

License to Pee Pt. 1

By Champ (Patreon.com/ChampTehOtter)

Never shop online when you are horny. That's one rule that Mark has, and the one that he probably breaks the most. After fantasizing about being stuck in diapers forever, he can't help but do it again. But is he ready to face the consequences? Read on to find out.

SMACK *SMACK* *SMACK*

"Now what do we say, little man?"

The large tattooed man I now call Daddy growls down at me.

"I sowweee! I sowweee! I sowwee I wore undies, Daddy!"

The man stops and pulls me into a cuddle-hug. He releases the squeeze and looks down at me with a smile, then furrows his brow.

"That's better baby boy. But what were you thinking? You could've made a real mess!"

"I...*hic* I just thought *sniffle* if I could keep my undies dwy I'd get to keep them on!"

"Oh, honey," Daddy says, giving me another hug. "You'll always need diapers."

"But Daddy, I don't! But nobody will let me pprove it!"

"Honey, we've been over this before. You need diapers. And I know you need diapers because your paperwork says you need diapers. You need this, honey. That's why you got a Daddy to take care of you."

I just bury my head in his thick chest and cry.

"Shh, honey. It'll be okay." He rubs my back.

"Now let's put you in a nice fresh diaper before you make a puddle on the floor. I think my lap is wet enough as it is."

How did I get here? Rewind one month.

It was Saturday night and I was sitting at my computer doing the five-knuckle shuffle. As usual, my Saturdays involved staying home and masturbating furiously instead of going out and doing whatever social people did.

I had a rule - no buying anything after 8 o' clock. Late night shopping usually meant horny shopping, and that meant spending way too much on things I didn't really want. But that's what happens when you think with your dick. As usual, I was breaking that rule. I had spent the night exploring yet another flavor in the fetish pornucopia, and as I got myself more and more worked up, I began to start fantasy shopping. Last month it was chastity. Then it was sissy stuff. Sometimes I would just browse, fill my shopping cart on one site or another, and then leave. Other times, I would put it on my card. It usually went to waste. I had thrown away the sissy schoolgirl dress without even a single use, but I still had the dog-dick cock extender that I only used once sitting in my drawer.

That night, I was looking at all things ABDL and diaper related. I had gone to half a dozen sights and filled up the carts. Then on another tab I searched through BETSY to look at a few handcrafted ABDL accessories. My eyes fell across a little laminated 'potty license'.

"That's cute," I said to myself. It wasn't expensive either. I jacked my cock harder as I filled out the specifications.

Name: Marky

Age: 23

Picture: I chose a picture that showed off my innocent smile. Freckles. Short upturned nose. Buzz cut brown hair. I usually hated my boyish features, but here it worked to my advantage.

Potty status: This is where it started to get good. I decided to select the most extreme options I could. 'Permanently diaper dependent'

Conditions: 'Must be changed by caregiver. Urinary Incontinent. Diapers mandatory.'

I clicked the quik buy button and imagined myself stuck in diapers for good. My turgid cock was so hard it was turning purple.

"Fuck it," I said through gritted teeth.

I clicked over to the Tykeytots website and clicked quik buy to order a month's supply of diapers and stuffers. Then, I came.

When I caught my breath, I realized that I had just dropped a couple hundred bucks.

"Damn it. I did it again."

A week later it all came.

Jake, my tall and impossibly hot straight roommate knocked on my door.

"Hey dude! Quit jackin' off in there! Something came for ya!"

"Yeah, yeah, I got it."

I opened the door and saw a box about the size of two mini fridges.

"What the heck is it?" he asked.

"None of your business," I replied. I had plenty of mysterious boxes shipped to the house due to my penchant for horny shopping. They only made the mistake of peeking once, and an eyeful of horse and dragon dildos was enough to convince them never to do that again.

"It's probably a gimp suit." Said Ben, rubbing his muscle-gut as he returned from the fridge with another beer. "You know what a freak Mark is." He gave me a wink to show his comments were all in good fun.

"Yeah, you pegged it," I said, as I dragged the box into my room and shut the door. Let them keep guessing. Unless they wanted to join in, I wasn't about to tell them the embarrassing fact that I was about to be dressed like a big baby who never graduated potty training.

"Well," I said to myself, looking at the bags and bags of diapers. "I guess I should try one out." I spoke as if I needed to convince myself. "Come on, Mark. You've gotten this far, why stop now?"

