

Better Sex Lives Via Hypnosis

A Kinky Story by [TerinasTiger](#) for Anonymous

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.*

"Is something wrong, hun?"

Charles lay there, strewn across the sheets, glancing over at his boyfriend from the other side of their king-sized bed. Drenched in sweat, Charles swept at the perspiration on his brow, before lurching down to wipe his dripping cock, knuckles grazing the bands of orange and black fur against his thighs. The whole time he was cleaning himself, the tiger's gaze never left his partner, waiting for a reply that felt like it was taking too long to arrive. "You, uh, you had fun, right?"

His leonine lover's golden backside was turned to face Charles, rolled away from his mate to the far side of the bed. A pair of fuzzy ears fanned out against a puffy mane of wispy brown fur before a response came. "Y-yeah. I had fun, love." Charles watched his lover rearing up, smearing some cum leaking from between his ass out onto his paw, before wiping it away on a pair of boxer shorts that needed to be laundered anyway.

The tiger frowned. "Is... something bothering you, Jacob? You're being awfully terse." The tiger appraised his paws, wisely reaching out with the one less stained by cum or lube, resting it on his boyfriend's shoulder and gently stroking the fur there. Whilst brushing his other, soaked, paw onto his own underwear.. "I didn't hurt you, did I? You know you're supposed to tell me if I'm hurting you down there."

The question was met with a growl. "No! No, you didn't hurt me!" Jacob stammered. "I'm not- It's fine. I had fun. Really!"

It *wasn't* fine. Rarely was the lion this quiet after sex, and that was obvious from the way he

couldn't look his boyfriend in the eyes. Charles took a deep breath and then let his anxiety all out in a heavy sigh. "There's something you're not telling me, hun." Jacob was a wonderful partner and a handsome lion, but the tiger sometimes wished his mate would open up a bit more. "If there's something I'm doing wrong, I really wish you'd just be honest with me."

Rising up to sit on his ass instead of his belly, Jacob's face was finally within Charles' view, as he brushed the tiger's paw off of his shoulder.. "I just- It's nothing you're doing *wrong*, Charles. Sex with you is great!" The tiger saw a nervous smile sprout out of his lover's muzzle. "It's, um, what you're not doing, I guess?" Closing his eyes, Jacob put his paws on his lap as Charles stroked his shoulder to reassure him. "I'm just- well, you know how, when we met online, it was through that **kink** website?" The lion fell silent, an expectant look on his muzzle.

Prompting the tiger to raise one fuzzy eyebrow at his boyfriend. "We've been together for over a year since, right?" Charles tried to think of what Jacob was getting at, and then froze, his eyes widening. "Oh shit, it wasn't our anniversary was it? Love, I'm really sorry I forg-

"No, love, it's nothing like that!" His apology was interrupted as Jacob put his paws on his lap, a playful titter escaping the lion's lips, before it turned into a weighty sigh. Charles felt the lion moving to rest his head against his lover's shoulders, Jacob's mane rubbing up against his lover's fluffy chest. "I guess I'm just... getting bored of vanilla, you know? If you eat the same flavor over and over again you get tired of it after a while."

After a moment, Charles moved his paw down to rest on top of Jacob's paws, turning the cuddle into an embrace. "I still don't get it. What do you mean?"

An awkward silence filled the air, but just before Charles felt a need to ask again, Jacob finally spoke again. "When I met you online at that website, you listed yourself as an adventurous dom, you know?" The young lion rearranged his paws so that one wrapped around Charles' own. "But we haven't really done much more than... well..." The sentence trailed off for a moment. Charles got the impression his boyfriend didn't know what to say. "I like you a lot, I do! But...well... I guess I thought sex with you might be more... *exotic*? We've barely done anything more 'adventurous' than some oral play." He looked up to gaze at his mate with pale green-gold slitted eyes.

The tiger felt his face wince, almost as if he'd been bruised by what his boyfriend was implying. "I **am** adventurous! It's just-" He sputtered, trying to string a rebuttal together through the haze of the afterglow. "Well, real life happens, doesn't it? We've been busy fixing up our new house, and I had that family reunion I took you to before that, and even before that you were taking night classes, and-" Charles pulled his paw out of Jacob's lap, looking away from his lover and scowling. "H-hmmph. No one's has a life that's a nonstop train of sex and fucking, you know."

Jacob curled his fingers, balling his paws. "That's my point! There's always going to be things coming up, demands on our time or our energy. I have a whole sex closet of stuff we've never used, Charles. If we don't make the time for crazy kinky sex, we'll never have any fun!"

"-And this wasn't fun?" Charles gave a small pat to the lion's rear.

And watched his mate's backdoor clench to keep what was inside, before his lion gave a soft exhale. "It is fun to feel this full of your seed, yeah." Charles ears perked up as he saw a soft smile grow across his lover's lips... but it wilted quickly. "Just, it's not as fun as it was a few months ago." His tail whipped up, the tuft of the lion's tail smacking against one of their pillows. "I love you, I really do! But, I guess when I saw you were an 'adventurous dom', I didn't know you just meant just 'top'." Jacob shook his head, the lion's mane bouncing. "Like, before I met you, I used to get into some really weird shit, you know? I kinda miss some of it. But you're not really interested in that stuff."

The pair fell silent, as Charles drifted off into his own thoughts. The tiger found himself grooming his fur for any stray sex juices he'd missed wiping off, just to do something with his nervous energy. They really *had* been busy, even outside a whirlwind romance... but hearing Jacob's dissatisfaction made him feel deficient as a lover. It wasn't that he didn't want to explore more kinky play with Jacob. But he'd never really done too much of that stuff before. Sure, he was into some kinky shit when he was pursuing online porn, but when it came to initiating kinky play himself, the tiger didn't really know where to start. And while he loved his lion, Charles knew that Jacob was more of a freak in the sack than he was, just more of a sexual submissive. The lion was into a lot of fetishes Charles had never even considered. It made the idea of trying to explore them as a dom rather intimidating; What if he didn't kink right? Or he found he had no interest in some fetish that his boyfriend absolutely loved? Vanilla sex was **safe**, something they both enjoyed enough to share.

But apparently it was no longer holding Jacob's interest as a bottom.

Charles squeezed at the tip of his own tail.

Was he going to lose his boyfriend to the doldrums of boring sex?

His grip tightened.

The worst part was that Charles had thought things were going really well, before this moment.

He'd even been sneaking into jewelry stores while out and about, looking for a ring he could use to pop the question.

It was in the throes of the tiger's anxiety that he had an idea. A rather naughty idea. It was something he might've dismissed at another point in his life, but that moment was fertile ground for the seed to sprout. Hadn't he seen a really bizarre ad in the paper lately? "Hey, hun, what's one kink you've always wished I was into; something that turns you on but that I haven't ever been willing to try?"

The thought made Jacob look up at his partner, his green-gold eyes wide in surprise as he looked up to meet Charles's own bright brown eyes. "I- um, why?"

