

Commission Zone: Big Convention, Little Kit

A Kinky Story by [TerinasTiger](#) for a [Kittyclism](#)

You are passing through a different dimension than what is known to humankind.

It is a dimension as deep as your pockets and full of opportunities. It is the staging ground between fan and fiction, between patron and creator, and the rules of reality are malleable as long as the price is right.

Within it you may see beloved characters from other works, but they may act differently. Almost as if someone else were writing them. This is a dimension fueled by imagination.

You are entering...

*The **Commission** Zone.*

It was Kit's first time at a convention like this one.

Certainly, the tuxedo kitty had been to CONVENTIONS before; he had been a regular attendee at a gaming convention in his hometown for years. But AdoraBelle DeLightsCon was a different sort of beast in a few key ways; It was larger than any convention that the housecat had been to prior, for one thing.

But more significant to him, it was the first time he'd been to a fetish convention.

"W-woooooow." Kit's jet tail twitched behind him, the chalk tip dancing rapidly just behind his head as he gazed at crowds of people milling about. "There's so many people here! I didn't know a convention about... um... those... would have this kind of pull!" A pair of icterine eyes widen at the sight: Anthropomorphic creatures of various species milling about in various states of dress; from overalls printed with childish decorations to bubblegum tutus with silver glitter advertising themselves as pretty fairy princess, to more modestly dressed adults in more mundane outfits (some with bulging crotches that crinkled faintly as they roved across the convention center.)

As an adult, yet cherubic, raccoon wearing little else other than a powder blue t-shirt and thick white diaper waddled past, Kit found himself blushing. He firmly fell into the third category of con-goer, and the thought caused him to look down over his own outfit as if he were worried it would transform at a moment's notice. As he gazed over his faded blue jeans, still frayed at the bottom of each leg, he realized that, no, he was still dressed like an adult. Something so bizarre

as magically changing clothing was little more than an idle, guilty fantasy; just as likely as suddenly being hypnotized by a random caretaker.

“Alright... well, enough people-watching.” Kit said to himself. “I still have to find where I can go to get my con badge, my scheduled itinerary, and a map of where everything in the convention is.” He’d gotten where he was already by showing the bouncers at the front doors of the convention center his driver’s license as a proof of adult ID, before wandering down a narrow (and blandly decorated) hallway before getting to the convention itself. Given that it was a fetish event, AdoraBelle DeLightsCon had some rules to limit the general public’s exposure to their content. However, Kit had no idea where to actually go to get his badge. It took a few minutes for him to find the Operations Desk, with a line prompting visitors to “Register Here!” decorated with a few colorful images of pacifiers. Getting into line for convention registration, Kit’s nervous excitement was dulled as he waited.

And waited longer still, noticing a svelte young lion was handing out big swirly lollipops to passers-by on the other end of the hallway from him, too far for him to go without losing his place.

And waited even longer still, gritting his teeth and twitching his tail in frustration as he heard fun, bouncy music emanating from a room down the hall, while he was stuck in line and unable to investigate.

By the time the black and white housecat had gotten to the front of the line, the wish that he’d bothered to pre-register had been playing on loop in the back of his mind. “Next!” A convention worker called him over, as Kit turned to approach a grey wolf who didn’t even look up at him. “Name?” The wolf delivered the single-syllable inquiry with the rehearsed tone of someone who asked the question enough to get bored of it.

“To put on my badge? Oh, um, it’s just ‘Kit’.” The housecat folded his arms behind his back. “No last name, please.”

“Uh huh.” The wolf tapped away on a laptop computer, still not even looking up towards Kit. “Ok. Preferred pronouns?”

“Hurry uuuuup...” The grumble of whoever was standing behind him made Kit’s ears perk up.

“He/him, please.” Kit replied to the clerk, ignoring whoever was complaining behind him.

The wolf nodded his head ever-so-slightly, typing something onto his laptop. “And what label do you want listed on your badge?”

“What?” Perking his ears, Kit stared down at the wolf. “What do you mean?”

With a dreary sigh, the lupine clerk finally looked up at him, green-gold eyes locking with Kit’s

own yellow pair. "I MEAN how do you want people to treat you? What kind of treatment are you consenting to ahead of time? If you bill yourself as a Volunteer Caretaker, you're indicating you're ok with people coming up to you asking to have their diapers changed. Stuff like that. That's what the labels are for. Do you want to advertise yourself as an Adult Baby, a Diaper Lover, a Volunteer Caretaker, a Diapered Dominant, a—" The grey wolf continued rattling off terms, the monotone drone of his voice making it almost sound like he was in a trance.

Kit wasn't listening after the phrase "Adult Baby" dribbled out from the clerk's lips. If someone picked that one, did it mean they were inviting people to treat them like some mewling little kitten? His curiosity lit up like a gasoline-soaked candle as he hesitated. His tail went rigid at the thought of someone calling him 'little one' or 'kitten'. He felt his toes curling as he considered ordering a drink and being given a sippy cup instead of a regular mug. As he thought about what it might feel like to have someone scooping him up and carrying him off to a changing table for wandering around without a diaper on, Kit even felt the faint rumble of a purr escaping his lips. He felt the words "Adult Baby" crawl onto his tongue, but his lips wouldn't move to say them. "U-um, n-no, I don't think any of those really fit." The tuxedo cat shook his head. He couldn't. It was one thing to come here; to explore his feelings by watching other people indulge similar desires in the real world. It was just dipping his toes into the water to see how hot or cold it was. But Kit had never actually done anything kinky and sensual outside of online roleplays before. The tuxedo kitty was curious to explore his online interests in real life, but he wasn't sure he was ready to actually LIVE OUT some of his fantasies yet. He wasn't even sure if he really would enjoy them, when they were happening in his real life. No, he'd just melt in embarrassment if Kit let himself wear THAT label. "D-do you just have anything j-just marking me as a, y-y'know, normal guy?" Besides, while Kit was curious to explore his feelings, it felt like it'd be safer to just look for now, and maybe get more intimate in a more private environment, with a safety net.

Behind him, he heard someone grumble under their breath.

The wolf's eyelids slit halfway down, his gaze turning into an inscrutable squint. "Oh. You're one of THOSE. Heh." For the first time, a smile creased his muzzle. "Alright. Yeah. I know what label to give you now." The clerk typed rapidly on his laptop, working in silence. "Ok, before we print your badge, we need you to read and sign this liability waiver stating you are consenting to treatment appropriate to the label you wear." The lupine clerk slid a stapled packet of papers over to Kit. "There's a list of what each label means on the waiver form, please review it before signing it and giving it back to me. Also, there's a cost of fifty bucks for a weekend-long pass. You paying with cash or credit?"

Kit was about to ask the wolf what he meant by saying 'one of THOSE', but behind him, someone stomped a hoof and caught his attention. He took the packet of papers and turned around to gaze at the person interrupting them. A large equine man wearing a pastel green onesie reading "Manure Maker" on it snorted and glared at him. "Ugh, come oooooon! You're taking too long! I've been waiting forever t'get my badge as it is! Hurry uuuuuup!" The adult horse sounded like a toddler five seconds away from a tantrum.

Turning back to glare at the horse, Kit hissed. "Hey, I was waiting almost as long as you've been, and I've just gotten started, ok?." He hissed. "Act your age, not your appearance, ok buddy?"

"Manure Maker" stomped a hoof on the ground. "I'm gonna be late for my first event, though! I gotta competitive diaper-filling challenge and I don't wanna miss it!" His cheeks were puffed out, and his voice had the whimpering lilt of a child pouting when they didn't get the sweetie they wanted from the grocery store.

"The- the WHAT event?!?" Kit stammered, side-tracked just by the sheer audacity of what he'd heard. Just being at the convention was something outside his comfort zone, but the housecat couldn't EVER imagine himself getting into an event like THAT. "Is- is that a real thing?!?"

"Uh huh!" The horse Kit only knew as "Manure Maker" grew a smile along his long face. "A bunch of bigger herbivores all get together to see who can make the biggest, stinkiest-"

"Excuse me-" The wolf sitting behind the desk growled, his lips curling up to bare his fangs. "If you want the line to keep MOVING, then please stop distracting the person holding things up!"

A lioness next to him put an arm on the house's shoulder. "Come on, Brandon, let the nice kitty get his badge done, ok?" She spoke in a soothing tone, trying to turn Brandon the horse away.

Kit watched in surprise as, reluctantly, Brandon did turn back to face the lioness. But another snort from the immature equine told Kit he was better off hurrying things along. Turning his gaze back to the canine clerk, he signed the waiver form without reading it, and slipped it back to the wolf.

Then, hesitating only a little bit, the housecat tugged out his wallet to fish out a credit card.

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One swipe of a credit card later, and Kit was walking out of the queue with a map, his schedule, and a badge labeling him as a "Curious Aspirant". Gazing at it, the housecat frowned. He didn't quite know what it meant, and he found himself wishing he'd actually read the waiver form before signing it. But in the heat of the moment, Kit had decided it was probably wiser to get out of line before the impatient diapered horse behind him made a bigger stink about having to be patient than he already had.

Kit forgot about the label during his first few hours enjoying the convention proper, anyway.

No one treated him any differently than the adult that he was, and the feline flitted from a Panel dissecting Bluey Rainbow Baby Theory, to a Crafting Seminar on how to make and decorate your own pacifiers using 3D printers and glue guns, to an informative panel discussing websites

and places where one could obtain AB-themed furniture. Kit found himself in awe at the variety of products he could buy in the Dealer's Den, ranging from fantastically designed cloth diapers to giant adult-sized baby strollers. He blushed in the Artist's Alley when an artist with some free time offered to draw him as a big baby, for a reasonable price. Kiteven hit up a panel on how to safely practice erotic hypnosis that seemed fascinating, if further blush-inducing. Everything the housecat ended up doing was super fun...

Except for the *lines*.

It felt like there was a line to get into anything: A line to get into each Crafting Seminar. A line to enter the Dealer's Den each time. A line to get lunch from a snack bar in the Convention Center, and a line to get into a panel on 'Diaper Brand Tier Lists'. Apparently there was a tight capacity limit for every room in the convention center, and the people running the show had to be careful to avoid overcrowding. Even understanding the reasons, Kit found waiting in line to be annoying; a sudden pump on the breaks to slow down his joyride of instant gratification. Lines were cooped, cramped, and forced him to get too close and personal with complete strangers. He could try to distract himself by doing something on his smartphone, but usually he got so into whatever he was doing and he forgot to move forward with the line. And that risked caused someone behind him to get annoyed and throw a juvenile fit. As the housecat left a Panel discussion a few minutes early, he found himself idly wondering if he'd spent more time in lines than he had actually participated in events.

