

## **Alien's Diapered Pet Pt. 19-21**

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It's a storybook reunion as wayward pet is returned to his master, but is it truly perfect? Spot faces an intimidating examination, learns more about Pantheria's society, and discovers the secret of the blue milk.

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### **19**

"You gave us a scare there!" said Nyctos. "It's about time we get you back to your daddy, don't you think?" I nodded, struggling to hold back tears. It took all I had not to bury my face in his fur as he carried me away from the predatory gaze of my pursuers.

When we got back, the pet area was thronging with creatures searching high and low for the lost pet. The crowd was so thick that Nyctos was unable to clear a path. Had I really created that much fuss?

Nyctos handed me off to someone in the crowd, who then passed me to someone else and so on. A series of warm hands conveyed me inward, each pair of paws gently supporting me under my diapered tush with reverent care until a familiar pair of blue paws held me.

"Laffy!" I said, recognizing my otter companion immediately.

"You weren't gonna leave me behind, were you?" I blushed, ashamed as he lightly chided me. Laffy gave me a quick kiss before he handed me to Daddy, letting me know there were no hard feelings.

The moment I was in my owner's paws, a great cheer erupted. It was the perfect storybook ending for them: Pet and master reunited, and all was right with the world. With the day's drama suitably resolved, the crowd began to disperse, leaving us behind to continue our own story: A story that was just beginning.

"Have we learned our lesson?" asked Daddy, holding me up under the arms.

I nodded, his stern but affectionate chitter sending another wave of guilt washing over me.

"I am here to protect you as much as I am to possess you, so that will be the last time you wander off like that. Am I understood?"

I looked away, comforted, embarrassed, and upset all at once. Guilt twisted my stomach but at the same time, I had nothing to be sorry for. My face grew hot. He was the one who abducted *me*. I was only fighting for my freedom! It wasn't my—

"Look at me, Spot," he said, holding me nose to snout. I stiffened. "I want to hear that you understand."

"Yes, Daddy, I understand," I said, still avoiding eye contact.

"I want to hear it like you mean it."

"I understand, Daddy," I said more clearly, finally meeting his eyes. He gave my nose a gentle kiss with his warm, fuzzy lips, and rubbed a thumb over my forehead making me melt.

"Good. That was a cute attempt, my little escape artist," Daddy said, holding me firmly in his paws, "but as you can see, there's nowhere for you to go even if you *do* manage to crawl out of your designated play area. And don't forget," he added, smirking as he touched his nose to mine and held my gaze, "you're chipped. There's nowhere you can go on all of Pantheria or even the Silurian system where you won't be found and returned to Daddy. Now let's get your collar back on. The original one looked best after all, don't you think?"

I was speechless. Of *course* they could track me. Did my escape even rattle them? The way they were acting, it almost seemed like they'd been expecting it.

Daddy chuckled. "I can tell what you're thinking, little one. Of *course* we knew what you were planning. Tactics and intelligence are our specialties. I did enjoy watching your clever little mind at work, though. Watching you set up your masterful little scheme was entertaining and adorable."

"But..." I stammered, my voice shaking. "There were others after me! Scary creatures with green and black fur... they looked like they were going to... to *kidnap* me!"

Daddy snorted in amusement as he sat me down on a nearby counter.

"Not a chance, little guy," he said, tickled by the very suggestion. With casual ease he laid my collar — a sleek strip of black with a silver diamond tag — around my neck. The band sealed itself seamlessly once more. He tapped the tag. "No one would dare lay a finger on a Beringas. Not on *this* planet. Anyone who lays eyes on you knows that such a decision would be their last."

There he went, invoking the clan name again. Just how infamous were they?

"But... how can you be so sure?" I asked, still skeptical.

"Let me show you something," Daddy said, snapping his fingers.

Maffy, who had been standing ready the whole time, brought a small mirror over and held it up in front of me. There on my forehead was a white dot where the Father had touched me. I felt a strange rush of pride and power on seeing it that I hadn't expected.

"No one dares touch a marked pet," Daddy said, his tone firm. "especially not one of *ours*." I looked around, my tension easing slightly as I saw Laffy and Maffy nodding enthusiastically.

"We're not as soft as we look, little one," said Laffy puffing his blue-furred chest in a display that was more comical than intimidating.

I couldn't help but smile even as my doubt lingered. While it was hard to imagine my soft and fuzzy otter friends or my slightly goofy, green-furred Daddy scaring anyone, their confidence brought me comfort.

