

Alien's Diapered Pet Pt. 7-9

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Spot gets acquainted with Daddy's family and his new home. However, he has some doubts about the example he is setting as ambassador for all mankind - especially since his 'uniform' consists of nothing but a big thick soggy diaper! Note: Chapter 9 was updated in this version with a few minor edits.

7

Banding? Images of gelding horses and steers briefly came to mind before I shook them off. They weren't going to do *that* to me were they? Daddy *had* said castration was an option... I shuddered at the thought. I wanted to ask the two otters what Banding meant, but the pacifier in my mouth wouldn't let me speak a word. I suckled it for comfort instead, as the two excited creatures began to unbuckle the many straps of my car seat sleepsack.

My immediate concern upon being let out of my bindings was just how difficult it was to move in my totally oversaturated diaper. The thick heavy mass was weighing me down and forcing my legs apart into an impossible waddle as they helped me out of the chair, each holding me under an arm, guiding me out of the car and onto the grass like an infant who was just learning to walk. The two otters began to giggle and fawn over me, their faces bright and cheerful.

"Aww! Heehee, what a cute little waddler Spot is!"

"Indeed! A cutie for sure!"

I thanked the stars that our transport was now blocking the larger group's view of me. I had seen pictures online of people wearing two, three, even four diapers stacked together and soaked, and the single diaper I was wearing easily rivaled that. Darn their alien technology! I couldn't even *try* to look dignified with this monstrosity between my legs. Some ambassador I was turning out to be.

I didn't want this to be my introduction to the creatures of this planet, and I certainly didn't want to have anything to do with '*The Banding*', whatever *that* meant. I just wanted to stay right there and hide behind the transport, but the otter twins marched on and it was all I could do to keep from falling flat on my face or my squishy butt as they hurried me along.

The moment we caught sight of Daddy's family, the blue-furred attendants straightened up and took on a more serious expression. I noted the change in demeanor, and suddenly I felt severely underdressed for the occasion. Ahead was the whole group of fuzzy giants, some naked like Daddy, and others with light tactical gear such as utility belts, utility kilts, or cross straps with pockets. Under normal circumstances, a group of big green space mustelids playing dress-up would have looked ridiculous, but none of them were dressed like a big diaper baby. Only me.

"There he is," chittered Daddy, pointing in my direction. Aside from an ear or nose twitch here and there, the group stood stock still, all focused on me with laser intensity. You could hear a pin drop as we approached, until we came to a stop at Daddy's feet. The family now towered above me staring, a forest of green fuzzy critters all about twelve feet tall or taller. Much like the creatures on the ship that brought me here, the expressions on Daddy and his kin's faces did not show ridicule or disdain, only open curiosity and interest — for they really had no expectations of what a human should look like. Daddy lifted me up for all to see, puffing out his chest, and warbling proudly.

"Everyone, this is Spot."

"Spot," said a tall thin creature that resembled a green weasel.

"Spot," said the large, bearish one that Daddy had greeted first.

"Spot."

"Spot."

"Spot."

The others all echoed this name as if trying it out for flavor. I noticed that they all looked different. Different sizes and shapes. Different patterns and markings on their fur. The one thing they had in common was that they all seemed to resemble some sort of musteloid.

"I found him on a small planet in sector Omilon," Daddy announced, cradling me in his arms.

"Omilon?" said a badger-like creature with a few thick stripes of white fur on his left arm. "That's unexplored territory!" There was a murmur of quiet chitters among the group that my translator had difficulty parsing. Nevertheless, I gathered that several of them were impressed. The badger, however, crossed arms and looked sternly at Daddy. He spoke in a low growl.

"That's *very* dangerous, little brother. You should not have gone on your own."

"I went *most* of the way on the transport carrier," said Daddy, looking slightly sheepish. "Only the last few parquamsecs were by personal transport."

"Still," grumbled the badger, shaking his head. "You did not inform *us*. If you had encountered something *dangerous*..."

"He was just exploring, Berenger, let it go," said a green skunk with bands of white fur around his right thigh and left arm. "I'm sure he followed all the protocols, isn't that right, *****?"

Daddy nodded with his gaze fixed downward toward the grass like a guilty puppy. The Badger rolled his eyes looking unconvinced, but the skunk smiled, seemingly satisfied.

"You see? He's just young. Let him have his adventures. You've had more than your fair share yourself, brother." The badger snort-huffed through his nose and looked away.

"Now who's acting immature?" said the skunk.

