

ABUniverse: Pamper Patrol

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

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.*

Driving at night didn't usually bother you that much.

Of course, **usually** you weren't driving through fog as cloudy and gray as a storm cloud. It was practically opaque, and even with your high-beams on, you could just barely see the road a few feet ahead of you. It was nerve wracking, driving home from work in conditions like this. You hadn't even wanted to come into work that evening, but your bosses had called and told you they needed everybody they could get, and you had decided you needed every cent of the overtime money just as badly. But now you were stuck driving home with nearly no battery left on your smartphone, practically no vision of the road ahead of you, and anxiety that you'll get into an accident constantly scratching at the back of your mind.

Making matters worse, your bladder was throbbing.

You really should have visited the bathroom before retreating from work, but you'd been afraid that your bosses would've tried to volunteer you for more overtime. And now it was just another distraction in the back of your mind, during a time when you really needed to focus. With how limited visibility was on the roads, a wrong turn or a failure to hit the brakes in time could spell ruin for your vehicle. The only good thing about the experience was that you'd driven this route so many times by now that it was practically muscle-memory for you at this point. You just had to turn left at this next intersection...

Or were you supposed to turn *right*?

A moment of indecision hit your mind, as you stopped in front of the traffic light, the red circle gazing down at you like the eye of a stern, disapproving teacher waiting for the answer to a

question he'd asked. As if he'd already concluded you'd pick the wrong answer before you even made your decision. Your bladder throbbed as you pushed your thighs together. All of a sudden it felt like the fog swirling around your car was obfuscating your memory just as much as your vision. Did you turn left or right here? If you turned left, could you do it at the green light or did you need to wait for a green arrow? All of a sudden the choice felt daunting. Like you were just a *kid* being expected to choose the path his whole life would take in one big, irrevocable decision. And yet this was such a little choice to make! At worst it'd delay your trip home if you took a wrong turn. So why did it feel like the weight of your own existence was depending on it?

The red light turned green. Someone honked behind you. You had to make a choice.

Left or Right?

Which way took you home and which way took you into the undiscovered country?

The car behind you honked again. "What's the matter! Ain't you old enough to know how to drive?" Someone shouted behind you, as heat flooded your cheeks. Gritting your teeth, you turned right, heading down the foggy road, hoping and praying that you hadn't just gotten confused and taken the wrong path.

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*Sometimes it's the little choices we make that happen to make all the difference.*

*Choosing pancakes instead of waffles for breakfast.*

*Deciding to wear boxers instead of briefs.*

*Or choosing to turn right and drive straight into a predatory dimensional rift pouring out clouds of fog, rather than choosing to turn left and drive away from it.*

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How long had you been driving since you made the choice to turn right?

It couldn't have been more than a few minutes. If your memory served, you were supposed to reach an on-ramp for Highway 69 just ten minutes after the turn. And yet, as you drove on into darkness, you weren't seeing any signs advising drivers of the upcoming on-ramp.

You hadn't seen any signs lately, actually. Even a speed limit advisory. For all you knew, you were going 50 in a 30 miles-per-hour zone. You had thought about pulling over and trying to flag someone down to ask directions, but you had yet to see anyone else driving down this road either. And the unfamiliar area, in the darkness, was *really scary*. You felt like it was better to keep driving and hope that you saw a road sign or a gas station or a turnoff or SOMETHING,

rather than pull up alongside the road. All alone.

Though the longer you drove down that darkened road, the more it felt like you'd taken a wrong turn.

Glancing down at your car's clock, you watched the time tick from 7:49 pm to 7:50 pm. That was it. You had clearly taken a wrong turn, made the wrong choice. Squeezing your hands against the steering wheel, you feel increasingly certain of that conclusion. What you needed to do was find a place where you could make a U-Turn, backtrack a bit, and then you'd be back on the road meant for you all along.

Flashes of colorful light and the sound of a siren hit your senses the moment after you came to that conclusion. The lights were reflecting off your rear-view mirror. You were being tailgated. By someone with a siren and colorful lights. Is it the police? It had to be.

Except what police car uses red, blue, and WHITE lights?

Squeezing your thighs together as you shift your foot to the brake pedal, you pull over to the side of the road. Shifting into park, you wait for the officers to approach, your nerves as tight as violin strings. Tapping your foot against the floor of the car, you review possible infractions in your head while awaiting judgment. It couldn't be reckless driving, could it? You had kept between the lines and were as sober as a nun. And you'd just renewed your license plate tabs last week, so that couldn't be it. It had to be speeding, didn't it? But that wasn't fair! There weren't any speed limit signs anywhere you'd seen. Gritting your teeth and scowling, you mustered up your will to prepare for a fight. It's not your fault the city isn't providing proper information about their roads! You could fight this in court. You could-

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The butt of a large metal flashlight rapping on your driver's-side window called your attention back to reality. Turning your gaze away from your car's interior, you look over to gaze up at the cop who pulled you over, tall enough that you see his chest first as you look out the window. But as you do, you start to feel confused. Isn't his uniform a bit too bright a color of blue? Most cops wear navy blue, or khaki if they're from the sheriff's office. Not some bright powder-blue. Is this guy even a cop? You see a gleaming golden badge pinned to his chest, but it's shaped wrong: A rectangle with rounded edges, and what looks like the vague shape of a nipple on one end. What kind of officer wears a badge like that? And why was the crotch of his black pants so puffy, compared to the rest of the pants? Narrowing your eyes in suspicion, you look up to gaze upon the face of the man who pulled you over.

And as you do, your eyes go wide.

A pair of aviator sunglasses was perched at the base of a long snout coated in gray-black fuzz, with a black button nose perched at the tip. The cop's pointed ears, popping out of the top of his

head, swiveled forward, as he gave a snort. The fur coating his whole head was two-tone, with more a khaki color coating the fuzz on his cheeks and the sides of his head, while the rest was that same gray-black fuzz that rippled as the creature opened its muzzle. "Sir, this is a mandatory roadside check. Can we ask you to step outside the vehicle?"

For just a moment, you stare up at him, stupefied. What were you even looking at? Some kind of dog-man?

A moment later, certainty grips your thoughts as you see his muzzle open again, the creature panting while waiting for your response. Of course it was some kind of dog-man. A german shepherd, it looked like? But how was that even possible? You'd never seen another sapient species in your whole life! As your eyes widen, the police dog lifts a paw up and taps the glass of your window with its flashlight again, expectantly. Deferentially, you feel your hand moving to open the door, *without really questioning your obedience too hard*. What could you do in the face of the unreal but engage with it? "Is- is something wrong, officer?"

"You've been randomly selected for an inspection, sir. Nothing to worry about, we just have to do our due-diligence, sir. Please step out of the car." The police shepherd folded his fuzzy arms, before nodding to what looked like another canine cop sitting in the driver's seat of the vehicle. The shape of that one's muzzle and ears, plus the sleeker, more metallic colored fur patterns marked the other cop as some kind of doberman, perhaps? "That's right. Step outside and turn around to face your car. Lean forward, place your hands on your car, and push your backside out. Can you do that for me, kid?"