The throb of his bladder kept him from speculating on it much. There was a reason he'd left early; he had to drain his pipes before they burst. Fortunately, the nearest bathroom was right around the corner...

...and as he turned that corner, Kit found himself staring at another damn line.

"Why am I not surprised?" He muttered under his breath, planting his front paws on his hips as his ropey feline tail thrashed behind him in irritation. "I COULD look for another mens' room somewhere... but there's no guarantee the line there won't be worse." Considering the option for a moment, Kit came to his conclusion with a sigh. "Probably better I go with the devil I know. This line isn't THAT long... I hope." Squeezing his thighs gently together, the housecat grit his teeth, trying to think about anything other than the pressure from his bladder. Once more, Kit found himself stuck waiting in line.

And waiting some more.

And waiting even longer *still*.

"Ugh, come oooooon!" It was the same tedious experience he'd endured in between each fun event at the convention so far. But this time felt unique because not only was he bored, he was uncomfortable. "Hmmp... maybe that's why that 'Manure Maker' was so grumpy... if he was as much a regular as he looked, he's probably had his fill of lines like this by now." The housecat

grumbled, starting to understand the annoying stinker's attitude. For lack of anything better to do, Kit folded his arms and tried not to think about his need to pee. But whenever Kit managed to distract his thoughts, it wouldn't be long before another pang of pressure from between his loins would drag his attention back to the need to empty his bladder. He winced, shutting his eyes to try and focus on holding back the inevitable flood. With his eyes shut, he found it easier to pay attention to his other senses: He could hear a constant sound of crinkling from various other con-goers passing by. He could feel his pants gripping against his pert rear end.

And Kit could smell something stinky nearby him.

The scent wasn't quite one he'd expect at an adult baby convention, though. It was almost the earthy, odiferous scent of a muddy diaper, but there was a spiciness to it that made Kit's head spin slightly. Why hadn't he noticed it before? Had someone just messed themselves in public, right near him? And why did it smell so go-

"Lines are a pain in the ass, ain't they?"

The rich timbre and velvety tone of a masculine voice coming from behind him interrupted Kit's thoughts. "Huh?" The housecat's eyes popped back open, as he turned to face whoever was speaking to him. "Y-yeah, I mean, I'm just over halfway through my first day of the convention and I'm already sick of 'em." Kit found himself agreeing with the question, just as he found his head craning up.

The man behind him in line was at least a foot taller than he was, though the way he seemed to loom over the housecat made Kit feel smaller by comparison. A mask of snowy white and deep royal purple fur parted as the man barked a laugh. An enormously fluffy purple tail with two narrow white stripes running down the back of it twitched and curled behind the male. "This is how it is every year, too. Y'either learn to be patient, or y'learn to throw tantrums like a wee baby." Kit was staring up at a broad-shouldered skunk, arms rippling with muscle barely hidden by a thin summer pelt of bright violet fuzz. "Gets a bit hot in here with all these people, tho." The skunk reached up to unfasten the gleaming silver buttons of a sleeveless black leather vest. "Whew! Picked a wrong day t'wear leather, even if I make it look damn good. I'm all sweaty and musky now." The skunk chuckled, popping his vest open to reveal a white t-shirt with the words "Certified Diaper Daddy" printed on the front in bright red letters. "The wait's easier with a buddy to chat with, though." The skunk held out a paw for Kit to shake. "Name's Kuvar. It's Hindi, but I've long since forgotten what it means. Knowing m'parents though, it was probably some passive-aggressive jab." Kuvar rolled his bright blue eyes and snorted with disdain, as he reached up to adjust a black leather hat dotted with a ring of silver studs.

Kit found himself shaking the skunk's paw, a firm grip squeezing around his fingers. He felt like he was going to wet himself right then and there just from Kuvar's presence alone. "K-Kit." He nodded, his tail slumping and his ears folding back. With the vest open, Kuvar smelled... very ripe. It was suddenly evident what that stench he'd noticed moments ago was coming from. The skunk smelled like a dirty diaper mixed with body odor. The melange of the two was enough to

make Kit's head spin.

Kuvar's eyes went wide. "A housecat *NAMED* Kit?!?" Voice dripping with amusement, Kuvar broke into another chortle. "As in 'Kitten'?!? Your parents must've been as unbearable as mine!" He looked around the convention. "Or maybe they were fucking prophets, given where we are right now!"

"Y-yeah, they're sure... something..." Kit muttered, finding himself sniffing the air again. He thought he'd get used to that medley of stench after a little while, but each breath just felt as fresh and smelly as it had before. His face was hot. "S-so you're a 'Daddy' here, I take it?" He squirmed, balancing on one footpaw, then another, as he tried to keep from peeing his pants while he talked. At least this guy was a good distraction.

"Eh? Oh, yeah." The polecat's tail twitched as he gave Kit a nod. Something beneath the skunk's black leather pants crinkled. "Yeah, 'Diaper Daddy' is my label for this year's Con." Kuvar folded his arms behind his back as they waited in line. "And I saw your badge bills you as a 'Curious Aspirant', right?"

The question made Kit glance back down at his badge, needing the reminder. "Huh? Oh yeah, that's me." The tuxedo cat had almost forgotten about the label on his badge, with his need to pee. The Label was odd, but he'd asked for just a "normal" badge, so he figured it probably didn't mean anything. Unlike Kuvar's Label, which piqued his curiosity. "What's 'Diaper Daddy' even mean, anyway? I thought only the big babies wore diapers." He tilted his head. "Heh. You responsible for taking care of all the little stinkers around here or something?" He arched one fuzzy eyebrow as he looked back up at the skunk, while amusing himself by imagining that annoying horse "Manure Maker" blushing as this big skunk wiped his butt in front of a crowd of jeering onlookers.

"Hah! Something like that, yeah!" Kuvar replied with a terse laugh and a nod. "Among other things, it means I'm responsible for looking after tha' wee ones." He stared down at Kit, his lapis eyes seeming to almost glint and twinkle like gemstones. "You know;" The volume of Kuvar's voice dropped to a sultry whisper. "Like little pups... or Kits..."

"I- I-" Kit felt like he could get lost, gazing into those pretty blue pools within the white orbs. Watching them sparkle and twinkle as the skunk reached out to put a paw on his shoulder. Another breath, and that spicy, smelly scent mixture filled his nostrils, leaking up to cloud over his brain.

Kuvar was gripping his shoulder. In the heat of the moment, it felt kinda nice. Kit's legs were tense, he felt like he was going to fall over if he stressed the muscles of his thighs any harder. But as he gazed into the bigger male's pools, he found himself just going loose. The paw gripping his shoulder kept him from falling over. He wasn't paying attention to holding his bladder anymore, and a few droplets of piss dribbled out into his briefs as he relaxed and listened to the hunk of a skunk.

"That's right. I'm here to take care of you, Kit." Calm. Friendly. Kuvar's voice was as soothing as warm sweet hot chocolate as he drew closer, a distinct contrast to the earthy scents that seemed to soften Kit's mind with every word he listened to and every breath he took in. Kuvar's eyes sparkling and glittering before Kit. "So you can just **relax** for Daddy, can't you? You can just take some **deep** breaths **in** and **out** as you **relax** for me. That's right. Just listen to my voice, breathe **in** my scent and breathe **out** your tension, as you **relax** nice and **deep** for me." The skunk's intense stare was joined by a smug grin. "It feels **good** to just sink down nice and **deep**, you know. Don't you want to feel **good**?"

Yes. Kit found himself nodding in agreement. Yes, he did want to feel **good**.

"I knew you would, kiddo." Kuvar stroked at Kit's shoulder. "Going nice and **deep** feels **good**, and smart kittens like you know that. So let's help you **relax** so you can go even deeper, shall we?" Around them both, the line had frozen. Everyone around Kuvar was turned to listen to him, glazed expressions on their snouts. But the only one that Kuvar was looking at was Kit. "You're such a **good boy** to let Daddy take you down this deep! Now, I want you to do something for me, kitten. I want you to take nice, **deep** breaths. Great big breaths **in**... and great big breaths **out**." The skunk's free paw trailed southward, until Kit could suddenly feel it caressing against his concealed cock. Rubbing the soft fabric of his underwear through his pants, sensually against his shaft. "And with each breath you take **in**, you'll be taking **in** my words, my voice, my scent... more and more. And with each breath you take **out**, you'll be leaking **out** your anxieties, your concerns, your fears, everything that would distract you from focusing on your Diapered Daddy here. Do you understand?"

With the speed of a sloth, Kit's head bobbed up and down a single time.

"**Good boy**." Kuvar's dulcet tone of speech helped a smile grow along the housecat's muzzle. He was being a good boy for his... Daddy? "Now I want you to begin. And I'm going to count along with you, as we help you go down deeper by focusing on your breathing. Breathe **in**."

Kit inhaled, and all around him, the other males in line also breathed in. The stink seeming to radiate off of Kuvar's body like an aura flowed through Kit's nose and up into his feline mind, as he shuddered. The smell only seemed to help him focus, icterine eyes glazing over as he felt his shaft stiffening, pushing up against Kuvar's other paw as he began to tent his pants.

"Such a **good boy**, obediently breathing **in** and **out** for Daddy. That's one." Kuvar stroked at Kit's shoulder. "And now... breath **out**."

At the next command, Kit opened his muzzle, letting all the air flow out of him. He felt his mouth opening as his jaw relaxed.

"**Good boy**. Let's do it again. Breath **in**..." Kuvar's words filled his mind along with the skunk's union of body odors as Kit inhaled as he was directed to.



“And breathe **out**. That’s two, kitten.” As he exhaled, Kit felt his tail slumping down, his muscles relaxing a bit more each time. A faint warmth grew around his crotch as he felt a few droplets of pee leak out, before his body instinctively stopped the flow.

“Now then, can you do it again, my **good boy**? It’s easy to focus and relax like this when Daddy helps you think, isn’t it?” Kit felt like he was drowning in Kuvar’s eyes, losing himself in those deep blue pools. “Just breathe **in**...” The air flowing into the house cat’s lungs seemed to refresh his Daddy’s scents in his mind, the fog smothering his own thoughts growing.

Kuvar paused for a moment, as Kit held his breath. “And breathe **out** now... that’s three. With each number we count up, you go down a bit more **deep**. Daddy helping you **relax** until all the pressure in your silly little kitten body leaks all the way **out**.” As Kit felt the air draining from his lungs, a hint of moisture dribbled down his lower lip. He was drooling, yet his whole body felt so relaxed, and closing his mouth to stop it felt like too much effort.

Kit needed to focus on Kuvar, anyway.

