

Stronghold Baby

Chapter 2

Without further conversation the Khajiit was lifted from his chair and tossed over the shoulder of what he could only assume was the queen of the fort, her silk battle worn under armor soft and comfortable against the Khajiit as her powerful muscles easily gave her control over the lightly squirming kitty. "So...where will I stay?" he asked as he noted that they were being followed by a rather strong guard wielding a sheathed claymore and several of the other orcish women. "You know, if there's no guest room I'll be fine with an out of the way heap of hay," he said as the powerful queen simply chuckled below him.

"I don't think you understand the terms on which you're here kitten." she said with a grin the carried Khajiit could positively hear as her rhythmic footsteps nearly made him seasick as he watched the ground sway below him. "You're center stage for us whenever we're not busy elsewhere, and we've got to have our bandit bait close at hand to make sure you don't run off now don't we?" she said as the following guard simply continued watching his every movement, looking for any signs of resistance.

While the feline growled at these crude ideas he noticed that they had moved into the longhouse of the stronghold. They continued toward the back, past a rather large kitchen with delightful smells wafting from it, through a corridor with well used barracks to either side, all the way to a room where he would soon sleep.

As they entered the room the Khajiit was moved from the queen's shoulder to her hip allowing him to look around. Everything adorning

the room was orcish made, from the iron changing table with a leather cushioned top to his right, to the oaken high chair with thick leather straps, to the stout steel crib directly before him; the sturdy structures were obviously created with extreme attention to detail. The crib even had a caged top made of thick iron bars heavy enough to contain even the most eager of infants. Though everything had a slightly old look to it everything was kept in great condition down to the pillow in the crib, each and every piece a testament to the eager mother who now held him to her side. Much to the Khajiit's dismay he noted that he'd likely be able to fit, into all of these formidable structures, albeit some may be slightly snug.

The guard who'd been following them stepped into the room followed closely by three of the other wives that he'd noticed earlier. Without another moment's hesitation the fidgety kitty was dumped onto the sturdy changing table, noting it didn't even move under his weight as the surprisingly finely groomed hands of the orc began to remove his belt. He tensed his whole body as he felt a large power in her hands, easily enough to shred leather like paper, put to work gently removing his belt leaving his pants loose as he continues to squirm.

With his belt out of the way the queen snatched his hat, and the Khajiit nearly screamed as he watched his hat taken off, "Hey! My clothes are perfectly fine!" Yet despite the feline's insistence his shirt was then easily pulled up and over his head leaving him with a bared chest. He started to blush as he grabbed for his pants, but in his distraction he hadn't noticed another of the females had moved around behind him. As he tried to grab for his waistline she slipped her arms under his armpits and behind his head forcing him to lift his arms as

he watched his pants get pulled straight down to his ankles by the queen.

“Even your clothing was too big for you,” said the Orc who was keeping his back pinned down and his arms restrained as he kicked fruitlessly, blushing hotly on both cheeks at just how easily he was disrobed. “I disagree with this treatment! Khajiit does not enjoy this!” shouted the kitty as he remained firmly pinned, his speech only drawing a chorus of ‘aww’s from the onlookers and causing him to blush even more hotly. His kicks seemed to do little to disturb the queen as she neatly folded his clothes before handing them to one of the other females to store for safe keeping.

“Hmm, well he’s almost as literate as a child,” said the queen as she gently began pressing a finger on his belly button and tickling him very slightly. “But war mother knows best, she’s a grown up after all, and has used an axe in more ways than you,” she continued as she tickled the poor kitten very gently causing him to squirm and laugh in the tight grip as he was easily shown his place. “Khajiit speaks in a correct manner! It is how everyone speaks in Elswyr!” he insisted, doing his best to control his laughter as his war mother moved on from his stomach finally allowing him to breathe a bit as he continued squirming in self-consciousness about his own nudity.

