

The Dangers of Sound Editing 1

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

Craig the 'kinky sound editor' may be in over his head. These hypno files he's working on are starting to affect him, but he needs the money. What's a kinky cash-strapped diaper boy to do?

KinkyCraig: I'm sending you the edits on your hypno bedwetting file. I cleaned up some of the hissing in the background and got rid of the long pauses. I hope this helps

DprDadKen: Wow, thanks so much. You don't know how hard it is to find an audio engineer who will work with kinky folk. Do you mind if I send more projects your way in the future?

KinkyCraig: Hey, I'm very open minded. As long as the job pays that's fine for me. Tell your friends!

Craig was still new to Kink and loved exploring the possibilities. He had just gotten a KinkLife profile when the 2020 lockdown started and he suddenly found himself spending a lot more time at home. Luckily, sound editing was a job that he could do from home. He'd shared what he did with some of his kinky online friends and one thing led to another. Now he had a modest stream of income as the 'kinky sound editor'. Okay, not the sexiest title, but he'd take it. Everyone has their niche. If he kept at it, he might even snag a *second* client aside from Ken.

KinkyCraig: Oh man, is that really the time? I think I'll actually get some sleep for once and go to bed before 2am. Night Ken!

DprDadKen: 'Nini, kiddo!'

Craig shut off his workstation for the night and looked over to the stack of diapers sitting outside his bathroom. Diapers weren't really his thing, but after working on some of Ken's diaper hypno files, a guy was bound to get curious. Plus, his kinky friends were very... encouraging to say the least. So he might have bought a pack... or ten. But it's not like he used them. Often. Just for the heck of it, he decided to put on a diaper before bed. He drifted off smiling and thinking about how nice it was to just relax in a diaper.

It was 8:30 am. The alarm hadn't buzzed yet. So what had woken him up? Craig sat up and rubbed his eyes. He walked over to the sink and splashed water in his face.

He was happy for once that he had a studio apartment. He untaped his diaper and let it drop to the floor with a thud. Huh. That... was a pretty heavy thud. He looked down.

"What... the..."

There was a big wet patch in his diaper. Had he peed in his diaper before bed? No, he was sure he hadn't. What was going on?

KinkyCraig: Hey dude, the strangest thing happened this morning. I think I woke up in a wet diaper

DprDadKen: Not that strange, bud. When you go peepee and you've got a diaper on, that's kinda what happens

KinkyCraig: Yeah, but I went to bed dry. I've never wet the bed in my life!

DprDadKen: Wow, congrats, man! That's really hard to achieve. Have you been diaper training yourself and not telling me? I'll be upset if I've been missing out on the fun...

KinkyCraig: No, it just sorta... happened. I dunno, maybe it was just a fluke

DprDadKen: Better start wearing to bed just in case. By the way, the feedback on that file has been fantastic! Everyone is loving it. Three people told me straight up they wet the bed for the first time after listening to it, and one said he jizzed his pants!

KinkyCraig: Hey, you don't think that file could have caused my bedwetting, do you?

DprDadKen: Not unless you've been listening to it on repeat

KinkyCraig: Only to edit it and check it for errors

DprDadKen: Nah, you're probably fine then. Unless you secretly *want* it to work...

KinkyCraig: Dream on, man. You're not turning *me* into a diaper boy!

DprDadKen: Is that a challenge?

KinkyCraig: Maybe.

The conversation bounced around in Craig's head all day as he thought about what had happened. Despite his playful demeanor, he was rattled. He didn't put on any diapers. He didn't even want to think about diapers. He just wanted to bury himself in his

work and forget about it. But then he got an email from his boss not long after breakfast telling him he would be let go along with half of the staff. So much for that idea. He would have to find work fast.

He had a long stressful day looking for work and coming up short. He had submitted a few applications but nothing close to what he had been making til now. Once again, he put on a diaper to unwind – and to protect against a repeat performance of last night's flood. He was relieved in the morning to find that his diaper seemed dry from the outside, but when he took it off to go shower, there was another telltale wet spot inside. Shit. Shit. Shit. As if he didn't have enough problems.

There was a bit of good news that morning, though. A message from Ken.

DprDadKen: Hey, I know you're probably busy with work but I have a bunch more files for you to edit. Call it inspiration but I was recording all day yesterday. Also, I credited you in the description and linked your KinkLife profile. I hope that's okay!

KinkyCraig: 'Inspiration', eh? Gee, I wonder what that's from

DprDadKen: I'm a competitive guy. Especially when the reward is turning a cutie like you, *diaper boy*. Here's the files I need. Let me know when you can get em done!

KinkyCraig: Yeah about that... Looks like I'll have a lot more free time from now on...

DprDadKen: Oh no! What happened? Don't tell me you lost your job...