"Oooh, no reason..." Rubbing at his chin, suppressed the urge to giggle. The idea was growing in his head. It was novel, frisky... and absolutely **adventurous**.

"It's just this is so sudden, and-!" Charles watched his lion's golden cheeks tint red, as he laughed and stammered in equal measure. "Aha- um- well, I guess.. Before we were together, one kink I used to like doing with other doms was, um..."

"Aw, come on floofmane!" Charles chuckled, using a pet name for his lion as he moved to pet along Jacob's tummy. "I won't look at you funny for it, I promise."

Stammering and sputtering, Charles' boyfriend deflated, laying back down, pulling the bedsheets over his lower body, and burying his face into his pillows. Charles watched his boyfriend melting into a squirming puddle of nerves. Whatever it was, Jacob was clearly worried about the answer to his question, and that made Charles all the more curious about what it was. Maintaining eye contact while Jacob squirmed, the tiger simply waited for a reply, until Jacob managed to say something coherent through the muffled layer of pillow. "**ABDL**?"

Jacob's fellow feline blinked. "What now? Aggressive... buttstuff... dominant... something?" Charles tilted his head, stringing various sexual words together to try and remember what the acronym meant as he raised a fuzzy eyebrow at his lion.

"Not... exactly..." Jacob lifted his head up from his pillow. "It stands for, um, '**Adult Baby / Diaper Lover**'." The lion's voice was about as tense as a drawn bowstring as he explained. Charles couldn't help but smile. The tiger had forgotten how cute his lion could be when he was legitimately nervous. "When it's a sex thing, it's like... Wearing diapers. Being treated like a big baby... vibrators pushed onto wet diapers, diaper changes, embarrassing situations..."

The tiger tilted his head. "Oh?" He hadn't known Jacob was into that stuff, had he? Wracking his brains, Charles thought he could remember seeing that kink on the list of fetishes the lion was into on the dating site they'd met on. "Ooooooh!" He had barely even thought about it after seeing it. "I think you asked about it at some point?"

"Yeah, I'm a bit of a freak like that." Jacob replied as he sat up to lock eyes with the tiger and give him a slow nod. "But I know you're not into it. I asked you a few days after we started dating if you'd be interested in seeing me in diapers, remember? You thought it'd be gross."

Now that his mind was there, Charles did recall a conversation like that early on. "Well, yeah, but you never really told me it was a big thing for you, floofmane!" Reaching down to stroke at his lion's thigh, Charles favored him with a soft smile. "If I knew it was something you wanted, I could've tried it out at least."

“Well, I really wanted things to keep going, you know?” Jacob slouched and looked away for a moment, his tail drooping. “I told myself I’d be fine without stuff like that.” Charles felt a paw moving his chest as Jacob perked back up. “And it is fine! No reason we can’t try stuff we both have fun with instead, you know?” The lion shrugged. “After all, it’s not like you can snap your fingers and change your mind.”

With a nod, Charles placated his lion. “Sure, sure. I get it.”

“Hey hun? I’m gonna go take a shower after that.” Jacob rose up off the bed, the bedsprings creaking in complaint at the motion.

Charles turned to admire his lion’s pert backside, only to see a stain on the bedding where Jacob had been laying just a moment ago. “You, uh, you leaked a bit there, baby boy.” His tongue flicked out in a playful expression.

Jacob turned around to look at the stained bedsheets and broke into a nervous titter. “W-well... it’s really hard to hold it all in when you pump me full of SO MUCH cum, stud!”

“Now let’s see, do I just use words to tease you, or do I rub your face in it?” Charles practically purred. “What would an ‘Abdl’ dom do in this situation, floofmane? Help me out. I need feedback.”

“Oh sure, veeeery funny!” Jacob rolled his eyes and turned back to retreat to the shower before his love could tease him about his leaky ass anymore.

But gears were turning in Charles’ head. He’d have to see if the advertisement he remembered seeing wasn’t just a scam. But if it was real...

Well, it’d be quite the adventure for both of them!

“...you want us to do what now?”

Standing in front of the cashier, Charles Lundenberg folded his stripey orange and black arms, the teal polo shirt he was wearing tightening against his chest as he gave a nod in confirmation. “If it’s possible. Can your service do it?”

The clerk behind the counter was another tiger like Charles, but without his broad shoulders or muscular physique. This feline instead looked slender and toned, like a gymnast. A pin buttoned to the front of his gray shirt read “Hello, my name is Terinas!” The scrawnier tiger responded by raising one eyebrow and giving the man a skeptical glare before he ever responded with words.. “HimDim Enterprises is a store that promises unique hypnotic solutions to our clients. If you’ve

got a problem biting your claws or nails, we can help condition your mind to break it. If you're a compulsive drinker, we can give you a trigger to spit out any drink you try to swallow when you taste alcohol in it. This is a lot more intense though!" He narrowed his eyes. "I feel like you might be misinterpreting what we actually DO."

Pointing at an ad in the paper showing Terinas' smiling face, Charles slid his finger to a specific part of the advertisement. "One of the services you advertised indicates your company provides 'Fun sexual hypnosis!' So, are you telling me this is false advertising?"

The lithe tiger threw his arms up in the air. "Yeah, we do things like that sometimes, like conditioning to make a guy want to suck a cock with a trigger-word, or remove sexual anxiety or phobias. Like my last client for that kind of stuff was nervous about being seen naked. But they're just novelty things, dude! They're only temporary, for like a day or two!" He shook his head. "You're asking me to give you an actual, *permanent* new sexual fetish!" The tiger, Terinas, slammed his paws on the counter before him. "And not like, a narrow, specific one like 'big boob lust', either! THAT one in particular is a pretty broad umbrella of related littler kinks!" The tiger sighed. "Again, I feel like there's this misconception in pop culture about what hypnosis can actually DO, and you're buying into it. It's more like helping someone do something they might not be comfortable doing otherwise, ok?"

Folding his arms and scowling, Charles bared his fangs. "Surely there's something you guys can do. Something a bit more intense, perhaps?" He reached into his pocket and pulled out his wallet. "Maybe if you met my friend, Bill?"

"Even if there was-" The scrawnier tiger held up one finger. His tail thrashed behind him in irritation. "- one, we're not licensed sex therapists, couples therapists, or anything close to that!" And then he extended another finger. "Two, we are also not psychological professionals of any sort. I'm not here to fix your sex life with your boyfriend, ok? If the APA finds out we're billing ourselves as a therapy or psychology organization again, they're going to send people here to beat me with sticks and *THEN* sue me." The tiger shook his head. "No way!"

"It's just that I've heard some rumors of things you do here, too. Things they talk about online that are, ah, more than advertised." Charles had seen forums discussing strange occurrences in his city. Things such as conspiracy theories about HimDim Enterprises having some shadier back-room operations. People visiting the business and then having rather scandalous incidents weeks later, like the city mayor caught trying to suck on another man's toes at a charity dinner a few weeks after a visit to the HimDim Enterprises store a week after they opened to complain. "Something about, ah, 'Deep Conditioning', I think it was called?"

