

Diapered by a Dragon 3: Halloween

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

Too old for Halloween? Not likely. Everyone's a youngling in Daddy's eyes, plenty young enough to parade around on Halloween in their big thick diapers. There's no use fighting it. What Daddy wants, Daddy gets. See what happens when a Daddy Dragon decides he wants in on the Halloween fun.

"Hold still, youngling. Let Daddy dress you."

"I don't want to wear this stupid princess costume. You're not really going to make me go out in this, are you?" Daddy paused and looked down at me.

"Do you want the short answer, or the painful one?"

I gulped and let him dress me.

"That's what I thought." The large dragon standing over me nodded, and I could already see his cool expression soften as his eyes relaxed and the corners of his mouth twitched up. He was so excited about his first Halloween that he couldn't contain himself. I blushed as the thin material of my white leggings slid up over my thick diaper. Daddy clapped. "Oh, look at you! You're adorable."

I looked down and could see the cute pink ponies and fairy godmothers showing right through the fabric. It might as well not be there at all.

"Really, Daddy?" I said, looking up at him and shifting uncomfortably. The sound of crinkles rent the air. I blushed as I realized how loud I'd be in this getup. If anything, the stupid leggings seemed to make my diapers *louder*. Then, Daddy brought out the rest of my outfit. "*Really?!!*"

I was expecting a proper dress; a ballgown or something. This looked more like a onesie with ruffles. Daddy closed his eyes and took in a deep breath through his nose.

"Little human, don't test me. I've taken many a princess in my day and-"

"For the hundredth time, I'm not little! I'm not even a *girl!*" No sooner had the words left my lips than he encircled me with a single clawed hand and brought his muzzle right next to my face. A few crackling embers rose from his nostrils.

"You're whatever I say you are, youngling," he said in a low smoky growl, as he traced a single digit up my leg and punctuated his sentence with a single press to the center of my no-no zone. The place that only *he* had permission to touch. I shuddered.

"Y-yes, Daddy," I said, my legs feeling like jelly at his touch. At 18, becoming a Dragon's baby 'princess' was not high on my list of life aspirations, but Daddy certainly made obeying him an attractive option, even if it was my only option. I let out a breath of relief when his claw left the front of my diaper. He snuffed out the flames with a sharp exhale of smoke from his nostrils and resumed his gushing.

"Oh, I'm so excited, little human, you have *no* idea how long I've wanted to participate in your 'Halloween parade'."

"It's not a..." I looked at him as his eyebrows began to furrow and thought better of correcting him. It was a minor cultural point, and I preferred not to have my butt cheeks as pink as my diapers. "I mean... yes, Daddy..."

"That's better. Now let's see. Daddy has your diaper bag all packed for when you need a change. I might as well check you now, before we go." I blushed and looked away as he stuck a surprisingly gentle digit inside the leg hole of my padding, gasping as he playfully grazed my balls.

"A little damp, princess. I think we'd better add another stuffer if you're going to be such a super soaker tonight. I don't want to miss all the merriment and revelry." As if to test out his system, he pulled the oversized changing pad out of my diaper bag by the door, laid it on the ground, and laid me down on top of it. Then he pulled out an obscenely thick stuffer which I just *knew* would have me waddling like a bow-legged cowboy. As if my diapers weren't thick enough already. The color rose to my cheeks as he uncovered my diaper with no effort at all. I could just imagine him laying me out on the sidewalk, unbuttoning the bottom of my onesie, and pulling down my leggings to change me right there while the whole neighborhood gawked.

"Yes, little human," he said, smiling as he pulled open the front of my diaper. "Everyone will see what an adorable princess I have. And a maiden, no less," he said, smirking and tapping the elaborate black and orange filigreed cage he had gotten for the occasion. "Virgin..."

I blushed as he added the additional layer of protection. Even after several months of captivity, I sometimes forgot that he could read my mind.

"I wouldn't be a virgin if you hadn't *taken* me, Daddy." His grin only grew wider at that. "I was finally gonna have sex with my girlfriend when you dragon-napped me!" He chuckled.

"Such a silly little youngling. You don't even know what sex is. Making piddles in your diapers doesn't count. Although judging from how drippy your cage is, maybe it should." He tapped my cage and I whined as my body reacted. "Don't worry, princess.