I took a deep breath and opened the bag to examine the first diaper. It was covered in bones and fire hydrants and had puppies playing across the landing zone. I squeezed it and heard it crinkle in my hands. I got tunnel vision and my mouth went dry.

"It's so thick," I mumbled.

I marveled at the feeling of the soft thick padding in my hand. I felt shaky and my heart was beating. My cock was already hard and peeking out the top of my shorts. I had been edging for days thinking about this moment. I unfolded the diaper and laid it down on the bed. Then, I opened up a bag of stuffers and grabbed an impossibly thick insert to add to the bulk. I carefully laid it between the leg guards – they barely cleared the top of it. Finally, I laid down on top of the mountain of padding and pulled up the front. I was shuddering as I pulled the diaper taut enclosing my penis – I had to leave my cock sticking up since I was hard. The first tape made a ripping noise as I pulled it open and I froze, listening carefully for my roommates. I gulped and stuck it to the front of my diaper. I let out a soft moan, and my eyes felt like they were bugging out of my head with each thumping heartbeat.

“No, please stop,” I whispered. “I don’t want to be stuck in diapers.”

The next tape went on, and then a third.

“I’m not a baby. Please don’t make me cum in my thick diapers.”

I was softly bucking my hips and squeezing my legs together by the time the fourth tape went on. No sooner had I taped it up than I came. Hard. I let out an orgasmic shuddering moan as I shot volleys of cum up over the waistband of the diaper and all over my stomach. My shirt was a total loss, and my bedding was iffy.

Now that I had cum, I felt extremely uncomfortable about what I had just done. I went from enjoying sexy diaper fantasies to feeling like a freak on display in the circus’s center ring. Embarrassed, I tore the diaper off and threw it in the trash. Shit. What was I going to do with all these diapers?

"Stupid," I said to myself, shaking my head. Then I took the license and looked at it one more time. It was pretty cute. I decided against tossing it and slipped it into my wallet instead. Then, I promptly forgot about it.

It wasn't until I went into work Monday that I was reminded of that silly little piece of plastic.

"ID please." The bored looking security guard looked me up and down.

"Morning to you too, Curtis. I see you five days a week. Don't remember me?"

"Protocol is protocol," he said without even cracking a grin.

I worked in a government office. It was mostly social services, so nothing that needed high security, but still, rules were rules. I flipped open my wallet and handed him the card on top.

"What's this..." he said. Then he took a closer look and began to crack up.

"Hey, Cassandra, get a load of this!"

His serious demeanor was gone as he and Cassandra laughed. Confused for a second, I looked down at my wallet and saw my ID card was still in there. Then it hit me. I suddenly felt a twinge of panic in my gut.

"H-hey! Give that back!"

Curtis, being much taller than me, easily held it up out of my reach.

"I didn't know you needed diapers, Marky! Are you wearing them now?"

"C-come on Curtis, that's not funny! Give it back!"

After a minute or so of this, he calmed down and wiped his eyes. I was red faced and nearly ready to cry, but he still didn't give me back my card.

"Rules are rules. I have to check. Are you wearing a diaper?" His voice was more serious this time.

"He asked you a question," said Cassandra.

"No, I'm not. See?" I turned around so he could see my skinny ass. "No room in these pants to hide a diaper."

"Well, that's going to be a problem," he said. "Your license says they're mandatory."

"That license is a joke. Ha-ha. Get it? As in not real?"

The two of them glanced at each other, looking concerned.

"I'm gonna have to call this in," said Curtis. He brought his walkie talkie to his mouth. "This is Curtis at security station 1. We've got a situation on our hands. Yeah, code 1159. Potty license violation. Uh huh. Yeah, we'll hold him here for now."

While Curtis was talking, Cassandra took out a small notepad and began questioning me.

"How long has it been since you took off your diapers, sweetie?" She held her pen poised above the paper.

"I- I don't wear diapers," I stammered.

Cassandra didn't look convinced.

"Come on now, the sooner you tell me the sooner we'll have this over with."

She stared me down and I'm ashamed to say that I lasted maybe five seconds before I broke.

"Okay, okay, I wore one last Saturday. But I was just trying them out, I don't even wear diapers normally. I bought a case, but it was a mistake. I'm not even going to keep them."

"You bought a case? Of diapers? And you don't need them? What is that, like fifty?"

"Eighty, actually."

I knew I wasn't making my case any better. Here I was singing like a canary, but the thing is I couldn't stop myself. I was on the defensive.

"Okay, yes, I did buy a case, but it was a mistake. I'm going to return them as soon as I get off of work. They're in the back of my car now!"

