

A cacophony of squeaking and creaking sounds echoed throughout the house as they had been for a while now. You couldn't remember how long you'd been laying in your pet bed, desperately humping at the vibrator underneath you, time having started to bleed together in the huffy haze you found yourself constantly under. You'd been buzzing your rubber diaper for quite a while at this point, the constant stimulation short circuiting your mind as you focused only on the intense pleasure. The only interruptions were whenever—

The vibrator died, drawing a frustrated squeak from you, though it didn't sound all too different from the many frustrated, needy, and desperate squeaks you'd been making all day. With clumsy rubber paws, you reached down and lifted the vibrator between them, setting it aside to cool off, still thankfully plugged in – you might not have been able to plug it in with the lack of dexterity you had in this body. Thankfully, you could always just reach for the second vibrator that had been cooling off since you started using the previous one, carefully maneuvering it into place underneath your diaper and fiddling with it to try to turn it on, wanting back that pleasure, even with how immensely frustrating it was to be this perpetually needy.

“Aww, has someone been having a good time while I was out?” your owner asked from behind you, immediately drawing your attention away from your attempts to turn the vibrator back on. You looked up at them with excitement in your eyes, though your expressions weren't always the clearest when the bottom half of your face was comprised of a painted-on smile beneath a pacifier guard that was a part of your fully rubber body. It didn't matter all too much, though, since you were always happy to see your owner. You'd be giving them a big smile anyways.

“Glad to see my little cutie pet is staying nice and huffy!” They giggled, and you squeaked excitedly in reply. They weren't wrong, you were *extraordinarily* needy. You'd never felt such intense, burning need before being turned into a rubber critter, and it felt like every day you learned that it could be pushed even further. It was difficult to pull yourself away from the vibrators whenever your owner was away now, desperately wanting the pleasure back, even though it never offered the relief that your mind still so desperately needed but your body couldn't provide. After all, the squeaky rubber erogenous diaper between your legs was all that was down there anymore, and while buzzing and rubbing and humping it felt heavenly, far better than anything you'd ever felt before, there was absolutely nothing you could do to reach the relief that some part of you deep down was *craving*.

What was once a simple warm heat inside of your belly had turned into an inferno of desperation in the matter of days, but you couldn't stop yourself from continuing to work yourself up even further, constantly stoking the fire. It just felt so *good*, and even when you weren't using a vibrator to give yourself that constant stimulation, you'd only go a few minutes before you found your paws wandering

down to press and rub against your diaper, the squeaking and creaking sounds encouraging you to keep going further and further. You couldn't control the desperation anymore, and it felt so *good* to give in to it and just keep going. Rubbing your diaper with both paws, humping pillows and plushies, putting a vibrator against your diaper and just letting it buzz away all of your thoughts...

You didn't even realize that you'd started rubbing your diaper with your paws until a laugh from your caretaker snapped you out of it, realizing and looking up at them with embarrassment in your eyes. You couldn't help it, you were too huffy to handle it! It seemed like they knew that though. "Gosh, you're so cute... such a needy toy, aren't you?" You squeaked in place of a whimper, giving the best pleading expression you could as your paws squirmed across your diaper. With ease, your owner reached down and scooped you up off of the ground, giving you a big hug as they bounced you around a little.

"Adorable little needy toy... so glad I have you to play with," they said in a sing-song voice, their words only helping to fuel the need and desire that was threatening to drive you mad. It felt so good, but it was just so *much*! But... you didn't *want* it to stop, it felt incredible to feel that blazing inferno deep inside of you grow stronger and stronger. They bounced you around, cooing at you and saying more and more things that built up that embarrassment as you wiggled in their arms, eventually flipping you around so that your back was to their chest as they rested a paw against your diaper.

You squeaked loudly in surprise and shivered as you felt their paw gently press against your diaper, the feeling immediately so wonderful. Rubbing your paws against your own diaper always felt wonderful, but their touch was just... *divine*. "There, does that feel nice?" they asked, and you nodded and squeaked, gently humping up into their paw as they slowly rubbed up and down across the surface of your diaper. It felt like your brain was melting from that gentle, slight stimulation, like little jolts of electricity through your mind any time their paw skipped across the creaky rubber.

They hummed as they carried you out of the room, though you barely even registered anything that was happening, your brain positively fried from just the lightest stimulation. Sitting down at their desk, they kept you in their lap, giving little pets to you with one paw as the other stayed on your diaper. You squeaked and gently squirmed in their lap, feeling so good from the gentle, loving stimulation. "There's a good little lap pet..." they said quietly, gently and almost absentmindedly rubbing at your diaper while using their computer.

You sank into their lap as they gave you pets and diaper rubs, letting yourself fully relax into them and forget all about anything that wasn't right here and now, being a good lap pet and a good toy. You felt like you were just melting into their embrace, forgetting about everything until a sudden big press or rub

to your diaper shocked you back to encourage you to start humping up into their paw once more, letting out needy squeaks and making your owner giggle any time it happened. You couldn't bring yourself to focus on anything they were doing, but none of that mattered to you anyways. You were a good little toy in their lap, being pet and played with, and it felt better than anything else in the universe possibly could.

You didn't notice as time passed, paying no attention to anything other than the immediate, amazing sensations of being gently played with by your owner. When they finally got your attention again and you returned to lucidity, you realized just how late it had gotten, all of the lights of evening having faded away into night time. You looked up at your owner with an inquisitive squeak, noticing just how sleepy they seemed.

"I think it's just about bedtime, little toy... which means little toys like you need to be put away, huh?" You immediately blushed, or at least felt the closest thing to a blush you could being a rubber critter, knowing just what that meant. You nodded, feeling embarrassed as your owner smiled at you, standing up and carrying you back over to your pet bed just a short distance away from their own bed. As you were laid down in it, you shut your eyes in embarrassment, spreading out your legs to give them free access to the diaper there.

You felt a few things being wrapped around you as they got everything in place, and as you opened your eyes, both vibrators were strapped to your diaper, your owner fiddling with the control app on their phone as they set it up. "Alright, you get some good rest while your owner is sleeping, little toy," they said with a smile, tapping something on their phone as one of the vibrators immediately started up, making you collapse in pleasure at the feeling and start squeaking without any control. They gently guided your arms into the straps to put you away for the night, leaving you in a self-hug, before covering you up with a heavy blanket, both to keep you comfy and in place, and to deaden the noise of the vibrator.

It was already so hard to think... but you knew you wouldn't be getting any relief from the feeling tonight. After a little while, the first vibrator would shut off and the second would start up, the two of them taking turns to ensure the stimulation never stopped. Feeling that fire inside of you turn into a raging blaze, your thoughts all started to fade away, replaced with just an endless avalanche of pleasure. After all, since toys didn't need to sleep, it was proper to put them away at the end of the day. It was so hard to think, hard to do anything but feel so, so good...

You never wanted to go back to being anything other than your owners good little toy.