Daddy can make your halloweentime extra fun for being a good, *quiet* little human and letting Daddy enjoy the festivities. Won't that be nice?"

He didn't even need to wait for an answer; he knew that I would obey. Daddy tapped his claw one more time on the cage surrounding my bits and it began to vibrate with a low buzz. I bit back a soft moan. It wasn't nearly enough to get me off. Just enough to keep me 'entertained', as he would say. Soon, Daddy tucked the restrictive contraption away behind the thick padding of my diaper, pulled up my leggings, resnapped my onesie, and stood me back up on my two little slippered feet. I looked at my big poofy butt in the mirror and groaned internally. There was no hiding this level of poof.

"Good. Now all I have to do now is get into *my* costume." Daddy gave me a wink and then shrank himself down to human size (still larger than me), retaining his reptilian features, just in more humanoid form. "Well, what do you think?"

I gulped as I watched him sling the diaper bag around his shoulder. *Oh no*, I thought. *He's sexy*. It was the same thought I had whenever he made that transformation.

"Thank you, sweet human," he said, ruffling my hair. "I'm glad you think so. Now let's go trick or treat."

Out on the street, Daddy walked around in confusion and growing frustration as we wandered around my old neighborhood. It seemed we were the only ones dressed up.

"You know this area, human. Where does all the Walloween revelry happen?"

"I... I don't know," I said, my legs growing weak. The growing arousal I felt from the buzzy cage was making it harder and harder to walk or even to think and at the same time I was trying to hide my humongous bulge from the eyes of every passerby staring at my bulky, crinkling princess padding.

"Stop touching your diaper, youngling. Walk with your hands up so I can see them." I immediately held my hands up by my chest, and because I had been holding my skirt, it looked as if I was showing off. Every crinkly step I took was another reminder of my new position in life. It took me several minutes to realize we were headed toward the center of town and the further we walked, the more people gathered and stared. I began to panic, racking my brain for a way out of this humiliation.

"C-can I please cover up, Daddy? It's kind of cold out here."

"Very well, youngling," he said, picking me up. I yelped in surprise as my feet left the ground and I was brought up close to his chest, which puffed up and began to give off a radiant heat. "Honestly, young one. I think you just complain because you want to be carried."

Even though his voice carried a tone of mild annoyance, he couldn't hide his smile as he looked down at me. He loved when he got to care for me instead of punishing me. I could tell he loved every minute of it.

We were only a few blocks from downtown, and Daddy soon spotted a stoner-looking guy about my age walking out of a headshop. He strode over to the man, mistaking his colorful outfit for a costume.

"Hey you! Human! Where is the Halloween?"

"You're a little early, dude. It's only October 11th."

"Damnit," he said to himself. "I must have gotten the day of the event wrong. I will have to try again tomorrow."

"Event? Wait, are you going to PJ's party? Sick costume, man."

"Party? What party?" asked Daddy, grabbing the poor guy by the shirt with his free hand.

Oh no, I thought. This will not end well.

"Er, y-you know... PJ?" Daddy stared back at him and lowered his eyebrows. Evidently not. "A-ahh, he lives up on skyline drive!" said the guy, beginning to speak rapidly as panic set in. "You know, where all the rich kids live? He's throwing a party there tonight!"

"You will show me. Now."

"But it's not even dark out ye-oahhhh!" The terrified teen watched the earth zoom away from him as Daddy leapt from the ground, unfurling his wings and carrying the hapless hippie up into the sky. I made the mistake of looking down and squeezed my eyes shut, while the frightened man told Daddy which way to go.

When we landed, Daddy released our guide, who had very obviously pissed himself out of fear. Daddy reached into my diaper bag holstered onto his shoulder and handed the man a diaper. I sincerely hoped he didn't put it on, or he'd learn quickly that Daddy's diapers carried an incontinence curse. Daddy sniffed.

"You stink of wizard's herbs and urine, human. Go take a bath and wear some proper protection next time you go out." His eyes flashed for a second and the man straightened himself up, dropped his pants, and put on the diaper before walking in the

direction of what I assumed was his home, leaving his pants lying on the sidewalk. I shuddered. Daddy's powers were terrifying when I got to see them. In general, though, he seemed to prefer his humans fully cognizant of his dominance over them. *I* certainly was.