“Look at that, might as well be a baby with parts like that,” said one of the nearby females before stepping forward and giving his manhood a light squeeze. “Khajiit is...is...its fine!” he insisted with burning cheeks, and indeed the feline was actually average for his species but his endowments could hardly compare to the size of any male Orc. The queen reached under the table, grabbing up a rather

thick and sturdy sheet of fabric, then simply lifted the kitten's butt very slightly and slid it under him.

With a reflexive hiss the Khajiit squirmed in hopes of fighting against her intentions, but this only served to cause the guard to step forward and pin his ankles to the drawers of the changing table keeping him perfectly still for the queen. "Making a fuss just like a baby, adults know how to shut up and stay still," the queen said as she laughed triumphantly. "You know, people pay good money to get the royal treatment your infantile ass will be getting," she gently recounted as the Khajiit once again opened his mouth to speak out against her before finding his maw filled with a large leather resin filled pacifier, the bit alone enough to stick to his teeth if he should bite down.

"I think you should act your age kitten," she said with a reserved chuckle as the Khajiit mumbled unintelligibly around the pacifier. The queen turned her attention to the rather thick fabric, pulled the front up and over his crotch before folding the corners up and pinning them into place with large clothes pins. As the diaper change was completed the kitty spat out the resin pacifier. "Bah," he said not even able to find words in his humiliation to complain about his situation with. The resin paci was retrieved from his chest as the queen flicked his nose causing him to shiver as it was plopped back into place.

"I said to hold your tongue furball," he heard the growling voice of the queen say as she held the pacifier in place until he started to suck on it. "You're lucky, I don't have to raise you with a harsh hand like I would the usual brood. I can spoil you just like the little princess you are, and truth be told you scrawny kitties are only good for looking cute anyway, got it?" she grinned as her eager evil tone caused the poor

Khajiit to suckle unintentionally on the pacifier filling his mouth for comfort, inadvertently causing him to look all the cuter in the mind of the powerful war mother standing before him.

One of the others brought over a shirt, a woolen knit meant to keep its wearer warm even in the deepest winter. As the shirt was slid into place the feline realized how very little it did to cover his thick padding. He looked around in abject humiliation as the queen began to gently stroke his stomach. "Now then, during your stay here you're going to be our baby kitten. We're going to take care of your every need, from how you're dressed to when you're fed. You're going to do whatever we want you to when we want you to, and if you don't like it I'm sure a spanking could be arranged," the queen said as she gently stroked the kitty causing him to purr involuntarily as he fully started to understand what they wanted of him.

The thief could hardly think of words for his situation, here he was about to be quite literally pampered for a week, and though it wasn't precisely something he wanted part of him told him it would be better to just play along and make the most of it, and though it might be humiliating to do that it had to be better than the punishments they could cook up for him. His pride told him to just bail, but he knew there would still be patrols out for him and this had to be better than being hung. That, and the petting was slowly reassuring him that if he played along they wouldn't skin him alive.

The Khajiit, slightly calmed and purring in the capable hands of the war mother queen was released by the guard and the wife who had kept him pinned to the changing table. The others moved in, the first holding up a finely crafted orcish doll and cooing at him as it was

brought to his chest. He grabbed onto it as she'd obviously intended and continued purring, closing his eyes in pleasure as her eager hands began stroking behind his ears. It was kind of like he was drugged by the pleasure of being petted and their hands just kept him purring as he was gently lifted onto the lap of one of the more slender females. He was bounced on her knee feeling more babyish by the minute as she hugged him rather tightly.

Another brought a rattle before his face, gently shaking it and adding to the babyish mindset that was slightly beginning to infect the poor kitty's mind as he sat back and enjoyed the finer sides of being a baby. He was even starting to enjoy their doting over his cuteness a bit, but honestly his pride wanted him to try to maintain some dignity despite being completely engrossed by a simple shaking rattle and the petting hands of the harem of orcs.