The tiger behind the cash register winced. "Ssssh! Not so loud!" Slumping forward, he leaned towards the other feline, hissing in frustration. "Look, I don't know what you're talking about."

Narrowing his eyes, the more muscular tiger decided to play hardball. "Maybe if I could talk with your manager..." Charles tilted his head past several large gray pods set up in the storefront,

towards a door labeled as “Employees Only”.

“I AM the manager!” The smaller tiger growled, reaching up with both paws to tug at the mop of brown fuzz on the top of his orange stripey head. “Why does everyone keep thinking I’m not?”

“You look too young!” Charles countered. “And you’re working the cash register.”

“My employees all called in sick today, and I just have good genes!” Terinas snapped back, baring his fangs and twitching his large fluffy tail behind him for a few moments. “Look, anything you’ve heard is just rumors, you know? There’s no such thing. We’re, uh, just for novelty purposes, ok?”

Now THIS tactic was working. Narrowing his eyes, Charles pursued his prey with the determination of a starving predator. “So you really know nothing about DEEP CONDITIONING?” He raised his voice as he finished the sentence.

Terinas’ reaction was to jolt up straight with a yelp. “No no no no! Sssh! Sssh! Sssh!” He crossed his arms and tried to ward the man off, but as he saw Charles opening his mouth again, the scrawnier tiger just slumped forward, defeated. Pausing to look around the store, he made sure no one else was listening in on their conversation, eyes narrowed. After a moment, he leaned towards the more muscular tiger and held a hand up to his muzzle, as if he were about to whisper a secret. “Ok, look. I’m not going to say I couldn’t do ANYTHING...”

A happy, purr-like growl escaped Charles lips. Now he was getting somewhere! “Yes...?”

His conspirator narrowed his eyes. “But this process isn’t necessarily the easiest thing on the brain. They aren’t meant to be washed, you know.”

“Are you saying I might get brain damage?” Charles took a step back. “Or die?” He might’ve miscalculated here.

“What?!? No!” Terinas rapidly shook his head. “What kind of operation do you think I’m running here?!?” Gritting his teeth, the business tiger squirmed, ears splaying in anxiety. “It’s more that you might get some, uh, ‘quirks’, along the way. Like a hyperfixation on what we’re conditioning you to enjoy. For example, totally hypothetically, let’s say someone comes in wanting to learn to enjoy sucking on his wife’s toes, he might start having trouble getting turned on without feet involved.”

Charles’ eyebrows rose up as he considered the implications.

Then, he abolished his hesitation. “I love this man and I don’t want to lose him. If this makes me more kinky, I’ll do it.”

“Do you love him enough to sign a waiver voiding all rights to legal action if you’re not fond of

the results?" The other tiger countered back to him, sliding a legal form he'd produced from somewhere across the counter towards Charles.

"...yes." Charles said, with a nod, as he took the form and a pen and signed in the places he needed to sign.

Terinas the tiger took the form back and nodded. "Alright, loverboy. Come with me." He turned to walk towards the "Employees Only" room, waving a paw for the larger tiger to follow him.

The backroom was... just a break room. The sink, countertops, cheap microwave oven, and the refrigerator were almost a let down to Charles after all the conspiracy theories he'd read about online. "What, we aren't using those sensory deprivation pods you have out front?" He folded his arms and let his tail curl up in waves behind him.

"Those toys? Nah." Terinas walked over to the countertop, unlocking a locked drawer and opening it. "For this, we need a far more potent tool." Reaching a hand in, the twink of a tiger squeezed it before looking back. "Now then. Dom, or Sub?"

The question made Charles snort. "Dom."

"Do you want to be a dom while wearing diapers, or just one who enjoys putting others in diapers?"

That question made the bigger tiger pause. "...Can I keep my options open?"

Rubbing his chin, Terinas considered the question. "I guess I'll give it a shot. Is there anything else you think I should know before I start putting your brain through a spin cycle?"

The other tiger felt the corners of his smile fade. "I think it...might be more than just the kink. I've...well, I've wanted to experiment before! With tons of actual fetishes! But I'm worried about how I'd perform and that I'd mess it up somehow. I wouldn't project the image of a dominant, just fraud. Plus I'm too afraid to be seen more...more..." His maudlin gaze lingered, attached to the floor, rewording his sentiment. "...I always keep to myself, because I'm afraid no one would actually like who I'd like to be instead. That they'd think I was too weird. I just wish I had more confidence in spite of that hang-up."

"Dominant, with more confidence." Terinas gave a nod. "Interest in diapers, may or may not want to wear them himself. Yeah, I think that gives me a good starting point." After a moment, the HimDim employee withdrew a sparkling blue quartz crystal from the drawer, hanging on a string, and lifted it up towards Charles eyes. "Take a seat, will you big boy?" The blue shimmer of the crystal made Charles feel a bit dizzy when he looked at it. Terinas advanced towards him, keeping the crystal in his point of view as Charles felt his mind starting to spin. "And once you're seated, keep your eyes on the pretty crystal..."

The way the light hit the crystal, making it glisten and twinkle, was making Charles brown eyes sparkle blue as they reflected it.

“...and relax.”

Jacob sprawled out on the couch in his living room, the lion reading a science fiction novel with his tail curled up along his waist, tail twitching at the brown tufted-tip as he enjoyed exploring another world of robots and aliens. A soft, happy rumbling growl filled the air around him. He could always lose himself in the world of fiction, and today was the first day off from work he'd had in seven days. Still, in the back of his mind, something was nibbling at his focus. He hadn't heard anything of Charles all day. Usually his stripey mate would at least send him a text message or two, but that morning he'd woken up to discover the tiger he shared a bed with had already slipped away without even waking him. It was now nearly five o'clock, and it was almost dinner time. He'd have to start making a meal soon, and he had no idea if he should cook for one or two hungry carnivores. He'd tried calling Charles, but only gotten voicemail. He'd tried texting, but his texts were never replied to.

Where could his boyfriend have gone?

The answer to that question came in the form of a loud slamming noise. Twitching an ear, the lion looked up as he heard a voice coming from the entryway.

“Your safe word is Puddy-Tat.”

Jacob's green eyes went wide. “What? Charles?” The voice was unmistakably his mate's voice, but he'd never assumed he'd hear his boyfriend say anything about a “safe word” in a million years. As he heard pawsteps coming towards him, he blinked when he finally saw his tiger enter the room.

Except that Charles didn't usually walk around without a shirt covering his chest. The tiger who entered the living room wore nothing above his hips, save a leather jacket that clutched taut to his pecs, hugging his abs like a fan meeting their idol. Metal studs embedded in the black leather gleamed in the light of their house lamps. Jacob's eyes snaked down Charles' waist, his mouth gaping at what he saw next. A matching pair of crotchless leather chaps, that would've left nothing to the imagination if Charles had strode in without underwear. But he was wearing underwear...of a sort. Puffy underwear that enveloped his crotch:

A bright white diaper, covered in “M4” markings and pastel colored lines.