KinkyCraig: I lost my job. Yeah, I know. It sucks. I don't know what I'm gonna do. How am I gonna pay rent?

DprDadKen: Hey, kiddo, don't you worry about that. If it comes down to it, you can always crash with me.

KinkyCraig: Ahh, it's fine. I'm just whining. I can take care of myself. Besides, you'd probably try to turn me into one of your diaper boys, you weirdo!

DprDadKen: Can you really blame me, though? You're cute AF! But seriously, if there's anything I can do...

KinkyCraig: I know. Thank you, buddy. These new files are already a big help. I'm gonna take a look right now.

Craig checked his KinkLife profile hoping that there had been a few bites since he last checked. Wow, there were a lot of messages from new people about his

services. He breathed a sigh of relief. He was going to be okay. Then he looked down at the list of files from Ken.

"Incontinent Pants Pooper... Diaper Dependence...Sissy Diaperslut... Dog-Brained Diaperpup... Addicted to Hypno... wow." He raised his eyebrows. Hot stuff. He was glad for the work but he was also glad he wasn't on the receiving end of those files. All he did was the editing.

It was halfway through the Incontinent Pants Pooper file that it happened. He crapped his pants. There was no way this was an accident. The files were affecting him! He jumped in the shower and cleaned off. He'd have to find another way to make money. This was getting to be too much.

Clothed and back at the computer, he stared at the screen. The file sat there unfinished. He looked at the list of files left to edit, thought about all the bills he had coming due, then he looked over to the stack of diaper bags waiting to be used. He bit his lip.

"I'm at home... I've got the diapers... and it's only for a little while until I get another job. I can do this."

He was bargaining with himself, he knew, but what choice did he have? He took a deep breath and stood up.

"Here we go," he said, as he grabbed a diaper to pad up with.

As he went through the steps of opening the diaper up and fluffing it out, he did some quick calculations in his head. 10 packs of diapers... that should last him a month and a half. Plenty of time to get another job. He tossed the diaper on the bed and parked his butt on it, pulling the diaper up tight between his legs. One. Two. Three. Four. With each tape he felt like he was sealing his fate. He'd have to be careful about what hypno files he chose to edit first. Wouldn't want to suddenly lose control of his hands and be unable to edit. All taped up, he headed back to his workstation in just his shirt and diaper.

"Okay. No more interruptions," he said as he cracked his knuckles and sat down to finish the messing file he'd been working on for Ken.

30 minutes later, he was nearly done.

"Almost... there...," he panted. "Just a few more seconds.... Hnnnngggghh!"

He gripped his stomach and pushed out into his diaper as his cock throbbed.

“Oh holy shit I’m cummmminnnnnnggggg!”

Moments later, he sprayed the front of his diaper with spunk as he filled his diaper for the third time that day, adding to the mess that was already in there. It felt so good. Too good. He groaned, knowing that this was just the first file of many.

He panted, holding onto the desk. When he finally caught his breath, he realized he had actually gotten to his feet at some point in an effort to push out the last of the mess. He set the file to render as an MP3 and waddled off to the bathroom to assess the damage. He grimaced as he untaped the foul thing, but to his surprise there was no mess. All he saw was a big wet spot in front of his diaper from all the cum he had deposited there.

"But how...? I *felt* it..."

KinkyCraig: Hey... I have your first file. I think your files really are affecting me...

DprDadKen: Wow, so fast! And what do you mean they’re affecting you?

KinkyCraig: Well, first I edited the Diaper Training file and I bought 10 packs of diapers. Then the bedwetting file made me start wetting the bed. And now the messing file...

DprDadKen: Wait... you mean this file? Did you mess your pants? OMG, did you mess your pants?!

Craig blushed as he typed his admission.

KinkyCraig: Yeah, I did. Halfway through the file. And I wasn't wearing a diaper either. Not fun. Had to diaper up before I finished. Then the file made me mess two more times and jizz my pants while I was doing it! I could physically FEEL the mess back there, but when I checked my diaper, I was totally clean except for a whole lot of spooge in the front. I ended up putting it back on.

DprDadKen: That's. Super. Hot. Boy, you got this Daddy ready to bust in his pants!

KinkyCraig: Yeah, I guess it *is* kind of hot, now that you mention it. I'm just glad I have enough diapers on hand to keep doing this. But why did it feel like I was messing even though there was nothing there?

DprDadKen: Under hypnosis you can experience things as real as the real thing even if they aren't really happening. You must've emptied yourself out on the first go.

Could you send a pic of your messy diaper next time that happens? That would be super hot.

KinkyCraig: Yeah, alright, perv. It's the least I could do with all the work you've given me. I'm actually getting messages from a lot of interested people thanks to your latest file too.

DprDadKen: Hey, I may be a perv by I'm not the only one. I know plenty of people who would pay to see you reacting to hypno on camera. It might just solve your money problems.