The Khajiit reassured himself, just a week and he'd be out of here. If he played his cards right he might even manage to walk away with something valuable. Yet, he still couldn't stop his stinging pride from forcing him to blush at the mere thought of being babied like this for any length of time, and something told him this was going to be a long week.

After some time of being played with the Khajiit was finally picked up again by the queen. She smiled at the now quite pleased kitten as she began carrying him out of the room. "I think it's time for some fresh air baby, we've got a few more things to get done today anyway," she said to the Khajiit who both looked forward to time outside the room to clear his head and dreaded the fact that she'd failed to put any pants on over his diaper. As they stepped out into the bright

sunlight the Khajiit squirmed self-consciously feeling like some sort of spectacle as several eyes fell on him. He could hear snickering from some of the males as his poor pride felt like it had been shattered. Here he was, diapered as thickly as any baby and completely on display as the war mother carried him on her hip through the town.

He was carried toward the blacksmith's shop first where he could see sparks flying from the burning metal as the powerful smith forged a rather large lump of dark black metal into what was slowly beginning to resemble a blade, slamming his enchanted hammer and causing jolts of electricity to shoot off in random directions, one even zapping the poor kitty which caused his hair to stand straight on end and him to hiss uncontrollably as several of the orcs around him laughed at the state of his hair. The Khajiit lowered his ears to avoid the loud pounding of steel against steel, he'd never been fond of anything quite this noisy. "How's my axe coming along?" she asked as he stopped his hammering for a moment, looked up at them giving the diapered kitten a rather sadistic look before grunting, "It's coming, don't rush me," then going back to his work. The conversation having concluded rather abruptly the queen left the blacksmith to his forging and walked onward much to the relief of the Khajiit.

Next the queen walked toward the nearby healer's hut. As they entered the shop the healer seemed a bit shocked at the sight before her. "Well, well, who's this little cutie?" asked the healer as she walked over to him before pinching his cheek causing him to moan in humiliation. "Well he's going to be my baby for a while since he agreed to help us out. Either way though, I need some ovaherb," said the queen, smiling as the healer walked back behind the counter. "Oh,

well...sure. Does your little sweetie need any medicine too?" she asked as the Khajiit stuttered behind his pacifier. "Hmm, not right now," said his war mother as she watched his reaction to the question. "Ah, well here's your herb miss, and for you," started the healer as she held up a sweet roll, "you get some sweets." She handed the kitty his treat as the queen walked away, and the Khajiit, blushing, pulled his pacifier out for a moment, taking some time to eat the sweet roll before placing it back in because he really didn't have any other place to keep it for now.

On the way through the town they stopped at a small farm to the side of the road after the queen noticed the Khajiit looking curiously at several of the animals. There a fairly slim male orc was tending to several animals in a large enclosed pasture, several horses, cows, and mules. The farmer watched them as they walked closer to the fence, not really reacting to them much but still chucking as one of the horses walked to the fence and sniffed the infantile Khajiit causing him to jump a bit before, tentatively, reaching out and stroking its nose.

As they moved on through the town toward whatever destination the queen had in mind the Khajiit saw what seemed to be a rather large mine with several large orcs going in and out of it pushing mine carts. The cat watched as huge loads of raw materials were unloaded from the carts into large heated furnaces. "What are they mining?" mumbled the Khajiit, muffled by his rather large pacifier. "Mostly iron but some orichalcum," said the war mother almost offhandedly as if she didn't precisely care what they were doing in the mine as she carried him on into what seemed to be a rather small building with several large full tubs and brushes hanging around the room on hooks.

The kitty couldn't help but blush as he realized that he was in the cleaning house, squirming a bit as the queen sat him on the floor before removing his shirt and diaper. He stuttered slightly in protest, but knew it wouldn't be too long before he was going to be bathed by the extremely dominant queen.