"He's right, you know," said Nyctos. "The Beringas Clan were great warriors long before they joined the core families. Anyone fool enough to think they've grown soft after a measly few peaceful millenia of peace is gravely mistaken. As they say: Cross a Beringas and it will be your last mistake."

"And an Ailurian diplomat can kill you with a smile," said Daddy, with a smirk.

"Ah, thank you," said Nyctos, taking a theatrically flamboyant bow.

"Thank *you* for your advice today, and for retrieving my pet," said Daddy.

"Think nothing of it," said Nyctos, with a sly smile. "Seems like I have a knack for being in the right place at the right time. Otherwise I wouldn't have met *you*. I do hope we will see each other again?"

Daddy's face broke into an equally devious grin. "You needn't even ask, friend. Our Ailurian brethren are always welcome within our walls, especially *you*." Daddy gave Nyctos a wink that sent chills down my spine and straight to my crotch. "And perhaps you can bring Princess along too. I'm sure she'd make a wonderful playmate for Spot, seeing as they have so much in *common*."

"Thank you," said Nyctos, with a slight bow. As red as he was, I swore I could detect the faintest hint of a blush in his ears. "If we're done shopping, shall we get a bite to eat?"

"That sounds like a plan," said Daddy, "but first, I have a piece of merchandise to try out..." My eyes went wide as Daddy held up the neon green dildo-gun from earlier.

"H-here?! Now?!" I yelped, squirming in his grip. The towering green marten gazed down at me with a predatory gleam in his eyes.

"Yes, little one. Here and now. Because Daddy said so."

"You have two options: Your knees or your back. Which would you prefer?" My buttohole clenched and my mouth went dry as I sat on the changing table, gaping at the big green Check-O-Matic DiagnostiCock in Daddy's hands. Was he really asking me to choose?

"Spot," said Daddy, narrating slowly as a smiling Laffy hopped up on the neighboring changing table to act out the positions. "Do... you... want... knees... or... back?" With dramatic flair, the big blue otter arched his back and lifted his tail before flopping down like a possum with his legs in the air. My gaze shifted between the two of them. It wasn't a question of whether this test was happening: The only choice I had was in what position.

"Um... knees?" I stammered, hardly able to get the words out as I felt my face get hot.

"Good boy, Spot, such a smart pet to understand Daddy's question! Now, can you get onto your knees all by yourself? Let Daddy help... That's it." Daddy gently spread my legs apart with his warm fuzzy paws, supporting the swollen diaper with a big paw as he ripped open the tapes, then he let the sodden garment fall to the mat with a plop. I began to panic as I felt the warm breeze on my bare bottom.

"Daddy, you can't! It's too big-"

"Shh, shh, shh," he said, pulling out a condom from a recessed pocket of the table and ripping it open, "everything will be fine, I promise. And your Daddy *never* breaks a promise."

Daddy's confidence was small comfort; that dildo was going to destroy me.

"Everyone is watching," I whined, casting a glance at the many onlookers witnessing my debasement: Laffy, Maffy, Nyctos, and of course Princess, who seemed relieved it wasn't her on the changing table about to get wrecked.

"Yes, they are!" Daddy replied, taking my protest for enthusiasm. "You're getting *all* the attention, little one, because you're just too precious to ignore!" I felt so small and helpless as Daddy gently took hold of my bits and rolled a condom down over it. Being 'helped' like that not only made me feel little, it instantly got my dick hard. Damn my stupid horny brain.

I cringed at the sight of my straining, condom-covered pee-pee standing proud for all to see. I quickly redirected my gaze to stare fixedly at the yellowed padding

beneath me. My mind raced. Was I really about to get railed in public? How did he expect to get that monstrosity inside me? My partner on earth had barely got me comfortable with a single finger, was this really going to—

"EEP!" I jumped, completely unprepared for the cold lube Daddy slathered on my butt to ready me for my 'diagnostic'.

"Daddy..." I whimpered as he circled my hole with his thumb. A strong tingling was starting up between my cheeks. "That feels weirrrrruhhhhuhhhhh..."

My words turned into a nonsensical moan of pleasure as he pressed his thumb inward to penetrate my slightly numb and tingly tightness.

"Breathe, little one... that's it... nice deep breath... and breathe out..."

As I breathed out my hole relaxed and he slipped in more fingers.

"*That's my boy... open up for Daddy... Very good, little one.*" Warm tingles spread over my body as he praised me and I could feel a big dumb grin spreading across my face as he pressed inward, curving his fingers.

"Uhhh..." I moaned, as he hit a new place inside my rectum. I felt my cock throb and a squirt of whitish liquid appeared in the tip of the condom.