Kid.

The word sends an odd shudder down your mind. You feel like there's something wrong about it, but it's hard to really figure out what. You're male, sure, but something about that term in particular made you shiver. It made you feel little. Like you were younger or more simple than the man in the uniform glaring down at you. "Well? Come on." As you hesitated, the canine cop tucked his flashlight into a pocket and lifted a fuzzy finger up to rotate it, pointing down towards the road, in a circle in front of him. "Turn around, kiddo." He kept rotating his finger, as if trying to order you to turn around and present your rump to him through body language alone.

"I'm- I'm notta kid." As the words slip out of your mouth, you feel your cheeks getting hot. Why had you said it like that?!? Sure, you felt a need to assert your adulthood, but the words all changed the second you spoke them, sounding way more childish than they did in your head. *Almost like you weren't a big man at all.*

"Mmmhmm..." The german shepherd reached up to adjust his aviator sunglasses, which had started sliding down the bridge of his nose. "A big strong man would listen to the nice police officer without making a big fuss that could get him into more trouble, sir."

And your face only gets hotter at his retort. Not wanting to have any more chances to embarrass

yourself, you turn around as he directed: Facing your car, stretching your arms out, and leaning forward to rest your arms on the back door of your sedan. The pose forces you to thrust your butt back towards the cop in a way that feels almost lewd. It's not helping the blush tinting your cheeks go away anytime soon. "H-how long should I hold it for?"

You ask, but you don't get an answer in words: You feel it first: a moist nose pushing between your cheeks, sniffing at your butt as your eyes go wide. "What the heck are you doing-" You start, before the canine cop pulls back away after a few sniffs. Why did he do that? And why did it feel so natural that he did?

"Mmm. Thought so." With a snap of his fuzzy fingers, the german shepherd rose back up to his foot-paws and gazed towards the squad car his partner was relaxing in. "Kowalski! We got another DWD over here!" Your mind races for what 'DWD' could stand for, while you watch the german shepherd's tail begin to wag rapidly. "I'm going to need you to bring the supplies, while I prep the perp."

That didn't sound good! "What the heck is a DWD?" You ask, straining your neck to keep gazing back at the police officer.

Only to watch him reaching over to grip at the hem of your pants on both sides, tugging them down to your knees alongside your boxers. Your whole body went stiff as a cool breeze struck your bottom cheeks as you pivot to face him. "Hey what gives?!?" Your hands immediately move to cover your private bits, as you tremble with confused rage. "Why do you need to strip me just to arrest me?! What the heck is going on?!?"

"Driving Without Diapers." the canine explained, the cop's reply sounding calm. Not emotionless, but with a casual practiced ease to it, as if he had done this countless times before. "Any civilian in our jurisdiction is required to be diapered whenever they're behind the wheel, no exceptions." The cop reached down, patting his own crotch to accentuate his point, a telltale crinkle hitting your ears. This was just too much weirdness to process all at once, and absentmindedly you reach down to tug your pants back up. Was he suggesting you were about to be arrested for not wearing a-WAIT, was HE wearing a-

"I'm just doing my diaper-duty, sir." The German shepherd's paw moved like a striking snake, as he smacked your hand away from your pants. "You broke the law, so we're going to have to process you properly." You watched as your pants slid back down, past your knees to pool at the ground. Behind you, a bark from a short distance away announced that you and the canine cop weren't alone anymore.

"Caught another naughty perp with his paw in the cookie jar, eh Rico?" The doberman, whose name seemed to be "Kowalski", slammed the cop car door behind him, walking forward and breaking into a pant. Like the german shepherd (Rico?) he wore a powder-blue button-up shirt and khaki pants with a swollen crotch that crinkled loudly as he waddled up. Unlike Rico, he was carrying a large plastic white square in one paw, and a bottle of what was labeled as "Pup

Powder” in the other.

Rico the German Shepherd simply clicked his tongue. “Seems to be a recurring habit among humans: Trying to drive around without their puppy pants on, as if they don’t even care about leaving puddles or obeying the law.” The creature’s muzzle contorted into a snarl, fangs bared. “Makes me a little sick to see such flippant disregard of the law, Kowalski.” He walked over to the back of your car, opening the door. “He’s got a blanket tucked under the back seat, we’ll use that for now... you’ve got the rest of the stuff, don’t you?”

The sheer absurdity of the situation was making you tremble. First you had to accept that there were dogs walking on their back legs and talking like humans. Then, you had to accept that they could be police officers. DIAPERED police officers, at that! And what made it all the more queer was that until you stopped to think about it, it actually felt almost normal! Like it was just *easier to stop thinking and be a good boy...* which was such a strange thought to pop into your head it made the situation feel weirder! And now the pair of bizarre cops were rooting around your car, doing something with your things? Not to mention stripping your pants down to your knees! “H-hey! Don’t just act like I’m not h-here! What is even going on? This is sexual assault! Abuse of authority! I can sue! I can-MMMPH!”

A pacifier was pushed between your lips as you protested, Rico’s paw holding the blue mouthguard against your lips as a sudden urge to *suck* filled your mind. It only took a few moments for the instinct to win out over your panicked thoughts, the thing beginning to move back and forth between your lips. “Sir, Officers of the Pamper Patrol are given full authority to diaper ‘insufficiently padded’ citizens as part of the Dry Driver’s Seat Laws of 1982. Don’t get fussy or throw a tantrum or I may have to revoke your license and put you in the baby seat for a long ride downtown.” Clicking his tongue, the German Shepherd clipped the pacifier to your shirt as it bobbed back and forth against your lips.

Kowalski laughs at the sight. “Yeah, perp. Trust me, you get your Big Boy license revoked and you’ll have a hell of a time being treated like an adult ever again.” Reaching a muscular, brown-black arm down to pat at the blanket he’d spread along your back seat, the canine cop gazed back up at you. “If you don’t want to be punished worse, just be good and lay down on your blankey.”

“Ish nwot-” You start, before realizing how infantile you sound with your- the pacifier between your lips. Feeling your face getting hot again, you fume silently. But despite how strange this all was seeming, there was a part of you that just wanted to *lay down on the blanket and get diapered*. Just the thought was making you feel a tightness between your thighs. Trying to resist it was giving you a headache, and after a few moments you felt your feet moving to carry you to your backseat, laying down to rest your head on the soft padding of the blanket. It felt more cozy than you’d have expected. *And oddly familiar, as if this wasn’t your first backseat diaper change.*

“There we go. Such a good little tyke, laying down for a fresh nappy.” Kowalski cooed, breaking into a grin, before moving a hand down to grip at the stiffy you’d sprouted between your thighs.

When did **that** happen? "See? Some parts of you are really excited to be diapered, aren't they?" He squeezed and stroked at it, making you shudder and groan. Why did the idea of being put into a diaper by two big dogmen get you so horny? A flash of pleasure made you shudder and a bit of precum sprouted onto Kowalski's paw as his squishy paw pads gripped at your hard shaft.

