

Alien's Diapered Pet Pt. 15-18

by Champ (champthehotter.com)

At the market, Daddy proudly displays his rare and special pet, Spot. There they encounter another shopper with a pet of their own and Spot realizes he's not alone in this humiliating situation. As his opportunities dwindle, Spot hatches an escape plan, but will it be clever or foolhardy?

16

"Upsie daisie," said Daddy, lifting me up under the armpits and laying me back on the changing table. It was taller than me, with a shelf stocked with free diapers for customers to try out. "Laffy, Maffy, go take a look around and report back with anything interesting you see for my pet. You've played with him a bit, so I'm sure you'll have some lovely ideas."

"Yes, Master!" said the twin otters, in unison.

The red panda raised his eyebrows as they scurried off, looking up from his own charge.

"I thought you said this one was your first pet?"

"Family servants," said Daddy, waving a dismissive paw. Red cocked his head.

"Two *personal attendants* for the clan's youngest? I see the rumors of our sister clan's immense resources are not exaggerated."

"Perhaps, but I find it uncouth to talk about," said Daddy, not bothering to spare Red a glance as he swiped through the incredible selection of diaper samples. Daddy paused to gesture toward a diaper that piqued his interest. "Hmm. This one looks good. Purple is such a nice color. Have you tried these on your pet?" The red panda took the hint and immediately dropped the topic of wealth.

"Oh, yes, I love those ones. Purple with clouds and dragons and stars — quite the relaxing but imaginative diaper. They're intended for nighttime use since they're too thick for most pets to walk in, but I like to put them on Princess during the day as well," he said with a conspiratorial wink. "It's not like she really *needs* to be able to walk anyway. It's safer to crawl or be carried by Daddy, isn't that right, Princess?"

Princess's ears were fully flattened back against her head as Daddy Red pinched her cheek, but with her paws stuck to her collar, all she could do was mewl behind her paci gag and look away as her big red panda Daddy opened her diaper.

At least I had the privilege of being able to cover my blushing face as my own diaper was opened in the middle of the busy market. There were a number of passersby who had stopped to watch with mild interest, and I was adamantly pretending that they weren't there.

"Your pet is quite the novelty here," said Red, noting the small but growing audience. "You'll have to get used to this attention, I imagine. My name is Nyctos by the way." The creature and Daddy exchanged formalities and Daddy shared his name which, once again, my translator refused to translate.

"I believe we met once before when we were cubs," Daddy said, "but it was during some formal visit and we didn't get to talk long."

"Here's hoping that will change. You seem like fun," said Nyctos. He and Daddy returned to the task of wiping our little bottoms off until Nyctos noticed what was going on between my legs. "Oh! I see you have your pet properly caged! A good idea!" The red panda grinned, pointedly inclining his head toward his own pet's genitals. I followed his gaze and was surprised to see that Princess had a pee-pee too, albeit one that was confined in an incredibly small prison.

"I found this little sweetheart while on a diplomatic mission in the Epsicron sector, if you can believe it. She seemed to enjoy the name Princess, so I made that her official name after I adopted her, along with changing her permanent wardrobe to the diapers and restraints she seemed so fond of." Princess's tail was thrashing wildly. She mewled around her paci gag and shook her head, her cage jumping as her master went on about her 'preferences'.

"Well, that's quite the coincidence, mine was the same way!" countered Daddy. "We observed him on his home planet where he stated many times that he needs to wear and make stickies in his big thick diapers like a good little boy, isn't that right my little cutie?" I blushed and whined. Daddy's words stung even more because I *had* said that.

"It must be an outer sector thing!" said Nyctos. "Did you find yours in the Epsicron sector as well?" Daddy smiled and shook his head.

"Let's stick to shopping for products for now. Business matters are so *tiresome*."

"Oh, haha! Right. You probably don't want to give away the location of an unprotected species. Understood. Understood." The red panda's manner was easy, but something about him rubbed me the wrong way. Still, I could say the same for Daddy, whose attitude toward other species left a lot to be desired. How could I convince any of these aliens that I was their equal when I was the one collared, caged, diapered, and regularly placed on my back for a diaper change without so much as a peep of resistance?