Now that we were on terra firma, I could actually scope out our surroundings without sending myself into a full-blown panic attack. We were on a hill, which meant this was the *rich* part of town, as if the towering modern-artsy vaguely house-shaped sculpture before us didn't give it away. Daddy began to carry me down the long walkway lined with clean white gravel. It was more glass than granite, and through it, I could see the potential for a stunning vista and not one room where my padded butt would be hidden from view.

"Daddy, we don't have to do this. This isn't really for us... I'm sure it's just some dumb high school party and..."

"Silence, youngling," he said, giving me a little bounce. "I will decide what is for us and what is not."

"Could you at least put me down?" I asked, not wanting the 'cool kids' to see me being carried by a big hunky dragon. For all I knew, they were the same assholes who bullied me last semester when I was a free man. But even being seen by my bullies in this pitiful state would be better than the humiliation of being seen by the kids that *I* had called dweebs.

Please let them be seniors, I thought bracing for the worst. *At least let them be my own age.*

"Stop squirming little one," Daddy said, looking down at me and giving my thigh a smack. I instantly settled down. Satisfied, he proceeded to grab the door handle. The door didn't open, so he knocked rather loudly. "Open your door or replace your door. It's up to you, younglings."

I cringed and whispered, "They're not really young-"

"You're *all* younglings to me," he bellowed, patting his diaper bag. "Talk to me when you've lived at least 500 years and *maybe* you can claim otherwise. *I've* roamed the earth since longer than any of you can even *count*..." I rolled my eyes as Daddy continued on in this vein. It was time to hunker down for another 'roaming the earth' speech. Luckily it was cut off as the door opened.

"You're early..." said a bored looking guy with brightly dyed hair falling over his eyes. He barely looked at us as he opened the door. "The party doesn't start for another six hours. Get lost and come back later."

"Wrong, human," Boomed Daddy, pushing the door - and the boy attached to it - fully out of his way with one hand. "The party starts when / get here. Now show me Halloween." Daddy towered over the decidedly less-bored looking teen who had stumbled back and almost fallen on his rump. One of the two teens on the couch jumped up, bong in hand, looking totally in awe.

"Dude, wicked costume!" He croaked, a plume of smoke coming out of his mouth.

"Costume?" asked Daddy, arching an eyebrow. "What makes you think this is a costume?"

The other one who looked like they stepped straight off a vaporwave album cover sat back and did a slow clap.

"I like his style. He's cool," said vaporwave, giving two thumbs up.

"B says he's cool, he's cool." said Bong Boy, shrugging at door-dude. "Make yourself at home, Dragon Man."

"I am AvkhkSakha Nagendra, destroyer of men, taker of..."

"Avasakka wha?" asked the guy with the bong. Daddy rolled his eyes and set me down.

"Dragon Man is fine," he said, huffing out a bit of smoke from the sides of his mouth. He looked at me for a second and then quickly scanned the room again.

"You," he said, taking off his diaper bag and handing it to Door Dude. "Watch my young one. And you two," he said, pointing to the others and snapping his talons. "Bring me some traditional halloween treats and teach me about this holiday you humans so admire."

"You don't know what halloween is?" asked vaporwave, scoffing.

"Must be an exchange student," said Bong Boy out of the side of his mouth. "I got this. I took like two semesters of Spanish and I was in the French cheese club last semester." Bong Boy set down his piece, cracked his knuckles and got into a power stance, holding up his hands in front of him. "Okay man, so Halloween is like... an excuse to... dress up. And eat lots of candy. ...That's basically it." Talk about anticlimactic.

"So what are you dressed as?" asked Daddy, looking him up and down. Bong boy stood there for a few seconds with his mouth hanging open.

"Oh... man," he said, scratching his head. "That's... deep. Hey, Dragon dude, you're pretty cool."

Bong Boy and Vaporwave led Daddy away talking excitedly about Halloween stuff. I turned to look at the guy Daddy stuck me with and caught him staring at my poofy butt, looking me up and down like a bully at the playground.

