morning."

In the morning, I woke up next to a groaning Tommy.

"Oh, boy. Somebody does not look happy. Is my little boy alright?"

Tommy groaned. "Ugh... I'll never drink again."

“Damn right you’ll never drink again. From now on, it’s grape juice and apple juice instead of beer and wine. And you can forget about *hard* liquor.”

“Unh... don’t want it,” Tommy groaned. “Did last night really happen, or was that just a dream?”

“Uh... which part?”

“The part where I lost my pants and got diapered by a bear?”

“Oh yeah, that. I mean you got *most* of the details correct. Yes, you got trashed and decided to do your best imitation of a waterfall all over your seat and the flagstone below. No harm done there. And then, Melinda had to diaper you up and put you down in one of the guest rooms til it was time to go home.”

“Oh god...,” he moaned, holding his head in his hands. “I’ve never been more embarrassed in my life.”

“That’s what you always say,” I said, rolling my eyes.

“Yeah, well, when I’m with you, it’s nearly always true,” he replied. He went to get up, but I stopped him with a hand on his shoulder.

“And just where do you think you’re going, baby boy?”

“I have to get ready for work,” he said.

“Yeah, no. You’re still hung over. You need to recover.”

“Yeah, well a hangover isn’t exactly an excusable absence. Besides, I really have to go poop,” he said, wincing as he tried to get up again, but I kept my hand where it was.

“I’ll tell you what, baby boy. You mess those diapers and we’ll get you changed, and *then* I’ll *think* about letting you go to work.”

“M-mess my... wait, we’re not still *doing* that, are we? I can still use the potty, Daddy! Come on!”

I chuckled a bit at his use of words like Potty and Daddy. He was beginning to sound more like the little boy he was and he didn’t even know it.

“Yesterday, you *begged* me to keep you in diapers and that’s exactly what I intend to do. You’re going to use your diapers and you’re going to like it. Speaking of which, there’s a little daily maintenance we have to take care of.

I picked the buzzy wand from the bed and held it up. "We gotta train you to feel good about diapers, especially when you use them like you should."

He looked at the wand like it would bite him. "C-can't I wear undies at least *some* of the time? *Pleeeeeeease?* I'll be good, I promise! I'll even ask permission when I have to use the potty!"

"No can do, kiddo. Remember this is about developing-"

"Yeah yeah, good habits," he said, crossing his arms and huffing.

"Aww someone's a little grumpy pants today. I know what'll cheer you up – a good dose of cum. That oughtta keep you quiet until you poop your pampers like a proper baby."

I fished my cock out and stuck my nose between the back of his thigh and the diaper to get started. He leaned back on his hands, panting at the attention as I sniffed long and deep, taking in the scent of baby powder and boy piss while my other hand plumped up my fat sausage nicely. When it was nice and plump, I pulled my hand away and looked down to find a nice bead of precum getting ready to roll down.

"Come suck daddy's dick."

I stood over Tommy while he laid down with his head hanging over the edge of the bed and I laid my cockhead in his mouth. He took it in, suckling eagerly while I brought the wand to the front of his diaper. I began to massage his tummy which caused him to squirm and whine, but with a mouthful of cock, there was little he could say. Shortly thereafter, He grunted and filled the back of his pampers, shuddering and whining as if he was having an orgasm while doing it. This, of course, set me off and I could feel that I wouldn't last much longer.

"Did you poop your Pampers, Tommy? Huh? Did the little baby dump in his diapees?"

Tommy just whined and nodded, turning bright red.

"That's.. hhhh.... Right.... Baby Tommy... unh... You're a good boy and you use your pampers when Daddy tells you to. You deserve a treat... don't you think?"

He nodded.

"Yeah... fuck... Here it comes, baby boy! Drink up all Daddy's milkies for me, baby! Ahhhhhhh fuckkkkkkkk!"

I gritted my teeth, squeezed my eyes shut and hunched over driving my cock into the back of his throat as my body forced out every ounce of liquid in my balls and prostate, sending it straight down Tommy's throat. Where it all came from, I had no idea. Not after yesterday's marathon whack-off session. Forcing my pulsing rod down his throat with the wand pressed firmly against his diaper seemed to be all it took to send him into a shuddering orgasm too. I pulled out, so I could hear his moans of pleasure and 'Daahaaahaaaddeeeeeee!' That's what I loved to hear.

