

Diapered by a Dragon 2: Independence

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

It's not fair! How come all of Jacob's friends get to go out on the 4th of July while he's stuck celebrating his 18th birthday stuck at home for no reason. Why do his parents always freak out during holidays with fireworks, anyways? Poor Jacob is about to find out...

Jacob sat in his room staring at the fireworks through the window, scowling. He hated his parents. It was his 18th birthday and he was sulking because they wouldn't let him buy illegal fireworks and go fire them off with the other neighborhood teens. His parents had given him the same old lecture about the fireworks dragons coming and kidnapping young men.

"Oh, come on, Mom!" he'd said. "I'm 18 for cryin' out loud! I don't believe in dragons anymore."

"It doesn't matter what you believe. The dragon believes in you! You're not going out tonight and that's final!"

He sat slumped over his desk and looked out his window. It wasn't fair! He was 18, dammit! Jacob's phone buzzed, and he flopped his hand on the desk until he felt it and picked it up. It was a message from his best friend.

"Hey dude! Where are you?"

"Grounded. My parents won't let me," Jacob texted back. He groaned in frustration as he walked over and fell back on the bed.

"Dude. Come on. You're 18! And Independence Day is the perfect day to learn a little independence, mama's boy! Don't be lame!"

The irony of his situation was not lost on Jacob, and he did feel lame sitting in his room cause '*Mommy and Daddy said so*'. Jacob didn't want to be trapped under their thumb for his whole adult life too, so he decided to do something daring. He rapidly typed out another message on his phone.

"Okay fine, I'm coming. I'll need a ride, though!"

"No way, man. We're already setting fireworks off. Take your bike!"

David grumbled, but did as his friend suggested, sneaking past his parents in the living room as they watched the fireworks on TV. He didn't have to try very hard to get

by without being noticed. They appeared to be having quite the intense conversation. Curious, he paused to listen.

"I just know we're gonna see that darn dragon again this year."

"Better that we see him so we can avoid him, right?"

"No way. I lived with him and I know - if you see him out there, it's already too late."

"I'm just afraid he'll get Jacob like he did you..."

"No, there's no way he'd go out. Jacob's a good boy..."

Jacob's face went red. '*Good boy?*' That did it. He'd show them he wasn't just some 'good boy' who always did what Mommy and Daddy told him. He continued out on his own, hopping on his bike and riding out into the night.

Jacob could see the fireworks getting closer as he approached the cul-de-sac where his friends had set up their fireworks. But what was that he saw in the sky? Some sort of movement? Just then, Jacob got a call on his cellphone. It was his father, and it sounded like he was driving.

"Jacob, where are you?"

"I'm out on my bike, Dad. I'm going to Scott's to shoot off fireworks with my friends. I'll be back later. Don't wait up."

"Jacob, get inside right now. It doesn't matter where, just get inside. Quickly!"

"What is going on?" asked Jacob. You're being *so weird*. Why do you and Mom always freak out around holidays with fireworks? *Nobody* believes in dragons but you two."

His father sighed. "I guess you're old enough to know. I was a dragon's captive for some years. He made me his gay baby plaything and kept me in Diapers 24/7. I finally got away by passing a test of fortitude and promising him my firstborn son once he turned 18. The thing is - he only hunts at night and uses the cover of fireworks to catch his prey. I figured if he couldn't find you, there wouldn't be a problem."

"Really, Dad?" asked Jacob, completely incredulous as he heard his father spout off another tall tale. He was so put off by his Dad's outlandish lies that he didn't even see the dark shape in the sky close its wings and plummet silently to the earth behind him. "I've had enough of your silly stories, Dad. I'm 18, and I can see my friends when I want. I'll talk to you later."

"No, Jacob, wai-" Jacob was about to hang up when a large scaly hand reached out from behind and grabbed the phone out of his hand.

"Little boys shouldn't be playing with *grown-up* toys," came a deep, smoky voice.

"What the-" Jacob turned around to see a huge muscled dragon standing on two feet towering over him. "M-m-m-MONSTER!!!" He cried, and turned to run. But as he did, the dragon hooked a thumb and fore-claw into his shirt and pants and Jacob's forward momentum only succeeded in tearing his clothes clean off. Jacob barely had time to register the source of the sudden breeziness around his body before he found his feet leaving the pavement.