"What are *you* supposed to be?" He said, looking unimpressed.

"I don't know," I mumbled, wishing I was anywhere but here.

"Do you even go to our school, kid?"

"Not anymore," I muttered. *Kid?! Who was he calling kid?*

The guy in the diaper, that's who, I thought to myself. *Please don't let him comment on the-*

"So what's with the diaper?"

I mentally facepalmed. *He commented on the diapers.*

"I don't know," I sighed. Here I was looking at these rich assholes still living their normal high school lives. I had lost every privilege I'd gained since I was three and this was just rubbing salt in the wound. *Shut up,* I thought to myself. *Just shut up.* But the guy just kept talking.

"Do you need them or is it just part of the costume? Pretty fucking weird costume, my dude. Wait... are you leaking? Oh my god, you *are*."

I looked down, horrified but not surprised to see he was right. I had been totally incontinent from the moment Daddy had put me in my first diaper, marking my second babyhood as his little youngling. I was wetting before he even took off for home, and by the time we got there, I was soaked, permanently incontinent, and ready for my next diaper. The first of countless changes from my draconian captor.

This sucked so much. And then it happened. I plopped down on my butt, beginning to feel my eyes get watery and my sinuses start to act up as I was hit by the brunt of all my regrets. So much for dignity, there was no stopping the waterworks now. I sat there in my puddle and began just bawling. Just like a real baby, but louder.

"Um, little help?" asked the guy, looking around, totally lost on what to do. But there was no one in sight. "*Shit,*" he said to himself. "Who invited this kid anyway?"

He sighed and ran his hand over his multicolor hair. "Okay, okay, hold on..." Door Dude began to dig through Daddy's diaper bag and came up with a pacifier, which he quickly shoved into my mouth. "There, that oughtta do it."

My sobs quieted, and I began to feel a little better. It had been conditioned into me. And just as I had been conditioned to calm with a pacifier, I was also conditioned to immediately reach for my Wubby Bunny too. I rose up on my knees.

"What? What do you *want*?" he asked as I made grabby hands toward the bag. He dug around and pulled out my stuffed bunny and I immediately perked up a bit, becoming more insistent with my grabbers. "Uh...Here you go, I guess."

I grabbed Wubby Bunny, giving him a huge hug as I sat back on the floor with a squish and began to suck contentedly on my paci as I snuggled my bunny. The kid was staring on like I was a freak, and I imagine the old me would have had just as much disdain for such a ridiculous sight, but it didn't matter now. All that mattered was my paci and my wubby. Snuggling and sucking felt good. That's all that mattered. The boy's questions faded to the back of my mind. The buzzing of my cage came to the fore. I began to rock in my diapers as I snuggled my bun bun and sucked my pacifier. My thick, snug, warm, wet diapers.

"Mmmm...." I murmured into my pacifier with a big stupid grin on my face. My pee-pee was beginning to feel really good, even as the cage got tighter. That didn't bother me. The tightness just made it feel better.

"What the fuck?" yelled Door Dude. "Are you getting *off* on this?"

I squeezed my eyes shut and kept rocking. I had to focus. I was so close.

"Unh... unh.... Mmm... ohhh....." In mere moments, I began to pant and spasm into my diaper. It went on for so long I couldn't tell if I was cumming or peeing. It didn't matter. It felt good either way.

Daddy's voice cut through my mind like hot steel on butter. "Is somebody being a *good* little princess?"

My eyes shot open and I blushed as I found myself staring into those mesmeric dragon eyes of his. An intelligence beyond human and older than mankind stared back. And yet his voice intimated nothing but a happy Daddy's sing-song.

"Looks like you made a *puddle*, little princess. Can't leave you anywhere." He stopped his cooing and turned to Door Dude, who was still scoffing at me, totally disgusted. "Well, do your job, whelp," He said, nodding to the diaper bag.

"What? M-me?" he asked. He glanced over at his two friends who were laughing their asses off but Daddy's eyes flashed and his hesitation disappeared. Before I knew it I was on my back on my changing pad, and my wet leggings were being pulled down. Door boy had a horrified expression on his face, like he wanted to stop but couldn't.