I looked to my right and saw the curious eyes of onlookers staring back at me. I looked to my left and there was Princess whimpering softly, her cage clearly straining as her bits tried and failed to get hard. Finally, I opted to close my eyes, but that only heightened my awareness of the crinkling sound as Daddy fluffed my next diaper, making his humiliating conversation all the harder to ignore.

"...such a squirmy little guy," said Daddy, as he tweaked my peepee, causing me to yelp in surprise as my eyes flew wide open. "Look how sensitive he is! I have to give him stickies in his diapers at least once a day, but I'm thinking I might have to do it even more often."

"Mine is the exact opposite," said Nyctos. "She gets stickies *maybe* once a year on her adoption day. But mostly, every three months or so, she seems to be pent up enough that they just happen on their own, so I don't worry about it too much." Daddy gave a big open mouthed gasp of delight.

"Great idea! Do you hear that, Spot?" I froze, terrified of what he might suggest next. "We should plan something special for *your* next adoption day as well!" My relief was tempered by the sheer audacity of Daddy's suggestion. So every year I would be reminded of the day I was taken from my home and turned into an Alien's diapered pet? Great.

"Oh, pets *love* treats and prizes," said Nyctos, clapping his hands together. "I have quite a few, and I've found that..." It was at about that point that I zoned out. As nice as it was that *they* were having a good time, I had had enough and was dearly anticipating my chance to 'run around in my diaper', as Daddy put it.

The two giant animal people took their sweet time changing our diapers, but nobody came to hurry us along. It seemed this was part of the experience as well. Another thing that you just couldn't get from a replicator. When an attendant did finally come around, it was only because Daddy flagged them down.

"Yes, sir? How may I assist?" asked a dusty colored pangolin.

"These diapers fit my Spot like a glove," Daddy said, running his soft fuzzy finger inside the elastic leg guards of my diapers and causing me to shudder in ticklish pleasure. "Could I have a case sent to my pet's quarters?"

"Of course, sir." There ensued a quick negotiation 'behind the sleeve' followed by a nod and a shake as the two came to some sort of arrangement. The pangolin scanned my neck with a handheld instrument, nodded again, and tapped something into a tablet. "Sent! Thank you for your business. Let me know if you should require anything else."

"Over here, shopkeep," called Nyctos, raising his hand like an excited schoolboy. I observed the red panda launching into a quietly animated conversation with the shopkeep, pointing toward us and gesticulating with a big grin glued to his muzzle. Another negotiation with sleeves followed, their expressions cycling through excitement, surprise, and consternation.

Transactions hidden behind the sleeves of rich robes. Wealth hidden behind compound walls. I was beginning to piece together how this world worked and our place within it. Though Daddy and his peers seemed to disdain any discussion of privilege and wealth, they made their status quite obvious through other means both seen and unseen. Some wore it on their bodies. Others had servants. Few, if any, traveled so lightly as Daddy and none that I observed possessed his covert technology to control things with a glance or conjure objects out of thin air.

Nyctos's eyes gleamed, shooting Daddy a mischievous grin once he completed his transaction.

"I took the liberty of sending you a few cases of my favorite diapers to keep your pet comfy and protected. My compliments."

"You honor me," said Daddy, with a nod that had the stiffness of rehearsed formality. "I do hope you will help me with some more suggestions for my pet some time, perhaps when you are finished shopping for yourself."

Daddy picked me up and turned toward the goods on display.

"Now is as good a time as any!" called the red panda, quickly picking up Princess and joining us.

I felt Daddy's grip tighten on me for just a moment before relaxing again. He smiled his silly, handsome smile (was I really calling a fifteen foot green space-marten handsome?) and said, "Oh, that's wonderful news! Why don't we take a look, then?"

"Yes. Yes. Yes. *Those* are great. I'd stay away from *these*." The excitable red panda had taken the liberty of sorting through Laffy and Maffy's findings. He tossed various items into the 'yes' pile, but upon encountering a shock collar, he shook his head and immediately banished it to the 'no' pile. "Why let a piece of equipment have all the fun when you can make the punishment so much more *personal*?"

Daddy seemed to be only half-listening to Nyctos's advice, his gaze wandering the area in search of anything that might catch his fancy.