KinkyCraig: Thanks, man. I'll think about it.

Craig closed the chat window and rolled his eyes. That was such a silly idea. But maybe... maybe it would work? He decided to set up a cam account to stream the next files he did.

By the end of the day he was incontinent, had an unquenchable craving to listen to hypno, and had several orders of sissy lingerie headed to his apartment on a rush order. And to top it off, he had lost all speech and could only bark like a dog.

"Ruff! Rrrruff!"

Translation: I'd better send off these files and get out of these diapers. They're due for a change.

When he tried to change, however, he found that puppy paws weren't designed to take off diapers. He had no fingers, so what was he supposed to do?

He looked over to the camera mounted to the side of his workstation and barked for help. Nobody would be able to understand that, he realized. He pawed the mouse over to the chat window and managed to type out an S.O.S. to Ken with his snout.

KinkyCraig: SOS

DprDadKen: It's okay, pup, I was watching the whole time. Can you send me your address?

KinkyCraig: 2564 Industry Way

DprDadKen: Wow, look at you go. Good job typing, pup. Apartment number?

KinkyCraig: 805

DprDadKen: Ok, pup. Just sit tight and I'll be right over

Craig breathed a sigh of relief. A human friend was coming to help. Craig used his paw to click on the next file while he waited. He knew he shouldn't but he couldn't help himself. He tapped the mouse twice to open it up and listen.

"Craig? Craig, you in there buddy?"

Ken could hear whining and scratching at the door, so he knew his friend was on the other side, he couldn't get in.

"Craig. Can you open the door?" More scratching and whining. The sound of a body hitting the door. "Apparently not," said Ken, pacing in front of the door. That's when it hit him. Of course! If Craig was susceptible to hypnosis, maybe Ken could hypnotize him to open the door.

"Craig, listen to me. Relax, everything will be okay. I want you to just close your eyes and focus on my voice. I'm counting down now..."

Ken finished the count and listened. He didn't hear anything from the other side of the door so he hoped it was working.

"You can open the door without leaving trance, Craig. You will find that your hands are able to open doors with no problem. All effects of hypnotic suggestions will go away except for what I am telling you right now. On the count of three you will open the door with your hands. One. Two. Three. Open the door now, Craig."

Ken heard the click of the latch sliding inside the door and the door opened. Ken rushed in and gave Craig a big hug.

"Oh gosh, thank goodness that worked! How are you feeling?"

"I'm good, why?"

"You were just a dog. You couldn't open the door. You couldn't even take off your own diapers."

"I was?" Craig looked completely unfazed by this information, but also completely ignorant that it had happened.

"Wait a second... are you still in trance right now?"

"Trance?"

"Awake."

Ken snapped his fingers several times in front of his friend's face and Craig blinked, coming to. Suddenly his emotions were back, and he looked rattled.

"Oh thank goodness you came. I was really in trouble there. How did you get in?"

"I put you into trance and told you to open the door," said Ken, sounding a bit rattled himself. "I think you'd better give me your extra key in case this happens again. I had no idea you were so suggestible."

"Yeah, maybe that's a good idea," Craig said. He pulled the spare off his keychain and handed it over. "Make yourself comfortable. Not to be rude, but I need to shower and get cleaned up. I don't want to stay in this wet and messy diaper all night."

"Oh yeah, you really did a number on those, kiddo." Said Ken, noting how Craig's diaper was drooping and brown around the leg holes. "I could smell you from the hallway!"

Craig blushed at this. "I-It was the hypno, man. I couldn't help it!"

"Hey, I'm kidding, it's not that bad," Ken lied. "Go get cleaned up. I can put you in a new diaper when you're done, if you want."

Craig waved off the idea.

"No thanks, man, I'm not even into diapers, to be honest. It was just those diaper files you sent me. Here, take this key. I'll be out in a minute."

Ken looked around the apartment while Craig was in the bathroom. He didn't even have to leave the entryway to do it, since it was a small studio. He put his coat up on the back of a chair and looked over to the stack of diapers.

"Huh... it's too bad he's not into diapers. That was really hot seeing him like that..." he looked down and realized he was rubbing the hard on in his slacks. "Shit that was hot though. And that stream was getting a lot of views..."

The stream! Ken had forgotten all about it. He went over to the camera and looked at the chat feed. There was a number at the bottom of the screen showing how much money Craig had earned over the past day. Ken's eyes went wide when he saw the number.

"Holy shit!"

He covered his mouth and looked over to the bathroom when he realized he had yelled that out loud.

“You okay out there?” called Craig’s voice.

“Uh... yeah, fine.”

He looked at the number again and rubbed his chin.

“I’ll be damned. I guess I was right. There really are a lot of pervs like me willing to pay to see him get hypnotized.”