Slung over Charles' back was a large burlap sack, bulging and deformed with contents inside stretching at the material. The whole scene bristled Jacob's mane fuzzy, the lion feeling twinges of excitement, apprehension, and concern within his mind. But it was primarily shock that

coursed through his body, like lightning surging through electrical wiring. His eyes went as wide as dinner plates, his jaw dropping. "What- what is going on, Charles?"

The tiger chuckled, tail dancing lazily behind him as he walked forward. "I decided that I wanted a new look and a new attitude, is all." An orange and black paw reached out to stroke at Jacob's chin. "Don't be alarmed, cub. I'm just trying out some new things to see if I like them." His eyes were piercing arrows of brown, seeming to puncture through Jacob's chest and into his soul.

The lion felt like his heart was starting to quicken. "S-some new things? You're walking around in a diaper!"

"I *know*, and I've never felt so alive!" Charles muzzle sprouted a devil-may-care grin, a slightly crazed look in his eyes. "Every insecurity I had, I feel like it's no longer holding me back." The tiger licked his chops, taking one of Jacob's paws and landing it on the front of his exposed diaper. The lion could feel a throbbing bulge there, beneath the crinkling plastic. "And I feel horny as fuck."

"You- you're acting so- so weird!" Jacob's ears drooped, his face hot and his cock stiffening within his pants as he drew his hand back. "Like you're not yourself anymore. What's going on?" He frowned. "I think... 'Puddy-Tat'."

All of a sudden, the fierce grin on the tiger's face fell. "Oh my gosh, hun, I'm sorry. Did I scare you?" The intensity in his poise, his body language, the tone of his voice, all of it was gone. In its place was a look of pure concern from the lion's striped lover.

It made Jacob feel a lot better about what had just happened. "N-not exactly." It had given him the most confusing erection he'd ever had. "I just wanted to know what was going on."

Charles reared back up to his full height, the diaper between his thighs crinkling slightly from the motion. "All dirty talk and teasing and roleplaying aside, I wanted to, well... I wanted to explore some more kinky stuff, but I was nervous. So I decided to go to that one hypnosis store at the mall and try out something to help me with some anxiety issues. And, uh, to try and help me develop a few kinks I wanted to explore." The tiger leaned back.

"They can do that?" Jacob arched one eyebrow.

"They don't advertise it, but yeah." Charles sighed. "So was it too much?"

Jacob chose to respond, by dipping down to his knees, leaning in and giving his mate's crotch a deeper sniff, his muzzle buried into the diaper as he purred and nuzzled it, compressing the throbbing bulge that tempted him like catnip. "A...a-actually, it's kind of hot in an intimidating way. I've never seen this side of you before."

The tiger's concerned expression started to ease. "So, uh, full steam ahead?"

Jacob nodded. "Yes please, sir!"

The shit-eating grin returned to Charles' face as Jacob felt a paw pushing his snout down into his lover's dry diaper. He could smell the talcum powder's scent creeping into his nostrils. "Not sir... not tonight. Tonight it's 'Daddy', cub." Jacob heard his mate growl, and it sent a giddy shiver down his spine. "Because tonight, I'm going to tear down the illusions of your adulthood and show you exactly what you really are: Daddy's little lion cub, just a soggy little baby kitten who needs his daddy like he needs air." With his head firmly tucked between striped thighs, Jacob was at home at Charles' crotch, that tantalizing padding-bulge still thrumming inside. Daddy's cock, meant solely for him. "And you're going to love every minute of me stripping things away from you until you're nothing more than the kitten you know you are, deep down."

His face felt like it was about to erupt into flames, as Jacob felt that shaft growing stiff against his lover's diaper. "His lover's diaper". What a phrase he never imagined he'd use again! An amorous growl escaped Jacob's lips as he rubbed his muzzle against that bulge, reveling in the crinkles and the appreciative rumbles his tiger mate was making. His mane was being flattened back a bit more with every nuzzle, he'd have to brush it at some point before he went out, but he didn't care. Charles ground his crotch against the lion's face with a pronounced hump, as Jacob felt the pillowy padding pushing against the contours of his muzzle, that diapered cock rubbing against his cheek. Taking a deep breath, bathed in the scent of talcum powder, with just a hint of his dom's sweat and musk. Another hump ground the diapered crotch against his face as Charles pushed him back into the cushions of the couch.

"You like that, huh cub?" The tiger's voice was dripping with amusement. "Face-deep and huffing away, worshipping Daddy's diaper like he's a god." He laughed. "I would've never done this before. The shame of being seen in a diaper alone would've done me in! But now..." The tiger's tail danced behind him, as Jacob listened to the increasing crinkling cacophony of his mate's padding. "I never knew how good this felt!" Jacob heard his mate cackle. It felt a bit wicked. "But you know, it'd feel better if it wasn't so **dry**..." The sentence ended with a teasing tone as the lion's ears drooped back. Did Charles mean to-

The submissive lion heard his mate's breathing grow strained, and then a sigh of relief..

And then a faint hsssssssssssssssst noise as the diaper the lion's muzzle was ground into began to swell against his face, growing warmer as the surface of the thick diaper turned yellow. Jacob's ears perked, his eyes widening at the sign. Charles' paw found its' purchase on the back of Jacob's head, the firm guidance beckoning him to the saturated padding. And it was with a held thrust, did Jacob find himself once more face-to-face with the diaper he had been watching so raptly a moment prior. The wet, heavy musk of Charles' pissy diaper soaked into him with every hitched inhale, the warmth seeping through against his nose, his cheeks, as his vision was blotted by the sodden pampers. His only reprieve from snoofing was when he managed to reel Charles' paw by just a few inches, to let out a shaky exhale, a moan, the intoxicating acrid scent making his member tremble in his pants.

“MMmm.... Fuck yeah...” Charles cut off one of Jacob's moans, by entrenching him deep in that arousing aroma, his pleased cries smothered by his wet diaper, restraint cast off in lieu of humping Jacob's face. “My god, why did I never wear a wet diaper before? This feels amazing!” Jacob couldn't escape, his body pushed into the back of the couch by his lover's lusty thrusts. His own cock was throbbing even as he felt Charles' shaft twitching through the padding. He moved one of his own arms down, paw reaching into his pants to fondle his privates...

And then all of a sudden Charles was backing away from him. “Bad cub!” Jacob felt his arm yank back out of his pants, as his steely tiger daddy narrowed his eyes and bared his fangs. “Little pampered lion cubs aren't allowed to play with themselves. Not without Daddy's permission!” He yanked Jacob's arm up and away from his cock, gripping it at the wrist for a moment before letting go to fold his arms and squint at his fellow feline. “Is Daddy going to have to break out your new mittens?”

“B-but-” Jacob found himself whining. He was already stiff as a board down there. It was hard to think of anything other than sex. “But I need to cum, Charles!”