The guard stood in the corner of the room, smirking slightly as the kitty was placed in a large tub full of warm water. Though the Khajiit was feline he wasn't necessarily adverse to water and least of all a hot bath. What he was far more concerned with was the fact that he was being bathed, here in a public wash house much as an infant would be. The blush must have seemed a permanent feature of the cat's face by now, or would have were there not a face full of fur to hide it from all but those closest to him.

The queen started by squirting a hand full of powerful smelling soap into her hand before beginning to rub it through his fur causing it to foam up rather well as every inch of his body was meticulously scrubbed. She started behind his ears, gently working every bit of dirt out of the hair on his head and face. Then she moved down to his chest and back, easily lifting the dirt with her vigorous scrubbing, even going so far as to vigorously scrub his armpits causing him to laugh and squirm slightly at her tickling teasing fingers. As she moved lower she picked up a worn wash cloth which she squeezed a good deal of the thick soap into before lowering it down to the kitty's crotch. The poor Khajiit wiggled vigorously as she scrubbed his private bits, flinching slightly in discomfort at having someone quite as powerful as the queen scrubbing away at his most sensitive parts. She then moved lower, scrubbing away at his legs and his foot paws with the wash cloth, making him

feel as if his skin and fur were being cleaned back to a nearly new state.

Just as he thought it was over the queen said, "Alright baby, on your hands and knees," as she started a nearby tap and began filling a nearby bucket full of warm water. "Wh-what? Why?" he stuttered as she simply picked him up and put him on his hands and knees after he didn't comply fast enough. His tail was lifted, and before he could even think about what was going to happen he felt a lightly soapy finger pressed into his body causing him to yelp. "Hey! That's...get out of there!" he said as he pulled away reflexively, swiftly reminded that his tail was currently being held in the grip of a rather powerful orc as his pull really did nothing to unseat the finger in his ass and merely made his tail ache a bit. "Nonsense, I won't have any child who isn't thoroughly clean," the queen admonished as her finger gently stroked his insides, causing the kitty to moan and blush in humiliation as he found he could hardly even squirm in this position. "Hmm, feels like you're carrying a little baggage little one, I'll make sure to keep a spare diaper handy," said the war mother as she stroked inside the moaning embarrassed kitty.

Despite the slightly rough handling of the queen the Khajiit found that his cock was swiftly becoming harder from the through internal washing. "Please...no more..." he said as his poor cock pulsed slightly, a drop of precum dripping from the tip as she pressed her finger into him further, swirling it around and cleaning him. "Heh, boys and their toys," the war mother said as she simply removed the finger, rinsing her hand before gently prodding his now quite hard cock. After his internal washing was finished the queen simply picked up the bucket of water then rinsed the soap out of the kitty's fur.

He was pulled from the tub and wrapped in a soft towel. The war mother began drying his fur, gently wringing the water into the tub and the soft towel as the clean smelling kitty simply let her work, too embarrassed at his easily excitable cock to even think of what to say. At least his erection was going away by this point, thankfully she hadn't teased him too badly about it. After his fur was dried thoroughly the Khajiit was sat back onto his previous diaper, still clean as he'd not yet been coerced to use it for its intended purpose, and after that was pinned back into place his warm shirt was pulled back over his head and onto him.

They took another trip through the stronghold, this time with no stops but a far cleaner kitty to catch the eye of any passerby. The Khajiit was convinced that by this point everybody in the stronghold would likely know about him, yet that still didn't stop their stares. Some looked at him in disdain, a few in pity, but most seemed to think he was pretty cute. They made their way back to the longhouse where the kitty was simply placed into a wooden playpen with several types of intricately carved building blocks.

The queen who'd been watching him all day long walked away, presumably for some alone time, leaving the Khajiit alone with the toys and the guard. Then one of the other wives came along to watch him as he gingerly picked up one of the blocks. It wasn't long before the kitty began building with the blocks, having been given no other entertainment inside his wooden playpen. The wife who was currently watching him work even came over and helped the big kitten when one of the towers he'd built nearly fell over. He smiled at her as she helped him construct a castle with the blocks, enjoying some time out of the

hands of the orcs as he passed the time with his construction.

