

Alien's Diapered Pet Pt. 10-12

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Spot discovers his accommodations and undergoes some training with some very devious otters. And he likes it! Oh no!

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"Come on, little one... just a little bit more..."

I moaned in need as Maffy beckoned me forward, taking a step back every time I waddled toward him. I must have looked like a baby taking his first steps as I fought to keep my balance with the bulky diaper forcing my thighs apart.

"There we go," Laffy churred into my ear. He was just behind me, his blue-furred paws lightly brushing the back of my thick and crinkly diaper, and tickling my thighs as if to catch me if I fell. "Give us a big smile and giggle." I did as Laffy said and was rewarded by another squeeze on my diaper bulge as he reached around, and a nudge on the bum to send me forward. "Ohh, very good, little boy. Oh, he's so cute, Maffy! I hope we get more humans to play with soon!"

"Come on, buddy, up this way. Up the stairs!" said Maffy, stepping backwards up the wide carpeted steps. He was leading me up to the big platform with the slide to the ballpit. "That's it! No, no, safety first. Come up the steps on your hands and knees, like a little cub... *thaaaat's* it... much better. Such a good boy!"

"What a smart pet! Such a fast learner!" cooed Laffy. I was rewarded with more stimulation as Laffy reached between my legs, fondling the sagging bulge between my legs as I crawled forward. I was painfully hard in my diaper, and these two otters were edging me perfectly — It was almost as if they had done this before. I wondered just what kind of attendants these were, but mostly my mind was clouded by an intense and needful lust, egged on by their prurient paws.

By the time I made it up the gradual curving steps to the top of the slide, I was tired, but I finally made it into Maffy's arms. Maffy held me there for a well-earned rest as he fed me another bottle of the hydrating blue milk. I drank and drank, feeling the front of my diaper grow hot with fresh piss before I even reached the half-way mark of the bottle.

Laffy rubbed my belly with his soft, warm, and did I mention *incredibly* soft paws, saying, "such a good pet, you are. Such a good little *boy*! Drink up all your num nums for your playmates." Again, I felt like I was in heaven as I got lost in the sensations of suckling, of being held, of being rubbed on my belly, and around the edges of my diaper. I didn't even care that they were no longer touching the front of my diaper. This was, if anything, *better*.

"Ohhh, I think the little cub is blissed out," said one of them, I couldn't say which.

"His little eyes are closing. Uh oh! Don't go to sleep, little one! We're still playing!"

I groggily opened my eyes as Maffy shook me awake. Laffy slapped the bottom of my feet — firmly, but not painfully — and that helped jolt me awake fully. I was surprised to realize that the bottle was completely empty, and my diaper was a lot fuller. The twins had already disrobed, taking off their hats in preparation for more playtime, and without the hats, there really was little to distinguish them from the otters of earth save their size, their sentience, and their bright blue fur. They didn't leave me much time to contemplate why, however as they pulled me to my feet.

"Come on, soggy bottom boy, into the slide tunnel you get!"

Laffy smacked my butt, driving me forward like cattle toward the waiting tunnel.

"Down we gooooo!"

The three of us laughed and slid down, down, down, into the big colorful ball-pit below, balls flying every which way as we splashed into them. They were cool and slippery and we slid through them like water.

"Whoa! These balls are... weird!" I mumbled into my pacifier. It came out more like "Mmmph... mmm mmm mphhh mrrrdd!"

"The little one looks surprised! They're just baby-safe water orbz."

"I wonder if they don't have these on their planet. Probably not. It's okay, little one. We've got you..."

The two mistook my surprise, I think, for fear, and one of them took hold of me under the arms, while the other held my feet, both using their powerful tails to whoosh me through the slippery balls making me giggle all the more.

It was nice to laugh. I was upset earlier, but I couldn't be bothered to think about why, not with so much fun stuff happening. The exciting romp through the ballpit soon

took a sexual turn when Maffy sank back, while Laffy dove forward and kissed my pacifier with his soft, warm, tickly lips again, taking me down into the balls.

Unable to see anything but a face full of colorful balls, I was totally enveloped by wonderful sensations of pressure and stimulation. The sensation of the balls sliding against every exposed surface of my skin. The sensation of the otter making out with my pacifier. The sensation of the paws exploring my nipples, my butt, my legs. And of course, the teasing pressure they applied to my diaper bulge whenever they would paw it.

"Looks like we've got one excited pet human on our hands! Doesn't it Maffy?"

"Sure does, Laffy! What should we do about it?"