"They're in your car." She nodded and jotted something down in her notepad.

"Uh... yeah? I don't see why this is important infor-"

Curtis cut in. He was no longer holding the walkie talkie.

"Okay, kiddo, I'm going to have to ask you to empty out your pockets and hand over your bag."

"Are you serious?"

They were.

"Just have a seat over here, lil' guy. That's it."

I shook my head in disbelief but sat down. They were taking this potty license thing way too seriously. There wasn't even such a thing as a potty license, was there?

I saw Cassandra grab something from the security desk and head out the door

"Hey, what are you doing with my car keys?"

"Don't worry about that, kiddo," said Curtis. "You just worry about keeping your pants dry. You've got some explaining to do when the compliance officers get here."

In short order, a plump and motherly looking lady in a blue blazer and a blond man dressed like a door to door missionary appeared at the security desk. Curtis greeted them.

"We caught this little guy out of a diaper. He was trying to get into the building, said he worked here."

"I don't wear diapers!" I said, but they didn't seem to hear me.

"Do you have his license?" Asked the man.

"Yeah, here it is. Cassandra was taking notes, she's out front checking out his vehicle now."

"Hello? I'm right here." I said, trying to get their attention.

"Thanks, Curtis. Great work. We'll take it from here."

They turned to face me. The lady put a big smile on and came down to eye level. She spoke to me like one might a young child.

"Hello, sweetie. My name is Linda, and this is my colleague, Flint."

"Hi, little guy! How are ya doin' today?" said Flint in a singsong voice.

"I'm...I'm a little confused." I said, trying not to freak out. The initial feeling of panic when I had given Curtis my license was only getting worse as this embarrassing situation escalated. "I don't understand why this is happening... Over a silly fake license..."

"Are you saying this is a forgery?" Asked the woman. Her eyebrows rose high as she inspected both sides of the license more closely.

Flint held out his hand and Linda passed him the card. After a second, he looked back up at me.

"No, this looks pretty real to me," said the man. "Forging a license is a criminal offense, and this little cutie doesn't look like a criminal mastermind to me."

"Criminal offense? What?!" I was beginning to think I was in real trouble.

"It says here you're urinary incontinent. Why aren't you wearing a diaper?"

"I'm really not incontinent. I don't even wear diapers," I said, exasperated.

Just then Cassandra returned pushing a dolly full of diapers. They were my diapers. She stopped in front of the three of us and folded her arms, smirking.

"Here's the evidence. I've got all his diapers right here."

Flint looked over to the stacks of diapers. Then back to me. He twisted his mouth in an expression of severe doubt.

"So if you don't wear diapers, why do you carry so many in your car?"

"I keep telling you people, this was all just a big mistake. I ordered them by accident. I'm going to return them after work!" I was nearly yelling at this point.

"Ordered them by accident huh? And I suppose the potty license was an accident too?" asked Linda.

"I think we'd better get this one padded before he has another kind of accident." Flint grabbed me by the elbow and pulled me to my feet.

"I think you're right, Flint. Let's go, kiddo." She grabbed my other elbow. She looked over to her partner. "We'll have to contact his caretaker right away."

"I don't have a caretaker!" I yelled in frustration, as they led me toward the elevator.

The woman stopped and looked at me in shock.

"Oh you poor boy. No wonder you weren't wearing your diapers! You probably don't even know how to put one on properly. You're a very brave little guy coming all the way out here by yourself."

She gave me a big hug, holding my head to her chest and petting my hair. I was in the twilight zone. I was sure of it.

"Come on, Linda, let's get the little guy diapered and review his file in the system, then we can designate him a caretaker if he doesn't have one."

She reluctantly agreed to let go of my head and they bundled me into the elevator along with my case of diapers.

"NO way!" I said, scooting back as far as I could on the changing table.

Linda had brought me into the bathroom of the Potty Compliance Bureau. I didn't even know there was a Potty Compliance Bureau, but here I was, being manhandled by this woman I didn't even know.

"Come on, sweetheart. There's no need to be embarrassed. You need to be in diapers."

My socks slipped on the smooth surface beneath me as I backed away. She managed to grab my ankles and strap them down to the table using the attached leather restraints. Then came my midsection. Then she got my arms into their restraints one at a time and cinched them down. She stopped to catch her breath once she was done.

"Boy, I am out of practice. I nearly had to call for backup! Now let's get you out of that ridiculous costume and into a diaper. You look like you raided your Daddy's wardrobe!"