He saw the chat window update with some responses and realized that they could hear him. He looked up at the camera and spoke.

“Oh, hey guys. How did you like the show?”

DprDonkey: Fucking hot, man!

DvntDog: Woof! Never seen anything like it. I want more!

GoonerGuy69: Awesome. You guys gonna do it again?

Ken shook his head. “I think my buddy’s tapped out for the night. He says he’s not into diapers anymore.”

CrinkleWizard: No way! I don’t believe it. That’s what they all say.

GoonerGuy69: Aww damn. This was so good too!

“I know, it sucks,” said Ken, shaking his head again. “It’s kind of a pamps for pay situation right now. Poor guy lost his job today, and he’s editing my files for a little extra income. I told him he might make some extra money recording his reactions and boy, I wasn’t wrong! Thanks for helping my buddy out. It sure would be nice if he could do this as his main job...”

GoonerGuy69: Why not?

Ken thought for a moment. Why not? His friend was out of a job. He could make good money if he made this a business. The hypnosis itself didn’t actually harm him. The list of reasons against was growing thin.

He looked at the number at the bottom of the screen again, then at the stack of diapers, and back to the closed bathroom door.

“Well... I mean I’m not sure he’s really on board. This is all pretty new to him. Of course when he sees how much we all sent him, myself included, he’s gonna flip.”

DprDonkey: *thrusts handfuls of cash your way* TAKE MY MONEY!!

DprDonkey Sent \$50

CrinkleWizard: Hey, maybe he just needs to be trained into them with a little conditioning. It worked for me!

“Of course I could always hypnotize him to be more amenable to the idea,” said Ken, more to himself than anyone. “No, I could never do that... could I?”

DvntDog: Do what you must. Muahaha

DprDonkey: A little gentle persuasion never hurt anyone

Shortly thereafter, Craig came out of the bathroom speaking a mile a minute.

“Oh man, I don’t know what I’m gonna do. I have to pay rent and food and...”

Ken pretended to shield his eyes.

“Whoa, put a diaper on that thing, buddy, you’ll put an eye out!”

“Eh?” Craig looked down. His cock was dangling free between his legs. “Oh, ha ha, very funny. I guess I’m just used to living alone. I don’t really have to be modest here, ya know? You don’t mind, do you?” he asked, turning this way and that like he was posing for a picture.

Ken shook his head and pointed a finger back over his shoulder. “Certainly not. And I’m sure they don’t either.”

Craig looked at the computer to see what he was talking about and saw himself moving on the screen.

“Oh shit, the stream!”

Craig went to click out of the site, but Ken put a hand on his shoulder.

“Hold up, bud. Take a look at those numbers.”

“Holy moly... is that really how much I made?” He looked into the camera. “Thank you so much, everyone. You have no idea how much I needed this.”

“And stay tuned for another stream tomorrow?” added Ken, hopefully.

Craig looked back at his friend and began his verbal diarrhea again.

“I mean I’m really grateful for all that you’ve done, don’t get me wrong, it’s just that I still have to look for a job, and who knows what’ll happen next time I have files to edit. I can’t exactly interview if all I can do is say woof and get on the desk for a diaper change.”

Ken kept one hand on Craig’s shoulder and grabbed Craig’s hand with the other, squeezing gently.

“Hey, hey, hey. Slow down, kiddo. Your mind is in ‘no’ mode right now. Instead of looking for all the reasons why it couldn’t work, think about how it *could* work...”

He looked directly into Craig’s eyes as he said this, and saw the tenseness begin to fade from his face.

“Well, today was a good start... I’d have to do a lot of streaming to pay rent though... And then the effects of the files... I’d need someone to keep an eye on me...”

“Hey, buddy,” said Ken, snapping Craig out of it, “if this is about money... I already said you can stay with me for a while.”

“Oh, no, I really couldn’t,” said Craig, his eyes darting to Ken’s hand. A faint tinge of pink showed on his cheeks and he turned his head away. “I can take care of myself.”

“Alright, bud,” said Ken. “if you say so. Take my card. You know if you ever need anything, I’m just a phone call away.”

“Thanks, Ken. I... I really can’t thank you enough.”

The two men embraced. Then, Ken turned his head and whispered something into Craig’s ear, while giving it a little scritch just behind.”

When they came apart, Craig was just standing there and staring.

“Hey, buddy.” Said Ken. No reply. He waved his hand in front of Craig’s face. Still no response. “Heh. That’s what I thought.”

Ken snapped his fingers in front of Craig’s face and Craig came to.

“I really can’t thank you enough, Ken.”

“No worries, bud. And don’t forget what I said, you should definitely stay diapered for the next few weeks just in case.”

“Huh? But I thought you said-“ Craig heard a loud crinkle as he shifted on his feet. He immediately stopped talking and looked down. His pajama pants were gone and he was just in a diaper and tee. “Wait, when did I...?”