"Don't mollycoddle our perp, man." Rico said with a hint of a growl on his lips as he walked forward, pulling a pair of thin yellow latex gloves out of a pouch on his belt. "We're never going to get one of these cheap government-aid diapers fitted on his rump with that thing pushing against the front." You watched as the German Shepherd tugged the gloves over his paws, one at a time. "Sides, don't you recall, caging a naughty tots' privates is one of the possible punishments for a first-time diaper violation? Wasn't exactly **cooperative** at the start. You got some baby oil, Kowalski?" He lifted his paw away from your privates, reaching towards his partner.

Without speaking, Rico's Doberman partner pulled a small tube out of a pouch on his belt, dribbling some onto the German Shepherd's paw. "Ooo... been a while since we had authorization to break out the chastity gear! Hot. I'll grab the camera from the squad car, be back in a sec."

As Rico gazed down at you, he tucked a cautionary paw onto your stomach with casual ease, pinning you down to the blanketed car seat with a surprising amount of strength. The other paw was still coiled and coaxing gently up and down your member. "I hope you enjoy my paw on your naughty stick, baby boy. It's going to be the last thing you feel there for a while. This little thing's impounded, and it's going to be **quite** a fee to get it free."

"Wait, no, I don't want-" You open your mouth to protest, the pacifier slipping off to dangle from your shirt from its cord. But in but a moment, your protests fall deaf as you feel the shepherd's tender squishy paws grasping around your throbbing manhood. There's something distinct about his thick paw-pads, barely veiled by that thin latex glove, that makes it feel like it's swallowing up your entire shaft when he squeezes. A strange shiver of pleasure courses up your spine, coupled with an odd thought that *you deserve this punishment for being naughty enough to drive without a diaper* on. That didn't sound like you in the slightest, yet you found yourself agreeing with the sentiment after another flash of pleasure. The time to consider it at all escapes you soon enough, banished by the distinct 'Shlick! Shlick!' noise of Rico's glove, slathered in oil, pumping up and down your meat as the canine beats you off. You can feel the sensation of those squishy paw pads through his slippery glove, brushing enough weight against the flesh of your cock, but the pads thick and pillowy underneath the pressure. "A-aaaah!" As Rico's gloved paw rubs and bounces up at leisurely pace, you can't help but thrust into it. Your shaft grows slimy and slippery, precum drooling all over, your balls churning as the canine cop pushes you closer and closer to the edge.

You know you shouldn't be enjoying this, for so many reasons.

But it just feels so damn good.

Why fight it?

Kowalski, the doberman, whistles as he walks over towards his partner, holding a silver digital camera up in front of his eyes as he approached. "Damn. Ain't nothing so attractive as watching a naughty perp getting teased into a horny frenzy, is there?" A flash lit up the scene, blinding you for a moment. The next thing you saw was Kowalski breaking into a fanged, predatory grin. "Hey, need some help getting him prepped?" He held up a paw of his own, already covered in another latex glove and slick with baby oil.

"I could use a prostate teaser, yeah. We need to get the perp all pent up and pacified." You would see Rico smirk before he gazed down at you. "Now spread'em. It's time for a cavity search, perp."

You couldn't even think of resisting. Parting your legs, you watched as the two dogs repositioned themselves: Rico moving around to stand to one side, still gripping your cock. While Kowalski moves in between your thighs to push a paw down towards your cheeks. "Wait, sniff check first."

"W-wait!" With a yelp, you protest a bit too late, as the Doberman bends down and a warm, wet nose push up against your backside. This time, there's no clothing to dull the sensation. You feel Kowalski's fur tickling your cheeks, hear each sniff, and then feel his warm, wet nose push up against your hole. "Smells safe, partner. I'll proceed with the search, you keep the perp from wiggling around too much."

"Already got a good firm grip on him." The other canine cop responds, with a laugh. "But maybe we should be extra careful." Before you can ask what that means, you find out: Rico's other paw reaches down to squeeze at your sack, pushing your balls apart. It's a gentle grip, but you tremble knowing he could be far more rough if he wanted to. "Try to hold still, perp. You don't want to injure yourself down there, after all."

The sensation of that gloved paw fondling your family jewels makes you groan, eyes rolling back in your head. Just a moment later, you feel a slick squeaky finger pushing up between your cheeks. "Mmm... tight little hole on this perp, Rico." Kowalski's tail brushed up against your leg as it wagged rapidly, tickling your thighs again and again. You could feel the oil-slick digit pushing into your pucker, stretching it gently, as the doberman cop pushed slowly in and out. "Gotta get it properly stretched first... don't want him accusing us of police brutality again..." Each push of that slick rubbered finger inside your hole stretches it a bit wider. Your breathing grows deeper, as you feel your heart racing and your balls desperate for relief. You feel Rico's pace quicken, paw bouncing at increasing speeds along your fat dick, moving almost in perfect sync with each thrust of Kowalski's finger into your backside. The partners working in harmony to tease and pleasure you, the sensations growing more and more intense, until...

"Aaah... aaaaah!" Kowalski's finger pushes inside you all the way, deeper than it had before. At

the same time, you feel the German Shepherd's paw squeeze just a slight bit tighter against your cockhead as his fingers dance along it. Just as you start to get used to the blend of sensations, you feel your hole stretching a bit wider.

A gasp escapes your lips as Kowalski pushes a second finger inside you. "Just relax, perp. Make it easier on yourself." The twin fingers part slightly, pushing up against your sphincter as you arch your back and groan, thrusting your pelvis upwards against Rico's paw. "We're just checking to see if you've got any contraband hidden deep down inside..."

Your heart racing as the two cops toy with you. Kowalski's twin digits dig deep, as you feel his fingers ram up into your prostate. At the same time, Rico's strokes have reached a frenzied pace, risking making a campfire by rubbing against your stick fast enough. The intensity of it all combines to form an eruption of ecstasy that pushes you past your limit. "M-making stickies!" You squeak out the words in pure instinct, hearts in your eyes from the treatment as you watch a spurt of creamy white cum erupt out of your shaft like an exploding volcano, spattering along your stomach. One spurt. Then two. Then three. You can't remember the last time you've climaxed so much. Bathing in the pleasurable afterglow, you stare up your car's ceiling, breathing deeply as you try to recover. Your shaft is softening as you feel the two canine cops each withdrawing their paws from your body. "That was- I can't believe I just came from being played with by two doggies!"

The comment made one fuzzy eyebrow arch just above the rim of Kowalski's glasses. Turning to gaze at his partner, the Doberman just snorted. "Do humans always disbelieve the obvious after cumming their brains out? Eh, whatever. Cage 'em, Ric!"

"Already on it." The German Shepherd had a predatory grin on his snout as his paws moved towards your crotch again. But this time, instead of a pleasurable stroking paw, you feel a cold, stiff sensation covering your flaccid shaft. "Now hold still, kiddo. No one's happy about being caged up their first time, but-"

Caged?!?