"Good boy, making cummies in your messy diapers. It must mean you really like being kept in them and making poopies, huh Tommy?"

Tommy shook his head.

"Are you feeling any better, baby boy?"

He nodded. "Yes, Daddy, but may I please get out of this messy diaper?"

"Yes, little one. I'll help you. Stay there."

He looked at me questioningly, but when I returned with the changing pad and the wipes his confused expression became one of concern. "Shouldn't I take it off in the shower?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I said I'm not changing you in the bathroom, Tommy, and I meant it."

I opened up the diaper, using the front to wipe away as much of the muck as I could, then got to work with the wipes. Once he was completely clean, I sent him off to the shower, following behind closely. He was hiding it well but I could tell he still wasn't feeling one hundred percent as I soaped him up.

For one, he was a little bit paler than usual, and he didn't have his normal goofy humor. I worried about sending him to work, but on the other hand, I wouldn't be able to stay home that day because I had to fill in for Melinda, who was enjoying some paid time off thanks to her disturbingly good talent for extortion. Carter would be by soon to pick me up and I wasn't about to make him run the place by himself after his long night looking after us.

Tommy seemed to want to work, and Nia could always keep tabs on him and send him home if need be. If he stayed I would need a babysitter at least. And who would be willing to look after the little guy?

By the time I shut off the water, I could tell he was looking really terrible.

"...Tommy... are you okay?"

"Ugh... can't talk... gonna be sick..." He stumbled off toward the toilet and I hurried after him to unlock the toilet just this once.

Once Tommy was situated, I hurried off to get him some aspri-seltzer. It was a good five minutes before he was able to stand up again.

"Here, drink this. It's medicine." I handed him the glass which he downed immediately, grimacing at the bitter flavor. After another minute, he got up.

"Is your tummy feeling any better?"

"A little..."

I nodded and locked the potty once more.

"Alright, then. Let's go get you dressed for the day."

Chapter 10

"Alright, Tommy. Let's get you padded and dressed," I said, giving his bum a light smack as we walked into the bedroom. I had insisted he keep his towel between his legs to cover his privates in case he had a leak. I walked in naked after him, sending him to the bed while I took charge of dressing him.

I started by putting an extra thick 'soggy froggies' diaper under Tommy's butt and powdering him up. Next, I brought the diaper up between his legs. Even though his cheeks were tinged with pink, I could see him visibly relax as he felt the familiar sensation of a crinkly diaper under his bum. But when I stepped away without taping the diapers up and grabbed my phone, his expression turned to one of confusion.

"H-hey, wait! Aren't you gonna finish?" he asked.

I held up my finger.

"Hold on, baby boy. I have to make a phone call real quick. And don't even think about touching that diaper, mister." I added, as I saw him reaching down to tape it up himself. "Those hands are to stay above your waist at all times in this house."

He groaned and laid back down on the bed, resigned to waiting.

I dialed out and brought the phone to my ear.

"Hi, Nia. Yeah, it's me, Tommy's Daddy."

"Oh my god..." said Tommy, putting his hands over his face. "You did *not* just call yourself that to my manager!"

"Hush little one," I said, not bothering to cover the mic. "Or do I need to put in your pacifier? ...Sorry about that Nia."

"It's fine, Mister Tommy's Sugar Daddy. Is this call for business or pleasure?"

This one is business, I'm afraid. Our little Tommy is having some tummy troubles this morning and he needs to take the day off."

"I don't need the day off!" complained Tommy, to no avail.

"Hangover?" Nia asked. Of course she would. As a manager, she'd probably heard every excuse in the book.

"Hehe, you got me," I replied, rubbing the back of my head. "I'm gonna have to take away his big boy drinks and stick to grape juice and apple juice from now on. So, do you think you can get him covered?"

"Yeah... It's his first time so I guess I can't be too hard on the boy. I'll cover his shift if you cover his butt, okay? Oh, are we still on for tomorrow?"

"Deal! Yeah, we're still on for game night tomorrow, and he should be back to work by then, too. Maybe you can give him a ride here?"

"Sure, no problem. Tell him to hi for me, will ya?"

"Sure thing, Nia. Thanks a million!" I said, grinning to myself as the call ended. "You're in the clear, Tommy. Nia said to say hi."

"I can work," he said, crossing his arms and huffing.