"Wow, would you look at that? He's squirting already..." said Daddy.

"Oh, you're lucky," said Nyctos. "Not all pets are so easy to milk, but it seems like Spot is *made* for it..."

"He must *really like* having his butt played with," mused Daddy as he pumped his fingers in and out of me, pushing against my prostate with each thrust. I opened my mouth to refute Daddy's embarrassing assertion but all that came out was more moans.

I began to squirm as my pleasure and discomfort grew. The feeling was alien to me — a little like being jacked off but it also felt like I had to pee. The pleasure was quickly outweighing the comfort, and I soon found myself pressing back on Daddy's hand, making him chuckle and say some more encouraging words that went right over my fuzzy, blissed out head. I was lost in my pleasure, but all too soon, he was removing his fingers leaving me whining for more.

"What a needy little pet you are," he chuckled, lubing up the dildo like he was polishing a rifle. "Just a moment, baby boy. Daddy will have your cute little tush stuffed in no time..."

Daddy shouldered the Dildo, squinting one eye as he lined it up with my backside. Laffy held my left hand, clasping it supportively while Maffy stood to my right holding the other one. I squeezed both hands, and screwed my eyes shut tight as I felt the thick, blunt-headed intruder begin to mount its assault on my rear. I cried out as my anal ring began to yield to the invading cock, following the otters' directions to breathe in and out... In and out... Suddenly, the head slid in past the mushroom tip, causing me to cry out briefly, but the numbing lube had done its work and it was more from shock than from pain.

"Are you okay sweetheart?" asked Daddy, a note of concern entering his voice as he gently rubbed my back with his paw. "Does it hurt?"

"I-it's so big, Daddy!" I whined and my cock throbbed again, depositing another glob of cum into my condom. There was a chorus of gentle laughter as everyone was reassured that I was not hurt.

"You're doing so good, baby boy, so good," Daddy said as he pressed on, inching the gargantuan cock forward with his bodyweight. "Just a few more inches and... *there* we go..." Daddy gasped out the last few words in a tone of relief as the thick green tool pushed past my prostate and sank deep inside me, my body finally accepting the prodigious probe.

"Unh!" I cried out, stifling my yelp as my arms gave out and my cheek touched the mat. I wanted to avoid drawing more attention to my mid-market buttfucking; anyone who looked our way could see exactly what Daddy was doing to me, and a small but growing crowd had already gathered to gawk. Trying to escape their gaze, my eyes accidentally landed on Nyctos's big red cock before darting up to meet his eyes. Blushing hard, I quickly looked away, but his open, friendly smile was burned into my mind. Did he actually find this... cute?

I risked a peek at Daddy and the others and was surprised by what I saw: Though their bodies showed signs of arousal, their faces reflected innocent joy and adoration, like someone smiling at a pet getting a belly rub. How was this *normal* for them?

Daddy cooed, as he watched my cock throb and spurt more cloudy white precum into the condom. "Thaaat's it, boy. That's a *good boy*! Let's take a look at the readout. Temperature: Three-hundred ten Kelvin. Heart rate: Elevated but within normal parameters. Sexual response: Excellent... orgasm imminent. Aww, *who's a good boy*? Is it you? Is it you?"

Daddy pressed a trigger and the green toy began to piston in and out of me, mashing into my prostate with each thrust. My mouth fell open and I began to drool,

panting, the pressure behind my balls building up as my arousal and frustration mounted.

"There we go, Spot. You can do it. A little more, now. Be a good boy, now... Make your stickies..."

I pressed my forehead into the soft mat below me, ass in the air as high as I could get it. I couldn't bear being so close to the edge without tipping over, but I knew the moment I touched my cock, the one-way chastity cage would harden, painfully compressing my erection and preventing any outside stimulation. It was out of my hands, *literally*. I wanted to scream; How was it possible that I hadn't released my load yet?

I could feel the wetness slicking my cheek as my body rocked back and forth with each thrust. Daddy's two-handed pistol grip ensured that he could give me a nice, thorough, heavy fucking, hilted the toy to my depths. I was a sweating, trembling, moaning mess now, well beyond caring how much of a scene I was making.

"He's still not cumming," murmured Nyctos.

"Oh, I know what he needs!" said Daddy. "He needs his diapers to get off."

Daddy picked up the soaked diaper and wrapped it around my cockhead, rubbing it over the tip. I cried out in pleasure, finally getting some stimulation on my aching cock.

"That's it, pet! Make those cute little noises for me. Oh, you're such a cutie, yes you are! You're doing so good for Daddy! Such a good boy! You're about to cum for me now, aren't you? You can do it for Daddy. Good boy!"