Your eyes shoot wide open as you feel that plastic sheath pushing over your sword. "W-wait!" Sitting upwards, you fling your hands towards the cop on pure instinct, shoving into the fuzzy wall of muscles that was Rico. Somehow, you send him stumbling backwards, despite his bigger, stronger body. The cage slips off your prick, flying down to clatter against the street. "S-seriously, this is messed up! No police officers are supposed to c-carry something to cage up a cock! What's going on here?!?" You don't understand anything, but with the haze of lust that had been fogging your thoughts starting to dissipate, you feel panic flooding in to take its place. There's something direly wrong here: Those weird thoughts, the way these police officers are acting like all this is normal... you've even started to forget how weird it is that they're both DOGS. "A-and why aren't you both human?" It feels like you're dreaming, or you've somehow stumbled into another world. "Look, I don't know what's going on here but it's wrong and-"

A low growl silences you, Rico's lip curling upward to bare his fangs. "We've got some resistance here, Kowalski. Restrain the perp."

Without missing a beat, the Doberman bore down on you, arms darting up towards your shoulders. Before you could resist, you would feel his firm grip as he pushed you down onto your back again. "Seems like someone wants an escalation, huh?" The canine cop grinned. "Good. I was hoping I'd have an excuse to get you on all fours, perp."

You don't make it easy for him. You kick and squirm and howl, demanding they let you go, as Kowalski holds you down. Standing between your thighs, his strong grip pinning your arms down, you can't even close your legs or throw a punch to protect yourself. This close, you can smell the Doberman's bouquet of scents: A spicy scent of some sort of canine musk, and something that smells sweet like baby powder... and a scent that's a bit more salty and musky that you can't quite place your finger on. It's odd how in the heat of the moment, as you struggle and squirm, that's what sticks in your mind the most.

But you struggle in vain. Rico returns, making a show of wiping some grit off the pink plastic cock-cage in front of your frenzied eyes. "Perp, you just keep making your punishment worse." The German Shepherd snorts, before tilting his gaze up from you to his partner. "I can't exactly get him suited up if you're laying on top of him like that, man."

"Heh." You watch as a smile grows along Kowalski's muzzle.. "Not a problem, buddy." He lets go of one of your wrists to tap his skull. "Big Brained Kowalski's already thought of a fix for that problem."

With a snort of disdain, Rico reaches down to grab at your liberated wrist before you can make any attempt to escape. "More like 'Diaper-Brained'. Ok, what's your fix?"

Kowalski points up, and you and his partner both start gazing up towards your car's ceiling. There's a little handle right above the window, mounted to the ceiling. "You got cuffs on you, Rico?"

The rapid thump of Rico's tail smacking against the door to your car as it wags would have been enough to tell you how much he loved the idea before he even spoke. "Daaamn, I wasn't giving you enough credit, partner!" Pinned down as you are, you can only watch as the German Shepherd moves down to pull a pair of Handcuffs out from a pouch on his belt. Lifting them up to the handle, he slides the chain attaching the cuffs through it. "Ok, lift up that arm, I'll get this one."

A moment later, and your arms are raised up towards the sky, the chill kiss of metal digging into each of your wrists as Rico and Kowalski handcuff you to your car with a "click" of each cuff locking down.

"C-can't we talk about this?" You whimper *like a nervous baby* as Rico swaps positions with

Kowalski to stand between your thighs. You writhe as he approaches, but it does little more than rattle the chain of your handcuffs against the plastic handhold over your head.

With your arms restrained, there's no more fighting it.

You're trapped.

Helpless.

At the mercy of two brazen cops who who couldn't keep their paws to themselves.

"Bit late to want to talk things out after resorting to force, ain't it?" With a snort, Rico gets to work locking you up. The bright pink plastic of the cock-cage squishes against your flaccid shaft as it slides down into place. The material felt slippery and cool, the baby oil-slick surface rubbing against the sensitive skin of your shaft. You could feel it pushing your penis into your groin as Rick fits a chilly metal loop around the base of your sack. A whimper escaped your lips as you heard the "click" of Rico turning the lock, the cage sealed down against your sensitive bits as the canine cop held up the key in front of your eyes. "If you can be a big boy for once and follow the law for the next two weeks you can come down to the station and buy THIS back from the Police Impound." The key glinted and glimmered in the light of the nearby streetlight, almost as if it were magical. "That means staying in your diapers, as per the law, and not giving any more shoves to officers that are just doing their jobs." He growled. "Of course, if you want to keep causing trouble, we could always revoke your Big Boy license entirely. Are you going to be a troublemaker, or are you going to let us finish your punishment here so you can drive home like a good little citizen?"

Your eyes never left the key, not until Rico slipped the cord it was attached to around his neck and tucked it under the collar of his uniform's shirt. "I- um-" You stammer, mind still reeling from what's just happened. You just *made stickies* to a big dog man jerking you off with his paw, and now you've got a bright pink cage over your *weewee*, and everyone is just acting like all this is normal! Surrounded by this madness, feeling almost like Alice stumbling into Wonderland, you can't help but entertain a new thought that feels almost like it was pushed into your head: *Maybe this is normal, and everything you remembered that suggests otherwise is just your silly brain pulling tricks on you.* The thought feels alien at first, but the longer it lingers in your mind, the more normal it feels. How could dog men bearing diapers and cock-cages not be normal when one was staring right down at you, acting as if you were just another thing for him to do today?

Thinking about it too much makes your head feel foggy. It's not until a flash of light hits your eyes that you're dragged back to reality. Kowalski, the doberman, just took another picture of you on your knees atop the blanket, your arms lifted up and your caged cock on full display. "N-nooo!" You hear yourself whimper, instinctively trying to jerk your hands down to cover your crotch. The only thing that comes of it is your muscles ache and the handcuffs rattle from your failed exertion. "W-why! Why did you do that!?! " You glare up at him.

“Gotta log our interaction with each perp, perp.” The doberman says with the same sort of tone as someone explaining their car’s out of gas as they pull into a gas station. “It’s for accountability, so they can’t accuse us of bullying anyone.”

“That’s- that’s what you’re doing!” You sputter back.

As Rico reaches down to pat your cock-cage. “No, we’re ensuring that anyone operating a vehicle is properly padded, perp.” You don’t feel his touch at all, except for how he makes your weewee shift position from the pat. “So they don’t risk getting into an accident because they’re distracted by trying to avoid having an accident. Don’t throw a tantrum just because you were caught being naughty. Kowalski, let’s lose the gloves, this part’s easier with bare paws.” The big dog moves to release the handcuffs, freeing your aching arms at last. “Now then. Lay back down. You’re past due for some proper padding, perp.”

“Eugh...” Swallowing whatever’s left of your pride, you flop down onto your emergency blanket again. While you hardly want to be diapered, with the key to liberating your tool from impoundment in Rico’s possession, you don’t want to piss him off further. “Yes sir...” Rolling onto your back, you let your legs hang back out over the edge of the car. *Maybe if you’re a good boy, Daddy will forget to punish you.*

“Wait, what was that?!!” The thought that just popped into your head felt so weird, you can hardly believe you were the one thinking it.