"My, my, little human," said the dragon, holding the naked human aloft at arm's length. "Where's your diaper?" He shook his head and clucked his tongue. "Oh, this just won't *do*. Lucky for you, I've brought your diaper bag."

The dragon shifted Jacob to the crook of his elbow and pulled the oversized diaper bag slung over his shoulder forward to rest on his belly. He deftly removed an impossibly thick diaper from the well-stocked diaper bag, flapping it open and plucking it out with one hand.

"No! No!!!" Jacob cried as he was slammed to the ground and his boxers were instantly shredded by the dragon's sharp claw, but he was no match for the powerful dragon. All he succeeded in doing was to attract his friends whom the dragon immediately controlled and hypnotized.

"Jacob? Is that you?" asked Scott. "Why are you laying on a diap-"

"You!" commanded the dragon, pointing to Jacob's friends. "Hold this youngling down. You! Grab the powder and baby oil. You! Put that diaper on him."

"Yes, master," they replied.

"Stop it, guys! No!! Nooooooooooooo!!!" Jacob was silenced by a pacifier and turned beet red as his friends took part in his diapering and humiliation. In no time at all, he was taped into the thick padded undergarment. The dragon released his friends so they could gawk at the humiliating spectacle of their friend becoming a dragon's baby bitch right before their eyes.

The dragon lifted the freshly diapered human up in his strong arms and smiled down at him.

"And now to take you to your new home."

The imposing creature spread his wings and crouched on his powerful legs, ready to spring into the air, but at the last minute, a voice rang out.

“Stop!!!”

The dragon paused. Jacob looked over, wide eyed, to see his Dad running his way, leaving the car door open behind him. Jacob had never been so relieved to see his parents. That was, until his dad continued to speak. What his dad said made his blood run cold and his stomach twist up in knots of guilt.

“Release the boy, master. Take me instead! I beseech you!” The man fell at the Dragon's feet and kissed his taloned toes.

Jacob shook his head vehemently as the dragon appeared to consider the request, rubbing his chin.

"No, Dab! Don't do immf!" Jacob's protest, however heartfelt, was muddled by the thick rubber teat of the paci, firmly held in place by the dragon's foreclaw.

“Hmm,” said the dragon, looking between the two of them with interest. Then, after a dramatic pause, he said, “Why not both?”

He grabbed Jacob's Dad by his shirt and lifted both men into the air before zooming away at sonic speed.

Now, Jacob and his Dad stay home every day and play and use their diapers and blush as they each watch the other get changed out of their dirty diapers by their dominating dragon daddy.

Master even managed to scare Scott into making the same promise Jacob's dad did, firstborn son, and all. Daddy would always remind them to look on the bright side when they got too pouty. They may be stuck as babies for a very long time, but at least they knew that in another 18 years or so, they'd get another sibling to play with. Until then, they would enjoy a life of diapered captivity. A life with countless dirty diapers, boring baby shows, and mandatory cuddles with Daddy to look forward to.

Epilogue: 1 year later

"Happy birthday little guy... how old are you now?"

Jacob knew he was 19, but that wasn't how he looked at the moment.

"19," he said, crossing his arms and pouting as he looked at the big birthday cake with a single candle.

"Aww, why the sad face? I got you a cake and everything? Is somebody a soggy boy? Does he need a change from Daddy? Tell me what's wrong..."

The big dragon Daddy reached down to cup the front of the young man's diaper, as he spoke softly into his ear. He was teasing his boy. They both knew that he was an adult, even if all he was in was a cute white and blue bib, and a white and, now yellow, diaper.

"Oh, little one. You're so cute. You didn't even know you were wet, did you? I can see from your shocked face that you didn't! What a special birthday gift to know that you truly and completely are a baby."

Jacob was stricken. It was true that from the moment he had been claimed by his Daddy dragon on the 4th of July, along with his own Dad, Jacob had been diapered. 24/7, 365, Daddy Dragon kept his special diaper bag close at hand and stocked with diapers so that Jacob was never without nice thick padding between his legs. It appeared that being kept diapered had consequences - or perhaps it was the diapers themselves.

