

## Alien's Diapered Pet Pt. 13-15

by Champ ([champtehotter.com](http://champtehotter.com))

Daddy brings Spot to the market so he can make some special purchases for his new pet. Is the cute human pet ready to be shown off in public?

\*\*\*\*\*

### 13

As a lifelong ABDL, being changed was nothing new for me, but being changed by my *owner* felt... different. It made me feel owned, yes, but also cared for. The way he picked me up and carried me to the changing table, holding me close, bouncing me lightly. The way he carefully laid me down, ran his soft paws down my sides until they rested on my crinkly diaper. The way he gently undid each tape, smiling down at me as he wiped me clean as if there was nothing he'd rather be doing in that moment. I was overcome with warm fuzzy feelings as he did this, almost as if my body was pumping out feel good cuddle hormones.

I tried to focus on how unfair this all was, but every move was filled with so much gentle care, I could feel my resistance melting. By the time Daddy began applying fragrant lotion and powder to my boy bits, I had a shy smile on my face that I couldn't wipe away. He pulled the comfy new diaper up between my legs, taping it tight. It felt like a portable hug from my bum to my tum, holding me secure as he swooped me off of the changing table and into my next confinement: The stroller.

I wanted to hate what was happening, but I couldn't, and that felt shameful, like I was betraying everyone and everything I knew before he took me.

"There's my little pet. Good boy spot. You're such a good boy!" said Daddy as he buckled me in nice and snug.

I couldn't help but giggle and blush just a little as he brushed his finger under my chin, and tweaked my nose. Was this really all it took to break me? I was practically glowing as he put a soft and fuzzy blanket on me - my only article of 'clothing' - and pushed me out to the waiting saucer-limo. The door slid open as we arrived.

"Hi Laffy. Hi Maffy," I said as Daddy stopped the stroller and unlatched the buckle out. The two otters smiled and waved at me, before moving double time to fold up the stroller as soon as I was freed. I could guess what was coming next as Daddy brought me inside the vehicle. "Daddy, you're not going to strap me up in that ridiculous car seat again, are y- ...okay, it's still there..."

The two otters stashed the stroller and quickly joined us, eager to help get me into the next contraption. I found myself being strapped into the incredibly secure seat again, the insulating neoprene bodysuit completely encasing my body as they cinched every belt and buckle.

"That's a good boy. Now you're completely safe," said Daddy. "No more scary spills like the one you had on the ship!" I gave a frustrated sigh.

"Daddy... I know I had a little accident before, but isn't this a little extreme? Nothing short of a planet destroying asteroid is going to hurt me in this getup and I can't move an inch!" Daddy laughed.

"Oh, you silly boy, that's ridiculous! We have asteroid defense systems. Now, that's enough chatter, let's go to the market." Daddy patted me on the head, then he gave it a little tilt. After that, everything he and the two otters said turned back into indecipherable squeaks, churrs and warbles.

"\*\*\*\* \*\*?" Daddy tilted his head and looked down at me smiling. I had no idea how to respond. I just stared up at him and tilted my head as well.

"\*\*\*\*!"

Then, I saw the feeder hose in his hand. I knew what that meant: I would spend the rest of the ride sucking on the hose, drinking milk, and warming my diaper.

I tuned their squeaks and warbles out as I stared out the window, watching the scenery go by. We whooshed through the compound, passing the massive temple-like buildings without too many stomach churning dimensional shifts. We passed through a grand stone gate, and then another, the massive size of it creating a towering presence above us. Daddy tilted his head and let out a soft churr as we cleared the second gate. Suddenly, the whole top of the saucer-limo turned clear. I turned my gaze skyward and gasped. There were several big beautiful moons, two suns, and many bands of color that I knew to be the planet's rings criss-crossing the firmament. One small blue-white sun looked like it was passing noon while another, bigger, redder one was only a third of the way up in the sky creating a striking contrast in hues. What strange beauty to behold!

We passed over lush fields, rivers, and finally sand at incredible speeds, with no friction to slow us down and no roads to limit our traversal. It was an odd way to travel, but it made sense in a hovercraft such as the saucer-limo. I wondered if they normally traveled this way, or they were just doing it for my benefit.