"Alright, that's it. You're getting the pacifier."

I grabbed his hair and straddled his face so his nose was inches from my cock, which had plumped up nicely once more. I glared down at him and he obediently accepted it into his mouth. "Now you keep that in there or you're going to have one very sore behind."

"Yeth, Daddy," he said, looking me in the eyes as his cheeks burned red. "Can I haff my diapow taped up now?"

"Hold on just a sec, baby boy. I have one more call to make." I dialed out again and after a few rings, the phone picked up. "Hey, Cassie!"

"Ohmigosh, Cyrus! How *are* you?"

"Good, good," I began.

"Cathie?!" Tommy squeaked, his eyes growing wide in alarm. I thrust lightly with my hips and put my finger to my lips as I continued.

"Cassie, do you remember what you said the other day after game night?"

"About Tommy? I think so... why?"

"Well, Tommy is sick with a hangover and I need to go to an important meeting out of town so... yeah, I need a babysitter. I feel awkward asking on such short notice but..."

Cassie's voice went up about three octaves as she said "Ohmigod!! Yes I wanna be his beebesitter!!!"

I immediately pulled the phone away from my ear. Her excited voice was loud enough to hear even at a distance. Tommy began emphatically shaking his head 'no',

and I gripped his hair to still him. I then thrust forward, burying my cock deeper in his throat to silence his whines. After a couple more thrusts, I put the receiver back to my ear.

"Are you serious?" she was asking. "When?"

"Yes, I'm being totally serious, and as soon as possible, would be best. I'm getting dressed to go as we speak. How soon can you be here? Hello?" The call had ended. She had exclaimed something very quickly and hung up before I could finish my sentence.

"She said she's on her way... I think," I mused, shrugging to myself. I unplugged Tommy's mouth and set my phone aside to tape up his diaper nice and snug. "Did you hear her? She sounded really excited to babysit you, Tommy."

"No..." he groaned. "You can't!"

"Oh, can't I, baby boy?" I asked, grinning at him from the closet as I held up his vintage Ninja Lizards shirt. "Because from where I'm standing, I see two options for you. Cassie comes and babysits my cute little boyfriend, or Cassie comes and babysits my cute little boyfriend and his red bottom.

"Are you getting a hard-on from this?" he asked, eyeing my crotch. "Gods. You're the worst."

"Love you too, baby boy." I said with a smug grin.

Despite his complaints he sat up, lifting up his arms for the shirt.

I beamed. "That's my good boy."

I slid the shirt down over his arms and tugged it over his head. Then I stepped back and admired my handiwork. "Perfect. You're all dressed for the day!"

He looked down at himself in his green Ninja Lizards shirt and matching green diaper and back at me. "You're kidding, right?"

"Not even a little bit," I said, patting him on the head. "It'll be easier for her to check your diapers without pants."

"Check my *diapers*?!"

"You didn't think you were going to change them yourself, did you, love? Not after we agreed no hands below the waist at home."

"But I get to change myself at *work*," he whined.

"That's just a work rule – unless you want me to make it the same as your home rule. No? Didn't think so. Now hurry up and let's get something in your tummy... unless you want Cassie to feed you *herself*."

Tommy didn't need to be asked twice. He hopped up off the bed, but then stopped and held his stomach, looking slightly dizzy from the sudden movement.

"Take it slow, baby boy," I said. "The aspirin-seltzer will help with the sickies, but you still need to rest and stay hydrated. Let Daddy get dressed and I'll help you down there."

I made sure to dress extra nice, both for the meeting I had coming up, and to emphasize the difference between myself, and the overgrown toddler my boyfriend was coming to resemble. Once dressed, I helped Tommy to the living room and soon he was eating his oatmeal at the dining/game table like a good boy. The bell rang just as Tommy finished and he looked over, clearly nervous. Tommy instinctively hunched over the table in a futile attempt to protect himself from being seen in diapers by one of his best friends.

"Don't move a muscle, baby boy," I said, holding up a finger. "I'll be right back."

I hustled over to open the front door. Cassie stood there, loaded up with bags and wearing a big bright smile on her face.

"Wow! That was fast," I said. "Can I take your-"

"Where is he? Where's Tommy?" She asked, handing several bags off and pushing past me to scurry into the house.