“You okay, bud? You seem a bit confused there...”

“I’m fine, really... I just...” Craig didn’t even look up to reply. He was still fixated on his diaper, pressing it with his hands to make sure it was real. It certainly sounded and felt real. He could feel his manhood chubbing up at the feel of the diapers. Was he getting turned on by diapers again? Memory response?

“Are you getting hard, buddy? I thought you said you weren’t into diapers. Is there something you’re not telling me?”

“I... I... I didn’t... th-they’re just for relaxing after work. I don’t know how... ohh...” Craig was beginning to get more excited as he continued to rub himself through the padding. It felt so good to be in a diaper. He just wanted to...

“Craig. Look at me. This is important.” Ken grabbed Craig’s chin and lifted it up. “Do you remember putting that diaper on?”

Craig shook his head, a growing look of dread appeared on his face.

“Craig, I think you’re still in trance, or benefitting from the effects of trance. I really don’t think you should stay here alone tonight.”

“But my workstation’s here, and I have all these files to edit... I really can’t afford to...”

“Kiddo, what are you gonna do if you wake up in the middle of the night and can’t talk again?”

Craig looked around the apartment. Suddenly the walls seemed to be closing in on him. The prominent stack of diapers didn’t help. Ken could see the gears turning in Craig’s head and pressed his advantage.

“Look, I can stay here tonight just to make sure nothing happens. You would like that. It was your idea.”

Craig just nodded, blushing. Yes, he had asked Ken to stay, hadn’t he? “I-is it really okay? I can’t believe I just asked you to babysit me...”

Ken smiled at the choice of words and scratched behind the diaperboy's ear. Craig visibly relaxed.

"It's no trouble at all, little one. Now go brush your teeth. I think someone's up past his bedtime."

"Okay, Ken!" said Craig, visibly brightening. He ran off to the restroom.

"What a cutie pie," Ken remarked to himself. He angled the camera to face Craig's bed and changed a few settings on the streaming account. "Okay everyone, the cam stays on from this moment forward. Keep watching, the fun is just getting started."

The night passed peacefully and without incident for Craig. He dreamt of the ocean. A completely normal dream, except for the voices murmuring just beneath the calming sound of waves. Morning soon came, shedding light on an adorable scene. Craig lay there contentedly sucking his thumb, his soggy diaper in plain view as he had kicked his sheets off in the night.

"Hey bud..." said Ken, shaking Craig out of his deep slumber. "Little buddy? You in there?"

"Uh... wha...?" Craig sat up, disoriented. His eyes shot open and he turned beet red when he realized he had his thumb in his mouth. As soon as he pulled it out, his hand landed in a damp patch of bedding. "What's this? Water?"

"Looks like you wet the bed, little buddy..."

Craig looked at his friend in confusion. "What do you mean I wet the bed? I don't... I mean... oh crap..."

"Hey, you're okay. This just happens sometimes because you're a bedwetter."

"Stupid! I can't believe I still wet the bed at my age. I'm sorry, I thought the diapers would take care of it but..."

"You need thicker diapers, little one."

"I need thicker diapers, that's what it is," said Craig, nodding to himself.

"You should have just worn your ABDL diapers instead of trying to look grown up in front of your babysitter with those puny medical diapers."

"Ugh, I'm sorry Ken. I was just trying to look more grown up. It won't happen again."

“It’s okay, kiddo. Next time we’ll put you in cloth diapers. Now why don’t I change you into something dry? Ask me politely like a good little boy.”

“Um... Ken...?” Craig looked up at the man with puppy dog eyes.

“Can I pweeze have a diaper change?”

“Yes, little one, you may.”

Ken smiled at the adorable boy. He was perfect just like this. Why was he ever allowed to grow up?

Ken took his time with the wipes, making sure to get every nook and cranny. “Gotta make sure you don’t get a rash, soggy boy.” This drew a smile from Craig, who was enjoying the attention.

Ken followed it up with plenty of oil, massaging it into Craig’s hardening shaft until he was just a hair’s breadth away from cumming. Just as Craig began to tense up for the grand finale, Ken stopped, pushed Craig’s penis down, and taped the diaper up.

“Okay, little boy, you’re all ready to work”

Craig looked up at Ken and whined. “Can’t I finish? I’m so close!”

“Consider it motivation. You won’t be able to reach climax until you finish all your files. Now go I’ll throw the bedding in the hamper while you check your account.”

That was more than enough motivation for Craig. His list was pretty much finished when he went to bed so he was sure he wouldn’t have much to do. But when Craig turned on his computer, there was a long list of files that had appeared. Some from new clients, and even a few from Ken.

“Oh crap...” said Craig, his eyes wide. “I guess they really liked my work. Look at all these requests!”