As he played he realized that he had to pee. Though he thought of holding it in he knew there was no chance they were letting him go anywhere to let it out right now, and he knew he couldn't hold it forever. He shut his eyes trying to pretend like he was alone as he let the stream of piss flow from the tip of his cock into the thirsty diaper taped around his waist. It started as a trickle then grew into a heavy stream. The warmth was almost pleasant, if a bit embarrassing. As he finished up he heard the wife who'd been building with him say, "You're doing so well, how about we get you a clean diaper?" He blushed as he nodded, and she easily picked him up from the playpen.

The war mother brought him to the back room of the longhouse, setting him once again on the changing table. This time he cooperated much more though, holding still as she removed his wet diaper and cleaned his crotch gently with a soft cloth. She grabbed a fresh cloth diaper, unfolding it before sliding it easily under his furry behind. She easily pinned the front into place, and the Khajiit noticed this time it was slightly tighter than his previous one had been. Then she simply picked him up, carried him back to his playpen, then placed him back inside to continue his block construction.

As he finally finished the last rampart of his castle the Khajiit noticed the queen walking back toward him. "Hope you had fun playing, now its dinner time," she said as the Khajiit heard his stomach growl at the mere thought of food. "Wonderful, I'm starving!" said the Khajiit, excited to see whatever had been cooking in the kitchen earlier. The queen simply picked him up from the playpen, but much to the Khajiit's surprise she began carrying him to the back room of the long

house. Then he remembered the high chair from earlier, she must have been carrying him back there to feed him in that. It was when rather than going to the high chair she walked to a chair in the corner that the Khajiit wondered exactly what she had planned.

It didn't take too long to get an answer to his question. The queen lifted her shirt to reveal her ample breasts, one of which was already leaking breast milk. The kitty recoiled as he realized that she intended to breast feed him, but her grip remained rather firm on him despite his squirming to get away from the breasts. "Khajiit disagrees, Khajiit needs food not milk!" he shouted as his face was pressed forward toward the ample breast. "I would think a kitten would like to drink some milk," said the queen as several of the other wives entered the room to see what the fuss was about. "Oh, she must have gotten some ova herb from the healer," said one of the wives lightly to herself as the baby kitty tried to writhe out of her grip. Everything up to now he could tolerate, but this was going too far. It's not that he had much of a choice though, his head was being pressed steadily toward her breast despite his protests.

His mouth was pressed onto her nipple and a drip of milk entered his mouth. It was particularly rich and tasted almost like cream, it wasn't an unpleasant flavor but it was the method of delivery that bothered the Khajiit. At first he simply let the nipple sit in his mouth, refusing to drink, that was until he felt a sharp smack on his butt that forced a whine from his mouth. He was going to drink or he was going to be punished, and since he'd worked so hard to avoid punishment to the point the Khajiit swallowed his pride and began suckling at the breast in his mouth hoping to get it done as quickly as possible.

The Khajiit, given no choice but to drink actually found he didn't absolutely hate the taste that filled his mouth with every single drink. He felt the queen pat the seat of his diaper, then heard her say, "Hmm, still holding on huh little guy? You might as well let it go, there's no way you'll make it a whole week without a messy diaper," she said causing the Khajiit to realize that she was right. He wasn't ready to give that up yet though. He simply let it fill him, drinking down mouth after mouth as she held him, filling his stomach full of the rather thick milk until he felt he'd pop if he drank another drop.

The queen finally let the Khajiit pull his head back, and a slight dribble of milk currently ran down his cheek, on the plus he was no longer hungry at the very least. "Ugh," was all he could say, his mind too flustered about what had just happened to give him a proper way to retort. "You should be grateful little one, orc milk is the best there is," said one of the nearby wives in disapproval. "Hmm, I think it's time for you to pay your war mother back for dinner though," said the queen as she gave him a lustful grin. "What...do you mean by that?" asked the Khajiit suspiciously.