I struggled against the straps, unable to get free, but stopped when I saw her grab a pair of scissors from the top drawer of the changing table.

"Hold still now, sweetie, you wouldn't want to get hurt by accident."

I whimpered and tried not to flinch as I felt the cold metal slide against my ankle. She pulled the scissors up and they tore through the material of my slacks like wrapping paper. I closed my eyes tight when she slid the scissors in the leg hole of my underwear. Two snips, one on either side, and my boy bits flopped free, exposed to the open air. She shook her head and tsked.

"You really *don't* have a caretaker, do you hon? Look at all this hair! How long have you been trying to take care of yourself?"

She continued prepping me as if she didn't expect a reply. My shirt came next, and I was completely naked and exposed on the table save for my socks. She brought out an electrical trimmer and ran it over my diaper area. I tried to jerk away in fear but couldn't budge.

"Don't worry, honey. They use these in hospitals to prep for surgery. It can't hurt you at all, but it'll give you the closest shave you ever had! See?"

I watched as the electric razor passed over my crotch leaving the skin completely clean. She moved lower, around my penis, over my balls, between my legs, and finally

around my hole. She wiped my diaper area clean with some wet wipes and I was completely hairless.

It was weird to see my dick and balls hairless. Like when Alex Trebek shaved off his moustache. It just looked wrong.

"How could you do this to me? You don't have the right! You are in so much trouble, lady. I swear when I get out of here I'm gonna sue your ass!"

She looked at me like I had grown two heads.

"Who taught you such language, little one? Your new caretaker is going to have a job ahead of them."

She shook her head and grabbed the diaper she had brought from my ripped open bag. It was covered in the same pup themed design as the last one – bones and fire hydrants. A firefighter pup on the landing zone. I pulled against the restraints with renewed vigor but only succeeded in tiring myself out. I watched helpless as she slid the diaper under my butt, rubbed oil all over my newly bare crotch and butt, and shook out sweet smelling baby powder, turning my crotch white. I hung my head in defeat as she taped up the diaper.

"Oh, you littles are so dramatic. It's just a diaper! You'd think I just took your favorite plushie or something."

She shook her head and grabbed something from the next drawer down.

"I'm going to bet you're a stripper. I've got just the thing." She pulled out a pair of clear plastic pants. She unbuckled my legs and slid them up, managing to get them over my waist without freeing my midsection. She pulled on something and I felt the waist tighten. Then I heard a click. Locking plastic pants? Shit. I was trapped.

Finally, she unstrapped me from the table and I sat up. My heart was racing. I was beginning to get turned on by this situation, but my penis was pointing down and so prevented from achieving a full erection. I winced as my diaper got painfully tight.

"See? Much better, kiddo. Now let's get you back to the office so we can get you all taken care of.

"But I don't need to be taken care of!"

She helped me down from the table and led me toward the door. I panicked and dug in my heels. The clear plastic pants did nothing to hide the cute thick diaper I had on.

"Wait! I can't go out there like this! I'm practically naked!"

"Hmm... you're right. It's not exactly warm out there. We keep some extra clothing on hand, but not in here, and I'm not leaving you unsupervised, so you'll just have to deal with it for a while.

"But my shoes!"

She wasn't listening. Moments later we were walking through the government office. Several of my co-workers stopped and gawked. I tried to cover my beet-red face with my hand. It was all I could do. It was just my luck that this region's Bureau was on the same floor as my department. Right across from it in fact. I don't know how I never noticed it before.

She took a right instead of my usual left and brought me through a set of double doors. This was the PCB. A statue of a young man in diapers holding an agent's hand graced the entry area. And on the wall behind the front desk there was the logo. A toilet with a slash through it and the slogan 'not even one drop'.

The Bureau office had an open floor plan, with dozens upon dozens of desks spaced out across a large area. Linda brought me over to the desk where Flint was busy typing away at the computer. I was directed to sit in the chair across from him. He turned to Linda.

"Looks like our little visitor wasn't registered properly. All I could find in the system was the information on his ID. That explains why he didn't have a caretaker." He turned to me and gave me a sympathetic half smile. "Sorry little guy, sometimes people fall through the cracks. But don't worry, we've got you now." He looked back to Linda. "I just need to get a little more information before his file is complete."

"Sounds good. I'm going to get the little guy a spare outfit so he doesn't get too cold."

"Aw, shucks. I think this is a good look for him. He looks so natural in those diapers. I bet he's more comfy too!"

"I'm not! I'm very uncomfortable right now actually and would like to cover up."