"Come on in, I guess," I said with a bemused smile as I watched her round the corner. A moment later, I heard a squeal of excitement from Cassie and a yelp from Tommy. I smiled as I shut the door and returned to the dining table to see her cooing over a confused Tommy, pinching his cheeks and gushing about how cute he was. He didn't even have time to look embarrassed with her fussing over him so much. She rounded on me, taking me by surprise and I took a step back.

"I can't *believe* you've been keeping this cutie to yourself this *whole time*," she said, looking at me in mock scorn as she hugged Tommy's head to her body.

He let out a groan and held his stomach.

"Careful with him. He's fragile. He had a little too much funny grape juice last night and he's still recovering."

"Aww, I'm sorry sweetie." said Cassie, releasing her grip. "Did Daddy feed you too much happy juice? Don't worry, Mama Cass will make you chicken soup later and we can watch Ninja Lizards."

"Wow. I guess you're known as the group mom for a reason!" I said as she took out a cloth from the diaper bag slung over her shoulder and wiped his face.

"Damn straight!" she said, with a smirk. "Hold still, Tommy!" she said, licking the cloth and scrubbing his cheek.

"Staawwwp..." whined Tommy, but Cassie was having none of it.

"His diapers are in the bedroom closet." I said. "They won't be hard to spot. You can ask him to show you his favorites when he needs a change."

Cassie grinned and looked at him. He was squirming like a worm in a hook.

"Feel free to put him down for a nap when he gets cranky. He is to listen to you and do *whatever* you say." I looked at him pointedly as I said these last words.

"Alright, Tommy," said Cassie. "You heard your Daddy. I'm sure you're gonna be a *really* good boy for Mama Cassie, aren't you?" Cass looked back to me. "Any special rules I should know about?"

"Yes. He is not allowed in the bathroom without an adult and he is not allowed to use the potty at all. The toilets have magnetic locks on them, this will unlock them." I took my keys out of my pocket and unclipped the magnet fob, handing it to Cassie.

"Got it," she said, giggling as she snuck a peek below the table. "Guess the little cutie isn't ready for potty training, huh?"

"Nope. And he never will be."

"Oh, come *on!*" said Tommy.

"Oh, yes. That reminds me," I said. "I use the buzzy wand as part of his daily training regimen. We're trying to help him develop *positive* feelings toward his diapers, since he's going to be in them full time from now on."

"Oh, you *are*, are you?" Cassie asked, smiling mischievously at an increasingly nervous looking Tommy.

"Don't even think about it," he said, staring daggers at us.

"I think it's cute that you think you have a choice," she quipped back. Tommy buried his hands in his face, turning bright red. He was so embarrassed he was shaking.

"Well, looks like you've got things mostly covered, Cass. You know the house well enough already," I said, checking my watch. "Just make sure he drinks plenty of fluids and call me if you need anything."

"Keep him hydrated. Got it. I've got a bottle with his name on it," she said, giving Tommy a self-satisfied grin.

"A bottle?! I don't drink from bottles."

"You do when I'm in charge," she said.

"Daddy! Tell her I don't drink from bottles!"

"You do whatever your babysitter tells you to do, sweetie. She's in charge," I said, checking my phone. "That's Carter. He's waiting outside, and I have a big meeting coming up so I have to go now. I don't want to hear any more complaints from you, Tommy. Do you have any other questions, Cassie?"

"Nope, I'll take it from here," she said, and she turned back to my infantilized boyfriend.

"We're going to have *so much fun*, little Tommy! I've brought all kinds of toys and games, and coloring books, and crayons, and all sorts of other fun stuff for us to do! Now why don't we go and wash your little handsies in the sink and get you some yummy juice. How does that sound?"

"I'm not two you know," he said, his cheeks burning as she pulled him over to the sink.

"Of course not! You're a big boy!" she said, giggling as if it were some kind of joke.

"I *am* a big boy!" he protested as she thrust his hands under the water and rubbed them together to build up some suds.

"I think Mr. *Grumpy Pants* is gonna need some cuddle time and a visit from Mr. Buzz Buzz soon," she replied in a cheerful voice. "Right after I give you your baba."

As fun as their interaction was to watch, I really didn't want to keep Carter or our morning customers waiting. I left feeling confident that I had chosen a good babysitter for my bashful boyfriend. Still, she seemed a little *too* prepared for this unusual

babysitting gig, and I wondered if she had done this sort of thing before. I'd have to ask her about that later.