Even more than focusing on another dribble leaking into his underwear, the warm wetness spreading out against his crotch.

The skunk’s snout grew into a wide smile, as he continued. “Daddy wonders how long it’ll take before your last few silly muscles give out? Let’s try for four, my **good boy**. Breathe **in** my stink...”

The trail of drool continued trickling down Kit’s black fuzzy lip as he stood there, feeling his gut swell out to take in air as he squirmed to instinctively hold his throbbing bladder.

“And now let’s breathe **out**, kitten.” Kuvar’s tail twitched behind him. “Let it all **out** for Daddy on number four, come on.”

For a fourth time, Kit let the air leak out of his lungs.

And with it came the remainder of his stress, all the tension left in his muscles, any remaining thoughts struggling to survive the fumigation in his mind... and all his piss. The housecat shuddered involuntarily as a flow of acrid fluid leaked out of him, a distinct “hssst” announcing to anyone listening around him that he was peeing his pants. “Nnnnffff...” He shuddered again. It felt good to relax this deeply, good to feel that warmth flowing around him, enveloping his fuzzy thighs. “S-soggy... mew...” But there was also an uncomfortable sensation in the back of his mind. It pricked at his thoughts, irritating him like a burr piercing his flesh. The black cat stirred, as he felt Daddy’s fingers spreading to rub at his tenting pants, stroking at his erection using the piss-soaked fabric to pleasure its wearer. “F-feels... hot... B-but...” White fluffy fingers balled into fists as he put a voice to the discomfort in the back of his mind. “N-not... sposta... wet pants...”

“Aw, did the kiddo spring a leak?” Kuvar chuckled, his gemstone eyes never breaking contact with Kit. “That’s alright, no need for shame. Daddy knows how hard it is for silly kittens like you to keep dry when you’re trying to **relax** nice and **deep**. All that silly peepee leaks out along with your stress! You don’t have to feel bad, kitten. Just take another **deep** breath **in** and feel any bad feelings hiding away under the fog of my stink in your mind...” Kuvar drew closer towards Kit, until the skunk was all the housecat could see: Purple fur and black leather and white stripes occupying his vision. “But it **feels so good** to wet yourself, doesn’t it, kitten?” Kit felt Kuvar’s tail moving to brush against his back, like the skunk was trying to wrap him up in it like a blanket.

Another deep breath in. Another dose of that ripe odor flowed through his nostrils and into his brain. “F-feels so good...” Kit found himself mumbling, as Kuvar’s fingers pumped the material of his warm, wet pants against his cock. “R-really hot, m-mew...” The tuxedo kitty groaned, a lusty huff escaping the entranced feline’s mouth as he instinctively leaned into his Daddy’s paw.

“That’s right. It’s really hot to soak your pants, isn’t it?” The skunk’s voice dripped with amusement. “Does my dumb little kitten know why that is?” His other paw moved up to cup the back of Kit’s head, pulling him in closer and closer to Kuvar, until his muzzle was pushed into the skunk’s chest, his nose up near Daddy’s right armpit. Another breath out, and as he exhaled Kit could feel Kuvar’s humid breath right up against his perked ear. All while the skunk’s second set of fingers slipped through the fabric of the housecat’s waterlogged pants. “It’s because you’ve got all these silly **big boy** urges, but **deep** down you know you’re just a wee baby.” Each caress sliding the spongy, thick material squishing up against his kitty prick to send flashes of pleasure into Kit’s mesmerized mind. “Your head is **so mixed up** it’s just being **silly, confusing sexy pleasure with the bliss of release into your pants**. Your thoughts aren’t big **boy** enough to have the ability to tell which sort of pleasure is which anymore.” The words echoed through Kit’s mind. “It happens sometimes when you **relax** this **deep**. Especially when you take a nice **deep** breath **out**, releasing the tension and letting **out** your silly **big boy** thoughts.” Kit could feel those fingers pressing against his erection, sliding along the tip as he shuddered and yowled.

It **felt so good** to wet himself.

Like a wee-wee baby.

The more Kit focused on those bold declarations, the more each affirmation felt undeniable, unimpeachable. What felt like jest had grown into possibility, before swelling to likelihood, and finally ripening into outright truth.

With another heavy breath out, Kit relaxed himself as Daddy kept speaking in his ear. “But you can’t help it, can you?” The skunk’s words felt like they were writing over his thoughts more and more, the pungent mixtures of scents coalescing into a mind-melting perfume. “Because you’ve got this **big boy** body, with it’s **big boy urges**, but when you **relax** this **deep** you know **deep** down you’re **just a silly baby kitten**.” His mind was a text document, his thoughts freshly wrote.

Yet Kuvar was a merciless editor, using his newfound access to tamp down new additions with his own replacements. A stream of consciousness interrupted and diverted by the interloper's clear vision and guidance. Kit felt drool trickling down his lips as he just relaxed and listened. "And when your *silly* mind *mixes up* your *baby brain* and your *big boy urges*, it gets confused and decides it *feels so good* to *let it all out*... it doesn't matter if it's peepee or stickies or stinkies, it just *feels so good to let it all out*..."

Around the pair, there were a number of whimpers, grunts, and whines. Out of the corner of his eye, Kit could see some of the other men in line near the pair of them having accidents of their own. Thighs were squeezing together, dark spots forming on crotches. Some men bent their knees into squats, tails flagging involuntarily as they passed gas. Like the housecat, they'd all been so easily seduced in by Daddy's words, by his scents... Kit watched as a badger squatted, the backside of his shorts swelling out and quietly ripping as he filled his seat. Next to the badger, a little lizard creature bit his lower lip as he pawed at the crotch of his pants, a dark stain growing down each leg of them as a bulge was forming along the crotch where the green scaled creature's fingers rubbed. A dog with floppy, fleshy brown ears shuddered, his tail twitching up and down as he struggled not to shit into the pale baby blue diaper he was wearing.

Kit found he didn't care about what was happening to them.

Because he was so relaxed, focused so nice and deep on his Daddy's words, on breathing in that skunk stink that made him feel so good, and on the sensation of Kuvar's fingers edging his stiff kitty prick.

How could he focus on anything but the big strong man making him feel so much?

Another deep breath *in* to take in his Daddy's stench. Another deep breath *out* to let out the tension, all his stresses and anxieties and all the other bad thoughts. Kit was lost in an entranced ecstasy, a shudder of pleasure rippling through his feline frame as Kuvar held him. "There's my good Kit... such a **Daddy's Boy**, aren't you?" Kuvar whispered into his ear. "**You love your Daddy. You want to obey your Daddy. You can't resist your Daddy.**" All of those words became true the moment they flooded Kit's foggy mind, his body making a happy rumbling purr as the skunk teased him. "Of course, it's hard not to be a **Daddy's Boy** when Daddy makes you *feel so good*, isn't it?" Kit practically melted into Kuvar's pecs, nuzzling his head against the skunk's rugged body.

The reverie was only broken when the tuxedo kitty felt a swat against his backside. "Come on, tyke. You couldn't hold your wee long enough to make it to the big boy potty, so let's get you cleaned up." The soft thump was followed by Kuvar taking a step back, as fresh, cool air flooded into Kit's lungs with his next breath in.

"H-huh?" The sensation was akin to being pushed out of a nap in the sun and into a clammy swimming pool filled with ice cubes. "W-what was I-" It was a jolt to Kit's senses, as he felt the lack of a big strong body to cuddle into first and foremost, the vanishing reek being the second

thing to stir him from his stupor. "D-Daddy!" His eyes popped wide open, the glazed expression vanishing from his muzzle as his mind started to clear. What had he been doing again? The past few minutes of his memory felt fuzzy and unclear. A second later, and Kit felt the same slick fingers that had been jerking him off now entwining with his own fingers, taking his paw as Kuvar tugged him out off the bathroom line. "W-wait! P-people will SEE!" Kit hissed, entranced euphoria replaced with a tidal wave of anxiety as he stumbled behind his...Daddy?

*You love your Daddy. You want to obey your Daddy. You can't resist your Daddy.*

The housecat struggled to rationalize why Kuvar had become so inextricably linked to the term, and the difficulty coaxed him into relaxing, letting the skunk seize the reins. The magnetic attraction that suddenly oozed from Kuvar was turning all other thoughts to static-haze. Especially when Kuvar pivoted their head, pausing their gait. The tuxedo kitty's face began to burn, the stray streams of consciousness subdued with the flash of their grin, like a school girl swooning before their secret crush. "See what? Your pissy pants?" Kuvar teased, his pace fast enough to keep Kit at arm's length as he led him through and past the convention's milling crowds. "You're worried about that at THIS sort of convention?" Accentuating his remark with a pause before belting out with a short barking laugh, deep lapis pools peered back to blow away the worry. "It's nothing they haven't seen before, kiddo!" Another flashed smile quelled further anxiety, Kit's conversational skills breaking into babble in his mouth. "All it REALLY reveals is that a wee lil' kitten was too big for his britches and went tinkles alllll over."

The words sent a flush of heat to Kit's cheeks. "B-but- but I'm not--"

"A baby kitten?" The skunk started walking again. "Says the cub blushing as he waddles about in his pissy pants!" The teasing was as persistent as both the creeping happy heat lighting his face, or the similar warmth that saturated his lap. "Come on, if your new Daddy can't trust you to hold it in a long convention line, then we're going to have to keep you in diapers for the rest of the Con." With wide strides forward, Kuvar moved so fast Kit had to cling to the skunk's hand just to keep pace behind him.

It was as if Kit were cub still learning to walk and needed Daddy to hold his paw just to avoid tripping. "Eh-ehehehehe..." Despite his face feeling it was going to ignite from the friction of how hard he kept instinctually smiling, a sudden purr reverberated through his chest, blending with a coquettish titter. His tail flitted with a nervous frenetic energy, the subtle reminders of his wet underwear sparking with each swish. "Y-you're going to put me in d-diapers, Daddy?"

They stopped moving in front of a velvet rope. Kuvar turned back to face Kit, before bending forward to put a paw down against the wet patch crowning each leg of the housecat's pants. The touch made Kit remember how much he'd soaked his pants, making his ears splay back as he averted his gaze with a mix of shame and arousal swirling within him. "What else should I do with a kitten who can't keep his pants dry?" The skunk clicked his tongue and gestured forward, as Kit looked beyond the rope. A sizable section of space had been cordoned off from the regular traffic of the convention. Large white padded tables had been set up within the roped-off

area. A sign made of PVC Pipe and white cardboard had been set up to read "Diaper Changing Station", written in scribbly rainbow crayon, and decorated with several squiggly lines, cartoon stars and moons, and a few pacifiers and diapers someone had drawn intermingled with them. People passed by the Changing Station regularly, some stopping in to get a diaper changed, or to change someone else. Or just to watch.