I was again ignored. Linda headed off to who knows where and Flint typed at the computer for a few moments more before turning his attention to me.

"Okay little guy. I've got just a few more questions here. We were able to fill in most of the blanks with your potty license and driver's license. How long have you been incontinent?"

"I'm not." I said, looking him dead in the eye.

He stared back for a few moments and then turned back to his computer.

"All right, I'll just put incontinent at birth. And how long have you been without a caretaker?"

"I've been on my own since I was 18, thank you. I don't need a caretaker."

"Five years. Wow. Okay. Well, I have to say I'm amazed how well you've been able to take care of yourself on your own. But don't worry, kid. You don't have to do that ever again."

I felt my diaper getting tight again as his words sunk in. I really was trapped in diapers, just like my fantasy.

"Sexual preference?"

"Uh, gay." I said.

"And are you sexually active?"

"Not with other people..."

"Alright, I'll put down masturbation only. You're a virgin then?"

I blushed at this. "Y-yeah. Wait, is that really on the form?"

"Good. That'll make it easier to find a match. A lot of caretakers are a bit possessive. Okay. I think it's fair to say you are submissive, so we'll put that in as well. And do you use your diapers for pee-pees and poo-poops?"

"I don't use diapers. I've only worn one before today and I didn't even pee or poop in it. I just..."

"You just what?"

"I kind of... you know..." I mumbled the rest hoping no one would overhear.

"What's that? Speak up, kid."

"I jacked off in it." I said, again trying to keep my voice low.

"Oh, you masturbated in it!" he said aloud. "So you're a diaper fetishist too. Well that's great. It'll make things a lot easier." He added the information to my file, and I felt myself turning ten shades of red.

"Does somebody like his diapers?" asked Linda from behind me.

I must have jumped ten feet at that.

"Oh gosh, I'm sorry sweetie. I didn't mean to scare you!"

"Looks like you did more than that," said Flint, noting the yellow spot in the front of my diaper, and the missing fire hydrants.

I could have died right there on the spot. I never knew this level of humiliation was possible.

"Aww, see sweetie? That's why you need diapers. Now let's get you dressed."

"Thanks, I-"

I looked down at what she was holding in her arms. It looked like a dark blue sleeper.

"Really, Linda?" I said, cocking my head to the side. She just smiled and nodded so I stepped in and let her zip me up.

"Hey, this is weird, why is there no zip- oh." I felt another click and knew I was locked in yet another layer of inescapable protection.

"Add 'Locking & anti-strip garments required' to his conditions. Restraints too. He was a tough little guy to wrestle down."

With the outfit on me, I could now see it had a white belly with a storm cloud in the center. She flipped up the hood and I reached my mitted paws to touch my head. Sure enough there were bear ears. She'd dressed me up as a friggin' Share Bear.

"Looks good," said flint, flashing me a thumbs up.

"It seems to match his personality," said Linda.

"Yeah but look at this. He's been without a caretaker for five whole years. Wouldn't you be grumpy too if you were a little and had to live on your own that long?"

"Oh sweetie, I'm so sorry. Your case just gets sadder and sadder." Linda gave me another big hug and added, "We're going to find you the perfect caretaker and turn that frown upside down. And that's a promise!"

At this point I was done trying to argue. I just nodded. Eventually she released me and I plopped own in the chair, finally able to breathe.

"Take a look," said Flint. "I don't think I can trust anything this little one says, so I just put total incontinence on there to be safe. His caretaker can update it if he needs to."

"Smart idea. I see you also put that he's sexually aroused by diapers. That'll be good for his caretaker to know. Those littles are the easiest to get under control. A little action with the buzzy wand and they're as docile as a lamb." She winked at me and I blushed.

"Let's put it all in the system and see what comes out for our area."

I waited apprehensively.

"Alright, little guy. We've got quite a few matches for you. Let's take the top five here."

He turned the monitor so I could get a clear view of the candidates. Number one was an older woman with a caring smile. Melinda nixed that one right away, noting how difficult I was to control during my change.

Next was a young couple – a man and a woman. They looked nice but they were a bit far away from the city, and they specified that their little wouldn't be allowed any sexual activity at all. With my libido I'd go crazy.

Third was a beefy looking guy in sunglasses and a five o' clock shadow. He had a leather cap on and tattoos all the way up to his black tank top. My dick instantly went hard.

"That one," I said.

The two agents gave each other a knowing look.

"You're sure? You can think about it a while if you want to."

