

You blush madly at the feeling of everyone's eyes on you, trying your best to keep up with your owner's pace as he walks you down the sidewalk. You'd love to cover your face in embarrassment, but your mittened hands are currently occupied as you walk on all fours, the tug of your leash keeping you moving. You glance up at your owner for a moment – a croconaw, shorter than you... or at least he was, when you walked around on two legs. Now that you were officially his pet, you weren't allowed up on two legs all too often anymore.

"Come on, pup. You're the one who needed out so badly, you don't need to stop and sniff at everything you see." Your owner didn't even glance back as he tugged on your leash. You couldn't help that you weren't used to moving around quickly on all fours, and the burn of everyone's eyes on you wasn't helping you stay coordinated. The ache of your bladder was only another complication added to the mix... you had to put so much of your concentration into making sure you didn't have an accident.

You'd had to wait by the door whimpering for so long before your owner finally took you out, and by the time he was no longer busy and finally grabbed your leash, you were desperate. It had only been one little accident, but that was all he'd needed to decide that you needed to be officially housebroken. No more bathroom access, and a diaper constantly taped onto you – one that you weren't meant to use if you wanted to prove you could be trusted without them. Instead, you were instructed to wait by the door if you needed to be taken out, which you had... leaving you here, out in public, being walked to who knows where.

So you held it, desperately trying to keep yourself from wetting your diaper as the croconaw walked you down the sidewalk. You wanted to prove you didn't need them, otherwise he might make good on his promise to stop letting you outside and just keep you in them, the thought only adding more fuel to the fire burning in your mind from being out in public. You hadn't been taken out ever since officially becoming his pet, but... you certainly hadn't expected your owner to just take you on a walk like this. So many thoughts swirling around in your mind, and it made it so hard to focus on making sure you didn't... leak...

"Here, this'll do fine, won't it?" You snapped back to the present as your owner stopped moving, looking up at him to see the croconaw gesturing at a fire hydrant. You froze, piecing it together in your mind before looking up at him with a whimper. "What, not good enough? I'm not walking you across town every time you need to take a leak, pup. This'll just have to be your spot."

You felt the burn of embarrassment run through you, but with the desperation you felt to finally relieve yourself, you obediently walked over to the fire hydrant. You sat there, looking up at him, though he didn't seem to be moving to take off your diaper like you'd expected him to. Sure, you didn't exactly *want* to be fully exposed in front of everyone outside, your chastity on full display as you pissed onto the

hydrant, but that seemed to be what he expected you to do. You reached down to pat your diaper with your mittens, giving him a whimper to try to signal to him, though he gave you a confused expression.

“What, you want me to take it off? Pup, I’m definitely not giving you a change every time we come out here for you to piss, just raise your leg and use your diaper.” You whimpered again – the whole point of this was for you to avoid using your diaper! But it seemed like he wasn’t changing his mind, and you were getting desperate, your bladder muscles screaming at you to let go.

Begrudgingly, you stood back up on all fours, closing your eyes as you raised up a leg. The shyness of being seen by everyone around was quickly broken through by desperation as the dam shattered, finally letting go. It felt blissful, even as you felt the warmth start to spread across the padded garment strapped around your waist. Without looking, you could tell it was completely soaked as you let go, each paw across the landing zone quickly vanishing as you were finally allowed to relieve yourself.

With a long sigh, you finally finished, feeling intense relief intermingling with the shame of what you’d just done. Lowering your leg, you reopened your eyes, looking up at your owner as he walked over to you. Gently, the croconaw placed a hand on your head, giving you a ruffle and a smile. “There’s a good pup. We’ll get you used to the new routine in time, pup. And maybe eventually we’ll have you housebroken enough to not need those diapers of yours.”

The statement gave you a bit of hope, only for you to connect the dots that while the diapers might be going away, you weren’t getting back into the bathroom. You whimpered at him once more, glancing back at the fire hydrant and then back at him. He chuckled, giving you another few pets. “Hey, at least once you’re officially housebroken, you’ll be able to mark it as your own, eh? Now come on, let’s get you back home. I’m sure that diaper of yours can hold up for a while longer, even with what it just took.”

With that, the croconaw turned around and gave your leash a tug, paying no mind to the whimpers you gave at being told you’d be staying in the wet diaper, even though you’d held it like you were supposed to...

At least once you got home, you’d get to spend some time on his lap getting pets. The thought alone made all of this all the more worth it.