From time to time we would pass other complexes. They varied widely in design, and openness, with some having no walls and others being completely enclosed. Most were somewhere in between, and I estimated the Beringas complex to be more on the fortified end of things.

It was in the desert that we finally began to slow down as we approached a great mass of sand-colored buildings and bright cloth-covered stalls with all manner of animal-people engaging in trade. In the distance — what seemed to be the center of this alien bazaar — was a large black multi-domed complex. It was far enough away to appear misty, and yet still dominated the landscape, giving me an idea as to its gargantuan size.

Daddy removed the milk feeder and warble-clicked at me some more as he let me out of my special chair.

"Here we are, and you made it all safe and sound, my little treasure! It's time to hit the market! Aren't you excited?"

I looked out the window again and back to him with my jaw hanging open. Was he joking? There were so many creatures out there, and here I was with a collar around my neck and nothing but a blanket to hide my shame. Daddy didn't wait for an answer. He just scooped me up and brought me out to join my smiling otter playmates who were holding my stroller handles, ready and waiting to push me around in public. I watched as the saucer left of its own accord, leaving me with nowhere to retreat to even if I could do so. The moment I was lowered into the comfy seat, Laffy reached down to strap me in and I put out my hand.

"Please.... Don't strap me in..."

"Is that okay?" Laffy asked, looking over to Maffy. Maffy looked over to Daddy, and Daddy looked at me.

"Well, little one... You seem to want a bit more freedom. I *might* be inclined to leave off the restraints when you are under our direct supervision. Do you think you can be good, little one?" My heart leapt at his words.

"Oh yes, Daddy. You can trust me!" Daddy nodded and gave me a wink.

"Alright. Let's let Spot enjoy the market a bit, eh? He can get up and feel things with his own hands, provided we say it's safe." I was glad that they trusted me enough to allow me a bit of freedom, and I was going to take full advantage of that trust. I hoped my devious smile didn't translate too easily.

As we pressed through the throngs of creatures in the crowded open-air market, I took in my surroundings. The tawny stone buildings and sun-faded stalls of the bazaar gave everything here a broken-in feel at odds with my expectations for such an advanced spacefaring civilization. I was grateful for the blanket with all the eyes looking our way. I had already had two outings as a helpless diapered pet, and at least this time I could represent humanity with a modicum of dignity.

"Look, over there," said Daddy, pointing toward a stall selling baby clothing. "Maybe we can find you something cute to wear!" So much for dignity. Since the market was scaled up to fit creatures of Daddy's size, it really did feel like I was looking at it from the perspective of a toddler.

I looked doubtfully at the adorable infantile garments. There was everything from bodysuits made to look like other animals, to onesies, and snap off pants in every size, shape and color imaginable. Daddy, seemingly completely oblivious to my discomfort, squeaked on with visible excitement.

"We can dress you up right here and see what looks good!" I grabbed my chest in shock at his proposal.

"Daddy, this is very public... can't we use the replicator?"

"Where's the fun in that?" Daddy said, with a dismissive wave. "There's nothing like the thrill of an authentic shopping experience in a *real* market. That's why we do it!"

He wasn't wrong. I looked around at where we were, which was apparently the artisan clothing district. Clothes of all shapes, sizes, and styles were on display. Given the size of the place, its alien nature, and the sheer variety of creatures around us who might all need different things, every stall we passed seemed to have something surprising and interesting.

"What do you think, Spot? Anything catch your eye?"

I looked up and down the selection of clothing. There was no way to see it all from one side. But something did catch my eye.

"There!" I said, pointing to a stall as far away from the baby clothes as possible.

"Oh, you want some shoes! Humans have such soft feet, I suppose that would be useful — at least for when Daddy lets you walk on your own. Alright, then, let's pick out some shoes."

Daddy and our two attendants greeted the owner of the shop first, and that was interesting in itself. The shopkeep, a slightly chubby Tanuki of the yellow persuasion, was *swimming* in fabric. His generously cut robe practically swallowed him, especially the notably wide sleeves.

"Good noontide to you, brother," said Daddy, inclining his head.

"Good noontide, o-banded one of the Beringas Clan. How may I host you?"