I didn't need to think about it. He was hot and kinky, and more importantly, he might understand my situation. Not only that, but I caught his address and it was just across the street from my place. It would be no problem for me to get back there and get my roommates to vouch for me.

"No, I'm sure that's the one I want."

"Okay then," said Flint, smiling. He picked up his phone and made the call.

"Hello, Mr. Pigg. Yes, I'm with the Potty Compliance Bureau. I've got a little guy over here who is in need of a caretaker. Yes, that's right. I've just sent his file over to your email. Take a look and tell me what you think. You do? You will? Oh great, I was hoping you could get here before the end of the business day so we don't have to put him in temporary housing. Okay, good. He'll be ready for you. Uh, well... hold on a second, I'll check."

Flint put his hand over the receiver and turned to me. "He wants to talk to you."

I nodded and took the receiver. "Hello?"

A deep rumbling voice responded, putting butterflies in my stomach.

"Hey there, little guy! How are you? Did you pick me?"

"Y-yeah... I did." I was already blushing and feeling small as he spoke.

"Well, I can't wait to meet you and take you home. I've been waiting quite a while for my little guy and we've got a lot of time to make up for. I can't wait to learn all about you and what my little boy needs – inside and out."

I stammered out my reply. "M-me neither, Daddy."

This guy was hitting all my buttons. My diaper was very tight as I thought about what he meant by 'making up for lost time'. I just hoped he wouldn't be upset when I told him that this was all a big misunderstanding. It was a shame to get his hopes up, but I had to play the part for now, at least until I was out of the building.

I flipped through some pamphlets while I waited. I had gotten through 'How to Prepare for Potty Training'; 'Your Potty License and You'; 'Accepting Diaper Dependence'; and 'It's for Your Own Good: Conditions and Restrictions' when Daddy arrived. The moment he saw me he broke out into a big smile and rushed over to me.

"Oh my gosh, look at my little rain cloud! Oh you're so cute. Come on up here." He picked me up and continued to gush as he bounced me on his arm and hugged me

close. I rested my furry head on the man's chest and felt it resonate with a deep rumble whenever he spoke.

"Richard Pigg, I presume?" asked Flint.

"Please, Call me Dick."

He held his little Share Bear close the whole time as he went through the official rigamarole with Linda and Flint. He spoke a bit with the two agents and signed several forms. I wasn't asked or expected to sign anything. Apparently, I didn't have a say in the matter, even when he requested to change my name to Richard Pigg Jr.

"But what about my car?" I asked, as they handed my possessions over to Daddy and called Cassandra up to escort us and my case of Diapers to Daddy's waiting car.

"You don't need a car any more baby boy," said Daddy. "We'll sell it and use the money to buy you more diapers and baby gear."

I didn't like this one bit, but Daddy stopped my complaining with a smack on my fuzzy butt and the threat of a spanking. When we got to his car, I was further dismayed to find that he had a large car seat waiting for me in the back. I eyed the 5-point restraints and the cuffs where my arms and ankles would go.

"Oh yes, they warned me about you, little grump. I'm not taking any chances."

Cassandra patted her taser and I obediently got in, knowing that this was not the time to try and fight. I let myself be strapped into the seat and waited while Daddy loaded the back of the car with all my diapers. He talked with Cassandra for a minute, and handed back my car keys before getting in. Then she disappeared from view as the car took me away to my new home.

I tried to tell him my situation on the way, but he said no fussy babies in the car. I was shushed again as he carried me up to his apartment. Once we were inside, he brought me right to the bedroom and took off my locking sleeper. He unlocked my plastic pants and slid them down. Then, he took his time feeling my diaper, squeezing it and rubbing it as I squirmed on the bed. I was loving it, and my body fought valiantly to achieve an erection. Once again, with the thick diaper holding my penis down, it failed.

"Looks like somebody's a little wet, but you could wet some more before it's done. I expect you to fill your diapers with poopies as well before the end of the night baby boy."

It took him a while to say this because he had his face buried in the front of my diaper, snooing it and playing with the sizeable bulge in his pants between every other word.

"Nothing like the sweet scent of fresh boy piss and powder." He sighed.

"W-wait. I'm really enjoying this, but I have to tell you something first." I wanted to let him know before this went too far. "I'm a virgin... a-and I don't really wear diapers. I definitely don't poop them."

He took a step back.

"Oh sweetie. I think you do need your diapers. I think you love your diapers. I know I'm your first, and I promise I'll be gentle before I proceed with wrecking your hole. You can trust your Daddy, so if you're enjoying it, then just let it happen, baby boy."