That earned him an actual growl. “You mean ‘I need to make stickies, Daddy’.” Charles course-corrected as he moved down to grab Jacob by the scruff of the lion's neck. “But don't worry. I'll make sure you're properly trained.” The tiger turned his body, tugging Jacob alongside him. “Come on, let's get to your nursery. Only one of us is dressed for tonight.”

“T-tonight, Cha- Daddy?” Jacob scrambled behind on all fours, stammering. “What's going on tonight?”

Charles stopped as they were midway up the stairs, turning his body so he could gaze at Jacob. “I'm going to make sure the entire city knows how much of a baby cub you are.” He smirked. “You think me walking around in this getup was brazen?” The tiger laughed, waving a muscular arm down his body. “Let them see! They can take pictures if they want!” Turning his head to gaze at Jacob, the tiger grinned. “But just wait until you see what I've got for you to wear to the club tonight!” He lurched a bit back, eye contact suddenly seeming intimidating to his lion lover. “And as much as you might fuss, and as much as you might protest... you know deep down this is what you want, because you have a safe word and you aren't using it even now as I'm telling you point blank that I'm going to lead you outside dressed like the diaper kitten you are, where everyone can see you as you humiliate yourself with every crinkle.”

Jacob's cock throbbed.

As Charles leaned a bit closer to his lips. “And I dare you to stop me.”

“Heehee... hahahaaaaa...” Jacob trembled, unable to stop from laughing. He felt a spurt of precum leak into his underwear as Charles resumed dragging him upstairs. This felt like going from famine to feast; suddenly he was getting everything he wanted and had no idea how to

process it. Except to laugh, his body making a purr-like excited growl as Charles dragged him to an unexpected place.

"The... guest room?" Jacob looked around. The room itself was one of the most boring rooms in the house: A made bed no one used, a night stand with a pot on it they left there because there was no other place in the house they cared to put it, and a painfully generic bit of wall art. "Why here?"

With a snort, Charles turned Jacob to begin laying him down on the bed. "Well, I didn't have time to make you a proper nursery, kitten, so this is going to have to do until you have a real crib I can put you down in." Jacob found himself laying on his tummy, gazing up at his tiger lover as Charles began unbuttoning his pants and stripping his lower layers of clothing off. "Mmm... look at these ruined soggy briefs!" The tiger held Jacob's underwear up so he could see the discolored stain on the crotch. "I knew if I let you out of diapers you'd only have an accident!"

"B-but that's not pee, it's pre!" Jacob squeaked out in response.

"Are you sure?" Jacob watched his lover chuckle, waving the underwear back and forth in front of him. "Sniff the underwear for me, cub. Let's see if you're right." Charles held the musky, damp underwear forward, twitching it like he was trying to entice Jacob. "I know you love shoving your nose into wet undies, after all."

Jacob felt his face getting hot, his whole body trembling with excitement as he leaned forward to sniff at his own soaked shorts. Taking a few long, deep drags of it, he purred. "Y-yessir, I mean, D-Daddy. It's precum. I didn't pee my pants..." Each moment Charles held the underwear there allowed the lion to get a few more whiffs of his own musky scent.

A paw moved down to squeeze at Jacob's cock. "It doesn't matter, cub. A real adult can control himself down there. Look at you! This little thing leaks so much it may as well be a broken faucet! No matter what fluid you're smelling, it's still an accident *you* made. Because cubs like you can't help but make soggy dribbles." The tiger teased as he let go of Jacob's dick to grope at his soaked, diapered bulge. "Daddy doesn't have accidents. He only pisses in a diaper when he wants to turn his kitten on, but a baby cub like you can't help but soak anything you wear, can you?"

His nose and mouth covered by the musky underwear, Jacob stared up at his lover with metaphorical hearts in his eyes, his pulse racing, as Charles took a pack of baby wipes out of the bag he'd brought home with him, setting the bag down on the bed next to the lion. Each stroke along his cock made Jacob shudder and moan, the outburst barely contained by the besmirched briefs along his snout. He shut up, taking in deep breaths in and out, soaking in his own musk while Charles worked to clean his crotch and bottom off.

He felt...

Well, *small*.

Just a little lion cub being set down for a change by his big horny daddy.

The scent of his own musky accident was in his nostrils. Each breath became a reminder: This was an accident he made. As he huffed into his accident, he couldn't help but think on what it meant.

He couldn't but have accidents in his undies, no matter what undies he wore.

Jacob felt his balls churning at that thought, Daddy stroking up and down on his cock with the baby wipe.

Daddy didn't have accidents at all.

Unlike him. Unlike the baby cub who couldn't even be trusted to keep his undies dry. Who couldn't help but love the scents his accidents made in his undies. Huffing that musk, he felt a shudder of pleasure running down from his head to his cock.

"Woah there!" Charles laughed as a spurt of precum jet up into the air from the lion's cock. Charles had been squeezing it with fingers clasped around the baby wipe. "Someone can't control their weenie at all, huh? Even during a change?" Jacob felt a finger tracing along his stomach, smearing some of the precum onto it. Looking up, he watched his lover lick his juices off of that finger. "Fortunately... I remembered some conversations we had a few months back, and bought something just for that before I left the mall."

Jacob watched as his dom for the evening reached into his back, pulling out something made of pink, sculpted plastic. Several little silver rings were looped around the base, and a lock dangled from the framework. A lock with a little silver key.

"A- A chastity cage?" Jacob laughed, ears flattening as his cock twitched and drooled a bit more. "Daddy, noooooo! Notta chastity cage!" He squirmed, play-resisting as the tiger laughed back with him, trying to restrain him even as he fussed. He was already feeling a bit more little the longer this went on. "And why does it hafta be PINK!?!"

"Now hold still, cub! This is for your own good!" Jacob's resistance didn't last for long, as he felt slick, cool plastic pushing down over his shaft. While erect his cock was a bit too big for the cage, but Charles found a way to make it fit. "How would it look if my cub was constantly reaching down to grope his own pee-pee? Daddy decides when you're allowed to make sticky-pee, cub!" He leaned down to whisper into one of Jacob's rounded ears. "*Because I own you.*"

Click.

Each whispered word made Jacob shudder. So lost was he in the moment that he didn't even recognise the sound of the cage being locked in at first. Not until he saw Charles rearing back up, holding the little silver key with one finger. "Here's the only way to get your pee-pee back, cub! Haha! And watch where I'm going to put it!" He tugged the front of his own diaper open, tilting his paw to drop the key inside it.

And then, Jacob watched his boyfriend immediately wince.

Rummaging down back into the front of his soaked diaper, Charles growled. "Pinchy! Cold! Gah, things like this never happen in porn!" He flinched, desperately groping around his stiff shaft for the key.

The headspace was lost. Jacob broke into laughter, the tension of the scene draining away. It was good to know, no matter what hypnosis had happened, that his boyfriend was still the tiger he'd fallen in love with.