I tilted my head slightly at the sudden shift in tone. That drew the attention of the shopkeep.

"My, oh, my, and what have we here? I don't know what it is, but it certainly is adorable!"

"*He* is a human!" Daddy announced with a prideful squeak. "He comes from an entirely unexplored section of our galaxy, and he's quite intelligent, believe it or not. You can talk to him and he'll be able to respond. And yes, he is adorable, isn't he?" Daddy stood a little taller as he told the shopkeep of his new exotic acquisition, though I noticed he avoided mention of just which sector he had found me in. The shopkeep smiled down at me.

"Well, bless my stars, a brand new species! How exciting is that? Hello, *hyoo-mon*, I am Vek. I hope to see more of your kind around here soon!"

I did my best to smile back, though I certainly hoped that wouldn't be the case. I didn't want more humans to be captured like me and turned into diapered pets, especially if they didn't already *like* to play baby in their free time.

"He's shy," said Daddy, patting me on the head. "May we take a look at your wares and try them on our little one? We want handmade items only, mind you."

"Right this way!" The shopkeep led us over to a display of shoes and punched in some commands on a handheld shop inventory device. Suddenly, everything on display was in the human size-range. Daddy swiped his hand in the air, and the display seemed to wink out of existence only to be replaced with other alternatives. It must have been more extradimensional trickery because this was no mere display screen - we could pick up, feel, and try on the shoes on display.

Mercifully, there were no more awkward conversations and no high pressure sales because the shopkeep left us to our devices once we got to what we were looking for. I felt my heart skip a beat as Maffy pulled away my blanket for a diaper check,

squishing the front and then bending me forward to check my butt while I looked around in a panic to see if anyone was watching.

"Hmm, quite wet, this one," said Maffy. "I think it's making him fussy."

"Is he about to leak?" asked Daddy, still perusing the display.

"No, not quite."

"Then we'll change him at the pet store. They always have accommodations for that." Maffy then hurried to the display to help Laffy arrange all the shoes Daddy selected.

*Thank goodness, I thought, The diaper check was bad enough. Hold on... did he say... pet store? Like a bow-wow meow meow pet store?* I was so worried about people seeing my public diaper check that I wasn't quite sure I had heard correctly. I dismissed the idea, knowing it couldn't possibly mean the same thing as it did on our planet. I was mostly right.

Soon, my big green marten Daddy the twin otters had amassed a selection of shoes for me to try and my blanket was pulled back to reveal my tootsies. It was a welcome distraction from all the questions and speculations running through my mind.

"How do you feel about these ones?" asked Maffy, slipping on a pair of thin, velvety shoes that curled up at the toes.

"I look like Aladdin," I said, shaking my head.

"What?" asked Maffy, cocking his head and looking to the others, who shrugged.

"It means no," I said. He understood that, and he quickly took them away, his smile never faltering as he looked for something else.

"How about this one?" asked Laffy, putting a wooden shoe with a single post in the front - some traditional version of sandal. I shook my head before he even put it on me.

"Looks too uncomfortable," I said. "Is it okay if I pick?"

"Not before I have my turn," said Daddy, who had been patiently waiting to put on a pair of his own personally picked shoes, a pair of baby booties that were much too soft to serve as anything but house slippers.

"Um... they're very comfortable, Daddy, but I don't think I can walk around outside in them..." Besides that, they would ruin my plan, though Daddy didn't have to know that part.

"Well, I like them, so we're definitely getting these, and you can pick a pair as well, little one." I fought the urge to roll my eyes. It seemed to me that Daddy just had to assert his authority before allowing me to choose. Maybe humans and musteloids weren't so different after all.

I remained seated while the three furry creatures went to the trouble of putting any shoes I showed the slightest interest in on my feet. I felt like a king as they knelt down and placed the shoes on me. It felt kind of nice. No. That wasn't right. I wasn't supposed to be *happy* about my situation. I was supposed to be mad, wasn't I?

Ultimately, I decided on the nearest thing to a sneaker that was available - a more modern-looking shoe with a thin sole and some mesh like top that conformed to my feet so it felt like I wasn't wearing anything. The only annoying thing was that they had a cute little seal-like creature embossed on the tongue, and a 3-d red nose-bauble attached. The alien equivalent of a circus seal, I imagined.