Ken came up to look over Craig’s shoulder. “Wow, guess word spreads fast...” He smiled and gave Craig a pat on the back.

He looked up at the camera and grinned wider. “Listen, I sent you a few files that need editing. It may be hard to hear but there are some small mistakes and I need you to listen really closely to try and get them all?”

“Okay, sure thing, Ken. You can count on me.”

“Good boy. I’ve gotta go do some more work of my own now. I’ll check in on you later. Don’t forget to eat before you get started. And say hello to our generous viewers on the cam chat! They’re keeping you in pampers!” This statement was more true than Craig knew.

Craig spent the rest of the morning listening to Ken’s files and failing to find any mistakes. He had been listening dutifully to ‘Daddy’s Toy Chest’, ‘Diaper Lover Diaper Addiction’, and ‘Master’s Pet’ for several hours before he finally set his headphones down and shook his head.

“Oh man, this is tough. I’ll have to put these files aside for now. Maybe I’ll take a little break and come at it with a fresh perspective.”

Craig clicked over to his browser and opened his favorite porn site, yiffworks.

“Ahh yeah... let’s login... uh... oh weird. Since when do you have to login to see adult content?”

He was surprised he hadn’t made an account sooner since this was his favorite porn site. Never mind the fact that he had never been on the site before, he was now certain that the only porn he could get off to was of hot guys and furies getting forced back into diapers. He couldn’t sign up fast enough and created his account ‘diapercucksub1992’. The name seemed fitting.

“Alright, now to get to strokin’.”

He started scrolling through the latest pictures. Yes. This was doing it. He reached down the front of his diaper and began to rub.

“Hmm...” He frowned in frustration. He pulled his limp peepee out over the top of his diaper and started stroking in earnest.

“What the hell, why aren’t I getting hard?”

He switched to stories. “Ahh yeah, there we go.”

Stories of guys like him getting put back into diapers was his favorite kind of porn. He could feel himself getting more and more excited, but the closer he got to an orgasm, the smaller his penis became until it slipped out of his hands completely.

“Damnit! What the hell?”

He glanced over at the cam chat only to see his viewers teasing him relentlessly.

GoonerGuy69: That's right, just goon all day, you'll never get that little peepee to cum.

CrinkleWizard: Very naughty. You heard what your Daddy said. No cumming until you finish your work. Good luck trying, though.

SissyCub: They should wear a cage like me. My Daddies keep me pent up year-round so I can be a good lil sissy cuck and yours should too!

"Whatever, guys. I can cum. I just have to get the right material."

GoonerGuy69: How's this for material?

A picture of a spiral appeared, words flashing over the image too quickly for him to register.

"Spirals? How is *that* porn?" Craig was about to give up on the idea entirely when a thought flashed through his mind. Of course! Why hadn't he thought of it before? He pulled the front of his diaper up over his penis, feeling foolish for thinking he could come any other place than in his diaper. Good boys didn't cum anywhere but their nice thick padding.

Several more pics and animations appeared as the chat fed him a steady stream of subliminal diaper porn. Nothing was sexier to Craig than thick diapers spreading his legs apart. He opened his legs wider to give himself a better view as he degraded himself on screen. He loved watching himself get off in just a diaper. Craig rubbed his diaper faster and faster as he kept his eyes glued to the screen, working himself into a sexual frenzy.

"Yeah... hhhh... that's it.... Hhhh.... Ohhh sooo close..."

Once again just before he reached orgasm, his penis seemed to shrink and nothing he did seemed to wake it up.

"No! No!!! I was so close..."

He dug into Daddy's toy chest, which had somehow materialized in the room after he worked on Ken's files. Toy chests didn't usually appear out of thin air, but Craig was too horny to ask questions.

"Come on... there has to be something in here to get me off. I need to cum so bad..."

Craig tried everything he could to make it happen. Adding a waggy tail buttplug. Putting on his collar that said, 'Daddy's Good Boy'. Even his favorite pup hood wouldn't help. The fact that none of these items were real didn't enter his mind.

He finally realized the only way he could cum was to mess his diapers. Of course! How could he forget? But the buttplug was in and he knew better than to try and remove it on his own. His master would be most unhappy if he did.

Grunting in frustration, still horny and unsatisfied, he plopped back into his seat to work on more files. He let out a little yip as the imaginary plug pressed into his prostate, feeling a little something squirt into the front of his diaper when he did.

By the time Ken came over to check on his friend, Craig's apartment was a complete mess and he was jumping around like an excited puppy.

"Master Master!! Ruff ruff! Master! Ruff!!! Where were you master? I'm hungry. I'm thirsty, sir."

"Whoa! It looks like a tornado tore through here. What happened?"

"Oh master I missed you so much!"

Ken laughed as the man jumped up on him and began licking his face and whining.

"Down, boy! Down."

Craig obeyed, getting on his hands and knees.