"Oh, is Daddy being goofy, cub?" Charles seemed to shift back into dom mode after just a second of faltering, holding the key back up. "Well, I am a little new to all this! But we'll figure it out. I want to make you into the perfect baby lion cub, after all." He purred, setting the chastity cage's key aside and reaching back into the bag. "Now Daddy gets to wear a plain, pharmacy brand because they're practical. Built to hold a lot. But for his favorite little lion cub..." Out came a package billing itself as "**Forest Kings**": Thick white diapers with pastel green "vines" as trim along the edges. On the crotch was a large studly buck, a handsome anthropomorphic male deer wearing a golden crown. "You get these instead, cub."

Jacob felt confused as his boyfriend lifted his butt up and slid one of the "Forest Kings" under his fluffy golden butt. "I thought you'd have some really cutesy baby design. These look almost mature!"

"They have the most adorable wetness indicator I could find." Charles smirked back at Jacob as he applied baby powder, massaging it into his boyfriend's thighs and crotch before moving back to rub it into his backside. At the end of the powdering, the tiger moved down to grope at the pink plastic cage now encompassing Jacob's cock. "Look at this thing! So little now." Jacob broke into another nervous titter. "No one could ever see you as a big boy again if they saw you wearing this thing." The thought made Jacob moan, humping at his cock cage, droplets of precum drooling out of a hole at the base of it. "Hah! I thought you'd love that, kitten." Charles smirked, his paw slipping off the plastic cock-cage as he moved to pull the diaper's front up over his boyfriend's crotch, patting the surface until it lay flat. After staring at it with a smile for a moment, the tiger broke into a frown. "Now how do I do this? When I bought a diaper for myself, this girl at the store offered to help..." The tiger tilted his head, squinting. "I THINK I'm supposed to use the tapes, but... where to start?"

The confused look on his dominant boyfriend's face caused Jacob to break into another titter, a singular moment of levity during an erotically charged scene. "Bottom tapes first, Daddy." The

lion said, before slipping his thumb in between his lips to suck on it like a real baby.

Just as he was being diapered like a real baby.

The thought made his cock throb, trying to get erect in his pink chastity cage, discomfort as the erection clashed against the plastic walls making him squirm and shudder, grunting in horny, wonderful deprivation. "Right, right..." Charles nodded. "Bottom tapes first, let's get this thing on you..." He mumbled, working quickly, while Jacob felt the thick, cushiony padding tightening around his waist. "There we go, cub! Snug as a bug in a rug!" The tiger chuckled, giving another pat to the crotch of the diaper, squishing the padding against the plastic cage that served as an enduring reminder of Jacob's submission to his new Diapered Daddy. "Can you lift your arms up reaaaaal high for me, kitten?"

With a giggle, Jacob popped his thumb out of his muzzle, lifting both his arms up over his head. Charles grabbed his hands, pulling him up to a sitting position before bending down to hug him, and squeeze at his balls through the padding. "Good kitten." Jacob heard him snicker, his voice dropping to a whisper. "Now you're not getting out of this diaper until it's more used than Daddy's diaper is now, understand?"

Jacob had gotten to check Charles' diaper face-first already, and suspected it was near leaking from piss alone. That meant that he'd have to- "Y-yes Daddy. I understand." He nodded, feeling the embarrassment on his whole face as he heated up.

"Good cub!" Charles let go of his crotch, moving to give Jacob a few pats on the butt to hear his backside crinkle. "Now stand up and let Daddy lead you by the paw to the bathroom." Squeezing one of Jacob's paws in his, Charles stood his boyfriend up and began leading him out of the guest room.

"Why the bathroom?" Jacob stumbled behind, the thick diaper making plastic crinkling noises with every step. "I mean, we're both in diapers, aren't we?"

"Because the electric razor is in the bathroom." Charles said in response, opening the door to a room decorated with bright teal tiles. Opening a cabinet tucked behind a mirror, he reached in to pull out the electric tool, holding it up and turning it on. As it buzzed, he turned his gaze back towards his partner. "And little lion cubs don't have manes, do they?"

Jacob froze up, as he watched Charles moving towards him. Dirty talk and teasing were one thing, but this was his MANE! Everyone at his job would see the difference when he went to work, everyone around the neighborhood could see it if he even stepped a foot outdoors... "Daddy, noooo! I don't wanna lose my mane!" He stammered, feeling his cock trying to stiffen against the cage as he held his paws up to try and ward off the tiger.

"Then use your safeword." Charles said, pausing for a moment.

Jacob almost did. But even through the plastic trap around his dick, he still felt it throbbing. The idea of everyone seeing him maneless, like a little baby cub, a sign of total submission to his dom... he could feel his limp dick leaking precum out into his diaper, a tiny little dribble that left him trembling as Charles moved in, running the razer along one side of head. "Thought so, cub!" The tiger's free paw moved down to grope at the front of Jacob's diaper, squeezing at the studly stag printed on the front of the padding, his paw pressing into the cock cage. "You're already a little squishy down there." He cooed and locked eyes with Jacob as wispy, drifty mane fur fell to the tile floor beneath them. "You're loving this, aren't you kitten?"

Squirming, covering his face with his paws to hide the trembling, needy smile along his muzzle, Jacob nodded. "Y-yes Daddy..." His cheeks were hot, and as Charles squeezed at his diapered crotch again, he groaned. "I- I really like being your baby cub."

Charles was working to shave his head as he confirmed it. "That's good, kitten. Because after I finish un-man-ing you and un-mane-ing you, you'll have trouble feeling like anything else." The work went quicker than Jacob would have ever wanted to admit: His mane, a lion's proof of adulthood and masculinity, cleaved away from him in strips as he watched through the bathroom sink's mirror. More and more, the face staring back at him was not the face of even a maneless lioness, but that of an oversized cub. He blushed and whined, squirmed and simpered, humped at his Daddy's paw as the tiger groped him in a desperate attempt to get some sexual stimulation... but in the end, Jacob was left with blue balls and a bare head. Charles beamed at his work, rubbing at the stubby little golden fuzz left between Jacob's ears. "There we go! So much cuter now, aren't you?" The tiger purred, giving Charles a delicate nibble to the ear. "Just like Daddy's little cub should be."

Jacob just whined, and bit at his lower lip. He needed to cum so badly, it felt like all he could even think about. And the way his Dadd- Charles was talking, it just made it hotter. "This is the best night ever..." He mumbled and whimpered.

"What was that?" Charles lifted a paw up to his ear, pantomiming being hard of hearing.

"This- this is the best night ever!" Jacob exclaimed.

The tiger smirked. "Not so boring now, am I?" He moved to sweep up the remains of Jacob's mane and dump his former adulthood into the trash bin next to the sink. "But now, I think it's time to get you dressed." Jacob's ears perked as he opened his muzzle to ask for more details. But before he could ask, Charles answered his question. "I said we were going out to a club, didn't I?"

"I'd have never had the guts to go to a club like this before." Charles said, leading Jacob behind him with a stripey orange paw gripped tightly against the lion's own.