"That's quite enough," said the portly wolverine, easily the largest of the creatures in the group. He spoke in a soft churr as he sat against the trunk of the large tree, but the moment he spoke, the bickering brothers went silent, leaving no question as to who was in charge here.

"So let's see him, then. Bring Spot to me." The wolverine held out two furry paws and beckoned me forth. Daddy jumped at the chance, practically tripping over himself to carry me over. The large musteloid had an open, friendly face, and he was absolutely covered in rings and bands of many colors, making it hard to tell what color his base coat even was. There was green, obviously, but also blue, brown, silver, teal, and even red among other markings.

"He's called a human," said Daddy, handing me over. "This one is full-grown but still went by the title of 'little boy' on his Homeworld. Apparently 'little boys' need to wear and make stickies in their diapers."

There was more murmuring from the others, and the large creature chuckled and smiled down at me, lifting me up under the arms with both paws. I blushed as I felt the weight of the diaper pulling down as the rest of my body was lifted up, only for the creature to press it up against me again, supporting my rear with one of his massive paws.

"Aww... What a *treasure*," he said. His hands were so soft and warm, and his voice was so soothing, yet he could pick me up like a paperweight. "Oh, he's changing color. Is that normal, young one?"

"It's completely normal, Father. It seems to indicate..." Daddy chittered to himself for a few seconds as he searched for the words, "...*embarrassment*."

"I see," said the large creature, looking at me curiously. "A very special pet indeed, young one. We welcome Spot to our family."

"Hear hear!" called the others. I looked over my shoulder at Daddy, who was wearing a proud smile on his face. I felt so small in this big creature's hands, and perhaps even more embarrassed than if they had all openly mocked me. But what was there to mock? I was simply a diapered alien pet to them, and I wasn't ever expected to be anything more.

"Here you go, my child. Hand Spot to Brother Berenger and come to me."

The large creature handed me off to Daddy, who handed me off to the large, gruff badger. Berenger looked down at me, his eyebrows raised, clearly not expecting to be the one to hold me while Daddy approached the elder creature.

"***** of the Beringas Clan. You have done us proud today. You have gone out into wild space, discovered an unprotected planet, identified a new sentient species, and even started the process of diplomacy by adopting one as your pet. These actions are truly worthy of a warrior and fully grown Child of the Beringas. Are you ready for what comes next?" Daddy nodded, his face now serious and unflinching.

"Yes, Father."

"Today is a special day, everyone. Our youngest has reached maturity. ***** will now accept his first band."

Daddy held his left arm out, and the larger creature encircled his upper bicep just below the shoulder. The larger wolverine smiled, as the fur under his palms began to glow. When he took his paws away, a single band of white fur had appeared on Daddy's arm.

The group cheered, several clamoring to put their paws on Daddy and congratulate him. I looked around to see that they all had at least one band of white fur somewhere on their body. The bickering brothers had three each, while some had as many as a dozen or more ringing their tails, arms, legs, snouts, necks. Some even wore

theirs around individual digits, like rings. I looked up at Berenger, whose expression had softened as he met my gaze, bouncing me lightly.

"Don't go stealing him away from little brother, now," said the skunk with a lopsided grin. Berenger's arms tightened around me defensively, his eyebrows going up in shock, then down in consternation.

"I would *never*," the badger began, but then he noticed his brother chuckling. "Lissenger! That's not funny."

"I'm just teasing you, brother," said Lissenger.

"I'll show you teas-"

"Uh oh!" the skunk exclaimed, interrupting his stockier brother. "Looks like your charge has sprung a leak!"

"He what? Oh, no..." said Berenger, holding me out at arm's length. The badger followed the drizzle from my diaper to the grass with his eyes, then looked back up at me. "Oh, boy. Looks like the roughhousing had better wait. You got off easy this time, Lissenger," Berenger nodded his chin at his brother before lowering me gently to the grass and pointing at me. "Sit. Stay. Lissenger... watch him and make sure he doesn't go anywhere. I'll be right back."

I looked up at the big badger and resisted the urge to roll my eyes. What else did he expect me to do?

The air was warm and humid under the bright blue suns, but a slight breeze kept it from being too hot. I sat on the grass enjoying a brief respite from all the commotion while Lissenger kept an eye on me. His presence irked me somewhat. It was true that Daddy was presently distracted by all the congratulations from his brothers and Berenger had stepped away, but I didn't really think I needed a *babysitter*. I was on a planet who knows how far away from home in a massive four dimensional complex I couldn't make heads or tails of surrounded by giants that could easily outrun me. If anyone thought I was going to try and run off *now*, they were seriously underestimating my intelligence.