The feeling around my cock and the warm rush of his praise radiating through my body pushed me over the edge. My whole body tensed up and I could feel the air rush over the sweat on the back of my knees as my legs shot straight out, stiff as a board.

"Ahhhhhhhhh! Rrrrrr!" I cried out. A gasp of amazement arose from the audience as my balls contracted, ballooning my condom with so much milky seed it felt like I had been saving it up for a month. Then, it was just me and Daddy as he held me close, the comforting tone of his chitters filling my mind, taking up all my attention as he carefully eased the probe out of me.

A pair of paws gripped my bits and rolled off the condom, milking out the last drops of semen in the process. Other paws tickled my chin, petted my back, my legs, my head; I couldn't tell whose paws were whose at this point. Soft, encouraging voices



surrounded me, calling me a good, brave boy, and to my surprise, I actually felt a flicker of pride for taking the probe and making big stickies for Daddy.

Amidst the chaos, Daddy's constant touch and soft chitters grounded me, steady and warm through the overwhelming shower of affection. As Daddy and our companions spoke, my awareness of their words drifted in and out, my following the soothing resonance of their voices but catching only fragments of meaning:

"Can you put this in the sample analysis receptacle?"

"Looks good, his hormone levels are excellent."

"Do you think you can get more of them...?"

"No need to worry about that now... just good to know that he's healthy and fully functioning..."

Suddenly, Daddy's clear tone broke through the haze.

"Alright, Spot. Let's get you padded up now."

I was laid back, wiped down, and placed on a new thick and crinkly diaper. It was a relief to feel my spent bits covered by the diaper's inviting softness as I was taped snugly and securely in.

Meanwhile, the smell of arousal was thick in the air as a very excited crowd rushed the shop. Employees were taking orders and collecting cash as fast as they could, and Daddy gathered me up in his arms, patting my well-protected but and shushing me to shield me from the chaos. Before we left, the proprietor came under the canopy to thank us, genuinely smiling and bowing deeply.

"That was a *fantastic* demonstration, my friends. Absolutely exemplary. We happened to have another Check-o-Matic in reserve and I noticed your pet looking a little envious," he said, pressing a box into Nyctos's hands. "Consider it a gift. I hope you'll accept it."

"Score!" Nyctos exclaimed before catching himself quickly blurting out a more dignified response. "Y-you honor me greatly. I accept on behalf of my pet. You may have it sent to her quarters."

I stifled a giggle, glad to see a glimpse of normalcy beneath all that decorum; I hadn't thought it possible for Nyctos's blush to outshine his already crimson fur. Far from appearing offended, the shopkeep beamed at the unscripted response. I

suspected that provoking such a reaction had been his aim all along, with the mention of Princess serving as a graceful way to let Nyctos save face while accepting the gift.

Daddy, for his part, got a beautiful diaper bag to hang on my stroller, completely stuffed with diapers, drinks, and baby toys for my entertainment.

After a round of handshakes, bows, hugs, and congratulations, Daddy and his entourage finally pushed through the throng, leaving the commotion behind. Once we were in the open, Laffy and Maffy quickly strapped me into my stroller, their paws working in perfect sync as if they'd done it a hundred times before.

"That was fun," said Daddy with a cocky grin, glancing at his companions. "Now, who's ready to eat?"

The others cheered, still riding the high of my exciting 'examination.' My tummy grumbled too, though it was impossible to say if it was due to hunger, my earlier meal, or the unscheduled rearranging of my insides.

I felt distinctly naked as I was pushed down the alleys of the bazaar in my stroller. The straps securing my arms and legs made sure that they were open, displaying my hairless body and my adorable diaper to the world. Daddy brought out a big bottle of blue milk from his fancy new diaper bag.

"Okay, Spot, do you think you can feed yourself or do you want one of your playmates to feed you?" Great. Another non-decision.

"Daddy, do I have to drink that stuff?"

"Yes, it's hot and you've lost a lot of liquids, sweetheart. You need to stay hydrated, so I want to see that bottle empty by the time we get to the food vendors, understood?"

"Okay, Daddy, I'll feed myself," I said, accepting the bottle as daddy untethered my hands. "Can I have my blanke—"

"No. It's too hot for that, little one. The shade screen is enough— and don't give me that pouty face because I'm not letting you hide. You're a proud Beringas now, so act like it."

I shut up and put the nipple in my mouth, grateful for the independence of at least being allowed to feed myself, even if it was from a bottle.