“What was what, kiddo?” Rico cocked his head, confusion evident in his tone of voice. It didn’t slow him down, however. “I wasn’t saying anything. Kowalski, make yourself useful and lift his legs up.”

You feel the Doberman snake an arm under both your knees, lifting your legs up. “U-uh... nothing, sir... I just was feeling kinda funny.” You groan, reaching up to rub your temples while your ass hangs just above the blanket. “Why the fuck do we have to wear diapers anyway?”

“Keep it up with that potty mouth, perp, and the pacifier goes back in.” Kowalski growls, gazing up at your eyes for a moment before looking back down at the diapering. “No no, you’ve got it too far to the right, the wings’ll be lopsided. Hurry up, my arm’s gonna get tired eventually.”

“I know how to diaper a pup, Kowalski.” Rico snarls back, his momentary annoyance fading after a moment as he adjusts the diaper underneath your bottom. “Hmmp. Anyway, perp... since you asked, the first version of the Dry Driver’s Seat Laws were passed back in 1982 in response to a sudden outbreak of soggy seats and muddy pants on long car trips across the whole country.” He nodded to his partner, as you felt your bottom lowering back down to squish into the padding aligned under you. The crinkling noise made you cringe.

“Got so bad most people couldn’t stay dry if they drove anywhere for longer than an hour.”

Kowalski held up a white bottle and handed it towards Rico. The name on the powder blue label read "Big Tots Baby Powder" in large alphabet block letters. "No one knew what was causing it! Some people thought it was those new Ultra-Safe car models they started selling that year, but that ain't it. We caught plenty of perps with stinky seats speeding down the highways still driving the old less-safe cars."

A cloud of white powder fluffed up above your crotch. The scent was sweet and mild as it hit your nostrils. "A'course, it wasn't like a lotta people were keeping their pants dry all day even before the outbreak started." Rico chuckled. "I can count the number of properly potty-trained people I've met with both paws. But something about driving for more than a few minutes seemed to make it so much worse all of a sudden. I still say it's due to the vibrations under the seats from those new car models with the engines repositioned."

Suddenly Rico's fuzzy fingers were rubbing along your thighs, massaging what felt like each and every muscle. "Mmmph..." An involuntary sigh escaped your lips as he rubbed the baby powder in. It felt *so much better than you ever thought it would*. Closing your eyes, you just *relax and let yourself enjoy being diapered*.

"You're full of shit, man." Kowalski laughed. "Vibrations didn't cause more accidents, everyone knows that. Some egghead released a study about that, I could find it if I wanted to." He laughed. "Besides, I just got done saying we saw plenty of traffic criminals with pottypants back then. The only thing the vibrating seats in those new cars do is edge anyone without a diaper shielding their privates."

Your eyes pop wide open as you really start to unpack what they're saying. It sounds every bit as insane as the rest of this situation is. But it also feels strangely *right* at the same time. Like *it's normal for adults to have weak bladders* or something, and you just somehow forgot.

As you try to wrap your head around what feels like two contradicting thoughts in your mind. You feel something soft and spongy pushing into your crotch. "Now we just tape you up nice and tight..." The German Shepherd clicks his tongue. "And be careful not to get fur stuck to the adhesive tape... top tapes first, the bottom ones..." One by one, you watch Rico press down four different tapes, trapping you in your new diaper. "There we go. That wasn't so bad, was it, perp? Nothing worth throwing a tantrum over."

Rico takes a few steps backwards, letting you have a chance to rise up out of your car's backseat. The padding around your waist is thick enough that you have to stand bowlegged, and every motion of your hips makes the poofy pamp crinkle. Even if these two claimed this plain white diaper was "cheap", it still looks thick enough that you aren't sure your pants would fit over it. Concealing this thing would be impossible.

Maybe you should just go without pants at all.

The thought of waddling around with your new diaper on full display fills your mind, as you feel

your cheeks getting hot. "I- I guess it doesn't feel THAT bad..." Answering Rico at last, you fold your arms behind your back and keep your head lowered. "T-thank you for getting me all taken care of, I guess?" That sounds like the most halfhearted expression of gratitude you think has ever escaped your lips.

But Rico just nods at you. "Glad to hear it, perp."

"So I can just get going now, right?" Maybe at last, you can be done with this.

"Hah!" Kowalski's laugh is like a short, shrill bark. "Nice try, perp! Aren't you forgetting something?"

Pointing at a strip of road near your car, Rico punctuates his body language by lifting his lip to bare his fangs. "You still got a punishment coming for unnecessary roughness against an officer performing his diaper duty, remember? Get on the ground. On all fours." Folding his arms, the canine cop waits for you to comply.

You feel yourself squeak in anxiety as you sit up, pulling away from the emergency blanket you kept in your car. "O-on the ground? On all f-fours?" For a second you hesitate, standing between the two big K-9 police officers as you look up from Rico to Kowalski, hoping one of them will soften their expression and admit they're joking.

They do not.

"Did I stutter, perp?" With a snort of annoyance, Rico plants his hands on his hips. "If you keep defying officers, we can still upgrade your punishment to a spanking..."

A whimper escapes your lips as you backpeddle. "No! Anything but that!" Tilting your head down, you just shake your head. The idea of being spanked *like a naughty toddler* feels like some terrifying, uncomfortable punishment *you'd do anything to avoid*. "I- I;m notta bad kid..."

"You sure?" Kowalski lifts his sunglasses up, squinting at you with green-gold eyes. "I've got the standard-issue paddle back in the trunk..." Moving to stand in front of you, the Doberman folds his arms and looms. "And you've been **pretty** naughty already..."

"No!" You blurt out, terrified of the spanking for some reason you can't quite place. "N-no, it's fine. I'll behave!" It's a strange, alien sort of fear, almost like it belonged to someone else. *But you can't help but get nervous about being punished by Daddy*. "...w-wha?" A sudden wave of dizziness washes over you for a moment. You don't quite feel like yourself.

"Good. Maybe there's hope for you after all, perp." Kowalski points down. "On all fours, then. We don't have all night." You can feel his gaze piercing through you, as you squat down and lean forward, spreading your fingers wide before pushing them down against the pavement. Once you're on all fours, Kowalski breaks out into a deep belly laugh. "Haw! Look at how much he's

trembling, Rico! All the piss drained out of him the second you caged up his teeny weenie!” Sneering and snickering like a drunk fratboy, Kowalski circles around towards your bum. “Or is it the big scary spanking that got you peeing your pants, perp?” You feel something thump into your padded posterior, a loud crinkling and the scent of baby powder rising up from your diaper as Kowalski gives you a playful swat anyway. Despite your compliance.

“Alright, that’s enough.” Rico’s voice has a hint of a growl to it as he moves forward to stand between you and his partner. “Save the teasing for the bedroom, stud. We have a job to do, remember?”