Without much further fuss the Khajiit was lowered down onto his hands and knees. He saw the queen slip her under armor down slightly revealing her dripping snatch. "Oh no, not..." the Khajiit started before her powerful hand gripped behind his head and pressed him forward so that his mouth was lined up with the dripping cunt of the queen. "It's a side effect of the herb kitty, it lets me feed you like a real mother would but it causes some fun extra effects, and since my chief isn't here..." said the queen to the lightly squirming Khajiit as she lifted her legs just slightly causing her under armor to catch under the kitty's

chin. This served two purposes, one it ensured that he couldn't move down any more than he could move up to get out of his predicament and two it ensured the humiliated kitty got to be right up against the soft silk of the under armor which had previously covered the vagina he was now face first against. The kitten mumbled in protest, but he couldn't say or do much about it as he was held firmly at her crotch.

"Let's see how talented your tongue is," said the queen above him as she easily folded one of her legs up and onto the Khajiit's back ensuring an even more firm hold for the already quite well trapped kitty. Given no real alternative the humiliated feline started licking at the wet folds of her waiting snatch, tasting a light sweetness from her as he got to work stroking her insides with his tongue. "Oohh, kitty has a talented tongue," said the queen as he licked all the way from the very tip of her clitoris along the lips of her pussy to the opening where he slid his tongue inside gently, licking along the walls as the queen gently bucked above him.

As the Khajiit proceeded with the blowjob he fell into a stupor where he could barely hear what was going on around him. Had he been paying full attention he might have realized that some of the other wives were concerned that he was still being too resistant. "Did you hear the way he talked to the queen, how disrespectful can you be? Someone really ought to do something about it," one of them said as the nearby guard simply watched the kitty eat out the queen. He agreed, he thought the kitty really ought to be put into place, and when one of the wives, noticing the constant watchful eye of the lustful guard, stepped forward and pulled down the Khajiit's diaper he took that as an open invitation.

The guard stepped behind the Khajiit as he moaned against the vagina of the queen, and dropped his pants enough to reveal his hardened orc cock. One of the wives brought over some oil and he began lubing up his cock as the Khajiit started to realize that there was something going on behind him. He managed a quick glance back and managed to see the sadistic look on the guard's face, and the thick fist smearing oil on a large, green erection, before he found his face pushed back against the tender vagina to resume his duties. The Khajiit realized just how stuck he was, squeezed between two powerful thighs and unable to do anything aside from lower his tail to cover his now quite well exposed behind.

Rather than leaving the poor kitty to face his fate alone the other wives stepped forward. One lifted his hips and grabbed his tail pulling it far out of the way for the soon to be conquering dick of the guard. The one who'd pulled his diaper down began spreading his furry cheeks, denying him the dignity of trying to resist. "Oh yes, this will help a great deal," said the one who'd spurred the guard to action in the first place, standing back and watching as the horny guardsman pressed forward, none too gently pounding his cock into the waiting butt of the trapped Khajiit.

The Khajiit, held firmly in place as he was, could only moan and wiggle slightly as his ass was penetrated by the well lubed dick. "Where did your talented tongue go to kitty?" asked the queen as she pressed the Khajiit more firmly against her crotch to encourage his licking to continue as the guard grabbed his hips firmly and thrust forward with more vigor as he sexually took the poor kitty. The Khajiit knew just what they'd been saying about his cock earlier at that point, though he

was pretty well endowed for a Khajiit taking the orc was like taking a fist, but the lube worked remarkably well to allow the massive member to invade him slickly, stretching him wide and causing a sharp ache to develop in his stretched out anal ring. He knew he'd be quite sore from this, he might not even be able to sit properly for a while afterward, but there was relatively little he could do to improve his situation at the moment. The guard started to settle into a humping rhythm as the groaning kitty below him began to lick at the waiting snatch again for fear that the queen wasn't pressing him against her crotch with her full power yet.