It wasn't exactly a "club" as much as it was a sex dungeon that someone had set up a bar in. At least, that was the impression Jacob got of it with how little he could see of it. While Charles was still dressed up in his leather outfit and the now-sagging diaper he'd come home to his boyfriend with, the lion's more adult wardrobe had been replaced by a much more scandalous one: A brightly colored pastel green terrycloth onesie, the butt flap left unbuttoned for the lion's cutely printed diaper to be on full display as he was paraded along through a small crowd of men in fetishware of their own. The words "Daddy's lil' stinker" had been sewn onto the onesie's front. Jacob was sure anyone would've seen a blush permanently tattooed onto his cheeks if anyone could have seen them. But "seeing" was a bit of a problem right now: White-dyed leather straps wrapped around Jacob's muzzle, pressing a baby blue pacifier up against his lips and holding it there. The straps wrapped around the back of Jacob's neck, but another set stretched down the center of his head, and two more stretched diagonally up from the binky to cover his eyes, wrapping back to the back of his head. He could barely see through his peripheral vision, but with each suckle of his binky, Jacob was reminded that he was now dependent on his Daddy for even seeing where they were properly going. He couldn't even take the paci-gag off by himself; not with the mittens and booties Daddy Charles had fitted over his front and back paws, matching the color of his onesie. All he could do was waddle behind his Daddy, hoping no one recognized him... but also hoping that they *might*.

So that they could call him out for the big gay baby cub he was.

Just the thought made him whimper and blush harder, his cock practically a leaky faucet of precum at this point beneath the cock-cage keeping him from tenting his damp, cummy pampers.

"Ok, we're at the bar now, Cub. So I'm going to sit you down now, since I know a little kitten like you can't do it by yourself..." Jacob felt Charles steering his butt to a barstool, then bending his knees so he sat down. "There we go! Such a big kitten, able to sit with Daddy's help!"

"Hey, you two ordering?" The bartender seemed like some big dark-furred creature... Jacob thought he could see tips of white antlers rising out. Or horns. Maybe a deer or a bull? "I'll need to see some id for both of ya!"

"Sure, sure." Jacob could hear Charles talking. "Here's both of our IDs, Simba here can't quite carry his own, you know? A little cub like him would just lose it."

The bartender Jacob could only make out the edges of just laughed. "So I see. What'll you both have?"

"I'll have a black russian." Charles growled. "My cub here is too little to drink alcohol, but I have a bottle here... could you fill it up with milk?"

"How's he gonna drink it with the gag on?" Jacob could hear the bartender snort.

“The back of the gag’s mouthguard unscrews, and that bottle lid screws onto it to turn it from a pacifier gag to a strap-on baby bottle.” Charles explained, as Jacob shuddered at the revelation that he was going to be hydrating through a toy nipple tonight.

It took him a moment or two to realize he’d just been called “Simba” in that little exchange. His cock twitched at the humiliating name, his diaper growing a bit more damp with precum. Moments later, the big lion cub felt his head being tilted down by one of Daddy’s paws, hearing something unscrewing in front of him, and then his head being pushed up against something firm. Another screwing noise hit his rounded, golden ears, before he felt his head being lifted back up. There was something weighty affixed to the back of his pacifier now: the bottle, perhaps? With a suckle on it, Jacob was rewarded with a sip of what tasted like chocolate milk. The bottle was heavy and kept putting stress on his neck, so he lifted a mitten-covered paw up to support it while tilting his body back a bit against the bar. Soon, he was making slurping noises, sucking down his sweet creamy treat, while hearing people around him: Some were cooing about how adorable a baby cub he was, others were laughing at how pathetic he looked, in that state.

The feelings made him whimper and whine, hesitating on his feeding to reach his free mittened paw down to push at the front of his diaper. Desperate for any relief, he humped at his paw while nursing, his diaper squishing against his cock cage. He felt none of it, but the teasing from random bar goers was just reminding him how pent-up and horny he really was.

“Hey. You the dad?”

The voice was one he’d never heard before, so close to him. Tilting his body back up, he gazed around on instinct for whoever was speaking, before realizing with the leather straps over his eyes, he couldn’t really see anything about them save the roughest outline of their body as he tilted his head in the direction he’d heard them talking from.

“Why yes I am! You like my cub?”

That voice was Charles’, and the speaker was sitting on the barstool opposite of his, next to his tiger.

“I like how you handle him, at least.” The speaker’s voice as deep but smooth, with no accent Jacob could identify. “It’s kind of hot.”

At that, Jacob heard Charles laugh for a moment, before an amused purr escaped his mate’s lips. “Well, I wanted to go out and take the edge off, but I couldn’t find a sitter, you know? You can’t just leave a little cub alone, you know?”

The other speaker was purring. Maybe a black panther or something like that? “Well, if you still need to blow off some steam... they’ve got a crib for the ABDL crowd off in the corner of the dungeon.” The other voice had an amused rumble to it all of a sudden. “We could have some

fun on the couch right next to him. If you know, you're both into that sort of thing."

Jacob felt his whole body stiffen. Was this other cat proposing-

"Oh, fascinating proposal. I take it, you don't mind my own diaper?" Charles had that tone in his voice that told Jacob he was seriously considering something.

He trembled as he heard the stranger's response. "Nah... the scent's kinda kinky, you know? As long as you baby-wipe it off before sticking it in me, I'm good."

"Before we got him into that getup, I told Simba if he wanted to stop he could just smack his paw against any surface three times in a row." The diapered lion heard his mate turn in the barstool, saw the edges of his body shift angles. "How about it, cub? You mind if Daddy has some adult playtime with this nice young man?" The lion suddenly heard a hot breath against his ear. "I know you have a *cucking* fetish you've always wanted to explore..."

The diapered lion felt himself sucking on his baba a bit faster now, a bit harder. He could pull out. He just had to smack his paw against the bar counter three times and they'd be out of there in less than five minutes. And he'd never really done anything like this before... It felt a lot like cheating. Except that... Charles was right. He had the kink. Was he really going to let himself be put into a playpen while he heard his boyfriend fuck a total stranger nearby? He just whimpered, humping his diapered crotch into his mitten. Yes. Yes he was going to let it happen. Jacob felt his cock twitch, the cage weighing it down and making it squish against his soggy padding. He was just so damn horny, and this sounded like something more hot than he'd ever experienced.

"Well, he hasn't smacked against anything... so I guess he's fine with it!" Charles laughed. "Let me get my kitten tucked away with some toys, and then we'll have ourselves a time."

Suddenly there were arms tilting Jacob back. One arm holding him under his knees, the other carrying him along the upper part of his back. He was being carried, his body tilted up, letting the milk dribble down from the nipple of his feeding pacifier even if he wasn't suckling on it, wishing it was bigger and fatter and a real cock. "Here we go, kitten. You'll feel a few bouncies, as Daddy walks over to the playpen." Up and down, up and down. Jacob was bounced in his tiger daddy's arms a few times as he finished his bottle, before being lowered onto a soft plush surface. The edges of his vision, not obscured by the paci-gag's straps, told him this was a pink place. He could vaguely make out ponies embroidered into the upper parts of the walls.