"What a cute little human you are! Your Daddy is so lucky to have two cuties in his possession. Here you go, here's a slice for you and a slice for you."

Jacob and his dad stared at each other from their high chairs, blushing furiously as they looked at each other - two grown men, a father and son, dressed in a diaper and bib with a plate of cake in front them waiting to be eaten by hand just like a toddler.

"Well? Dig in..." Daddy smiled at the two of them, clapping his hands.

The two of them both hesitated, even though they knew that was a bad idea.

"What's wrong, younglings? Oh, Daddy knows! We forgot a very important part of this human custom. You'll have to forgive me." The muscular dragon folded his arms and chuckled, his huge pecs bouncing as he looked down at the two infantilized men. "We have to sing the birthday song... Let's see how does it go?"

The two men were not about to help him figure it out, but Daddy didn't mind inventing it himself.

"It's my hatching Day, happy happy! I'm going to eat my cake and fill my nappy!"

The two men made faces as they looked at each other. Daddy was *not* going to make them sing this stupid song, was he?

"Well? Come on now, be good boys and sing your song, or does Daddy have to teach you with some positive reinforcement?"

Daddy's 'positive' reinforcement was worse than any spanking or time out - it inevitably involved humiliating 'lessons' where they were made to do whatever babyish task had been asked of them over and over again so that they could 'learn' how to do it. Even involving them watching baby shows that 'educated' them to do baby stuff properly. Over and over again. They didn't want to watch a happy birthday baby show, so they sang along.

"It's my hatching Day, happy happy! I'm going to eat my cake and fill my nappy!"

Daddy smiled, a little flame coming out of his nostrils as his heart swelled with pride. "Oh, come on, little ones, you can do better than that! Let's see some smiling and clapping. After all, Daddy will have to get this on camera!" The men cringed as they sang the song again, smiling and clapping. They had no idea if Daddy's promises to show the world his two cute boys were true or not, but just the same, it was extra humiliating knowing that it could be the case. That who knows how many people could be watching their humiliation - seeing them as big helpless babies - and thinking that they actually were into this sort of thing.

"Oh, dear. Silly Daddy forgot to record! This newfangled human technology still confuses your Daddy sometimes." Daddy pulled out his phone and the boys were obliged to sing and clap the song all over again, and then smush cake into their mouth by hand. "What little cuties! You're so precious! But Daddy has a special announcement," said Daddy, finally putting down his phone.

Jacob's stomach lurched as he heard that. Surprises from Daddy were almost never good.

"I've got a deal to make with you littlest one... your sire may have told you about the deal I made with him..."

Scott gulped as he looked at his son, whose birthday they were all celebrating. He had an idea of what was coming and it wasn't good.

"What is it, Daddy?" asked Jacob, finally. Might as well get it over with. "A chance to get out of diapers?"

"Oh, I hardly think so. The magic diapers I use these days make that pretty impossible. Nevertheless, I feel it's only fair that I offer you the deal I offered your sire

back when he thought he wanted the chance to grow up... The chance to live in the human realm again... provided you can sire a son within a month when you get there, and offer him up to me on his 18th birthday..."

Jacob pulled a face of disapproval. That was a terrible promise to make, one that was not only immoral, but quite difficult when his sexual interest in women was slim to none. Nevertheless, it might be his only chance to escape... he looked to his own father for guidance.

"Or you can admit that you're a baby and stay with Daddy as you are forever and ever. But there will be no more complaints about your status as my cute little youngling anymore. You'll be fully admitting you are and forever will be Daddy's special little baby boy, just like your sire is! ...I'll let you two have the room to discuss your decision."

The big muscular dragon smirked and sauntered out of the room, leaving the two men to ponder the possibilities.

"Dad, I don't know if I can-"

"Take the deal son," said Jacob's Dad. "This may be your only chance to get out..."

Jacob looked heartbroken. "But Dad-"

"And maybe... maybe you'll succeed where your old man failed," said Dad, his voice growing husky as his emotions got the best of him.

"Dad," said Jacob, feeling bad for everything that had gone down last year. "I'm sorry... it was my fault I left the house on the Fourth of July...I shouldn't have..."

"It's okay, son," said Jacob's dad. "No more talk of what we can't change... just look forward to being a man again... I'm happy for you."