"I say we play with him some more before nap time."

"Aww, do you think we should give him a break and finish him off now? Do you think he's been good enough?"

I've been good enough! I've been good enough! Finish me off! I wanted to yell. All I could say was, "Mmmph! Mmmph mmm!" The otters continued speaking as if I wasn't even there, and they had ideas of their own.

"Hmm... He's been *pretty* good... But he's just so fun to tease..."

"You're right, what was I thinking? We should *never* let this little guy blow his load. What would be the fun in that?"

"Yes, there's something much more fun we can do with *this* little wiggle worm."

So instead of more stimulation, I got tickled mercilessly as I tried my best to scramble away. Being chased through the balls while the otters played catch and release got my heart racing as I felt them constantly closing in on me. Of course, they were just toying with me. What chance did I have against genuine water mammals? By the time I was finally herded to the edge of the ballpit flopped onto dry land, I was in dire need of a change.

"Uh oh, I think we broke him!" said Laffy, panting slightly from all the effort and excitement of the game.

"Golly gee, chasing our new playmate was a good workout for us, wasn't it, brother?" asked Maffy.

"Better than the gym," panted Laffy.

The two of them flopped down beside me, only slightly out of breath while I, on the other hand, was gasping like a fish out of water.

"Alright," said Maffy hopping to his feet after only a few moments' respite, "let's change him. Who gets to do the honors?"

"I'll toss a rock for it. Widdershins I get to do the diapers and Deosil, you get 'em."

"You *would* choose Widdershins, silly." said Maffy. "*Everyone* knows Deosil is more lucky!"

"Well that just means that I can take all the extra luck that no one else is taking from Widdershins! Let's see!"

Laffy grabbed a stone he'd evidently stashed somewhere, and tossed it. It looked like purple granite shaped like a flattened polyhedron with runes carved into each side. I couldn't make heads or tails of it — or widdershins or Deosil, for that matter — but apparently they could. They did some fancy rock flipping just as Earth otters are known to do, and the rock fell, rolled across the carpeted floor, and landed on... a side.

"Yes!" cried Laffy, clapping and dancing around, while his brother smiled and clapped politely.

"It appears you are the lucky winner this time, brother. I will make sure to keep the kiddo entertained as you clean him up."

Though being changed by new and unfamiliar paws was rapidly becoming my new normal, I was still apprehensive to have these two tall creatures whom I barely knew caring for me in such an intimate way. I began to whimper as Laffy reached for my diaper, but my apprehension was quickly replaced by bafflement as Maffy brought his nose right up to mine. The big blue otter gave me a big smile, accompanied by a silly chirrup that made me giggle. There was no need for a translator to understand what he was doing.

"Hey there! Peek-a-boo! Look at me, little guy!" Maffy made a goofy face that made me giggle more. This was so dumb. Why was I even laughing at this? I was way too old to be amused by such silly trivialities, but it didn't matter. The more I tried to keep a serious face, the harder I laughed. I forgot all about Laffy's mission until I felt the diaper tapes tearing open, and even then Maffy kept me distracted, turning what could have been a very embarrassing and anxious experience into something fun and silly.

Yes, I felt the wet wipes against my skin. Yes, I squirmed and shuddered in pleasure when Laffy tweaked my pee-pee through the one-way chastity cage. But with Maffy distracting me, each sensation only briefly passed through my mind without any time to develop into a thought.

Laffy gave me a big over-exaggerated kiss on the mouth, causing me to blush and shy away.

"Ah-muah! Ah-muah! Kissies for the little boy! Yes, kissies for you!"

The fact that Maffy was talking baby-talk to me was so blushy. The fact that the kiss landed, necessarily, on the pacifier shield and not my actual lips made this treatment feel even more infantile. The fact that Laffy, Maffy, and everyone else I met

seemed to consider me a toddler was doing a number on my headspace, and this right here, this was mashing my baby brain buttons very hard.

Maffy briefly looked over his shoulder to check his brother's handiwork, before returning to me with a wink and calling out, "Almost done?"

"Gosh, I don't know, brother... it seems a shame to tape him up in this fresh *diaper* before having a little more fun..."

Maffy's goofy face grew into a devious grin, and I wondered what was coming next. Suddenly, I gasped as Laffy began rubbing what felt like warm oil down below, tickling and teasing my balls and pee-pee. I squirmed weakly, knowing that any thrust or other attempt to increase the stimulation would be met with an instant hardening of my hi-tech chastity covering and a lot of frustration on my end.