"Those *are* cute," said Daddy, delighted. "What a good choice, little one!" I couldn't help but beam at Daddy's praise as he petted me, causing my body to send off pleasure signals like crazy.

I was still smiling as Daddy flagged down the shop keep. After another quick exchange of scripted pleasantries, Daddy and the shopkeep clasped hands as if to shake, and lowered them so the sleeve tumbled over both their arms. They stared at each other intently, neither of them saying a word, but occasionally trading an expression of surprise, satisfaction, or reluctance.

"That's how they bargain," whispered Laffy, "with hand signals in the sleeves so no one can see what they agreed to. You won't find a more secure form of communication anywhere."

It seemed a clever way to do it, and I wondered who taught them the system. Did they learn it in school? From family? Trial and error? Soon, they were both smiling, and shaking hands. I smiled, relieved to have proper footwear as Daddy made the purchase, his hand in the long sleeves of the shopkeeper's coat. I cocked my head in confusion, however, when Daddy whispered something more to the shopkeep, who grinned and nodded, looking my way as he did so. Uh oh. I wondered what Daddy had told him.

"Oh, yes, we can do *that* sort of item too. I'll let our tailors know what you like and have it to you in a quarter cycle of the second moon."

"Perfect," said Daddy. "It was a pleasure doing business with you." The tanuki smiled and inclined his head.

"Come back anytime. We hand make most of our items, and we can make custom wear for your *hyoo-mon*: Whatever you require!" The Tanuki looked at me and gave a little wink. There was no point in torturing myself trying to guess at what *that* meant, and besides, I was still wearing my new shoes as we rolled off. If all went as planned, I wouldn't have to find out.

"Alright, Spot," said Daddy. "It's time to get you changed. And you must be thirsty, too!" I shook my head.

"How could I be thirsty after all that milk you fed me not half an hour ago?"

"Not to worry," Daddy continued, as if he didn't hear me. "We can find you a snack and a drink at the pet store."

The otters looked excited for our next stop, and I wondered if I would enjoy it as much as they did. What if they got something to make me even more helpless, like restraining my movement so I had to crawl like a little baby or something? I could only hope that wouldn't happen. My tightening diaper made one thing clear: At least part of me hoped that it would.



The Market teemed with life as we pressed on through throngs of creatures spanning every color and species. I kicked my legs, looking this way and that in fascination as we passed through the artisan clothing district and into an area filled with expensive-looking furniture and home décor. Everywhere I looked, something was happening: Here, a family of rats was mulling over a beautiful selection of Persian-style rugs; there, a pachyderm hefted a jade vase the size of a small closet onto a transport vehicle. The wealth on display here was mind boggling. What I wouldn't give to take some of it home with me...

*Home*, I thought to myself. *That* was where I belonged, not here. I had to remind myself of that and not get swept away by the excitement of these strange, new surroundings. I resolved to keep this conviction close to my heart no matter how many wonders Daddy presented me with.

As the second sun rose higher in the sky, the air began to warm up.

"You won't need that blanket for long, little one," Daddy said as we weaved through the crowd. "Soon, you can run around in just your diaper! Doesn't that sound fun?"

"N-no, that's really okay," I said, clutching my blanket tightly. "I'd rather stay covered up, thank you." Daddy tilted his head and gave a playful chitter.

"Oh, come now. You *love* running around in just your diapers back on Earth.

"That was at *home*, not in public!" I protested.

"Well, you *are* home now, silly. And there will be no hiding yourself — or your adorable diapers — around Daddy. Do I make myself clear?" I blushed and bowed my head.

"Yes, Daddy..."

"Good boy," said Daddy, petting my head. His touch and praise caused a rush of warmth through me, leaving me smiling despite my embarrassment. "I think you're just a little fussy because of that wet diaper. Don't worry, little one, we'll have you out of those soggy pants as soon as we reach the nearest changing table. It won't be long now; we're already entering the pet district!"