I wasn't paying much attention to either one of them. Now that I had been let out of the stroller and given free reign to roam the bustling bazaar, I was busy testing how far I could go before being yanked back by some invisible force on my collar. I was now skirting the perimeter of a sort of invisible boundary about 60 feet across with Daddy at its center.

"Well, that about does it for accessories," said Nyctos, wiggling his fingers in delight. "Now onto the medical stuff!"

"My, my, it seems like you've already bought just about every pet item in the market," said Daddy, glancing over to me as I was yanked back yet again by my magnetic leash. "It's a wonder there's any reason for you to come *back*!"

Nyctos chuckled in response to the subtle jab, digging through the baskets of goodies that Laffy and Maffy had collected.

"There's *always* something new," he countered. "Ah! Speak of the devil. It's actually here!"

I looked over to see what the red panda was so excited about. My eyes bugged out as he opened a box covered in alien script and pulled out a huge neon green dildo. It was mounted to what looked like a reciprocating saw with a readout. Nyctos pulled the trigger, and my buttocks immediately tightened as it gave a few rapidfire thrusts.

"The Check-O-Matic Home Diagnostic Device," announced Nyctos. "This is the *cutting edge* of medical technology for testing your pet's health at home!" Nyctos turned to Laffy and Maffy. "They didn't happen to have any more in stock, did they? I'd *love* to get my paws on one for Princess."

The otters looked at each other and replied in unison, "Sorry. That was the last one."

"Darn," said Nyctos, snapping his red-furred fingers. "Lucky find."

"Let me see," said Daddy looking for the first time with interest at something that Nyctos had recommended. He took the Check-O-Matic up in his paws and scanned it with his eyes, his pupils moving as if reading out some invisible text. His face broke into a wide grin and his sheath plumped up. "Oh, this is *perfect* for my pet."

"W-what?! Th-that can't fit inside me!" I protested, stepping back subconsciously only to be yanked back toward the monstrosity in Daddy's paws.

"Yes, pet, it can, and it will... because Daddy said so. Looks like we can check your temperature, your vitals... it even facilitates collection and analysis of bodily fluids... I know my good little one produces *plenty* of those!"

I blushed hard as Daddy extolled the device's supposed virtues, his hardness peeking out a little bit more with each feature he described. He could call it whatever he wanted, it still looked like a big ol' dick in my eyes. I had no idea how he was going to fit it inside me, but I had no doubt he was going to try.

"I think you could do with *lots* of tests, Spot," said Daddy with a wink.

"Aww, I think Spot likes the idea!" said Nyctos, pointing out the obvious struggle I was going through as my cock fought yet another losing battle with my cage.

"Oh, I'm sure of it," said Daddy. "Let's see what other treats we have that can excite my little one. He deserves lots of treats for being such a good boy for Daddy." The whole party of giant furry animal people looked at me with predatory grins while Princess eyed me with a mix of sympathy and relief.

"Now you understand why I keep coming back," said Nyctos. "It's hard not to spoil your pets."

The next item that Nyctos won Daddy over on was a pair of mittens that made my hands look like cute little cat paws and a matching pair of booties with overstuffed paw pads that would make walking next to impossible.

"How adorable! What do you think, pet?" asked Daddy, holding the mitts out to me. I obliged by running my hand over the soft smooth exterior, and felt the paw-pads, shuddering and biting my lip in pleasure at the soft, sensual, skin-like feel. Daddy gave me a knowing grin and lowered his voice to a soft, deep purr.

"Oh my, that got a reaction, didn't it? Do you want to try them on now or should I just have them sent straight to the nursery?"

"N-no thank you, Daddy," I said, resisting the urge to say yes. "I'd like to be able to explore a bit more, if that's okay." Now was not the time to give in to temptation. I needed my comfortable athletic shoes to enact my plan.

"Ah, you want to be able to touch and feel things for yourself," said Daddy. "Such a good and smart pet." Daddy's praise hit me like a pile of bricks, making me melt like a pile of butter in the desert sun.

"These look like a lot of fun!" said Laffy and Maffy. I looked over and nearly fell on my butt when I saw that the two of them were holding up an extensive system of crib straps that would make sure I couldn't move an inch during nap time. Lord help me. I whimpered and rubbed my diaper, thinking of all the videos of guys diapered and strapped down for long stays in restraint systems just like that. That could be *me*!