It was bittersweet for the older man, knowing that his son would get to go back to the world while he was stuck in his dragon master's nursery forever, but it was the right thing to do. He had brought his son into this world under these conditions. He would bear the consequences and live in the nursery alone while his son got to enjoy adulthood. He owed his son that much.

"Dad... I don't think I can... get a girl pregnant..."

"Son, do what you have to. Take this chance... There's nothing for you here but diapers and baby treatment forever. Even if you don't sire a child, you could enjoy your time out there as much as possible. Maybe even hide from Daddy like I did. Stay indoors at night. Stay adult."

"Time's up, little ones," said the dragon Daddy, strolling back into the room.
"What'll it be?"

Jacob looked up at his big dragon Daddy, and back to his father one more time. The older man nodded. Jacob looked back up at Daddy.

"I want to... be a baby fowevow!" said Jacob. His eyes went wide and he covered his mouth the moment he said it, but it was too late. Daddy dragon smiled.

"You already are..." Jacob couldn't believe what he just said.

"No, no, dat's not what I meant! I meant I need and love my diapees and baby tweekment. I'm just a big baby who needs a big stwong dwagon daddy to take cawe of me!" Jacob covered his mouth again, looking totally confused and frustrated.

"Nnn.. Nnnn... No!" Jacob's face strained as he struggled to say the words. He concentrated with all his might, scrunching his face up to yell, "I'm gonna make poopies!!!"

Jacob's announcement was followed by an audible BLORT as he clenched his fists and scrunched his face. It looked like he was pooping his pampers on purpose. Daddy dragon just smiled and patted the frustrated boy's head.

"Of course you are."

"What did you do?" asked Jacob, panting.

"Oh, nothing. Nothing at all. But the shows you've been watching so eagerly these past months have taught you to tell the truth, and now you're doing it. I'm so proud of you for finally being honest about who you are..." The dragon turned to Jacob's dad. "Your son was such a good boy, isn't that right crinklebutt?"

The older man just smiled and nodded, clapping, even as he gave his son an apologetic glance. In the end, he was Daddy's creature and no one else's. Jacob couldn't believe it. The baby shows he was forced to watch day in and day out must have installed some weird suggestion in his mind to say that he was a big baby who really needed his thick comfy diapers and constant supervision at all times. It was definitely true because he said it. Wait! That wasn't right. Jacob was so confused.

"Sleep, you can let all your questions just slip away... just think about what a baby you are," whispered Daddy as Jake's confused mind gave up trying to puzzle the discrepancy out and just followed along like a good boy. "Thaaaat's right... empty mind... baby thoughts... empty mind... baby thoughts... You are happier as a baby... you are happier as a baby!"

Jacob sucked his thumb and smiled as his eyes glazed over. He mumbled words sometimes but mostly just listened as his pants began to grow wet and warm. "Mmm.... me baby... happy baby..."

"Very good! Such a smart boy you are... and you'll stay my happy baby forever and ever.... After all, I never said how you would sire your child, and that last load that went into your diaper went straight to the sperm bank. Now I can watch you while your young one grows up... and you'll get to meet happily ever after in 18 years!"

The dragon laughed at his own cleverness. No more dealing with hiding humans, and parents that know there is a dragon watching them all very closely

"Alright baby boy, last chance. Are you sure this is what you want?"

"Yes, Daddy, dis is what I want. I want and need to be your diapered baby fowevow and fowevow!"

"Very well," said Daddy, smirking. "With such an adorable request, how could I refuse?"

Jacob couldn't believe it. Had the dragon overheard his conversation with his father? This wasn't good at all. He had no choice but to sit there in his highchair and his poopy diaper, unable to get out until Daddy did something about it.

"There, there," said Daddy dragon, lifting Jacob out of the highchair easily, holding him close, and patting his mushy bum, making Jacob wince. "I'll never ever let you go. I promise..."

Jacob hoped that he would have another opportunity to grow up again, but chances were looking slim. It was a good thing he had his cartoons to teach him the truth about what a baby he was. Wait a second, that wasn't right... was it? Oh well, nevermind.

Jakey and his diapered, demoted dad lived to be super happy healthy babies for Dragon Daddy, just like they were meant to be.