"Now, tell me what you need."

Craig looked at the delicious bone tenting his master's pants.

"I'm thirsty, master. Will you give me a drink from your big bone?"

"We'll let you drink in a second, but first daddy has some presents for his diaperpup. Stay right there. Stay. Good boy."

Ken set several large black bags down on the coffee table. His toy chest file would help him pick the perfect outfit for his pet.

"Let's take a look at you, puppy. It looks like you've been in Daddy's toy chest, but I'm going to need puppy's help to see what you took. Can you tell me what the puppy is wearing?"

“Ruff! Yes master! I’m wearing a tail plug, a collar, and my favorite hood!”

“Oh really?” said Ken, smiling and pulling out a large puppy tail butt plug from one of the bags. He set it on the table along with a bottle of cum lube. “And what color is that hood, pup?”

“Yellow, master!”

“Oh, yes.... Now I see it,” said Ken, pulling out a black and yellow neoprene pup hood.

“And what does your collar say, little puppy?”

“Rrruff... it says... Daddy’s good boy!”

“Like this?” asked Daddy, pulling out a thick leather collar with silver lettering across the front.”

“Ruff!! Yes, yes! Just like that!”

“Good boy,” said Ken, knowing full well that his pup had just shared some of his deepest fantasies without even realizing it. “Those were very good choices, little puppy. We’ll get to try these out for real in just a second, but first let’s check the puppy’s padding.”

Craig looked down and realized he was in nothing but a diaper. He had forgotten about it, and it was looking pretty yellowed. He looked up and whined.

“Aww, what’s wrong, did puppy have an accident? Is the little puppy even housebroken? I guess not, cause he’s in a diaper. He wouldn’t be in a diaper if he was house broken, would he?”

Craig blushed and whined, covering his snout with his paws as his master teased him.

“I guess Daddy is gonna have to teach the little puppy how to use piddle pads, won’t he?”

Craig cocked his head, not knowing what his master meant, but master seemed confident. Ken pulled out a piddle pad from one of the bags and set it on the ground.

“Here boy. Come here. Onto the pad. Gooood boy.”

Craig wagged his tail and licked his master’s hand. He liked being a good boy.

“Stay still now. Daddy’s gotta take off that diaper.”

Craig stayed on all fours while Ken untaped the diaper and let it plop down on the pad with a thud. He moved it out of the way and made Craig sit on the pad. Then, he pulled out his cock.

“Good boy! Gooooood boy! Beg! Beg for Daddy’s bone!”

Craig stood there on his hind legs with his paws up, his erection jutting straight out and proud. His mouth was open and his tongue was hanging out as he panted in excitement and wagged his butt.

Ken held his breath for a second to get the stream started, then grunted as he began to pee on his pup.

“Drink up boy! There’s a good boy!”

Craig opened his mouth, eagerly drinking down the liquid to quench his thirst. Too soon, Ken shook out the final drops and tucked his penis back into his pants. Craig whined, wanting more.

“You’ll get more, my good boy, once we’ve got you all set up at home. Now do your business, puppy.”

Craig squatted down on the pad and grunted, doing his business right there in front of Ken without any shame, just like a real dog.

“That’s it! Daddy’s so proud of you!”

Ken grabbed some wipes and a trash bag and cleaned up his pup, then he picked up the collar.

“Okay pup. I’m going to put this collar on you. As long as you wear this collar, you’ll remember that you’re my good diapered pet, and you’ll do your best to make your master happy and proud.

As Ken clicked the collar around Craig’s neck, Craig sat up a little straighter, looking so proud and happy. It made Ken melt. This boy was cute in any form, and although Craig didn’t know it, Ken was just as eager to see his boy happy and smiling as Craig was to please his master.

Next, Ken grabbed the tail plug and squirted cum lube all around it. Craig panted in excitement.

“Okay, boy. Onto all fours. Present!”

Craig got down low on his forepaws and lifted his but up high, giving daddy free access to his tail hole.

“Relax, boy, relax and push,” said Ken, pressing the large squishy plug firmly into his pet’s pucker.

The pup whined and grunted as the large invader slowly forced his hole open wider than it had ever gone.

“There we are... you’re halfway there, just a little further and... therrrrre we go. Such a good boy. Oh, your master is so proud.”

Now that the plug was past the halfway point, Craig’s hungry hole sucked the rest of it in, filling him with an urgent feeling like he wanted to take it out. He whined but Ken held firm.

“No! bad boy. No taking out your tail. Just relax, it’s already feeling so good in you. There we go.”

Ken soothed his pup, rubbing Craig’s hardness.

“Ohhh, look at the happy puppy!”

He completed the look with a dark red doggy cocksheath which slipped over Craig’s cock and pulled over his balls, effectively trapping his hardness like a cockring. Now his cock looked like a doggie’s, knot and all.