As he continued licking the Khajiit couldn't help but to feel a tiny bit of pleasure starting to trickle in where once there was only pain. He was feeling a unique mixture of pleasure and pain that caused him to both squirm helplessly and to somewhat want more, every single thrust of the thick orc cock in his tight pucker was like being split apart but also like having a shockwave of pleasure rack through him, it was enough to disorient the poor kitty rather well. The queen simply continued to hold the squirming kitty in place as the guard sped his thrusting up, causing the Khajiit's moans of sexual lust to vibrate her snatch much to her delight.

After what felt like an eternity of getting fucked the Khajiit felt a wave of the lightly sweet liquid flow down into his maw, easily trickling down his throat and adding to the milk in his already well filled stomach. After that he heard the guard grunting from behind him and felt a subtle twitch in the balls currently planted flush against his hips before suddenly a shot of warm stickiness spilled into his butt from the massive twitching rod. "There ya go, a nice little reminder of your

place,” said the guard as he pulled his cock from the Khajiit’s aching behind before giving him one powerful swat right across both cheeks, causing the kitty to yelp in protest as his diaper was pulled back into place.

The Khajiit felt like something had been loosened inside him and that he could not clench nearly as firmly anymore, he knew that it was only a matter of time until he was going to be using the bathroom whether he wanted to or not. The salty orc load inside him wasn’t helping matters either as it caused his stomach to begin to cramp, acting almost as a laxative inside him as he was finally released from the dripping cunt of the queen. He grabbed his stomach, trying to hold back the wave inside, and barely managed to fight back the cramping for the moment as one of the wives started talking again. “Now, clean up your war father, kitten,” said the wife as the queen stood and moved away, leaving the position free for the guard. As the guard sat down the Khajiit noticed his still hard cock still had a droplet of orc spunk clinging to the tip of it, and though the Khajiit tried to protest this merely left his mouth open for the strong orc to press his face down onto the massive member.

The Khajiit nearly gagged on the size of the dick being pressed firmly into his mouth. The guard firmly grabbed the fur on the back of the Khajiit’s head for leverage before forcing him down onto it, leaving all his protests garbled as the guard merely chuckled. “Your mouth needs a little washing out,” said the guard as he began to scrub his cock very skillfully against the Khajiit’s tongue, leaving him little choice but to clean it off. The Khajiit struggled to pull away even harder as he felt about a mouthful of piss leak from the orc’s cock into his

mouth as the dick scrubbed his tongue, but this distraction caused him to lose focus for just long enough for his stomach to cramp even harder as he once again turned his attention to holding back the wave of cramps. To try to maintain concentration he had swallow the piss, groaning both from swallowing the bitter liquid into his full stomach and from the waves of cramping racking his body.

He lost the fight with his body soon after that, the cramp wave hit his stomach hard and fast, and the Khajiit could only grunt and press against the orc's thighs in vain in one final desperate attempt to hold it back and remove the cock from his mouth before suddenly, with a rather loud fart, his tail flagged up and his body forced the rather large load of poop into the back of his diaper. Tears welled in the eyes of the Khajiit as the guard chuckled lightly, yet the Khajiit's body continued to force the sticky load into his pants. His pride was now in absolute tatters as he started to cry silently, not from the rough sex or the babying he'd taken today, but rather from the rather large dump now sitting in his diaper, mashed into his butt fur slightly by the tight diaper. As if for one final insult from his body, the kitty found his bladder, finally relieved of the pressure of that massive dump that once filled his bowels, was now releasing its contents as well.

"Aww, there's a good boy," said one of the wives as she came over, praising the Khajiit for using his diaper. "You're getting the hang of it already kitten," said another as she came over and dried up the Khajiit's tears gently. At this point the guard pulled his cock from the mouth of the pride shattered kitty, leaving behind a light salty aftertaste as he merely pulled his armor back into place and backed up with a chuckle to allow the wives to swoop in around the traumatized kitty. "I think

he needs an extra change for being such a good baby,” said one of the wives as he was lifted and brought to the changing table. The Khajiit was more than happy to hold still for them, anything that got rid of the stinking mess in his diaper was a good thing in his eyes.