His talk was just making me hornier. I couldn't even tell him he was wrong. At this moment I really did love my diapers. He continued his gentle teasing.

"You've been so fussy today, maybe you need a pacifier."

He unzipped his jeans and pulled out the fattest cock I had ever seen. I drooled. Maybe I could play the part of his baby boy just a little longer.

He straddled my chest and held his cock in one hand, his huge balls laying over the open fly.

I opened my mouth and accepted his meaty cock. I struggled to fit it all in, but he petted my head and told me to relax, and that helped.

"I've been saving this up for a long time, piglet. I want you to swallow every drop when I cum. Got it?"

I nodded as much as the stiff cock in my mouth allowed me to. He seemed pleased and smiled as he stroked my cheek.

"Good piglet."

He began to thrust rhythmically into my mouth. My diaper was painfully tight as he fucked my face. Soon, he was going deeper and hitting the back of my throat. I tried to push against his stomach to keep from gagging, but his hips were too powerful, and my arms were too weak. He grabbed the back of my head and brought it toward his balls with every thrust, and pretty soon I was deep throating him. I could barely catch a breath between thrusts, and the lack of oxygen caused me to flood my diapers once

more. All I could smell and taste was his musk. The smell of cum and body odor mixed together, the rich flavors from his unwashed cock mingling on my tongue. My diaper was squishy now, and I thrust my hips in frustration. My penis was pointed down and it was torture as the warm squishy padding rubbed against it but never let it get completely hard. All of these things competed to overwhelm my senses until his breathing became faster and more ragged. With a final grunt, he thrust deep and held my head down, nose buried in his pubes. I could feel his balls pull tight against his body. His cock pulse. Warm thick salty liquid splashing against the back of my throat. I swallowed gulp after gulp until he relaxed a bit. As he pumped out the last of his semen, he pulled his cock out far enough to spray my tongue. It was delicious. I didn't want it to end.

After what seemed like forever, he was completely relaxed. He milked out the last drops and wiped his head on my tongue, then pulled out all the way.

"That was amazing baby boy."

I smiled. I felt proud that I had made Daddy feel good.

I would tell him I wasn't really a baby. I would tell him about my real life and my apartment just across the street. But not yet. I just wanted to enjoy this moment with Daddy as he snuggled me close.

"I'm going to have fun putting you down for naptimes and bedtimes, sweetie. Whenever you get cranky, I'll just give you my pacifier. Next time, I'll try the other end."

I still hadn't cum, and his talk was driving my imagination wild, but I knew it was wrong to let him think I was going to stay. I finally bit the bullet and told him everything. How I went horny shopping and bought the potty license last week. How I hadn't really explored diapers and ageplay except for last night's little indulgence. How I really enjoyed the diaper at first. And how I immediately regretted my decision and threw the diaper out once I came. He chuckled as I continued, and by the end he was laughing.

"Oh baby boy, you're perfect. Don't worry. We just won't let you cum ever again. Then you can enjoy your thick diapers all the time. Now you have someone to explore with, and you can do it safely."

"That makes me feel good, Daddy. But do I have to wear diapers from now on? Really?"

He smiled down at me as he held me in bed.

"You are just too cute, sweetie. And I think the diapers make you look even cuter. I don't think I can imagine you any other way."

"But Daddy," I whined. "I wear undies. I don't need diapers."

"You ordered them, so you have to use them. What kind of Daddy would I be if I let you just waste them like that? No, you made your bed so you have to lie in it. Maybe when you're done you can go back to undies – if you're good and use all your diapers without holding back. Speaking of which, you haven't made poopies yet, have you baby boy?"

I shook my head. "No, Daddy. I don't do that. Please don't make me!"

"Shhhh, baby boy." He said, pressing his fingers to my lips. "We're going to have to get your non-daddy pacifier. I have a feeling you're a fusser. You have 'til the end of dinner to mess diapers, or I'll have to help you do it."

I wanted to say more but he shot me a warning look, so I just bowed my head and nodded.

"But what will I do when I have to go home?" I asked.

Daddy chuckled and shook his head. "Little boy, you are home. It's done. I'm your caretaker now."

I slowly felt all those feelings of panic return as I realized that he wasn't going to let me go back to my normal life. I cried. I begged. But I only ended up over his lap for my efforts.

"I'm sorry sweetie, you need this. And it's my responsibility to make sure you get what you need."

After a sound thrashing, I was told that I was in the system now and there was no going back. If he let me try to live on my own, I would just be taken away and assigned another caretaker.