Kuvar unhooked a rope from one of the metal stands arranging them before tugging Kit inside the Changing Station behind him. "Let's get Daddy's Boy into a thick, dry diaper for my cub to ruin! And some equally dry, and more importantly CUTE baby clothes." Kuvar squinted and rubbed at his chin, his black and white striped tail curling as he mused on that thought. "I think I should have some in your size. And if not, there's always the Dealer's Den..." Snapping his fingers, Kuvar pointed at Kit. "Now strip, kitten!"

"I-In front of everyone?" Kit mewled out, ears flattening against his skull. "B-but Daaaaaaddy!" some people were watching diapers get changed, and in a brief moment of panic that might've made Kit piss himself if he hadn't done that recently, the housecat imagined them coming to watch Daddy change HIM. "I- I don't want everyone to see my naughty bits..."

His protest was met with a wicked sneer. "Either you prove you're a big enough boy to do it yourself, or that you're too little to dress yourself." Kuvar planted his paws on his hips. "But either way, kiddo, this is happening."

*You love your Daddy. You want to obey your Daddy. You can't resist your Daddy.*

Any resistance Kit had to the command melted away like hot butter on a frying pan as words echoed through his subconscious mind. "A-alright." Kit moved his paws down to fumble and fidget with the button fastening his wet blue jeans together. After a moment's hesitation, he looked back up to Kuvar. "I s-see some curtains on wheels people are putting around changing tables... can we do that?" The snort from Kuvar told him "No" without any words, and Kit whimpered. "Ok! Ok, I'm doing it! S-sorry, it's hard to get this button unbuttoned when I'm nervous."

Kit regretted the words right after he said them. "Awwwww!" With a condescending coo, Kuvar clapped his paws together right under his smirking jaws. "Does the wee kitten still have trouble fussing and fiddling with his clothes?"

The button popped loose as Kit cringed in embarrassment, his cock twitching and drooling precum as he kept undressing. "S-stop that, Daddy!" He protested even as his pants slid down his knees, revealing a yellow-stained pair of briefs with a tent in the front.

"That trembling bulge in your soggy shorts says you enjoy it, cub." Kuvar broke into a toothy grin as he watched Kit instinctively cover his crotch. "You like the idea of fiddling with snaps and buttons and zippers, struggling t'figure them out, don't you?" A finger traced down one of Kit's shoulders in a slow, lazy caress. "If you ask Daddy really nicely, he can take care of it for you, so

you don't have to worry about the oh-so-confusing fiddly bits on clothes... It's just so hard to understand how they work, isn't it kitten? Easier to just let Daddy do the thinking for you."

Shutting his eyes so he didn't have to stare at that shit-eating grin (that was somehow still pearly-white, quite a paradox) Kit just whimpered at the teasing, his cock dribbling more precum as his blue balls ached. Kit felt a hot huff escape his lips as he tugged his soiled briefs down his thighs, trying to figure out why he was so pent up all of a sudden. "Gah, stupid-" Kit's goes got caught on one of the holes of the briefs, and as he struggled and squirmed to get it off without sitting down the housecat's arousal only seemed to grow. He couldn't remember getting horny recently, but just a few teasing comments from this big muscular sexy skunk of a Daddy was making him squirm, his arousal obvious. "I'm- I already d-did it, Daddy! I got the button open and the zipper down all by myself!"

"Aye." With his fur poofed out, Kit felt the intrusive fingers before they touched his skin. Daddy Kuvar was giving him another slow caress, this time down the chest. "And you're PROUD of such a simple thing, are ye? Even a toddler can dress themselves with little fuss."

"B-but you were teasing me about-" Kit stammered, eyes popping back open as he felt the other male's fingers circling his left nipple. "O-oooh!" He arched his back into the sensation, a bead of precum forming on the tip of his dick.

"Can't even finish a sentence if you're being teased. What a lusty little cub." Kuvar pulled his paw back to snap his fingers. "Arms up, kiddo. Let's get this shirt off and this show on the road." With a chortle, the skunk moved to grip at the bottom of Kit's cadmium t-shirt. "As much as I like looking at your bare body, cutie, if I leave you outta diapers too long I'm sure you'll be making puddles of some sort or another on the ground."

"I- I wouldn't!" Kit protested, but he lifted his arms up over his head so Kuvar could be ~~a Daddy~~ HIS Daddy and take his shirt off for him.

But instead, he watched as the skunk bent down to lift up the dandelion-color stained briefs, the acrid scent of Kit's own pee hitting his nose as Daddy Kuvar held them up for him to stare at. "Take a sniff of these and tell me again you wouldn't make a puddle, Kit."

*You love your Daddy. You want to obey your Daddy. You can't resist your Daddy.*

Kit felt his whole body trembling as he lowered his arms again. Some part of him wanted to lean down and huff his soggy shorts, just because Daddy said so. He even sniffed the air involuntarily, just barely resisting the urge to shove his face into them. "I- I, um. D-Daddy, you made your point." Kit said, slouching in submission, his tail sinking down, trying not to obey that queer urge to bend down and push his nose into his own wet underwear. "I- I don't remember when I peed my pants, but I did, so I understand."

"Aww... tyke, I'm glad you say that you understand." Kuvar said, waving the shorts in front of

him with a single motion up and down with his arm. "But didn't Daddy tell you to sniff these?"

*You love your Daddy. You want to obey your Daddy. You can't resist your Daddy.*

With a nervous whine, Kit felt his submissive instincts seeming to press down against him more firmly. Before he could even open his mouth again, Kit felt his body leaning forward, his face pushing up against the yellow stain on his briefs. He took a deep breath, the acrid tang of his own piss hitting his nostrils. "S-See, Daddy?" Kit felt a shudder wash over his body, his little prick drooling something other than piss as he bathed in the pleasure of obedience.

Kuvar lifted his arm slightly, the moist underwear squishing up against Kit's nose. "Now why is Daddy diapering you again, Kit?"

Taking another breath of the musky scent of his own piss just to obey Daddy, Kit shut his eyes and admitted what felt like his truth. "I- I gotta wear diapers because I can't be trusted to keep big boy undies dry." Part of Kit was mortified that people passing by the Diaper Changing Station would stop and watch this show he was putting on. It felt like a naughty puppy whose face was being rubbed in his own puddle by a disapproving owner, other people watching as Kuvar disciplined him like a doggy.

And part of the housecat liked it.

"Good boy, kitten!" Kuvar laughed with approval, his grip on the undies slackening as he let the soggy shorts drop back into a pile with Kit's blue jeans, Kuvar nodded. "Spoken like a true toddler! Daddy's proud of you for accepting what you need, boyo." He tussled at Kit's hair, making it all messy. "Now arms back up! Let's get my boy naked and that tush on that changing table!"

Obedying his Daddy, Kit soon found himself reclining on the changing table. The white padded surface sunk in around his body, as he felt the plush, pillowy material pressing up against his back and bottom. It was cozy. He could almost close his eyes and take a nap... that is, if he weren't so excited. "This- this is my first time ever, so go slow, ok Daddy?"

Kuvar tilted his head. "First time doing what, exaaaactly?" The playful lilt in his words made the housecat suspect that Daddy already knew what Kit meant, but wanted to hear him say it out loud.

Another spurt of precum dribbled sluggishly down his shaft at the thought of saying it out loud. "F-first time b-being put in a diaper by someone else. Or, w-wearing one at all, really."

"Oh, I knew that!" Kuvar ended his sentence with a chortle, getting a lavender-colored packet of wet-wipes out of his diaper bag as he started wiping Kit's crotch clean.

The cool, moist wipe sliding along his flesh and fur sent a shiver up Kit's spine. It was such a novel, vibrant sensation he lost himself in it for a moment. "B-but how did you know that?" He finally managed to squeak out, once he'd gotten used to the sensation of the wipes caressing his skin.

In response, Kuvar held up his own badge for Kit to stare at. "Your Label. The 'Curious Aspirant' Label advertises you as someone who has no practical experience with the ABDL kink, but considerable curiosity about it, and an aspiration to have it thrust upon you. It means you're giving full consent ahead of time to have someone, anyone at all, dominate you into diapers through any method we choose." Lowering the badge to set it next to Kit on the changing table, his new Daddy tickled at the cat's belly to try and coax a giggle out of him. "That's why I approached you, Kit!"

The giggle never came. Kit's eyes went wide as his mind, still slowly clearing of fog, processed what he'd just been told. "It means WHAT?!?" Suddenly he remembered what the man at the admissions booth had said to describe him: "*Oh. You're one of THOSE. Heh.*" His fur poofing, out, Kit hissed, his teeth clamping shut. "That weasely wolf! When I get my paws on him, I'm goooioooooooooooooOOOOOOH!" His angry train of thought derailed the second he felt Daddy Kuvar's fingers wrapping around his stiffy, wiping away the precum smeared around it as the big skunk pumped up and down. Another new sensation; the damp baby wipe chilly enough to surprise his mind, and the pleasure of each pump from Daddy's paw enough to keep his focus on the sensations, not on the wolf who'd screwed him with a not-at-all harmless prank. With a sigh of bliss, Kit's muscles relaxed. "A-aaah... T-that feels good, Daddy..." Again, Kit felt the pressure in his balls, as if they were ready to burst like over-full water balloons.

"Diaper changes just feel so good, don't they cub?" Something about the sentence sent another giddy little shiver of a thrill up Kit's spine. His Daddy pumped faster and faster on his cock. "Aww, look at that face you're making, too! Your lips all scrunched up, with your cheeks puffed out and your eyes glossy." With a cackle, the skunk sped up his "cleaning" of Kit's cock. "Daddy's so glad his new baby likes his first diaper change THIS much." Leaning down, the skunk stared into Kit's soul. "Imagine getting to feel this every day. Sometimes multiple times, if you're that much of a potty pants."

*You love your Daddy. You want to obey your Daddy. You can't resist your Daddy.*

Kit couldn't stop himself from considering that idea as he trembled before his new Daddy's gaze. "I- M-mew! I- I c-could feel t-this every- M-meeew!" What would it be like to have a Daddy like Kuvar living with him? Keeping him in diapers every day, never letting him escape? The thought made his balls churn, as he rolled his hips to thrust his shaft into the skunk's wipe-clad paw. It was a huge idea, and it left no room in his mind for anything other than the pleasure as his cock was milked. He could imagine his bladder muscles weakening as his Daddy locked away the toilet, forcing him to just soak his diapers whenever he needed to go. It was just so tantalizing, so...so... "HOT!" Kit could practically feel his diaper shifting back against his privates as a paw tugged it from behind, pulling the backside open to check if he was wet or messy. "S-so hot!" He



mewled out, thrusting into Kuvar's firm grip, while shutting his eyes to better imagine that life just as his Daddy had ordered. A life of dependency where the vestiges of adulthood were a far-off dream. Where memories of dressing himself up were fantasy. Where waddling about sodden in a used diaper was expected, NORMAL. Where no one would bat an eye because no one would expect any better from him. Where he would still blush because everyone knowing what a little kitten he was, just aroused him to no end.