I looked past him in time to see Daddy turn back toward the other two and smirk. *Oh no*, I thought. *Get out for the love of God, get away while you still can*. But of course it was already too late.

"Who's next?"

By the time the guests arrived, Daddy's little holiday costume theme had expanded to include three princesses and a babysitter. First, a muscular guy came in carrying two cases of beer on his shoulders and stopped dead in his tracks when he saw the three of us crawling around on the floor and a humanoid Dragon relaxing on the couch with his feet up on Door Boy's back, drinking an expensive bottle of wine.

"Hey, I'm here with the... what the fuck?"

The confused exclamations multiplied as more people came in immediately behind him.

"Is... is that Rhett?" asked a girl who arrived with her posse. Other murmurs could be heard about me as well.

"Oh my god... isn't that the kid that went missing at graduation? ...why is he in a *diaper*?"

There was plenty of gawking and picture taking that left me and the other 'princesses' whimpering and wetting our pampers, but soon the novelty wore off and people forgot about the silly babies. There was more interesting, more 'adult' stuff to do - like drink and play games.

Daddy was having the time of his life as he participated in - and *crushed* - every single halloween-themed activity, however loosely related it was to the actual holiday it became.

Spooky beer drinking contest? Done. Beer pong with jack-o-lantern faces drawn on the ping pong balls? Won. And every game he played came with a wager.

"Eternal servitude after graduation? So you just mean regular life, then? Heh. Sure, and if I win you have to do my homework for the rest of the semester."

"You mean I get a whole pile of gold if I win? Well who wouldn't say no to that, *mister dragon*?"

"*Noooo... don't do it*," I wanted to shout, but I knew it was hopeless.

At least I had the consolation of knowing that everyone who took Daddy up on his contests was a total dick. None of them had any idea what really mattered - they hadn't lost it yet. Is that really what I used to be like?

"My first born child? Ha, yeah sure, whatever, Dragon Dude. You're going *down* this time, no *homo*," said a bro-ish guy who was already down three games.

"Oh, we'll see who's going down," said Daddy with a chuckle, and I knew the dude was just minutes away from taking his first mouthful of dragon dick.

Several hours, and a great number of humiliating diaper changes later, I found myself in Daddy's arms again. Daddy had racked up a commendable count of life debts to satisfy his hoarding instinct, and he had had his fill of the night's 'festivities'.

"I enjoy this 'Halloween'," he said, as he smiled down at me. "Let's do it again... tomorrow!"

I watched as he looked back at the crowd and his eyes flashed. Blank looks momentarily came over everyone's faces. Phones reset, wiping themselves of any record of what transpired. People's memories shifted to create some plausible explanation for the chaos and the pile of soggy diapers they would encounter when they came to. By then, however, we would be in the air and headed toward home.

On the way out, I looked at the dude who had given the bro job and wondered how his 'no homo' ass would explain the gallons of dragon cum dripping from his face and chest. I smirked, knowing that once he had his first taste of dragon seed, he'd suck every dick in the county looking for more.

"Don't worry, little one," said Daddy, the smoky murmur of his deep voice causing my cage to tighten once more. "I'm not *that* cruel. I'll give him some more... once he's finished off every guy on his team... And their brothers... their cousins... friends... dads... uncles... mail carriers..."

He was still listing them out as we took to the night sky.

"Daddy...?" I asked as he tucked me into my crib that night.

"Yes, princess?"

"Do you think I'm a better person than I was when you met me?"

"Immeasurably, my treasure."

"T-treasure?" I blushed when he called me that, knowing full well what treasure meant to a dragon.

"The most precious treasure of all, sweet youngling," he said, nuzzling my nose with his warm snout. I couldn't help but mirror his smile. "You were such a *good* little princess today, how about I let *you* pick the costume tomorrow?"

I blushed and played with my hands. "I, um... c-can I be your princess again? I kinda liked it..." I added with a whisper.

He gave me an amused grin and ruffled my hair. "Silly human. Of course you can. Does this mean no more fussy baby?"

"Well, I can't promise *that*..." I began, but Daddy soon started tickling me with his claws and I gave in. "Eeep! Okay okay, Daddy, I promise!"

"That's my good princess."