"Aww... does the little one feel good? Hmm?" asked Maffy. I nodded, pleading with my eyes since my mouth was plugged. "I can see he does. He's getting a little stiffy, yes he is!"

"Aww, how adorable!" said Maffy, looking down at my diaper area with a big grin. "Who knows, we might just slip up and bring him over the edge by accident! Does the little one feel lucky?"

Maffy attacked my face with ticklish otter kisses, and I fell into a giggle fit as Laffy kept edging me closer and closer to orgasm. Then, just as I felt like I was about to lose it and cum all over, he stopped and pulled my new diaper up between my legs. I felt my cock pulsing in a dry near-orgasm as he covered it up with my crinkly diaper. I wailed in frustration into my paci having come so close without release.

"No can do, cutie," said Laffy, helping me to my feet along with his brother. "It wouldn't do to let *you* cum..."

"It's so much easier to teach you how to be a good baby pet when you're nice and *needy*!" added Maffy, a devious smirk playing on his lips.

My eyes went wide as I realized what should have been so obvious all along — they were *training* me... and it was *working*! I knew then that cummies would be few and far between from these two teases.

As they shuffled me toward my crib and my much promised naptime, I knew that I was probably going to be trained to be a human pet for life. I hung my head in defeat knowing that I would take the bait of the ever elusive orgasm every time only to be trained deeper into this fate. Knowing about their game was no defense. I knew I would

do anything to feel even a *little* bit of pleasure in my constant desperate state of horniness. So much for innocent aliens. These creatures were plenty smart and I had underestimated them. If I couldn't convince Daddy to set me free, my only wish was that I could appeal to Daddy not to take any other humans.

My crib was bigger than the adult baby cribs I had seen on Earth. Was this what their young used? Would I be put in a nursery with baby giant aliens one day? I imagined being put in a playpen with a big green baby badger and shuddered. The thing would probably snap me in two by mistake! At least the adults were gentle.

Laffy and Maffy helped me up into the crib which was too tall for me to enter on my own. They crawled in after and cuddled up with me, the best furry blankets as we laid down in a snuggle puddle. It was cozy and comfy with the occasional grope to the front of my diaper to keep things interesting. As I drifted off to sleep, my pacifier popped out of my mouth and I sighed contentedly.

"That was fun... Is it going to be like this all the time?"

One of the otters smiled. "As often as we can, little treasure."

I felt a reassuring pat on my butt from the other one, and I knew that I wouldn't feel alone in my new home. That was something, at least.

"Come on, little human. Come and get your *kibbles*!"

We had woken up from our nice nap to the sound of my tummy growling. Apparently blue milk was not a complete diet, so it was back to kibble. My minders, or "playmates," Laffy and Maffy took out my pacifier on the condition that I don't speak without express permission.

"Good boy," said Laffy, petting my head as I began to eat my kibble. Even if I wasn't allowed to talk back about the pet treatment, I refused to eat on all fours. I made a point to sit and eat in as dignified manner as possible, pretending the kibbles were cheese puffs as I popped them into my mouth. The two otters looked at each other and began to giggle. I guess they got a real kick out of the human feeding himself.

"This is the first time we've seen you feed yourself! We didn't know if you were able to," said Laffy, once they got their giggles under control. I just raised an eyebrow and popped another piece of kibble into my mouth.

"He makes that look *good*," said Maffy.

"Yeah, can I have some?" asked Laffy. I growled like a possessive puppy, pulling the bowl closer and hunching over it. They grinned, crowding me and slipping their sneaky otter paws past all my defenses to get to the kibble. Of course they were only playing. They didn't *really* want to steal my lunch. Really, it just turned into another excuse to tickle me, their agile paws finding all my weak points with ease.

"He's so sensitive!" said Laughy, attacking my belly as I lay on the ground in a fit of laughter. Guess that's what happens when you don't have any fur!"

"I do believe he's already getting soggy!" chided Maffy, holding me from behind as he lay on his back and hooking my arms to keep them out of the way. "Such a little baby, no control at all."

Finally the tickling stopped and I rested on Maffy's belly while Laffy grabbed the bowl of kibble and brought it over to us.

"This is how we eat," said Maffy, the one who had been holding me. I cringed as I expected him to start gobbling me up (for pretend of course), but that's not what happened. Instead he reached out and picked up a single piece of kibble, then popped it into his mouth. "See? We lie on our backs and we put our food on our bellies like a table." He put a few more pieces of kibble on my bare belly as an example.