At some point as Kit got lost in his imagination, he began to writhe under the skunk's ministrations. As he got closer and closer to busting a nut, Kit started to quicken the gyrations of his hips. "D-Daddy, I'm so close!" He just needed a few more seconds of that grip on his cock, the pumping, cleaning and-

"All clean!" -And then suddenly Kit was thrusting into the air. The grip on his cock was gone. He was left on the cusp of a climax, as Kuvar lifted his paw and the soggy, cummy wet-wipe up and away. "We can finally get you into some nice new baby pants, Kit!" Without anything more coherent than a whine of need, Kit lifted an arm. He had to cum! To finish what Daddy started! It was all he could think about! But before he could even lay a finger on his straining third leg, Kuvar had his paw by the wrist. "Ut-tut-tut!" The skunk growled. "You're not allowed to touch yourself like that, cub!"

"B-but!" Something in his head told the tuxedo kitty that he couldn't resist Daddy's words, and his protest was more the pathetic mewl of a child talking back to an adult than he would have liked. "Puh-p-please, Daddy! It feels so full! I neeeeeed release!" Kit folded his paws in a pleading gesture.

All it managed to accomplish was Daddy letting go of his wrist. "No. Babies don't have the control to decide when they make stickies. Not my babies, anyway." Kuvar said, punctuating his talk by poking at the tip of Kit's cock with one finger. "If I see you touch this thing without permission, I'm locking it up. Understand?"

THAT thought made Kit pout, his cheeks puffing out to express his blue-balled indignation. "Y-yes Daddy."

With a nod, Kuvar moved to throw away the baby wipe and unzip his diaper bag again. "That's the type of answer Daddy likes to hear." Kit heard frequent crinkling and rustling as the muscular Daddy rifled through the bag. He could see several pastel colored squares of plastic inside it: some pinks, blues, greens, yellows, and plenty of white. "No, that one's my size... and this one's a bit too girly for you, you're not a sissy... hmm... where did I put the- ah!" The skunk's bright blue eyes twinkled with excitement as he pulled out a thick white diaper, the plastic surface covered in thick colorful rainbow kitty paw prints. "The prints fade away when you soak it, so it'll make checks a breeze. I tend to wait too long, otherwise." Kuvar explained, as he began unfolding the diaper. "We'll add a soaker too, so it can hold a bit more. Now where did I put the soakers?"

As the paternal dom rifled through his diaper bag, something occurred to Kit. "Wait... Daddy, you wear diapers too?"

Kuvar stopped what he was doing, to tilt his head back up at the boy he was diapering. "Did you think my shirt was just for show?" His paw slid out of his diaper bag to gesture to the "Certified Diaper Daddy" printed on his shirt. A few letters were hidden by the edges of his leather vest on either side, but just seeing it reminded Kit. "Of course Daddy wears diapers, tyke! You think I bother waiting in long lines for the potties at a convention like this one?"

His ears perked up, as Kit lifted his head up off the changing table, trying to get a better angle. "C-can I see?"

"You're a curious one, aren't you tyke? I like that." Kuvar tugged his pants down with a grunt of exertion, the leather pants struggling to fit around what Kit soon saw to be a bright pastel blue diaper swollen outward. Words along the crotch were stretched out by a large bulge tenting them, but Kit could still tell they read as "Bow Down and Worship". As if modeling the diaper for Kit, Kuvar lifted his arms over his head, and thrust his crotch forward a bit. "Yuuup... been dribbling all morning. This thing's pretty soggy, but a real man like Daddy wears real big diapers. Especially on a Friday like today, heh." The skunk chuckled at some joke Kit didn't get. "It can hold plenty more. In front, at least."

"I-in front?!?" Kit gasped, realizing the implications.

Turning his body, Kuvar let his backside point towards the housecat. The back of the diaper was lumpy and sagging, a faint brown discoloration tinting the blue plastic. "Eeeeyup, your Daddy's probably overdue for a change back there so I don't get a rash, but... heh." The skunk cocked his tail up, as if he were about to spray Kit. "Skunks like being stinky. And whenever people smell my mudslides back there, they always seem a bit more eager to have some fun with me. So can you blame your Daddy for putting it off as long as possible?" Even from the other end of the changing table, Kit could catch a faint hint of his Daddy's soiled stench. It made his paws tremble, his cock twitching as another bead of precum formed on it. "What can I say? When you smell like THIS? People can't seem to focus on anything else when they're nearby." With a predatory grin, Kuvar gestured to some writing on the backside of his diaper. "It's why I got this padding custom-printed!" The writing was stretched and misshapen, but Kit parsed the meaning of it after almost a minute of staring at his Daddy's muddy butt.

It read "**Good Boys shove their faces here**" on the backside of Kuvar's poopy diaper.

Was he a good boy? The thought immediately stuck in Kit's mind as he read the words. That faint smell of his Daddy's skunky stench in the air made Kit grip at the table. Some part of him wanted to sit up and crawl forward to shove his snout right into that lumpy diapered seat. To show his Daddy that he was a Good Boy. A fantasy of Daddy putting his weight down on Kit's face and smothering him with that messy bottom filled the housecat's head; the idea of Daddy forcing him to take nice deep snoofs of that squishy rump making Kit's cock twitch and dribble

another spurt of lust out. “D-Daddy, I-” His blue balls ached, and the ambient haze of horniness in his head hadn’t ever quite gone away. It was so tempting to just sit up and shove his face in like a good little stink-huffing cub, eager for his daddy’s stench.

As if discerning what he was thinking, Kuvar turned around to glare at him. “Stay down on the table, kiddo. No fun until there’s a diaper on your buns.”

*You love your Daddy. You want to obey your Daddy. You can’t resist your Daddy.*

“Awww...” Kit groaned, folding his arms against his chest and puffing out his cheeks in a very childish pout. “Hmmp! Fiiiiiiiine.” If even just a day ago he’d learned he would be laying on a changing table, fussing like an overgrown kitten as his new Daddy put a diaper on him, he’d have been mortified. But it felt so oddly natural to slip into a childish mindset like this, especially around someone who kept talking to him like the big baby he was.

...like he was a big baby, anyway.

“Gonna diaper that tush!” Kuvar sang an impromptu song, just loud enough to attract gazes from a few caretakers and adult babies nearby. He lifted Kit up with a paw on his bottom, as he slid the unfolded pawprint diaper underneath. “Add a soaker to feel the smush!” A small strip of puffy material came next, and Kit watched as his Daddy arranged it right along the center of the already-puffy padding. “A dusting of powder, to make you smell sweet!” Pointing a bottle up towards the bottom of the diaper, Kuvar smacked the bottle, sending a small cloud of white to rise up into the air. People were staring at them now, and one or two had even come over to watch as Kuvar hummed a refrain. They were staring at Kit as he was being diapered, and the cat winced and covered his eyes with his paws while his dick stiffed up again. With his eyes blocked, he couldn’t see it, but Kit felt his bottom lowered onto the diaper again, sinking into the pillowy material before his Daddy started dusting his crotch with more baby powder. “Finally, tape you up so tight you bleat!” The silly song ended, and Kit finally allowed himself to peek, lifting his paws away from his eyes, watching the front of the diaper stretching up over his crotch, the thick padding squishing around his stiff shaft as his stripey Daddy held the front down with one paw. “That looks good... feels tight enough too.” People were departing now that the show was over, thankfully. But just the thought that they’d been staring at him as he was put into diapers like a baby made Kit feel his prick poking against the padding it was now trapped in.

“Um... is it supposed to feel tight-mmmph!” Kit would feel something pushed between his lips as he asked his question. Rubbery material pushed against his teeth, and a plastic mouthguard pressed into his lips. His eyes went wide as he realized what had happened: Kuvar had shoved a pacifier into his mouth! “Mmmph!” The housecat reached up to tug it out, but felt Kuvar’s paw grip his wrist gently to stop him before he could.

“Oh no, no... Keep that in, kitten.” Daddy Kuvar said. “Babies are supposed to suck on their binkies.”

*You love your Daddy. You want to obey your Daddy. You can't resist your Daddy.*

The second those words hit Kit's ears, any thought of spitting the binky out seemed to leak out of Kit's mind. Kuvar-, no, his DADDY Kuvar, had just put him into the first diaper he'd ever worn. He'd done it in public, where people had watched. And now he was getting told he had to suck on a pacifier. The more he thought about it, the more he found it simply unthinkable to spit the thing out. It felt like the skunk had just somehow unlocked a door in his mind, opening Kit up to all these forbidden things he hadn't ever allowed himself to explore. Like sucking his pacifier... which felt increasingly RIGHT the more he thought about it. Daddy wanted him to suck on it. Because Daddy Kuvar said babies were supposed to suck on their pacifiers. And Kit... wanted to obey his Daddy. He couldn't resist his daddy. The notion of saying "no" to Kuvar just felt unthinkable. And that realization of where he was made butterflies in Kit's stomach. He felt so little and powerless and part of his mind was savoring the sensations. He was becoming a big baby kitten, a dependent little cub, for this powerful, strong, masculine DADDY.

And a growing part of him felt addicted to the feeling..

"And yes, you want your diaper to be nice and tight so it doesn't slip off while you're playing." Kuvar finished, ending his thought with a gentle pat to the tenting crotch of Kit's new diaper, the crinkling noise sticking in Kit's ears.

"Oo coulda awwsked fwirst." Kit fussed, lispng around the pacifier as he talked, as it slowly began to bounce up and down against his lips, the instinct to suckle on it not one he even tried to resist. He folded his arms, as much to look like a cute pouting toddler as it was to show his protests at not being asked.

"I know, but I had a cute mute button ready for you." The skunk just grinned, as he pointed at the faceplate of the pacifier. "Shaped like a little dump truck! Just so everyone knows what's gonna happen in your diapers."

"Eeheeheeheehee!" A nervous titter escaped from beneath the pacifier, as Kit felt his cheeks getting hot again at the insinuation. He fell silent and kept sucking, trying not to think of the obvious implications of "Dump Truck". His new pacifier at least gave him something to do that wasn't just watching, and the more he slurped and smacked on it, the more he found himself enjoying the feel of it between his lips. As his Daddy grumbled something about 'getting these damn tapes on just right', Kit started to tune the skunk out and just enjoy the feeling of sucking back and forth on his pacifier, the dummy sliding in and out of his maw. Something about it going in and out just felt relaxing to him. Soothing. He started to purr again, the housecat smiling under his new binky as he decided he could get used to having something to suck on all the time.