Slouching his shoulders and rolling his eyes, Kowalski scoffed. “Hey, the day I can’t mix business and pleasure is the day they put me in the ground.” The Doberman circles around towards your front, licking his lips as he locks his gaze with yours. “Besides... can you blame me? The perp’s kinda cute, for a human.”

You watch as Rico falls silent, turning to ogle you while his ears perk up. After a moment he grunts in appreciation as his paw moves down to squeeze at his crotch, his diaper crinkling from his grip. “Be that as it may... there’s procedures to follow when punishing a perp for roughhousing. You don’t want to get written up, do you?”

With an exasperated sigh, Kowalski draws himself back up to his full height. “Yeah, yeah, I get it. ‘No foreplay, no aftercare’, right?” The Doberman’s words are dry, like he’s spitting something out after being forced to rehearse it. “Izzat what the rules say in all their bland, beige glory?”

Putting a palm to his face, Rico joins his partner in sighing. “God, sometimes I wonder why we’re partners.” Relaxing his stance, the German Shepherd clicks his tongue. “You won’t be yapping once we’ve got to the fun part, at least. So, partner, how’s your status...” Tilting his head, Rico nodded towards the other canine cop’s puffy crotch. “You know, down there?”

The question prompts Kowalski to reach down under his pants, his diaper crinkling loudly. “Feels like I’m still dry, but I won’t be for much longer. You mind if I take the front?”

“Pffft... I’ll never understand why you like starting off dry when you’re in front.” You couldn’t see his eyes with his aviator shades on, but somehow you could just tell Rico was rolling his eyes.

His doberman partner simply grinned, a slow wag of his tail making another crinkle escape from under his pants. “It’s a dominance thing, man. It’s like I’m asserting my authority as Alpha.”

Without any clue what they’re talking about, your anxiety spikes again. “D-dominance? Dry?!? You two are fucking lunatics! In what insane world is this police procedure!” You only realized it was a mistake to open your mouth the second after you started speaking. But with a loud “thump!” you shut it again as you feel another smack tenderize your tush.

Rico’s paw didn’t hurt any more than Kowalski’s did, but you felt the blow through the thick

crinkly pillow pulled around your backside. "Show some respect, perp. Don't talk back to the nice policemen or they might have to stop being so nice."

"Hmmp!" Puffing out your cheeks in indignation, you can barely resist the temptation to tell these two how nice you REALLY think they are. Your knees tremble a bit from holding the crawling pose, making your ass sway slightly. You can hear the crinkle of your diaper with every motion of your hips. You feel the concrete, firm and unyielding, pushing up your fingertips as you rest there, still trying to figure out why you're even on all fours between the two canine cops. Looking up at Kowalski to try and dig up some clue about what's going on, you watch him unbuttoning his fly, letting his khaki pants drop to the ground to reveal a thick, baby blue, puffy diaper covered in small white bone prints. The front is pulled stiff around a bulge of some sort, a protrusion the padding struggles to keep inside. "Wait, why would he-" You hear Rico's fly unzip moments later, and the puzzle pieces come together.

Oh no.

You try to pull away as Kowalski advances forward towards you, but you end up only backing into Rico, feeling his firm and unyielding quads brook no further retreat. As the German Shepherd grinds into you, something fleshy and firm smushes against your butt through your padding. "Wait! You don't have to do this! I- I'll be a good boy! I promise! I- mmmmp!" Your pleading is silenced as you feel Kowalski's diapered crotch pushing into your face, a stretched bone running along the tented front as he grinds against one side of your nose with a lethargic thrust.

"Uh huh. Every perp says that when they're facing justice, kiddo." The big Doberman says, tone dripping with amusement as the plastic front of his diaper deforms and wrinkles with every hump back and forth. Unable to stop it, you feel the padding squishing into you again and again, powdering your nose like a makeup kit while it kisses your mouth and obstructs your eyes. All you can see now is pastel blue and boney white, his diaper crinkling endlessly in your ears as he grunts and humps. "Just a little more... my bladder's throbbing, perp... a little heat down there always thaws the pipes and gets the juices flowing. Just... like... this!" You feel Kowalski shudder and hear him moan. But you're more focused on the distinct "hsssssst" noise coming from the canine's diaper as he smushes it nice and tight into your face. The scent of puppy piss fills your nose, a hint of ammonia intermingling with the scent of baby powder. "Mmmrrrr... yes, that's right... I'm making my territory all over your face, perp." Kowalski shudders in pleasure, and you feel his body squirming as his padding crinkles and squishes against your face. The diaper is only growing warmer and wetter as he thrusts against you. "Practically claiming you as my own. You're lucky you still have your Big Boy License, or maybe I'd take you home as my new pup!" You can't tell if he's being serious or not. "Mmm... your face makes a pretty sweet humping surface, perp! Why haven't you gotten started back there, Rico?"

"Throw a dog a bone, man!" Rico growls back. "Our toy was squirming around a lot, it made it hard to get him positioned at first." You feel Rico's firm paws wrapping around your waist, holding you still. "The squirming didn't feel bad, but I think we need precautions to make sure

this pup doesn't try to pull a runner." You can feel Rico's body brushing against yours as he shifts his weight. In no time at all, he's crouching down behind you. You feel something smooth and slick and metallic wrapping around one of your ankles. And then the other one.

Click.

"The cuffs are for hands, usually, but I think we've got something better for those. Besides, you've got scrawny ankles, looks like, so they shouldn't hurt you down there." On pure instinct, you try to part your legs, only to feel the cuffs digging into them as they restrain the motion of your legs apart. "See? No more being a squirmy-worm." Rico chuckles, as you hear a faint clink of chain running between your legs. "Hey, 'Alpha-Pup'." Rico tugs on the chain binding your legs together as he addresses his partner. "Quit hot-dogging it over there, and get the mitts out."

There's an audible whine from the other dog as you feel him pulling away. "Now? Really?!? I was just starting to enjoy myself, man!" Those piss-stained bone prints on Kowalski's diaper roll back away from your face. Fresh air returns to your lungs, and you savor every gasp as the doberman stands up, grumbling, and trudges back towards the cop car. "Keep a good grip on him, man. If you're gonna make my balls turn blue, at least don't let him wriggle away." The canine cop grumbles as he pops the trunk to rifle through things inside it.

"Relax, with his ankles bound, he ain't going anywhere." Rico barks back, punctuating his sentence with another shove of his dry diaper against yours.

Out of curiosity, you look over towards Kowalski, watching his diapered butt, stained yellow and swollen, wiggle back and forth as he bends down into the trunk. "Why bother with the mitts then?"

The question provokes a brief chortle from his partner. "Hey, 'the day I can't mix business with pleasure is the day they put me in the ground', right?"

Kowalski jerks upward again, his ears perking. "Oh you son of a bitch!" With a laugh, he holds up a pair of bright black mittens, each mitten chained to a long black rod that ran between them. "Hah, I knew there was a reason we were partners!"

"U-uh, don't I get a s-say in this?" You manage to squeak out, but both dogs just stare towards you for a moment in silence as the Doberman returns.