"So... uh... Spot," said Lissenger, clearly unsure of what to do. I wasn't much for conversation with the pacifier stuck in place, so I just stared at him. The green skunk began rapidly chittering and chirping to himself. "Uhh... What am I supposed to do here? I've never raised any young... hmm..." After a few moments of deliberation, he spoke up. "*Ahem* Uh, human. Are you intelligent?"

I looked at him for a few seconds longer and he watched me with curious eyes. I nodded. He smiled.

"Oh, that's good. It means you could become like us one day..."

I cocked my head, and he seemed to understand the meaning.

"Oh! You don't know. Well, my brothers and I weren't all born this way. In fact, most of us aren't even related, not by blood anyway. We-"

"I'm back!" said Berenger, returning with the two blue otter attendants from earlier. The otters were carrying changing supplies and I quickly realized there wasn't any private place for them to change me here. That got me worried. I shook my head and whined into my pacifier, pointing toward the transport in hopes of some cover, but Berenger was already laying a blanket on the ground and I knew it wasn't in the cards. What was in the cards was yet another embarrassing addition to my already abysmal record as ambassador for all of mankind.

As he laid out the blanket and changing supplies Berenger hummed to himself. He still had that soft, gentle look on his face that he'd been wearing since I'd been thrust into his arms. He continued humming as he picked me up and carried me over to the blanket, seeming quite content compared to his earlier gruff demeanor.

"Down we go," said the stocky, badger, laying me on the blanket and pulling open the front of my diaper.

The two otters leaned in like they were studying how to do it, and Lissenger remarked, "This will be recorded for the archives. We can learn a lot about humans from this. Could be a whole new market for them."

I couldn't have made this up if I tried, and for a brief moment, I thought that maybe this all really *was* a dream, but the cold wet wipes brought me back to reality causing me to yelp into my pacifier as Berenger began to wipe me down without any warning or preparation at all.

"Sorry, little one. They're a bit cold," said the badger, smiling down at me. Nope, I was definitely here, and I was definitely being changed out in the open. The skunk continued to narrate to an unseen camera, and I wondered how they were recording this.

"He seems intelligent, so I told him he might become one of us someday."

"He's already male," said Berenger, taking a moment to examine my caged member and balls between wipes, "so that would make it easier on him, but he's just so *little...*"

I squirmed as the big badger casually moved my bits about with his paw, my penis beginning to harden. Despite my embarrassment, I was developing a healthy stiffy. Of *course* this was the perfect time for others to notice and begin to crowd around.

"Look!" said the tall thin weasel from earlier. "Berenger's changing Spot's diaper!"

A chorus of curious murmurs went through the group as I heard my new name, 'Spot' being repeated by the others

"Spot?"

"Spot!"

"Let me see!"

Everyone hurried over to look, even Father Wolverine.

"Hey, Berenger, don't finish yet, I wanna see what he looks like!"

"Yeah, bring that diaper back down!"

"He has external genitalia, just like us! Interesting. And are those nipples?"

I buried my face in my hands while Berenger began the whole examination over again, gripping my genitalia and moving it this way and that. Great. Now we had a bigger audience. If this was going to be a regular occurrence, my new life was going to be even harder to get used to.

Still, no one was laughing, they were just curious. It was like being naked in the doctor's office when a group of medical students suddenly crowds in. I felt vulnerable being examined, but at least I wasn't being made fun of.

"Alright, enough of that," said Daddy, pushing through the crowd, "unless you want to get sprayed."

"He can spray?!" asked Lissenger, grabbing his own tail.

"Not like that, big brother," said Daddy, smirking, "just urine. He's got a trigger happy little squirt gun there."

The others present had a good laugh at Lissenger's misunderstanding and everyone seemed to be having a great time except for the humiliated little human in the blanket, whose head just wouldn't go down. Mercifully, I felt the warm furry paw let go before I could blow my load in front of everyone and the front of my waddle-thick diapers was taped into place. Daddy thanked Berenger for watching over me and then scooped me up in his arms.

"I think my pet needs a rest now. Please excuse us. Good noontide to you all..."

Before we left, everyone got to touch me, giving me a pet or a crinkly pat on the padded rump and a word of welcome.

"Welcome Spot!"

"Welcome!"

"Welcome to our family."

The elder Wolverine stopped to put his thumb on my forehead and I saw a burst of light from above me. I knew then that I had been marked in some way. What had he done up there?

Daddy seemed very pleased. He was beaming as he carried me to the transport, and so were the helpers, who managed to peek around him and smile at me as he strapped me into my special car seat. I pointed to my pacifier while I still had use of my arms, hoping that I had earned the right to speak again. Daddy just patted my head and said, "Yes, you were a good boy."