"I think you really do need your nap now," He said, and the locking plastic pants and Share Bear sleeper went right back on. Go ahead and rest baby boy. I'll wake you up for dinner."

I woke up a few hours later and the sun was already low, leaving the building across from me in shadow. I found myself staring out the window at my old apartment. It was directly across from us.

Daddy came in and sat beside me. He put his arm around my shoulder and gave me a squeeze.

"What's my baby boy thinking?"

"Daddy... did you ever see me in the window?"

"Well, yes. Yes, I did. I also saw your roommates. You are all pretty kinky."

"Really? Wait, what?"

I couldn't imagine my roommates being into anything kinky, but sure enough he pointed out the window next to mine and I saw they were at it even then. Jake was in the schoolgirl outfit I had thrown away. He was being spanked by Ben. Ben pushed Jake down onto the bed and pulled down his own boxer-briefs to reveal a thick hard cock. I licked my lips but was only afforded a brief glimpse before it sank deep into the sissy schoolgirl's ass.

"Maybe we can schedule a playdate when I pick up your stuff, huh?" asked Daddy.

I just nodded dumbly.

Dinner was spaghetti, which Daddy put into a plastic toddler bowl and cut up for me. As we sat at the table eating our food, we got to know each other a bit better.

"I work at a government office," I said. "Well I did until today. I don't know if I can go back without risking another run in with the potty patrol."

"The potty compliance bureau," He corrected.

I nodded and took a sip from my sippy cup. I still couldn't believe that place was real.

"What about you? What do you do?"

"I own a boot shop in the leather district. It's right next to Mr. S&M and across from the Eagle. If you want, you can work with Daddy and learn how to bootblack. But that's up to you. If not, I'll send you to daycare when I'm at work so you can play with other littles. And before you ask, no, you will never be allowed to stay home without adult supervision."

"I was about to ask that. Well, it was worth a try."

We talked for a long time until Daddy checked his watch.

"Oh my gosh, is it 8 already? I think it's a certain baby piglet's bedtime. And you know what that means, don't you?"

He picked me up and sniffed my diaper. Then he frowned and shook his head.

"What?"

Instead of getting an answer, I was brought back to the bed and laid on my back. Dinner was over. For dessert I got a suppository shoved up my butt. Minutes later I was sweating as I tried to hold it in. Daddy just held me in his lap and massaged my tummy.

"Shhh, let it all go honey. That's right. Let it go."

"I can't! It's too embarrassing! Please Daddy, let me up!"

I wanted to run to the potty, but every time I tried to get up, he just gave me a hug and held me firmly in his lap. And so it was that, vision blurry with tears, I messed my diapers for the first time in the lap of another man.

I was immediately showered with praise and kisses, being told what a good boy I was messing myself for Daddy.

"Aww sweetie, I know those suppositories are nasty. But I have good news. We won't have to do this ever again once we train you up to taking my fist."

"Your what?!"

So that's why my red bottom is lying on a thick diaper, waiting to be taped in nice and snug. It's been a month since I was adopted by Daddy. Every day I look out the window and think about my old life. I still haven't been able to convince him or anyone else that I don't need diapers, and honestly by now I probably do.

Daddy put me on a diaper training regimen of hydration, fiber and lots of hypnosis, not to mention all the stretching and fucking which has left my hole permanently loose. And when he's gone, the Daycare he sends me to continues where he left off. I'm never really sure if I'm wet until somebody unbuttons my onesie for a diaper check, and I'm barely able to hold back my messes before they go right into my diaper.

Daddy was true to his word when he said he'd keep me permanently chaste. I haven't been allowed to touch my peepee at all, and the thick diapers keep me from

getting an erection, or even getting pleasure from rubbing myself. Instead, Daddy regularly drains my balls right into the front of my diaper, milking my prostate with his thumb or one of my favorite butt toys. Daddy says I'm very close to taking his fist. I just can't get past the thumb knuckle of Daddy's hand. Here he comes now with a can of Crispo.

"Alright little boy. I think I know how to solve this little underwear problem once and for all. Today is the day you take Daddy's fist.

I whimper and close my eyes, but my cock is rock hard. I moan as his fingers brush against my ass lips, smearing Crispo across them. Then he makes his hand into a duck shape and presses inwards slowly. I moan as he pumps it in and out, getting closer and closer to that last knuckle with every stroke.

"Breathe deep baby boy. That's it. Now say goodbye to Mr. Potty forever!"