The kitty’s piss soaked diaper front was unpinned and laid out by the queen and one of the other wives brought over a damp cloth. The queen kindly lifted him up and out of his mess, and began washing his lightly yellowed crotch fur. After she had finished with his crotch she started wiping the mess out his butt fur, firmly wiping to get it all out before tossing the cloth into the diaper. She pulled it from under him, and folded it up before putting it into a small bin to the side of the changing table. After the cleaning the queen brought out another diaper, the Khajiit noticed this one was quite a bit thicker than the one’s he’d been in all day. It was obviously designed so that it could handle an entire night’s worth of use. The orc lifted him once again, setting his butt onto the pillow like diaper before beginning to sprinkle some talcum on his crotch.

The soothing smell of the powder floated up to the nose of the kitty, almost a consolation prize for having to suffer the indignity of being made to mess himself in front of them all. The Khajiit was at least somewhat calmed by their soothing praises for being such a good kitty, but he couldn’t help but feel the sting of his pride as that part of him that had wanted him to just leave started to plot again. After the powder had been rubbed into his crotch fur the queen lifted the front of the diaper up and into place before pinning it around his waist. “Alright kitty, its bedtime,” said the queen as she picked him up once more and moved toward the rather large iron crib.

The Khajiit wasn't tired at all, but the queen simply placed the squirming kitty into the large iron crib before tucking him in tightly. "But I'm not..." started the Khajiit before the queen simply pressed his pacifier into his mouth, silencing his protests with the leather and resin quite easily. "Good night baby kitty, pleasant dreams," said the queen as she and the other wives left the room, blowing out the only lantern in the room leaving the Khajiit in the dark. He realized that it was still sunny outside, but because this room had no windows darkness could be achieved in the room at any time.

The kitty tossed and turned for several hours, unable to really go to sleep as he heard activity continue outside the room he was in. There was no way he'd be able to sleep this early, especially with so much on his mind. He growled lightly into the pacifier, eliciting a grunt from his guard to silence him. He was completely indignant about the combination of everything that he'd gone through today. Though he was extremely well protected he didn't want to go through all this to keep that protection. So the Khajiit decided it was time to escape. He'd wait until they all went to sleep and then get out of here while he could.

Several hours of waiting later and the extremely bored Khajiit finally heard no more sounds around other than those of sleeping orcs. He stood up, grateful that they'd not closed the top which would have surely been too much for him to lift, and jumped very gently out of the iron crib which creaked lightly but didn't make much more noise. Several of the wives were sleeping in beds nearby, but not one moved as he quietly snuck around the room looking for any sign of his clothes. After a minute or two of looking around he couldn't find them, and decided he'd have to leave in his diaper. It looked a bit humiliating but

at least cloth was better than naked for the moment.

The Khajiit carefully snuck through the building, avoiding the detection of the drowsing guards easily and creeping right past the room with the sleeping chieftain from which thunderous snores echoed like the sounds of some monster in the dark. Just as he was about to leave the main room through an open window the Khajiit's eyes fell on a single golden septim sitting outside the opening a rather large, lumpy bag. The Khajiit decided right there, they'd insulted him so he was going to rob them blind. At the very least it would buy him some new clothes as soon as he got to the nearest town.

The Khajiit crept over to the bag of septims, gently slipping the one that had caught his eye into the bag and picked it up. As he lifted the bag the bottom split open causing the alarm of dropping coins to ring through the silent building immediately causing the Khajiit to freeze in shock.

A moment passed, the Khajiit let out a single breath.

"THIEF!" a voice bellowed from right behind him, causing him to drop the empty bag of coins.

Never before had a thief escaped through a window so quickly.