I rested my head back, frustrated as he secured my paws.. That's not what I was asking. I hoped that I wouldn't be kept restrained like this once I was all healed up. I only had myself to blame for the extra restraints and I resolved to be a good boy as much as possible from now on. Maybe Daddy would give me back some of my freedoms if I did that.

The transport took us off to another area of the temple-like compound where a towering double set of wooden doors stood open to the outside. I was helped out of the seat and led in a much less waddy fashion out of the limo-saucer and toward the entrance of the gigantic structure. Daddy didn't have the patience to wait and I didn't have the speed to match his stride, so he scooped me up in his arms and carried me.

"Leave the stroller behind and come with me," he told the two otter-helpers. "He won't be going anywhere else today. My good pet has earned his rest..."

I was conflicted. I was grateful to be free of any other social engagements with strange and curious aliens, but I still wasn't home. However, I still had to marvel at where I was as we entered through the doorway. Perspective did funny things here and it was hard to really fathom the scale of the building until we were at the threshold. I looked up to see the white pointed arch of the entrance stretching up far enough to make my fifteen-foot adoptive Daddy look small. Inside, the humid day gave way to a comfortable coolness as we moved across brown-tiled floors. The open spaces, and colonnades brought to mind the architecture of the greatest Indian palaces. This was nothing like the metal and machinery I'd expected from such a technologically advanced society.

"Looks like the little one is easily distracted," chuckled Daddy as I looked around. I looked back to him and mmped into my paci. He smiled and booped the shield with his finger. "Not quite yet, little one. You've got to learn that you don't get to speak whenever you want to. As my pet, that's a privilege you have to earn. I huffed. I had been good, hadn't I?"

"Aww, now you're pouting again," he said, as we rounded a corner and went down another hall. "Don't worry, I haven't forgotten. I'll give you a special reward for being a *good boy* for Daddy. Now, here we are. This is your room, little pet. Isn't it convenient that our babies are the same size as you?"

We had stopped in what appeared to be a nursery. I looked around and was admittedly overwhelmed. It looked like an ABDL's wet dream. Gigantic crib... enormous playpen... ball pit... slide... tumbling mats... gigantic television... huge changing table... a baby walker, a baby bouncer, a high chair, and just about every other thing that could be used to restrain a rambunctious adult toddler you could imagine. And the whole thing was decorated with bright fun colors and adorable baby animals which — aside from their outlandish colors — would be at home in any earth nursery as well.

"Do you like it?" Daddy asked. He was smiling down at me, clearly expecting an excited reaction.

How could I answer? Yes, I loved it, but I still belonged on earth. Without a way to remove my locking pacifier, his question didn't leave any room for nuance, so I just nodded my head.

"Oh, great! I'm so glad. I knew it would," he said. "You see? This is much better than your earth home. And if you're really missing home later, I'll go back and get your companion and bring them back as well. Wouldn't you like that?"

I looked up at him, my eyes wide. He could go back any time he wanted to, which meant two things: One, it meant that people I knew were in danger of being abducted. Scratch that, humanity in general! And two, it meant that he could take *me* back home as well. Maybe he would do just that, if I could convince him that I really shouldn't be a pet. But how?

"Alright, my pet. I'll leave you here to rest for now while I go back and celebrate my special day." He paused to look at the newly formed band of white fur on his arm and smiled softly. "This band isn't just *my* special symbol," said Daddy. "It symbolizes our bond as well... I don't know if you are smart enough to understand what I mean... All you need to know is... this band means forever. You will *always* be my good pet and I will always take care of you. Daddy loves you very much, little man. Now, I think it's time for that reward of yours..." So much for talking him out of keeping me.

Daddy tilted his head and when he turned to address the two blue attendant otters, I could no longer understand any of what he said. I watched, being bounced in Daddy's arms as the smiles on the two creatures' faces grew and grew. They looked from Daddy back to me with a look somewhere between mischief and eager excitement, and I wondered just what Daddy had told them. Finally, he set me down in front of the two otters and nudged me forward toward them. He began to speak, then paused and tilted his head before continuing.

"Alright, little one. These two will be your playmates today. Get to know them and have fun. Remember to play nice, and don't worry — they won't let you do anything that is against the rules, so you can enjoy yourself without reservation."

I couldn't believe it. He really thought I was worried about breaking the rules? The arrogance of that man, nevermind the fact that he was right... Hey! Where was he going?