He was sitting in a pink pony printed playpen. One sized for an adult.

A few moments later, and he felt the straps of his paci-gag loosen, the whole thing tugged away to reveal his prison had a few mesh patches he could see through. "There we go! Figured you might get a bit tired of wearing the gag." Jacob heard his boyfriend say as Charles dropped a few toys out of a large diaper bag into the playpen. "These'll give you something to do while Daddy fucks the nice man, ok Simba?" The toys consisted of... a few plush alphabet blocks, a

plastic blue rattle with wave designs on it, and a stuffed brown teddy bear. "I bet the little teddy's going to be your favorite once you figure out what it does." Charles just winked, leaning down to tussle at Jacob's maneless head, reminding him just how much of a cub he'd become in the past few hours. "Are you gonna be ok here?"

"Y-yes Daddy..." Jacob gave a nod, before huffing and grinding his diaper against his paw with exertion. "I- I wanna see Daddy fucking the man..." He blushed, panting. "I- I'm so pokey and sticky, Daddy..." He was barely able to think of anything else beyond how turned on he really was.

"Oh, you're going to get an eyeful and more." The tiger grinned. "Although I'm surprised!" Charles tilted his head "Didn't a certain little cub tell me just yesterday that vanilla sex was 'boring'?" Sticking his tongue out in a teasing gesture, the tiger bent down to kiss at Jacob's forehead. "I guess it has to be, when you're too much of a baby to really understand how to play that game."

The barbed quip just made Jacob whine and blush, more precum leaking out into his diaper. He was amazed that the sturdy stag was still on it at that point... though a look down showed that they seemed to be fading. Something else was forming on the diaper's crotch in its place, but both images were half-there. Without waiting for a response, Charles just turned to walk away, heading towards a couch where a slender panther wearing an almost fishnet vest and leather pants was waiting for him, a paw cupping his groin while he stared at Daddy and his lion cuck. As Charles moved to stand next to him, running his paws down the bare sides of the panther's stomach, the feline just gazed over at Jacob and cooed. "Aww... are you curious about the big-boy games Daddy plays?" He teased, clearly in on the act after watching how they'd talked. "Don't worry, maybe someday you'll be old enough to know how to use your peepee like a big boy."

"Don't tease the baby too much." Charles growled, running a paw along the twink's shoulder. "Just think about me." The tiger bent down, kissing at his playmate, before sliding the pair of them down to the couch, grinding his own wet diaper against the panther's leather crotch. The two were purring and murring, the crinkles of Daddy's diaper and the panther groaning as Charles broke the kiss to nibble at his neck only making Jacob squirm harder.

He needed to cum. And bad!

What was it his Daddy had said about the toy bear being his favorite?

He reached for the toy even as Charles rolled around with this night's lover on the black couch, ending with the panther on top of him as the tiger peeled away the twink's feline's leather pants, exposing a black fuzzy ass as the panther lifted his tail. As Jacob swatted the toy over towards him, he felt it buzz against his mitten from the smacking sensation. Behind him, his Daddy was parting the panther's cheeks, gasping at a bright pink butt plug waiting there for him. Charles was laughing and the panther was moaning as the tiger tugged the toy out. And Jacob was

gazing at the stuffed toy, watching his boyfriend be faithfully unfaithful out of the corner of his eye. Had it just... buzzed? He almost felt a vibration through his padded mittens...

"Aaaah... aaah... yes... that's it..." Charles grunted. When Jacob looked up, his Daddy's cock was exposed, the tiger having tugged down his diaper. With an already-stretched ass, that naughty twink of a panther was sitting down on top of that dick, going slow but making needy yowling noises, like a female in heat. Once he'd gotten to the base of it, the panther paused to emit a breathy moan.

Jacob wished he was the one there, riding his boyfriend.

But he COULDN'T be there.

Because he was a **baby**.

A maneless lion cub sitting in a playpen in a soggy diaper, his belly full of chocolate milk and a cage around his naughty bits because he couldn't be trusted to touch himself.

He was stuck watching his sexy Daddy get it on with someone else; left alone to play with his little kitten toys. Crawling over the teddy bear, feeling his cock throbbing beneath his diaper, he gave the toy an experimental hump against it. His curiosity was rewarded as the bear vibrated against his diaper, the squishy padding letting the rumbles ripple through it. A flash of pleasure even hit his cock through the cage.

It was such a mild sensation, nowhere close to touching himself. But it was more than he'd felt since the cage was on. And maybe, just maybe...

With a needy, frenzied energy, Jacob began humping into his vibrating teddy bear, his diaper crinkling and squishing as above him, his Daddy was humping into the twinky panther. Jacob imagined their thrusts happening in time with each other, as he arched his back to push his crotch more against a toy that was becoming more of his favorite with each vibrating buzz that hit his caged cock as he thrust. Above him, he could hear Charles grunting, growling, and the panther giggling and moaning. The two males picked up the pace, humping into their respective mates. The teddy bear was practically a second boyfriend to Jacob now, as he thrust his head up and squealed in need. His balls were aching, his cock feeling pleasure for the first time, trying to stiffen and clashing against the edge of the cage... in another moment, Jacob felt his vision white out.

"Rrrrrrrrrrrraaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!" Charles roared with a primal ferocity as he came, pulling out of the twinky panther to paint black fur white with precum.

And as he came, Jacob made more of a kittenish squeak, feeling his sticky mess spurt out into his padding. A climax, yet even though it felt **good**... it didn't feel like **enough**. He whined, flopping back onto his crinkly tush, the pressure within his balls still too heavy to bear. As the

lion watched his Daddy rubbing his seed over the panther's backside, the pair laughing about some private joke, he felt a new pressure overwhelming the horniness.

Jacob closed his eyes, feeling his bladder slip, as a day's worth of lion piss flowed out of him, the horny pressure that had held it at bay was finally outweighed by the need to pee. He'd been so pent up he hadn't even realized he had to go, and now here he was, soaking his diaper in his playpen like the baby cub he was.

Gazing down, he watched the studly stag printed on the front of his diaper vanish completely, replaced with a print of the same deer, now without antlers, sitting in a crib sucking his thumb, an outline of a diaper yellowed more and more as Jacob peed into it.

With a sigh of bliss, Jacob just reached for his teddy again.

He knew he'd need to cum again before Daddy would change him... and he bet a soaked diaper spread vibrations better than a damp one.

This time he'd try grinding his bottom against the buzzy-bear, to see if he could get off from teasing himself down there. It might take longer, the padding was thick and squishy, but Jacob wanted to try. To play with his new favorite toy boyfriend.

He had time, after all... it looked like his tiger daddy was stiff again, and hotdogging the panther's fuzzy rump to get aroused enough for a round two.

It was going to be a long, hard night for both Daddy and Cub!

The End!