A pat on the front of his diaper (with an accompanying crinkle) snapped Kit out of his suckling reverie. "There we go. All diapered up and ready for some playtime!" Kuvar patted the front of the diaper again, with a hazy cloud of talcum wafting up from the swat. "Well, almost. We need

you dressed, kiddo! Sit up!”

Without even questioning the order, Kit sat up, another crinkle announcing that he was changing his position. Was his diaper really gonna make noises if he so much as squirmed even slightly? He'd seen people talk in online forums about how noisy these things could get, but seeing the reality of it, he wasn't sure how he could hide the noise if he had to wear them for a few hours. To say nothing of going 24/7 like some furs he followed on MewSky and Peepr claimed to. Lifting his arms, Kit waited like a good cub as Daddy produced some folded clothing in a translucent plastic sleeve.

“Here we go! A nice onesie to keep my kitten warm!” He held the article of clothing up for Kit to see. It was pastel blue, with what looked like little tiger cubs in their own diapers printed all over it, doing a variety of things from playing with yarn balls to smacking keys on a piano. It was childish. It was adorable.

It was ***brazen***.

“I- I haffta wear dat?” Kit slurred around his new pacifier, his voice trembling with a mix of excitement and trepidation. There would be no hiding the diaper, not in that thing. If anything, the snaps around the crotch made it clear it was designed for easy diaper-checks; it'd have looked more strange if someone wearing it WASN'T in a diaper.

“You GET to wear ‘dat’.” Kuvar corrected him. “Because Daddy thinks it'd look adorable on you. Of course, if you want to kick up a big fuss about what I choose for you to wear, I could always go with my fallback option: A black and white kitten like you would look simply ADORABLE in a sissy maid's outfit, black skirt bursting with ruffles and frills and lace...”

The housecat hissed at the notion. He hadn't really intended to protest Daddy's choice in outfits for him anyway, but now he had more than enough incentive to make grabby paws for the onesie. “Gimme! Wanna wear da wun daffdee pwicked outs!” Speaking coherently with the pacifier in was next to impossible, Kit was learning. He'd have to find less verbal ways to make his desires known, whenever he was suckling on a binky.

...he'd only had it in for a few minutes, and he was already thinking about sucking pacifiers on a more frequent basis.

“Hahaha! Oh, now tha' wee one's eager!” The polecat's laugh came with a gentle roll of the eyes, as he ripped open the plastic wrapping around the onesie. “Alright kiddo. Ye know tha' drill by now, arms up and let's get you looking sharp!”

Kit wasn't sure he would define a onesie as “looking sharp”, but the onesie did feel warm and snuggly as he felt it draping down over his body. The material it was made of was sleek on the outside but fluffy and puffy on the inside, feeling almost like he was wearing a layer of thin pillows. The housecat could almost see himself curling up for a nap on the ground, just

cushioned by the material alone. Daddy Kuvar tugged his pacifier out of his lips, which made Kit grumble and scowl at first. But his mouth didn't stay empty for long, the pacifier returning to him once it had been clipped to his new onesie via a cord. Kuvar bade him spread his legs to finish putting the baby onesie on, pushing several metal snaps together around the crotch. Kit could feel the thick material of the onesie pulled tight around his crotch and bottom now, squishing his new diaper up against his body. The sensation provoked a purr from him, as he shuddered from the feel of the padding squeezing a bit tighter against his stiff cat cock.

"There we go!" Kuvar nodded as he appraised his own work. "Now no one will see my little one as anything more than the wee bab he is. But I think we can go a wee bit further, too." The skunk reached into his diaper bag, rummaging around within it. "Let's see... where would that packet be... Grr..."

Kit watched as his new Daddy scowled and growled in frustration, only to see those sour feelings melt away as his eyes lit up. "Ah, here it is!" With one swift motion, the skunk daddy pulled out a large plastic baggie with what looked like thick, puffy booties and puffy, pillowy mittens inside. Each one was a pale powder blue, almost a match for the pastel blue onesie Kit was wearing. "With these on, ye couldn't even undo a button on your onesie!" Each bootie had a velcro scrap around the end. Once fastened on, it was impossible to just slip out of them.

"W-what?!?" Kit's ears splayed, his pacifier falling out of his mouth to hang against his chest. "D-daddy, I don't think I need-"

"Ut tut tut!" Kuvar lifted a finger up in front of him. "Hold out your left arm for Daddy." The skunk's tone was a clear command, and Kit found himself lifting his arm without even thinking about it. The first mitten slipped down over his hand, engulfing it in a thick layer of spongy, pillowy material. Kit's new Daddy fastened the velcro strap nice and tight, sealing Kit inside it. The housecat's second arm was next, fitted with an equally thick mitten that made Kit's hands utterly useless. "Booties next. Lift up your right leg, tyke." In no time at all, Kit was wearing mittens and booties that felt almost as thick as his new diaper, his fingers rendered useless. He wasn't looking forward to trying to stand in the baby booties, either.

"And there we go." Kuvar leaned down to look into Kit's eyes. "Trussed up like a wee one learning tae crawl fer tha' first time." He traced a finger up and down Kit's chest. "You couldn't pretend tae be adult if ye tried, wearing this." Taking Kit's padded paw, he tugged the housecat down off the changing table. It was as Kit felt his paws reunited with the floor that Kuvar leaned in to whisper into his ear. "And I think ye like it when people can see how big a baby ye really are, don'tcha?"

The housecat's back went rigid. He felt his cock twitch in his diapers as he considered everyone staring at him; everyone around seeing him as nothing more than an overgrown kitten, a big baby cub. "D-Daaaaadddy!" He whined, slumping down and trying to make himself look small. "You can't s-say things like that to me!"

"Why not?" Kuvar said as he started tugging Kit forward. "Ye are enjoying tha' teasing, aye?"

"Y-yeah..." Kit admitted, barely able to mumble the word as Kuvar's grip on his hand pulled him forward. With the onesie on and padded booties over his footpaws, Kit's gait became more of a pronounced waddle, his hips wagging back and forth and the plastic diaper crinkling loudly with every step. "Yeah. I- it's really embarrassing, but-" Kit took a deep breath. "- I really like it too." He was finally willing to admit it to himself. "I- I like feeling this way. I like the way you make me feel."

"And that's why you're a 'Curious Aspirant'." Waddling behind his daddy, Kit could only watch Kuvar's thick fluffy tail waving back and forth, blocking his vision of where they were going.

Kit blinked. "That-" he didn't follow the logic of Daddy's statement. "What to you mean?"

Kuvar stopped, letting Kit's paw slip out of his grasp as the big polecat turned to face him, deep blue eyes twinkling as he locked gazes with Kit. "Because **deep** down, you wanted someone to *push* you into this." He leaned in, and the closer he got to Kit, the more the housecat could smell his Daddy's stink, clinging to the skunk like an invisible aura. "You wanted someone bigger and stronger and more dominant than ye to drag you over to that changing table and make you a baby."

"I-" Kit felt his face getting hot.

He just lost himself in Daddy's eyes again, the musky, stinky bouquets of odors from his Daddy slipping into his nose and fogging up his mind once more.

The skunk's eyes twinkled. "I dare ye to deny it."

And Kit just stammered, his face flushing with embarrassment as he realized he couldn't.

It was **true**.

"Hit the mark, did I?" Kuvar narrowed his eyes, reaching up to pet Kit between his ears. "Then I'm ordering you to prove it to Daddy, right now. Tell me, loud enough that everyone around us can hear what you really are."

*You love your Daddy. You want to obey your Daddy. You can't resist your Daddy.*

"I- I-" Kit stammered. He couldn't say it. He just didn't have the nerve. The housecat felt his whole body trembling. "I- I'm- I'm a-" But even though his courage failed him, Kit felt like he wasn't able to think of anything else other than doing it. Like now that the thought had been put into his mind, he was obsessing over it. What would it feel like to just say it? To admit how little and helpless he was, to prove he wasn't a big strong mature adult, but just a- "I- I'm a- I'm a ba-" He felt like he HAD to say it. Like something inside him was forcing it out. But his whole body

was trembling. Kit could barely get a word out without stuttering. Gritting his teeth, he balled his fists and tried to psyche himself up. "I'wm a bwig bay-bee kidden." The words came out, without his stutter, but he was lisping them around a pacifier. When had he popped that back in? It felt almost like a subconscious instinct. Even if he'd said the words clearly though, they had still felt too quiet. Kit saw Kuvar nodding, not in approval but as a prompt. Saying it quietly was a good start. But his Daddy expected more. Kit took a deep breath. He could do it. He could admit the truth in front of a crowd of strangers. Everyone would see him for what he was. Everyone would hear him say it. He could do it. He could-

"I'M A BIG BABY KITTEN!"

Kit heard his own voice saying it out loud, at the top of his lungs. People around him turned to stare at him. "H-heeheehee..." It had been impulsive, purely spur-of-the-moment. He had still been psyching himself up, and the words had just flowed out of his mouth like water out of a faucet. And as the shock of his impulsive declaration died, Kit realized people were still staring at him.

All eyes on him.

People seeing him in his cute onesie, thick swollen diaper puffed out around the crotch. A pacifier hanging in front of him, waiting to be shoved in-between his lips. Bright blue booties and big poofy mittens stood out against the tuxedo pattern of his fur. If he moved, everyone would hear the crinkling noise and know where it was coming from. They might even notice Kit's tenting bulge that was returning to the front of his diaper, his cock hardening as everyone saw him dressed up like an infant. It was at that moment that it finally sunk in: Kit knew he wasn't an *adult*, or even a *big boy*. He was an **adult baby**, someone who couldn't be trusted to take care of himself. And he couldn't even pretend to be something else.

"Aww.... there we go!" An adult baby with a big strong Daddy who had just pulled him into a hug. "I knew ye had it in you, kitten." Kuvar patted him on the back, before moving a paw down to squeeze at his diapered backside. "It's so much more pleasant once ye admit tha' truth. Once ye give up on trying tae pretend you're just a curious adult when deep down, you know what you want t'be." Kit just relaxed, saying nothing but huffing at Daddy's scent. The bouquet of soiled diaper scents, the spicy musk of a mustelid, and the scents of sweat and leather helped the housecat relax, his nervous thoughts and anxiety melting away, as he just enjoyed Daddy squishing his seat and making his diaper crinkle. "Just Daddy's little cub, an' that's all ye'll ever be, no matter how big you are."