Indeed, we were soon surrounded by stalls that specialized in pet gear: Collars, leashes, harnesses, and even more restrictive items like bondage sets, straight jackets,

mitts, booties, and muzzles. Behind them were showrooms stacked high with car seats, high chairs, cages and cribs. Practical pet care goods and services were also available such as, customizable pet bowls, drinking fountains, brushes, grooming services, and more.

Then there were the 'pets' themselves: Creatures of every shape and size waited to be taken home. Most looked no brighter than Earth pets, but a rare few bore the unmistakable glimmer of human intelligence in their eyes. Such pets weren't found in any showroom or stall. Like me, they were found exclusively in the possession of the planet's massive, brightly-furred elites — carried, pushed in strollers, or leashed, attentive, and obedient. If such pets could be bought, it certainly wasn't here.

The stroller came to an abrupt halt, snapping me out of my introspective daze.

"Here we are!" said Daddy. "This store has changing tables." I eyed the setup warily. Rows of them were arranged beneath the shade of a high, open canopy, leaving everything completely exposed on all sides."

"Daddy, aren't these a little... public?"

"Nonsense! Pets are changed in public all the time. Look, there's another pet waiting right there," Daddy said, pointing to an orange-furred cat-like creature about my size. It sat in a stroller much like mine, a pacifier gag strapped securely to its muzzle. Above the waist it wore only a pink collar, its pink-mitted paws tethered to D-rings on either side. Thick pink straps forced its legs apart, showcasing its thick and soggy diaper. Its ears were splayed back, a look of utter humiliation on its face as it wiggled its tightly secured paws, unable to cover itself up.

The cat and I locked eyes and a feeling of sympathy flickered between us. It seemed we were in similar situations, though at least I had been allowed free hands and a blanket. The cat's owner, a towering red panda with bright red fur and a small open vest, noticed us.

"Oh, What a fine-looking creature!" he exclaimed to Daddy. "I've never seen anything like it!" Daddy puffed his chest slightly.

"His name is spot. He is the only one of his kind on the whole planet." I rolled my eyes when he wasn't looking. That little brag seemed to slip off Daddy's tongue more easily every time he said it.

"Oh, and I see you have a new band. This is your first conquest, then!" The creature chuckled with a good natured smile. I noticed that he had many of his own

bands ringing his tail and one around each of his eyes. "Let me guess. You're here to do a little first time shopping for your first pet, aren't you?"

"Very perceptive," Daddy replied with a polite nod. "I'll be stocking up on supplies once I get him changed. You wouldn't believe how many diapers this one goes through."

The red panda laughed. "Oh, I would. This little one pees like an equine, isn't that right, *Princess*?" He patted the cat's head and squished its exposed diaper, eliciting a muffled, embarrassed mewl. The creature looked up at its owner, then back at me, its ears burning bright red. Our eyes met again briefly before we both looked away.

By chance, my eyes landed on the red panda's sheath where I saw the slightest peek of a big red dick emerging. My gaze darted upward, only to meet his knowing grin. Heat rushed to my face. Busted.

"Oh my, his face is so red!" the fellow shopper exclaimed with a laugh. "Is that normal?"

"Haha, yes," Daddy said. "It's just his little tell when he's embarrassed. So cute. And your Princess, why, her fur is all floofed out!"

"Oh yes, she's just like any feline; fluffs right up when she's nervous or startled.

"Adorable."

The two of them laughed, swapping notes on our supposed "adorable" reactions. Their amusement only heightened our humiliation. Princess and I shared a glance, and several helpless whimpers.

"Aww, listen to those little noises she's making. My little Princess gets so fussy and needy when she's soggy. Your pet seems very... *excitable* himself." The red panda widened his stance slightly, meeting my eyes with a smug grin as if daring me to glance at his crotch again. "They'll both feel much better in fresh, dry diapers," he added, his tone dripping with amusement.

"Yes, indeed," Daddy replied. "There's plenty of open tables, so let's chat while we change them. I'd love to hear how you care for Princess. I can't ask my family; they'll never let me be if they think they can throw in their two cents."

Princess and I both stiffened, squirming in our seats as we were wheeled toward our inevitable humiliation. Spot and Princess: Two hapless pets caught in the wrong place and time now entirely at the mercy of their perverted alien Daddies.