"Lift up one of your silly furless paws, human." Kowalski grunts, his crotch at eye level with your face. As you find yourself staring at the large bulge tenting his diaper, you think you can catch a whiff of his piss... and something more masculine and musky interwoven with the scent. For rear of the dreaded spanking, you comply, lifting a hand up. "There we go! Huh, you're actually being a good pup right now, perp!" The mitten feels almost as thick and pillowy as your diaper as it slips over your fingers. You can't feel the concrete digging into your skin anymore as Kowalski tightens a strap around your wrist. But then, the poofy padding over your hand means

you can't really grip anything either. Your left hand's as useless as a *baby boy's* while wearing this thing.

And your right hand is next.

The spreader bar scrapes along the concrete beneath you as you feel Kowalski pushing the other mitten into position. "And make sure the strap's just tight enough, and... done." The doberman cackles like a hyena as he squishes into the padding. "You can't even feel your fingers through these things, huh? Man, you're such a big baby like this, perp!"

Why does that sentiment make your caged peepee drool?

You don't have much time to ruminate on it before Kowalski reunites your face with his diaper. "No more interruptions, right Rico?" You can hear the doberman's breathing growing heavy and deep. "I can finish now, right? Fuck... I was *already* pretty close."

"Heh... you can never keep yourself under control when your diaper's soaked." A bit of warmth creeps into Rico's voice. "It's adorable how needy it makes you if you don't get to cum right away." With your legs and arms restrained, there's truly no escape anymore. You can't help but feel yourself whimper as you feel Rico pushing himself back up to loom over your padded ass, resuming his grinding even as Kowalski's diaper squishes and crinkles against your nostrils once more.

You can't run.

Can't speak.

Can't even throw a punch.

You're restrained and bound, entirely at their mercy.

And something about it makes your *weenie* throb in your new diaper, droplets of precum leaking out of your new pink cock-cage as your silly little stick tries to grow, grinding against the front of the cage. "MMmmpfffff!" You manage to choke out as Kowalski saws his squishy, sagging, soggy diaper against your snoot. The musky, acrid scent of Kowalski's pissy diaper intermingles with the spicy scent of doggy lust and the increasingly-faint scent of baby powder as you feel the doberman's diaper pushing against your nose. You should hate it. But for some reason, it feels too fucking good.

And if it feels good, why fight it?

The thought takes root in your mind, as you feel a haze of lust settling over your mind. You can feel Rico grinding against your padded ass from behind, his tented diaper pushing your own padding deep between your cheeks. His canine cock squishing through his soaked nappy to

teasing your stretched pucker through both your diapers. And at the same time, Kowalski grinds into your face from the front with increasing speed and enthusiasm. Every so often you feel something moist hitting your hair. It could be a rain shower starting, perhaps... But judging from the sounds the doberman is making, you think he's panting, his tongue flopping out in an expression of doggy nirvana as he humps his firm dick into his soaked diaper, using your face as the ideal surface.

All you can smell is puppy pee and pre.

All you can feel is both dogs humping you on each end, their shafts sawing back and forth against your body as your fingers curl into the thick mittens binding your hands.

And all you can hear is a persistent "Crinkle-squish! Crinkle-squish!" coming from both sides of you, as well as the woofs and whines and moans from the two cops mounting you and dominance-humping your body.

Your family jewels feel uncomfortably tight. Your caged *peepee* is drooling precum, your own diaper starting to puff out ever-so-slightly from the fluid soaking into the crotch of it.

You so badly want to cum, to drain your aching balls.

But you can't. Even squirming your hips just makes your cage slide along the inside of your diaper, uselessly.

You lose track of time.

And then... "Rrrrrff.... Aaaaarfff.... aaah-aaaaROOOOO!" Kowalski howls as you feel his shaft tremble against your face, squishing into his diaper. You feel him tensing up, shoving your face so tight against his diaper you almost think it's going to rupture. As it pushes up against your cheek, you feel the doberman's dick twitch once, then twice, then a third time. The diaper is warm and wet already but you swear it somehow gets warmer and wetter as the musky scent grows stronger in your nostrils. He's painting the insides of the padding with canine cum.

He holds his diapered crotch still against your face, even as you feel his partner hammering your backside thrust faster and faster.

A few moments later, with a grunt, Rico the German Shepherd busts a nut, thrusting with powerful, jackhammer-thrusts against your backside, the crinkling noises of your diapers grinding together finally ceasing as he flops over on top of you. "M-mmmph..." The muscular canine cop is like a weighted blanket as he pushes on top of you. Your knees and arms tremble to keep him aloft. "Damn, been a while since I spurt that much." You feel the big dog patting your poofy posterior. "We ain't done. Got a bit more in the tank to drain out." Kowalski's muscular frame brushes up against you as you feel him shifting position, pulling away from you but leaving a hand on your backside. What's he even doing back there? Why is his diaper

crinkling so much if it's not rubbing up against yours?

Then, you feel something pushing between your thigh and the padding.

Something firm and fleshy.

A wolf whistle fills your ears. "God damn, man! You kinky fucker!"

And it all makes sense once you feel a hot draft of piss soaking into your diaper's crotch.

It's not coming from you, though.

"Hey, you might be the 'alpha', but I can still mark my territory." Rico says, ending his sentence with a familiar gasp pregnant with the bliss of release as he wets your diaper. The German Shepherd's thick beercan of a cock rubbing against your thigh as he braces himself against you. You crane your head back, seeing him panting as he empties his bladder. God, he's even lifting his leg. Like a pet dog pissing on a mailbox post.

Like he's claiming you as his.

"Nnnff... h-haaaah..." Rico shudders as he tugs his shaft back out of your diaper with a roll of his hips. "Ok, THAT might be a breach of protocol, but... fuck." Panting for a moment, Rico strokes along your back, his fingers making waves on your shirt. "But... I dunno, perp, something about you just got me going and going **hard**." With a satisfied sigh, you feel the K-9 officer's body lifting off of yours. "Shame we gotta let you go, after a hot ride like that. I keep telling you, Kowalski, we need to get a proper Pup of our own. Some cute twink we can hump the brains out of on the regular."

At long last fresh air returns to your lungs as you see Kowalski stepping backwards, freeing your face from the soft, squishy confines of his diapered crotch. "Yeah, I know, but we're both working so hard lately it's been hard to find the time to search for a younger guy who needs some good obedience training. You know, like our perp here." Leaning down, the doberman grins at you. "Would you want that, perp? Two big doggy daddies training you to stop being naughty? Clicker-training you to be a good boy and lift your leg whenever you need to pee your puppy pants?"

Just the mental images those sentences conjure make your caged *weewee* twitch feebly and dribble out another few droplets of precum. It's getting harder and harder to remember why you shouldn't be excited at the thought of being adopted by these two like some dog being picked up from the pound. Harder to remember why you aren't supposed to be in diapers. Your poor head feels so foggy, you can't even say what you believe anymore. You know you don't want to be their puppy, but something about the idea *just feels so tempting to a naughty boy like you*. It's almost like someone else's thoughts are infecting yours, or something else is making you feel things you would've never felt before tonight.