"I'd say that's a yes from Spot!" said Daddy. Nyctos nodded his approval.

"Ah, Pet-Fix Bed Restraints. Princess has a set of her own. Believe me, they'll keep your pet snug and secure for as long as you want them to be."

I gulped. With all these restraints, I realized that I would soon have less freedom than ever. If I was going to make my escape, it was now or never, but with the collar in place, I didn't have a chance.

After Daddy made his purchases, workers came with carts to clear the remaining clutter. With such a haul, I thought the shopping trip was complete. Daddy chuckled when I asked.

"Oh, no, no, sweetie. We've just got here! There's so much more to see!"

"Ah, sometimes pets get a little tired on days like this," said Nyctos. "It's those tiny metabolisms. Princess usually conks out in her stroller after her second or third diaper change."

"Really?" asked Daddy, rubbing his chin. "Hmm. Yes, I suppose it *could* be a lot for the little ones. Laffy, Maffy, schedule a stroller nap for Spot in about--"

"I-I'm really fine," I said, cutting in. "I want to see the market." Daddy gave me a proud smile.

"That's my good boy. Such a little explorer I have on my hands." He wasn't wrong. As far as I knew, no other human had ever ventured this far from home.

Our next stop was an area of the pet market that specialized in collars. Here, vendors had erected tall walls covered with collars of every conceivable kind: Plain, elegant, cute, gritty, hi-tech, primitive, starry. They ranged from six inches wide to wire-thin, made of leather, metal, nylon, silicone, jade, gel, even LEDs that seemed to float in mid-air.

"See anything you like, Spot?" asked Daddy. The group of furry creatures turned to me, watching expectantly.

"You're asking *me*?" I scoffed. Collaring myself would be tantamount to *choosing* to be Daddy's pet, something I definitely *hadn't* agreed to. Misreading my silence, Daddy repeated the question more slowly, drawing out each word.

"Do you like one of these collars, little boy?"

I scanned my furry companions' faces for any sign of mockery. I found none. Not from Daddy, Laffy, Maffy, or even Nyctos. Of course they didn't understand how I felt; they already saw me as a pet. Reluctantly, I pretended to consider the collars on display, feeling completely ridiculous. Was I really about to choose my own collar? That's when I had a flash of inspiration.

"W-well, I guess... If I'm the only one of my kind... I should have a one-of-a-kind collar, don't you think? These... they're all so... *common*." I waved my hand at the wall of collars and scrunched my nose in distaste. The creatures all gasped.

"Of course, he's right!"

"Makes sense to me!"

"Alright," said Daddy, nodding. "Let's try and find you something special!"

I grinned. I had them eating right out of my hand. As soon as they put a collar on me, I'd reject it, and it would come right back off again. Far from being put off by my picky attitude, my caretakers actually seemed animated by the challenge. Daddy soon had Laffy and Maffy running every which way to find a collar fit for a rare and picky pet. My original collar sat off to the side, practically forgotten.

"Over there!" Daddy shouted. "No, no, that won't do. That one, that one!"

"I think I saw something better in the other stall," Nyctos called, already jogging away. "I'll have them send it over!"

I tugged Maffy's arm and pointed to a dragon-scale collar that was far out of reach. It sat in a heavy wood and glass case marked with a bold red sign.

"What does that one say?"

"It says *not for sale*." Bingo.

"I want it!" I yelled. The otter twins scrambled to fulfill my desires. I almost felt bad as Laffy climbed up on Maffy to try and reach it.

"It's too high up," he squeaked, wobbling atop Maffy's shoulders.

"Can't you read?" asked the irate shopkeep barreling toward them. "That collar is one-of-a-kind and definitely *not* for sale!"

Even as an alien, I knew that was not true: Everything in the market was for sale, and obtaining the unobtainable was just part of the game. Daddy set about negotiating with the shopkeep while Laffy and Maffy prevailed upon the staff to provide a ladder.