As I drank down the refreshing liquid, I took the opportunity to observe the denizens of the market. My heart went out to pets like me that we passed, always in the company of elites, who stood out because of their striking markings, their bright fur, and their dignified bearing. Were they happy? Sad? Resigned to their fates like me? The sight of these other pets stirred something in me. My struggle wasn't just about me but about the rights of all sentient pets. I had to find a way to convince Daddy that what they were doing was wrong; sentient beings deserved freedom too!

Suddenly, our group came to a stop as a procession passed before us. My companions seemed delighted by the interruption, happily chattering about the tableau before us. A powder-pink cat-creature reclined on a light, open carriage that slowly ambled by, flanked by a dozen or more servants in full formal dress caps. The carriage was pulled by a pair of naked, ten-foot purple stallion-men. They looked like elites!

The massive, muscular stallions were trussed up head-to-toe with harnesses, bits, armbinders, and reins. Their gold nose and nipple rings gleamed bright in stark

contrast to their deep purple hue, their large, erect horsecocks bobbing, and their gigantic testicles swinging with every clop as the perverse procession trotted past.

My eyes bugged out as I noticed the gleaming gold piercings running through their flared cockheads in a 'magic cross' style, I couldn't help but stare openly as my gaze followed the fine gold chains that connected their cocks to their thick, pierced nipples, ensuring a painful tug if they ever went soft. My eyes flicked back down to the bands of various colors encircling the stallions' indigo cocks and buttoholes. *What had they done to earn those?*

"Ah, there goes Tabbytha showing off her equine servants again," said Nyctos, crouching beside me with a faint smirk. His eyes followed the spectacle with detached amusement.

My mouth fell open as I turned to him. "B-but aren't they *elites*?"

"Were elites," he corrected. "The whole Equus Clan is in disgrace now. Tabbytha owns at least twenty studs. Calls them her fallen angels. Dramatic, isn't she?"

I swallowed hard. "W-what did they do to deserve that?"

"They tried to convince everyone to free the pets," he replied, shaking his head, then giving me a cool glance. "They failed miserably, of course, and this is their punishment. Naive, those ones; they were always too idealistic for their own good."

This new piece of information collapsed any hope I had of appealing to Daddy's better nature for my own release. I must have looked stricken, because Nyctos chuckled and continued.

"Oh, don't feel too bad for them. They've got centuries to climb back up the ladder, and their so-called 'punishments' are really just excuses to help them let loose for once and indulge their deepest desires. Those *horses* were so obsessed with their spotless reputations that they were practically virginal — it's no wonder they were so uptight. Now, they can embrace their true selves and we can embrace and support them fully, even the parts they would rather keep hidden. Just look how bashful they get when they know they're being watched."

I caught the gaze of a stallion, who glanced at me and Nyctos before quickly turning forward, the blinders cutting off his view. His ears flicked back, and a fleeting grimace of embarrassment crossed his face. As his cock softened, the gold chain suddenly snapped taut, jerking hard on his nipples. He let out a loud neigh, his cock immediately stiffening to full mast and spilling blue precum all over the dusty street

below. I felt heat rise to my cheeks as the crowd gasped and whistled. I quickly looked away, earning a chuckle and a light pat on the head from Nyctos. Maybe the poor beast was an exhibitionist, I reasoned, ashamed of my own curiosity.

Nyctos's grin widened. "Enjoying that blue milk? They say it's even better fresh from the source."

"What?" I froze, the bottle halfway to my lips, my cheeks burning as I stared at it.

"Oh, you didn't know? Equine milk is highly coveted across the galaxy, but those ponies were holding out on us for ages. Now that they've been, let's say, 'encouraged' to share, *everyone's* drinking it! You should see the stud farms — they're running full tilt day and night. They even give tours now!" Before I could fully process this astonishing revelation, Daddy's voice rang out, light but serious.

"Little one," he called, looking over "I don't see you *drinking...*"

I whimpered as he reached over, pressing the bottle back against my lips.

"I want to see that little mouth working, or we'll be giving a little punishment performance of our own."

I didn't know whether to be turned on or disgusted as I gulped down the sweet creamy liquid, but I couldn't deny I was tenting my diaper. Was this planet corrupting me?

Once the little procession moved past, we continued on our way. As I processed all that I had learned, a terrible realization struck me. Laffy and Maffy said they served the Beringas, and that I was like them... Did that mean they were in a similar situation as those poor purple horses? I glanced back at them, squinting. They seemed content, even cheerful, chattering happily as they took turns pushing me along. What was their story, I wondered, and what could they be hiding behind those bright smiles?