"Yeah..." Kit mumbled dreamily, accepting it as he frothed the stiffy in his diaper against his Daddy's crotch. "I'm just Daddy's lil' cub..."

The hug was broken as Kuvar stepped back. "Now I'd say this little kitten's earned a reward for being so brave!" That thought made Kit's eyes perk as he watched the polecat open a side pocket of his diaper bag. "Now let's see... what sorts of treats did I pack? Ah, this will do!"



Before Kit's eyes, his Daddy produced a juice box, a smiling cartoon apple on the front clearly identifying what sort of juice it was. "Gotta be a bit thirsty after how much you wet your pants earlier, aye?" The skunk chuckled, popping free a straw adhered to the side of the juicebox and poking it into the box for Kit, before leaning in to tuck it into his mittened paw. "And Daddy can't wait until his kitten goes tinkles again, unable to stop from soaking himself in public like the little baby he is." Kit could just barely grip the juice box through the mitten, and he had to hold it close to himself to keep from dropping it. Still, he could lift it up to take sips if he was quick.

"D-Daddddddy!" Kit squeaked, his arousal building as his cheeks puffed out in embarrassed indignation. He nearly squeezed his juicebox empty from the embarrassment. "I-if you keep teasing me like that, I'll melt!"

"Yer diaper would soak it all up." Kuvar got one last jab in before relenting, lifting his paws up in front of him. "Alright, alright. You just enjoy your juice, Daddy'll get us to our next event."

Resuming their pace, Kit was led by the paw forward through the staring on-lookers, his Daddy Kuvar parting the crowds as they walked across the convention center. Every sip of his juicebox dampened the fires of anxiety Kit had felt before; the tangy, sweet apple juice helping take his mind off the aches of unfulfilled sexual desire and his own humiliation at how far he'd fallen away from adulthood. Like a good baby, he just turned his mind off, slurped at his juice, and let Kuvar lead him where the adult wanted them to go. Every so often he'd look out and smile at strangers, dazed and happy, like he was stumbling around in a blissful trance. Sometimes, he'd stare at his new Daddy's backside as Kuvar led him forward, imagining the writing on the sagging diaper underneath the skunk's leather pants. What were the words printed on the butt again? "**Good Boys shove their faces here**", right? Thinking about it was hard, but made Kit feel butterflies in his stomach again. Every so often he'd stumble, not used to walking with thick padding between his legs and booties on his footpaws. But every time he stumbled, Daddy would keep him from falling over. Time seemed to lose all meaning, but Kit only really realized how long they'd been walking when he realized he'd run out of juice to sip. His Daddy led him forward for a short period of time after that, before they arrived at their destination.

"An' here we are!" Kuvar said, as he disentangled his paw from Kit's and stepped aside to show the housecat their destination.

His empty juicebox hit the floor just as his jaw dropped. Kit just stared in stupefied shock. "W-woah." Although Kit had heard about it, he had never actually seen it in person: The crown jewel of AdoraBelle DeLightsCon, a giant modular playground scaled up for children the size of adults. He'd read it took nearly 50 people 2 days before the con to assemble it each year, and another 2 days to break it down afterwards. The convention had supposedly changed venues three times because previous hosts of the convention worried about legal concerns. Even now, you had to sign a waiver and consent forms before they'd let you step one footpaw inside. Getting a picture of the playground itself was one of the things that had been on his bucket list when he came to this convention.

And now here it was.

Velvet ropes stretched around the perimeter of it, with a few volunteers watching. Beyond their borders was a sprawling activity center of monkey bars, platforms, climbing walls, colorful crawling tubes, and three enormous plastic slides racing down from the peak of the jungle gym. The entire playground rose out of a ball pit with padded gym mats underneath it. There was even a swingset. It was a place where the young of heart could come and just enjoy playing and feeling like little kids again.

And pay for the privilege of doing so.

The playground continued to exist at the con for a reason: it was pricey but profitable; only a certain number of Littles could enjoy it at a time for safety reasons, but demand was high and they sold slots online before the convention even started. Kit thought he remembered those slots priced at nearly a hundred dollars for an hour, but access had sold out before he even had the chance to consider if he wanted to try it. "Woooooooooow." He stared up at the playground, tail perking up behind him and twitching with excitement. "I- you got me a ticket for the playground, Daddy?" Kit tried to untangle that. "But how? We met less than two hours ago!" Less than two hours, and Kit already couldn't see the big brawny polecat as anything other than "Daddy". His sexy daddy whom he loved. Whom he obeyed. Whom he couldn't resist.

But he could question. And the question just made Kuvar break out into a cheeky grin. "Oh, I came to the convention planning on making a wee one for myself, cub!" The skunk grinned. "But you've got one thing wrong, Kit." Zipping open a flap on his diaper bag, the skunk finished his sentence as he reached inside it. "I've got TWO tickets." Kit found himself staring at the two slips of printed paper in his Daddy's hands as if they were printed on gold.

They were some of the hardest-to-get event tickets at the whole convention. "I get to play with Daddy? Here?" Kit's heart raced, his tail curling up straight behind him as he felt himself bouncing with childish enthusiasm. "I get to go on the playground?" The playground that was so expensive and yet sold out so quickly that he hadn't even considered it as an option when he'd come to the convention, even if he had been willing to present himself as an AB. "You-Aaaahhh!" Kit squealed, bouncing up and down. He lunged forward to hug Kuvar, rocking against his new Daddy. "I can't wait! I'm gonna climb on the climbing wall and ride down the spinny slide and run across the rope bridge and hang upside down on the monkey bars!" All the things he'd missed about playing on the playground as a kid, and he could explore them here. Kit just buzzed with adrenaline, purring happily. He was so excited, he didn't even really consciously notice when the front of his diaper grew warm and wet in his enthusiasm. It was hard to hold his bladder when he felt this eager, and it felt so good to just let it flow out. "Mmm... thank you, Daddy!" Opening his arms out wide, Kit moved in to hug the muscular polecat, sniffing at his new caretaker's musky odors as he squeezed the big man tightly. "I can't wait to go down the slides, and crawl through the tubes, and maybe we can play hide-and-seek, and-"

"Settle down, settle down!" Kuvar grinned. "One last thing before we go in." Kit felt his Daddy's

paw moving down to pat the front off his diaper. "Do ye need a change, kitten?"

Kit froze up as he felt his Daddy's paw squeezing into his diaper, the material squishing against his stiff cock. If the skunk had only asked a few minutes earlier, he WOULD've been dry! "I- um-" His ears drooped as Kit's mind raced for an excuse to put off a diaper change that would otherwise delay their fun on the playground. He didn't want a change now, he'd barely made his nappy damp! "I'm- uh-"

"You can save the excuse, wee little cub." Kuvar lifted his paw away from Kit's crotch and chuckled. "Barely a few drops, I think. Diapers are expensive, kitten. Can't change you just for a little summer drizzle, especially not when I've still had a mudslide in mine."

With a sigh of relief, Kit nodded several times. "So- so we can get in line now?" He turned to gaze at the line admitting people into the playground. It didn't look THAT long.

With a laugh and a nod, Kuvar put a paw on his new baby's shoulder. "Aye, we can go." The polecat led Kit into line, his paw never leaving the tuxedo kitty's shoulder.

During the whole wait, Kit bounced up and down, his mind rushing with kittenish glee. It was all he could do to not race off to go play the second after a volunteer took his ticket and the pair of them were able to step into the threshold of the ball pit. "Can I go climb the climbing wall, Daddy?" Kit gazed up at Kuvar with a hopeful glint in his icterine eyes.

He watched as a hungry smirk creased the polecat's muzzle once more, eyes narrowing just as his smile grew wider. "Mmm... actually, kiddo, I think Daddy wants you to follow him up towards the slides."

Rolling his eyes, Kit arched his back as felt Daddy taking his paw again. "Awwww..." His tail slumped down limp as he followed, rolling his eyes as the skunk pulled him behind him.

"Oh, Daddy has something fun in mind, you'll see.." Unmotivated by his new little's groans, Kuvar led Kit up a series of platforms towards a bright red plastic tube. "Hmm... no peepholes to spy in from, an' it bends on both sides intae a 'Z' shape so no volunteers can see what goes on in the center bit... that's an oversight, lads." Kit was just close enough to hear the skunk's mutterings, but could only tilt his head in confusion as he tried to process what his Daddy meant.

Kuvar fell to all fours, lifting his diapered butt into the air. "Alright Kit, let's see how good y'are at crawling, aye? Follow your daddy now, that's a good cub..."

Kit stared down at his caretaker's backside. On all fours like that, with that fluffy skunk tail hiked up and curling at the end, the adult kitten could smell his Daddy's stink more concretely, and it made his balls churn with need. His pent-up horniness had almost faded into the background of his mind, but smelling his Daddy's stink, and remembering the sight of the skunk's sagging,

poopy diaper back at the changing table made all the lusty urges come surging back. Kit felt a paw moving down to grope himself through his diaper, despite Kuvar's earlier command that he not touch himself. This didn't count, since he wasn't touching his weewee, right? Just touching his diaper didn't count?

Kit decided it didn't count unless Daddy told him it did.

The temptation to shove his face into his Daddy's backside returned, as Kit trembled. "G-gosh..." he licked his lips, rubbing at the bulge in his diaper as he watched the polecat's butt wiggle back and forth, back and forth, as he slowly began to crawl into the red plastic tube. It was almost like he was offering Kit a chance to sniff at that seat, and that thought lit Kit's loins afire. He felt precum spurting to soak into his already damp diaper, as his tummy grumbled and he felt his tail lifting up. For a moment he felt like he needed to do something, but the urge was quickly forgotten with another sniff of the big papa skunk's stinky bottom.

A single momentary flare-up of lust felt like an eternity, but unlike eternity, it ended: Kit was dragged out of his horny haze once he saw the older man's bottom turn down the first bend in the crawling tube, his Daddy suddenly vanishing. "W-wait up!" Kit hissed, a surge of panic filling his mind as he squatted down, placing his front paws on the surface of the tube so he could crawl inside. "I'm coming! I just got distracted!" Popping his dump truck pacifier into his lips so it didn't drag on the floor, Kit padded into the tube with a frenzied energy. If he didn't move, he'd get left behind, and he needed to follow his Daddy...

"Oh? Distracted by what?"

Who had slipped his leather chaps off once he'd gotten out of sight, letting the black dyed pants pool at the bottom of the tube. Kit found himself face to face with Kuvar's lumpy, sagging, diapered butt once more, the scent in the air growing more ripe as the skunk wiggled his butt. "You've been a very good boy, letting yourself **relax** so **deep** for Daddy, falling under the spell of his stink and the charm of his glistening eyes..." Kuvar wiggled his hips, letting his soiled diaper crinkle and squish as it moved back and forth in Kit's vision. Kit saw the words printed on the backside of it, stretched and deformed, but still legible.