I mmmphed into my pacifier and toddled after him, but I had no hope of catching up. Daddy slipped out of the room, closing a 6-foot tall safety gate at the entrance. I

could only grip the unyielding slats with my hands and peer through them as he walked away and out of sight. Off he went to celebrate when I was the one who was kidnapped. I had no say. No power. This stupid childish contraption was all it took to contain me. It wasn't fair! I felt so pathetic standing here like a dummy, stuck in this giant nursery in nothing but a diaper, sucking my pacifier. I felt even *more* pathetic because I was more turned on than ever. I winced as my pee-pee fought the confines of the one-way cage, hard and unyielding when I touched it yet soft and pliant when anyone else did. What was *wrong* with me?

I could feel my eyes start to water as emotion began to overtake me. That's when I felt two warm pairs of furry paws gently grab my hands and pull me away from the barrier. I looked to my left and right to see my two new 'playmates' right there, whiskers close enough to tickle my face.

"Hi, I'm Laffy!" chirruped one.

"And I'm Maffy!" squeaked the other.

"Don't worry about your Daddy, he'll be back soon enough."

I looked down, at the ground, my eyes beginning to water. This was too much too fast. Not even 24 hours ago I was home in bed. Now, I might never see home again.

"Ohh, he must still be getting used to the changes..."

"Oh, yes. You've never been a pet before, have you, Spot?"

I looked up at them and shook my head no.

"There, there. It's okay. We know what it's like."

"But here you are, just like us!"

"Yes, here you are. It can't be helped. You should forget about your old life as soon as possible."

"Yes! Your old life is over. Best not to dwell on it. Come play with us instead!"

The floofy goofy water noodles tugged me toward the slide to the ball pit, but I dug in my heels. I didn't *want* to go. I didn't *want* to forget about my old life.

"Ohh... I think he needs a little help getting his mind off of things... poor baby..."

"I know what will help. Why don't we give him his reward for being a good boy?"

"Oh, yes! Not a bad idea at all!"

I looked between the two of them, and sucked my paci instinctively. What were they going to do?

The two of them picked me up, careful not to exacerbate my injuries as they plopped my puffy butt on some soft and squishy tumbling mats nearby. The cool plastic felt good on my bare skin, and I blushed a bit as I remembered just how naked I was — a little human in nothing but a diaper.

"Come on, cutie. Let's teach you how you can entertain Daddy and his family..."

"You'll like it too! We promise!"

I instantly relaxed as the pair began to trace their soft warm paws up and down my body, their soft fur feeling so delightful on my skin.

"Mmmnnhhh..."

I moaned into my pacifier involuntarily, my train of thought derailed by all of this sensory stimulation. I closed my eyes for just a moment and when I opened them again I was on my back with the two creatures above me, petting away. Up close, their fur glittered and sparkled in several hues of blue ranging from teal to sapphire. It was mesmerizing. Soft whiskers descended toward my mouth as Laffy Kissed me on the pacifier, soft and warm, while Maffy's whiskers grazed my belly and moved downward toward my diaper, diverting elsewhere just before they reached my most needy spot.

"Mmmm..... Mmmnhhhhh..."

This felt amazing... I was in heaven as the twin creatures worked in tandem to make me feel nice and relaxed, and more than that.

"That's it, little one," said Laffy, as he petted my head. I gasped, as I felt Maffy's maw at the leg hole of my diaper. "*Thaaat's* it... let us make you feel all better... feels so good, doesn't it?"

Laffy looked into my eyes and I managed a weak nod before moaning and letting my eyes roll back in my head as his brother began to reach into my diaper to toy with my pee-pee.

"See? Isn't this fun, Spot? Look how good your diapers make you feel."

"Feels so good to play with your friends in the nursery... doesn't it?"

I didn't want to open my eyes, but when they stopped, I peeked and saw them looking at me expectantly. I nodded quickly, hoping that they would continue, and they did, picking up right where they left off.

I could feel my horniness building up, but the moment I bucked my hips, the cage hardened, deadening all outside sensations on my pee-pee. I growled and whined in frustration, setting my bum back on the mat with a crinkle. Maffy grabbed at my diaper bulge while Laffy tweaked my nipples, and again that wonderful sensation returned, only to be deadened when I tensed up, trying to hump Maffy's hand again.

"Ohh, little one. You have to learn to be patient..."

"Yes, you can't get off that way. Just relax..."

"Relax and let us do all the work..."

It was infuriating, having to acquiesce to the slow pace of their delicate ministrations. I wanted cummies and I wanted them *now*, but that just wasn't in the cards for me, it seemed...