“Whenever you wear your tail, you’ll feel so good back there. It will make you a happy silly pup who likes to wag his tail for Daddy. I can tell you like it – just look at that big red knot of yours! And whenever you see your big red knot, you’ll feel very horny and have a strong desire to mate, but you won’t bury your bone without Daddy’s permission.”

Craig whined, feeling very needy. A bead of precum appeared at the pointed tip of his sheath, growing until it finally broke away and rolled down the shaft, only to be replaced with another growing bead of precum. Ken smiled, satisfied. He grabbed the yellow hood from the table.

“When I put this yellow pup hood on your head, you’ll be convinced you are a pup. You’ll think like a pup, and you will only be able to communicate like a dog when your master says, ‘talk like a pup’. Does the puppy understand?”

“Yes, master!”

“Good boy!” said Ken. He gave his pet a kiss on the forehead before slipping the hood over his head.

“Such a good boy! We have a few more things to get you ready for walkies. We wanna make sure we protect your little paws, puppy.”

“Rrruff! Ruff!”

Craig wagged his tail and jumped up and down.

Translation: Walkies? Walkies??? I love walkies!!!

“Oh boy, maybe I shouldn’t have said anything,” said Ken, as his pet jumped up and down, his prominent knot bouncing up and down along with his body.

Ken equipped the excitable pup with protective mitts and kneepads, then he clipped a leash to his pet’s collar.

“Ready to go to your new home boy?”

The doggy panted and wagged his tail.

“Alright. But before we go, I need to check in with Craig.” Ken led Craig over to the full-length mirror that stood by his bed. “Sit boy.”

Craig obeyed, and then Ken snapped his fingers in front of his pup’s face three times. Craig blinked and he let out a grunt as he felt something large invading his asshole. Craig’s eyes widened as he looked in the mirror to find he was in full pup gear.

“What’s going on?” he asked, shocked and strangely turned on. It was like a fantasy come to life and he couldn’t look away.

“Looks like all that hypnosis has got you into trouble again, Craig,” said Ken, making eye contact through the mirror as he stood behind his pet, the leash wrapped around his hand.

“In... trouble? What do you...”

“Stay!” said Ken, as his friend tried to get up off the floor. Craig sat his ass right back down and looked up at Ken in surprise.

“Sorry, buddy, I can’t let you do this on your own anymore. Your editing skills are great, there’s no doubt about that. Nevertheless, you could end up seriously hurt if you don’t have better supervision.”

“B-but Ken...”

“No buts, kiddo. Look at your apartment!”

Craig looked around and then looked down at the floor, abashed. He spoke in a quiet voice. “Did I really do all that?”

“Yes you did, Kiddo. Now I’m taking you home and that’s all there is to it. You’ll keep doing your work, but I’ll be there to look after you and take care of any messes that happen.”

“Will I always be a puppy now?” asked Craig.

“No, little one. You’ll be whatever the hypno files make you into. Otherwise you’ll just be whatever your heart desires. Even if you just want to be Regular Craig, my diaper buddy.”

“But I can take care of myself...” Craig said halfheartedly. There was no conviction in his voice anymore. He said it almost out of habit, but it was clear that neither he nor Ken really believed that.

Ken got down on one knee and grabbed Craig’s chin so they were eye to eye. “You need this. And I need you. Do you understand?”

Craig blushed under his hood and nodded.

“Good boy. I know this is what we both really need and want, but I need to hear it from you, pup. No tricks, no trance. This is your one chance to back out, so think carefully and use your words. Craig... will you take me as your Daddy?”

Craig looked up to Ken, then looked back at himself in the mirror. Out of all the emotions he was feeling at the moment – horny, scared, excited... horny... – the strongest one was joy. In that moment, he said the most important words he would ever say.

“Yes, Ken. I need this. Please be my Daddy.”

“Of course I will, my beautiful boy!”

Ken gave his pup a deep long kiss. In the intensity of the moment, he could feel his hard cock throbbing in time to his heartbeat, and he wrapped his hand around his

pet's sheath to feel that same pulse. He held it for several beats before breaking off the kiss and standing to his feet again. Craig whined, wanting more, but he stayed put. He would be good for Daddy.

"Now you're going to go to sleep for a little while, Craig. I'll wake you up when you're all settled in your new home. Sleep." He snapped his fingers and Craig's eyes blinked. Craig stared back at Ken, his face placid.

"It's time for the puppy to come out and play," said Ken. "Wake up, puppy!"

Craig began to bark and wag, attacking his master with kisses. He saw the leash and got even more excited.

"Walkies?! Are we going on walkies, master???"

"Yes we are, my good boy. Now no more talking. Only doggie noises til we get home. Let's go on a walk." Ken waved to the camera as he led his new pet to the front door and out into the night.