**"Good Boys shove their faces here"** waved back and forth in front of Kit's eyes.

Back and forth.

Back and forth.

The words echoed in his mind, as Kit felt another spurt of precum seep into the soaker of his diaper. He began sucking on his binky more rapidly, his muscle tensing as his Daddy looked back at him. "That's a good cub... you've earned this for being so easy to **relax**, so easy to sink nice and **deep** under the power of Daddy's words and his stink and his handsome eyes." The skunk swayed his hips at a slow, lazy pace. "It **feels so good** to just **relax** and fall **deep** down

into Daddy's spell again, doesn't it?" Kuvar growled. "To remember **how it feels** so good to be a big baby kitten for Daddy, to **submit** to Daddy's power."

A dribble of drool was trickling down Kit's lower lip.

He barely noticed it.

The tuxedo kitty's tummy rumbled again, a mild cramping sensation making its presence known.

Yet he barely noticed that either.

All Kit wanted to do was relax and focus on his Daddy's words; To breathe in Daddy's stink and breathe out all the silly things that would distract him from listening to Daddy Kuvar. His little pink nose twitched as he suckled on his pacifier, breathing in and out.

Watching that diapered butt sway back and forth.

Breathing in, and breathing out.

Back and forth.

In and out.

"Aye, you're a good boy for Daddy now, aren't you? I barely need to do this last part." Kuvar said, with a throaty rumble to his words. "But just to seal the deal... There's one last thing any adult baby living under a skunk's care needs to embrace." His bright blue eyes seemed to almost glow and twinkle as he crawled backwards, letting his muddy butt get so close Kit's face was almost touching it. "**Relax** and go **deep** for Daddy... breathe **in** my words, breathe **out** any final resistance."

Kit was already so deep. He barely needed to go any further. Breathing in and out, he relaxed, his eyes glazing over as he stared into the swollen, blue surface of the diaper, his mind a blank page for Daddy to write on.

Before, there had been resistance. Writing that existed that Daddy had to re-write.

Now? Kit's total submission to Daddy's hypnosis was letting the skunk write out everything as if he were a blank journal.

"Relaxed nice and deep now, Kit? That's a good cub." Kit felt the skunk's tail wrapping around his head, the fluffy fur tickling against his ears and brushing against his whiskers. "The final thing you need to embrace to be a good baby for Daddy is to learn to love the Stink." The diaper moved back the final inch, pushing lightly into Kit's nose. "You need to learn to love snoofing and sniffing at Daddy's sagging diapers, at the diapered butts of other boys... you need to love

the scent of it, crave it like you crave oxygen.” Kuvar murred. “**Relax**, and breathe **out** any **silly** thoughts that would cause you to hesitate, or resist Daddy’s will.” Obeying without any hesitation, Kit let all the air out of his lungs in a lingering, dreamy sigh of bliss. “Gooooooooood.” The tuxedo kitty couldn’t see his Daddy’s face anymore, but somehow he imagined the polecat smiling.

“Now push your face into Daddy’s diapered butt, and breathe **in** nice and **deep**.”

Nothing remained to hold Kit back. He barely even had to move. All the housecat had to do was lean forward, letting his body weight carry him. His whiskers twitched as they hit the padding first, pushing up against his cheeks as his face sunk into the padding with a soft “crinkle!” and a loud “squish!” Kit could feel the contents of Kuvar’s diaper shift as he brought and impressed himself against the seat. His muzzle entrenched and buried in that cornucopia of stink, every movement wringing more notes, a different symphony of subtle smells. Elicited he embarked further, letting the seat terraform to his intrusive boxy muzzle. Like a good kitten, every lungful replaced regular oxygen, filling his mind more with that stink, his chest vibrating with another rumbling purr.

“Mmm... I can feel you back there, kitten. You’re making Daddy so very happy with how obedient you are.” With an amorous huff, Kuvar grunted, and Kit felt the polecat’s tail gripping him tightly, squeezing his head into the lumpy surface of the diaper so there was no escape. “You’re growing to be such a good little stinkslut, huffing Daddy’s messy diapers like that... now for the next part... As you keep breathing **in** and breathing **out**, Daddy wants you to move down to start rubbing your silly peepee through your diaper.” Kit’s pacifier pushed against his lips as he nuzzled against the surface of the padding, squishing and smushing at the diaper and hearing the sounds of pleasure his Daddy made when he did. At Kuvar’s command, he moved his paw down to grip at the tent in his own diaper, rubbing at it and hearing the noises, like crumpling plastic, as his dick rapidly grew back to erection. “Murr... I can hear you, kitten. Doesn’t that feel good? You’re going to keep rubbing your peepee through your diapee, and with every breath of my Stink you take **in**, you’re going to let your confused mind associate the pleasure of rubbing your peepee with the scent of Daddy’s stinky scents.” The skunk’s words were punctuated by a light squeeze of his tail against Kit’s head, as if he needed to keep Kit firmly in place so he couldn’t slip away.

Kit wouldn’t.

Even another cramp from his stomach wasn’t enough to snap him out of this reverie of filth and lust. Purring loudly, Kit savored the stench of his daddy’s fully loaded nappy, rubbing his face against it, as drool dribbled down under the mouthguard of his pacifier, leaking onto the nappy as it squished against his cheeks. Each breath the cat took in was joined by a squeeze and a rub of his cock, as Kit felt the front of his own diaper growing more moist. He was dribbling precum with every huff and snoot of his daddy’s diaper, every stroke and caress of his cock against his moistening diapered crotch.

Breathe in. Breathe out.

Crinkle-Squish! Crinkle-Squish!

He'd been bouncing in and out of an aroused state since they met, and Kit had just barely tuned out the horny haze whenever he got distracted. Now, it came back in full force, as he felt his muscles tensing. With how much he'd been edged today, there was no chance he'd last long. "Haaah... aaah..." He pulled up only slightly, needing to make noises as his climax neared. Kit felt his pacifier slipping out as he groaned. "M-making stickies!" The housecat squealed out, thrusting into his paw as he shoved his face back into Daddy's seat, squishing into the mucky padding and breathing in the skunk's stink with every spurt of his load. He painted the crotch of his diaper white with kitten cum while he reveled in his Daddy's stench. As his orgasm roared to a close, Kit felt his tail flagging up, the cramps in his tummy intensifying.

"That's a good kitten!" Kuvar said with a huff. "Now then-"

A grunt from the housecat interrupted his Daddy's words. Finally, the needs of Kit's body were too much for him to bare. He felt his knees tremble, the tip of his tail cocking once, then twice, as he groaned, moving his paw up from rubbing at his diaper to clutching at his tummy. "M-making... stinkies... Daddy..." Kit said, each word interspersed by another cramp as the tuxedo kitten felt his body pushing out filth into the back of his diaper, the thick nappy sagging outwards onto the red plastic of the crawling tube. Kit arched his head back as far as his Daddy's tail would allow and groaned from the sensation. Even the stink from Daddy's diaper was not able to keep him sedated as he bathed in the bliss of this release. It felt like he was pushing out all his big boy thoughts into his seat, casting aside everything a big baby like him wouldn't need.

The pushing felt almost like a second orgasm, as he pushed out all those crampy feelings and felt the back of his diaper growing warm and squishing against both fur and flesh.

"Daaaamn, kiddo..." Kuvar's tail relaxed, the skunk circling his body in the large crawling tube so he could face his new little snout-to-snout. "You really are a Daddy's Boy now, aren't you? Look at you, so in love with your Daddy you even stink up your diapers just like he does." As Kit opened his eyes again, he found himself gazing into Kuvar's enthralling lapis pools. "I never ordered you to do that, Kit... you just lost control all on your own, didn't you?" Daddy Kuvar's smile widened as he finished his thought. "Like. A. Baby."

The skunk leaned in to kiss Kit on the lips, his tongue forcing its way into Kit's mouth. The housecat felt his Daddy pushing on top of him, and Kit let him, slumping backwards to rest his back against the floor of the climbing tube. His diaper made more squishing noises as the mess spread around with his change in position. It just felt so good to let it all out into his diapers, like Daddy said. Kit broke the kiss only to moan, as the bigger male pinned him down to the ground. "Kitten, you've been pushing my buttons all day." Kuvar growled, rearing his head up as a trail of saliva connected their lips. "And now, you're perfect for me!" With a loud growl and a grunt, the

skunk began grinding his diapered crotch against Kit's own padding.

The two diapers crinkled and squished as Kit felt his Daddy's dick sawing against him, getting his own peepee stiff again. He'd started to soften back down down there, and now Daddy was getting Kit worked up all over again. With a squeal, he shuddered and looked up. "D-daddy, t-that feels soooooo good, please keep humping your kitten!"

"Cub, I couldn't-rrrf-" Kuvar paused his humping only to grunt and moan. "-stop if I tried!" He growled, gripping Kit's arms tight as he quickened his pace, their diapers grinding together, the friction making each surface grow hot.

Kit mewled out as he felt himself spurting into his nappy again, mind practically melting from the intensity of the sensation. A few moments later, and with a howl of lust, his Skunk-Daddy slumped against Kit, tensing his body as Kit felt a few slow, lazy rubs. "Mmmmmph... T-there." Kuvar said with a grunt. "Our first time making each other spurt in our diapers. T-that was way farther than I thought you'd be willing to go, your first day as my baby cub."

Kit lay there, panting heavily, letting Kuvar clutch him tightly as he struggled to catch his breath. In the haze of the afterglow, his mind had a small flash of clarity: Daddy had done something to him, fuddled and muddled his mind somehow during the day. How much of all this was because of Daddy's words in his mind? How much of it was what he really wanted?

Kit felt like he had no way of knowing.

But one thing he did know was that he was happy. Reaching for his pacifier, he tugged it up and stared at it. A dump truck. That's what he was, a big truck that had left a big muddy dump for Daddy to clean up. But later. Kit was starting to enjoy being stinky and squishy down there. Popping his pacifier past his lips, the adult baby tuxedo kitten sucked on it for a moment, as he felt Kuvar relaxing his grip on his cub's arms.

Kit wasn't ready to get up yet, though. Even if they were caught, at this point they'd just be two diapered men cuddling. Kit found he didn't mind being caught doing that. Not anymore.

Not after the wild ride he'd just had.

Arms spreading out, he sat up to embrace his new stinky, Skunky Daddy, just as he embraced his new life.

"Wuv oo, mah 'tinky Pawpaw..."

**The End!**