“Don’t tease the perp, Kowalski.” Rico heaves a sign. “You know what protocol says. We gotta let him go after a punishment. He is a Big Boy, after all. He wouldn’t be driving a car if he wasn’t.”

You breathe a sigh of relief, knowing it’s finally over. Somehow, you took a wrong turn. You know that now. But all you have to do is endure this madness for a few minutes more, then crawl back into your car, turn around, and retrace your steps. You can leave all this behind and figure out where you went wrong.

You can escape this damp, squishy weirdness.

You can go back to your normal life beyond this sweet madness that feels more addictive the longer you sup on it.

You see the doberman’s eyebrows rise up under his aviator shades. He snaps a finger and points it at his partner. “Actually, did you ever ID our perp in the database, Rico? ‘Cause I didn’t.”

“Well, no, I didn’t bother looking up his Big Boy License...” The German Shepherd paused for a moment, as the two stared at each other with no noise beyond your heavy gasps of fresh air free of Kowalski’s pissy bouquet of scents. “Guess I probably should. Protocol and all. One second, Kowalski.” You turn to face the German Shepherd just in time for him to turn and run back towards the cop car.

For second, you feel anxiety welling up in your gut. Do you even have a “Big Boy License”? You’ve never heard of such a thing before tonight!

With another deep breath, you calm yourself. Reassure yourself it’ll be fine.

You just need to wait a few minutes more and your life can be the way it’s supposed to be.

You watch as Rico saunters back, his tail wagging rapidly against his diaper, a bright white fangy smile running from one of his ears to the other. “Actually, Kowalski... our perp’s license plate didn’t show up in the database. There’s no Big Boy License registered with it.” An amused rumble ran around his words. “At. All.”

You feel your eyes shoot open as wide as dinner plates.

“Yes!” Kowalski pumps an arm up in the air. “An undocumented big baby boy!” He turns down to face you. “You hear that, perp? If we can’t find your parents down at the station, you could be put up for adoption!”

“W-wait, I don’t think-” You stammer, as two big strong arms tuck under your armpits from behind. “Ack! No! Leggo!”

You squirm as Rico picks you up like a baby, holding you with a paw down to squish into your soaked diaper. "You're gonna have to come with us, perp. Don't worry, we'll sort this all out at the station, get you identified... or registered as a new Adult Baby, if you don't have any ID on file already." The German Shepherd bounces you slightly as he waddles towards the cop car with you in toe and Kowalski following right behind you.

"No, I just took a wrong turn, I don't belong here, I- mmmph!" You feel your binky pushed into your open lips as Kowalski holds it there so you don't spit it out. You only try to for a moment, before *your natural nursing instincts kick in*, and you feel your mind settling into a comfy haze of pacified pleasure. Your eyes slide half-shut as two big strong canine cops set you down in a giant car seat, weaving the seatbelt around the spreader bar between your mittens before buckling you in and locking the seatbelt straps so you can't take it off or free yourself.

You don't even think to try.

You're too focused on sliding that pacifier back and forth against your lips, smiling in pleasure at the distinct "Nuk! Nuk!" noise it makes every time you suck back and forth on it.

"That's a good Pup." Kowalski coos, reaching down pet at your wet diaper, his fingers squishing the soggy padding against your caged cock. "You like your binky, huh perp?"

You can't even respond, because talking back would risk your binky falling out. And *you've always loved sucking on your binky. It just makes you feel so good you forget about everything else.* You don't even try to resist the invasive thoughts anymore. You just *feel so good sucking your binky* as the two big doggies climb into the front seats of the cop car *that you don't want to do anything else. Not even hold your bladder.* You pause your suckling for a moment to grunt, as you feel a warm wetness spreading along your crotch, your diaper swelling to bulge around the plastic seat you're resting in. *Your diaper feels so much better now that it's warm again, and only swelling thicker, like a thick squishy sponge to rub against your useless naughty bits.*

The funny thoughts that make your head feel fuzzy simply pour into you now, filling you like water filling an empty cup.

Sitting in the front seats, the canine cops both gaze back at you, watching you suckle and slurp and smack on your pacifier.

Rubbing his chin, Rico frowns in front of you. "You know... he could've saved us all some time and effort and just **told** us he didn't have a Big Boy License. Hm." The German Shepherd lifted his glasses up to squint at you. "No diaper, no cage... he kept insisting it was a mistake the entire time, even fighting back like that and shoving me... then all of a sudden he's getting on all fours like a tamed pup, sucking his pacifier with a smile..." Turning to face his partner, Rico pointed back at you. "Hey Kowalski, you think there's something strange going on here? It's like our perp didn't know he was doing anything wrong and then suddenly pulled a 180 on us."

The question made the Doberman arch a fuzzy eyebrow over his own sunglasses. "...Strange?" With a scoff, he turned to stare ahead of them. "You're overthinking things, partner. *It's normal to find big adult human babies on the side of the road.*" After a moment's silence, Kowalski coughed. "Isn't it?" Suddenly he didn't seem so sure of himself. "I thought it was. It-it is, right?"

You puff your cheeks out, smacking your mittens and the spreader bar against the carseat. The conversation is *so boring*, and it's making your head hurt. It's not worth thinking about too hard, anyway. *You've always been a big baby.*

After stroking the scruff on his chin for a moment, Rico nods. "You know, when you put it that way, he sounds like a really naughty pup who was just playing a big game of pretend with us. He kind of took it way too far, but maybe this pup gets off on the rough stuff. He did seem more willing once we got him caged up, after all." With a shrug, the German Shepherd looked back to the steering wheel, gripping it with both paws at ten and two.

Impatience rising in your mind, you smack your mittens against the car seat again.

"Chill! Chill!" Kowalski turns back to face you again, waving a paw for you to settle down as Rico starts driving. "Just hang tight, perp... or should I say, pup? Your future Daddies are gonna drive you all the way down to the big police station in just a few moments." Kowalski grins, turning the key in the ignition, starting the car with a fierce "VROOM!" noise that makes you smile. You like loud noises like that! They always make you giggle, and you can imagine one of *your Daddies* making silly faces when he makes loud noises like that to amuse you.

"Don't be presumptuous, Kowalski." Rico says with a snort. "Protocol says we still gotta apply to adopt him, at least."

Somehow you don't think they'll have trouble adopting you.

As you feel the car driving off, you grind your wet diaper against the plastic bar of the carseat spreading your legs apart. It doesn't get your caged weenie any closer to making a sticky mess in your diaper, but it does feel really really good anyway.

And if it feels good, why fight it?

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*Sometimes it's the little choices we make that happen to make all the difference.*

*Like working that extra hour of overtime, forcing yourself to drive home alone late through a fog that's all too easy to get lost in.*

*You need to be extra careful when you're on your own like that. You may never know where a*

*wrong turn might take you.*

*You never know when you might somehow stumble into a Diaper Dimension.*

**The End!**