Now was my chance. With everyone sufficiently distracted, I drew my blanket around myself like a robe and waddled off. I glanced back one last time and caught a glimpse of Daddy's triumphant face as he presented the collar — and his shock when he realized I wasn't there. Before he could spot me, I ducked behind a large

hippopotamus-like creature and slipped further into the crowd. I didn't stop until I was well out of the area. When I felt confident I was too far to track, I sat back against a building, exhausted.

I had escaped. Now what? I didn't know what my plan was on this strange planet where I had nothing and knew no one. Maybe I would work until I could buy passage on a freighter. Maybe I would try to hitchhike back home — though I doubted anyone but Daddy knew the way. Maybe there was no way out and I would eke out my days hiding behind stalls and living on scraps like a mouse.

If I'm being completely honest, it was never about succeeding. I just needed to feel like I had *tried* to push back against becoming this creature's pet. It didn't matter that it was ultimately hopeless.

I pushed away that small pang of guilt that came when I thought of Daddy and that final look of shock. I hadn't betrayed him. I *deserved* the fighting chance that he had denied me.

For a little while, I just wandered the market place. I was on a strange planet. Everything was huge around me — the stalls, the patrons and the shopkeepers. There weren't many creatures my size who weren't wearing collars or baby clothes — sometimes they wore both.

Some strange black and green-furred civets glared at me, and I decided I'd better get out of the pet district. I hurried my diapered butt along. Collars and cages gave way to ointments and oils, spicy and sweet fragrances which then gave way to savory smells — smoke and heat and fat and spices. It was food. Food that *wasn't* blue milk.

My stomach growled, but I had no money. I took refuge behind a barrel of fish and watched to see how these aliens bought their food. No bargaining here — the price was the price. The locals paid in what looked like little wooden jacks, like the kind you might play with. I saw a few tumble to the ground as a black-furred vendor stashed his payment away. The big bat-like creature grabbed three skewers of what looked like chicken, and handed them to the customer. I cautiously waddled over to where the jacks had fallen and scooped them up. Then, I waved to grab the bat's attention.

He looked surprised, peering down at me with curiosity. When I held the jacks out to him and pointed at the skewers he chuckled, seemingly amused. Opening one winged arm, he held out his hand with a cheerful nod. I placed them in his palm, and was rewarded with a skewer and a pat on the head. I waddled off, munching as I went.

It was very good. Like yakitori, Japanese-style grilled chicken skewers. It might have been a single portion, but in a world of fifteen-foot giants, a single skewer was plenty for me. I felt surprisingly satisfied as I cleaned up the last of the meat off the stick.

At least, I hoped it was meat.

No sooner had I finished than my stomach began to grumble. What was it they said about eating street food in foreign countries? What about foreign *planets*?

I had to find a bathroom. Fast.

I tossed my skewer to the ground and looked around, not even knowing what to look for. This was so bad. I began to get desperate, looking for any sign of a restroom and coming up short. Come to think of it, I hadn't seen a single one since I left the holo-room on Daddy's ship. For all I knew, these creatures didn't even *use* restrooms.

Luckily, the cramps subsided as quickly as they had started, but as my belly finally calmed down, I suddenly realized I had another problem. In my desperate search for a toilet, I had wandered into yet another part of the market. Where was I?

I looked all around me but recognized nothing. I wandered. Fabric stalls. Then — maybe tech? I couldn't really tell what was for sale and what was being used to *facilitate* sales. It didn't matter. I was lost.

Of *course* I was lost. I wasn't *from* here. I didn't *belong* here. It was so *stupid*. I could feel the tears of frustration bubbling up as my eyes began to water. I couldn't help it. I began to cry.

Lost. Scared. None of the friendly fuzzy faces I recognized smiled down at me. Just massive creatures jostling past, practically bowling me over as they went about their day's errands. I began to realize just how fucked I was. And there they were again, those menacing civets stalking toward me, black and green, eyes locked on mine.

My heart skipped a beat. Was I in danger? My hand instinctively reached up toward my neck and, feeling nothing there, I wondered. Was I still under Daddy's protection?

I turned to run and got a face full of red fur instead. Before I could react, I was scooped up and lifted high into the air to meet Nyctos's friendly face.

"Well, hello there, little soldier! What are you doing over here all by yourself? This is no place for cubs to be on their own. Good thing I found you first!"