"Just like an earth otter," I muttered before gasping and covering my mouth.

"Uh, oh," said Maffy. "The little one spoke without permission."

"Guess it's a good thing it's mealtime or that pacifier would go *right* back in," said Laffy. "Is it true that your planet has creatures like us?"

I just nodded. And then, pausing to make sure it was alright, I slowly removed my hands from my mouth and elaborated. They encouraged me to tell them more.

"Well, we have creatures that look like just about all of you... including Daddy and all the green ones by the tree too."

"Mmm, makes sense," said Maffy.

"But they aren't smart like you," I added. "I mean they're *pretty* smart but they don't have civilizations and they can't speak."

"Musteloids are everywhere in the galaxy by now," said Maffy. "We seeded the stars long ago, so they must be our primitive relatives." Laffy nodded.

"Sometimes we keep them as pets, but not often. It feels a little... weird having a pet that looks so close to yourself."

"I could imagine. Though, the notion of *me* being a pet feels pretty darn weird too." The two otters gave me a sympathetic look.

"You know you're really lucky," said Maffy. "...you couldn't have picked a better master to serve. This family is one of the wealthiest and most good natured there is."

I cringed at his choice of words. How could they be good natured when they took sentient beings from their homes without their permission?

"But why?" I asked. "Why did Daddy take me?"

"I did it because I could," said Daddy, causing us all to jump.

"Oh, did I give you a scare?" he said with a little smile. The three of us all looked down like guilty children. "I think that's enough playtime for today, you two. I'll take it from here."

"Yes, young Master," the two said in unison, snapping to attention.

"Although I guess we shouldn't call you young anymore now that you've gotten banded!" added Laffy, cheerily. Maffy cuffed him lightly on the head.

"Show a little more respect, brother."

"It's quite alright," said Daddy. "I'm not offended. You can call me whichever you prefer. But go ahead and get dressed and get the transport ready. We can't lounge around in the nursery all day."

"Aww, but I like it here," said Laffy. Maffy glared and tugged him by the ear toward where they had left their hats.

Daddy turned his attention back to me. The fifteen-foot green marten was quite intimidating standing over me as he was. If it weren't for his friendly, goofy face, I might actually be scared.

"You were saying...?"

I covered my mouth, horrified that I had been seen without my pacifier in. Daddy chuckled.

"Oh, human. You make me laugh. I only really needed to make sure you stayed quiet during the family meeting. Here, it's fine for you to speak - if a musteloid allows it. Now, you had a question for me?"

"Why," I asked again. "Why did you take me?"

"Like I said, because I could, and since you were found on an unprotected planet, I could take you without compunction."

"But why me specifically?"

Daddy looked up like he was thinking and then said, "I could say it was because of population control... how we can't have children. I could even say it was for the prestige of capturing an undiscovered species. Really, though, I did it because I think you're cute. I *know* you're cute because I observed you in your natural habitat before I ever decided to take you home."

"So you know that not all humans wear diapers and act like babies, right?" He smirked.

"I know what I know, and that's enough. On a planet of over 8 billion of your kind, you were the one that was right for me."

I didn't find his answers particularly satisfying, flattering as he attempted to be. I didn't say anything but I'm sure my dissatisfaction was obvious. Daddy looked at me for a few moments and spoke up again.

"You make an excellent pet, Spot. Has anyone told you that?"

"Only you and your cousins," I muttered. I could hardly believe this conversation was even taking place.

"Yes, well, when we said you're family, we meant it. Yes, you're the family pet, but you are also one of *us* now. Part of our clan. Under our protection. You might even be allowed to grow up to be a 'Child' of the beringas one day since we don't propagate on our own... though, probably not. Aging and the need for heirs is a thing of the past for us so that means you can just be our little baby pet forever. And I know you'll be the best pet for Daddy, won't you?"

I looked down at the tag hanging from my collar. At the ridiculous poofy diaper between my legs. This was me... a permanently pampered pet for Daddy.

"Anyway" said Daddy, shrugging, "Daddy is finished with his bureaucratic and social obligations, so why don't we take you out to the market. You'll learn more about your new home while we're out, and we might even find you something fun as well!"

"Do I have to wear the pacifier?" I asked.

"Can you be good?" he responded. I nodded, paused, and then spoke, not sure that all gestures carried the same meaning here.

"Yes, Daddy."

"Good boy, spot," he said, petting my head. "Then let's get you changed and ready to go."