

# Commission Zone: Big Convention, Little Kit

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

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

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

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

*You are entering...*

***The Commission Zone.***

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Behind him, he heard someone grumble under their breath.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Except for the *lines*.

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

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

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

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

And waiting some more.

And waiting even longer *still*.

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

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

And Kit could smell something stinky nearby him.

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

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

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

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

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

make Kit's head spin.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kit needed to focus on Kuvar, anyway.

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

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

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

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

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

And with it came the remainder of his stress, all the tension left in his muscles, any remaining thoughts struggling to survive the fumigation in his mind... and all his piss