

Randall's Diaper Punishment

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Randall sat on the couch and turned on the television. He looked around the clean living room with a sense of satisfaction: everything was all ready for tonight when Nathan got home. The wolf's tail wagged lightly as he thought it over: it seemed forever had passed since his boyfriend had gotten any time off work longer than a weekend. Of course, he still had about five hours left before Nathan's vacation was set to start.

As Randall looked through all the daytime TV offerings he couldn't help but realize there was literally nothing interesting on at all. He scanned through the menu twice before realizing that he was going through the same channels he'd already looked over. He scowled as he hit a button on the remote and started looking through the online movie library. He finally came across something that looked at least somewhat interesting: a re-imagining of a book series he'd read as a kid as a dark and gritty show that looked kind of like Game of Thrones in style.

As Randall started the show with a click of the play button he picked up his cup of coffee and took a sip. He gently sipped away at the highly sweetened drink as he watched the show's action packed introduction. He picked up his phone and slowly read through a few of his favorite sites to see there weren't any notable updates. He gave a bit of a yawn and laid back on the soft couch. His phone suddenly buzzed in his hand, and he looked to see that Nathan had sent him a message.

"Hey, this meeting is dragging on. I sent ya a little present, should be arriving pretty soon. Make sure everything's ready for our vacation, I'll make sure to be ready for you when I get home ;)" Randall read through the message and took a look toward the doorway, wondering what Nathan sent him. He didn't have to wait long to find out, the doorbell rang within about a minute and as Randall went to answer it he saw a rather timid looking arctic fox standing in the doorway carrying a large pizza box and a box of chocolates.

"A-are you Randall?" the fox stuttered, causing Randall to chuckle very slightly.

"Yep, I am." Randall answered, his voice positively radiating confidence compared to the mousy fox standing on the doorstep.

"Alright, this is for you from Nathan, I...I hope you have a good day," the fox said as he held out the pizza box and the large red box of chocolates.

"Everything alright there?" Randall said as he grabbed the boxes from the nervous fox.

"Well, its my first day on the job...just...not super sure how to do it without it feeling super awkward to hand someone else a box of chocolates," the fox said as his face reddened just a bit.

"Don't worry about it too much, I'm sure you'll get it," Randall said with a chuckle as he grabbed a few dollars from the stand by the door to tip the nervous fox. The fox looked at him gratefully, then turned to walk down the sidewalk back to a car with a rather large red heart on the top. Randall took the gift inside and set it down on the dining room table. He pulled a rather large slice of the pizza out

and grabbed a few choice chocolates. He put the rest of the pizza in the fridge before going back to the couch and starting the show back up.

“Thank you hun, can’t wait for you to be off. <3” Randall texted back to Nate, setting his phone down and taking a huge bite of pizza as he watched the television show. It was a strange trick of nostalgia for the wolf, while there were plot points he recognized from the series it was like the show designers wanted to make it far more adult. It drew his attention in while he was eating, then as he settled against the couch again taking a sip of his coffee he felt himself growing drowsy.

As he started drifting off Randall could smell the soup he’d put in the crock pot a few hours ago. He could already tell it was going to be amazing by the time Nathan got home, and the warm scent put his mind at ease as he slowly started to drift off. He felt a light twinge of need to use the restroom but elected to ignore it: it was just going to be a little nap. He felt his eyelids drifting closed as the show continued on in the background.

--- Some time later ---

Nathan pulled into the driveway of the house as the sun set over the rooftops of the sleepy town. He could see a few children playing in the yard of a nearby house, and even a couple who lived just down the street from him planting a garden together. As he got out of his car he couldn’t help but smile a bit as one of them gave the other a playful hug. Perhaps he and Randall should start a garden together, something to do in the evening together now that the weather was growing warmer.

As he walked into the house he could hear the television on in the living room. He could see everything looked immaculate, the guest room, dining room, and kitchen were all sparkling, however he didn’t see Randall right away. Nathan took his shoes off and started walking up the half set of stairs leading along through the kitchen to the living room: chuckling just a bit as he realized he might just catch Randall by surprise.

As Nathan walked into the living room his smile immediately changed to a scowl. He could see Randall laying fast asleep on the couch, a huge wet spot on the front of his pants, a puddle underneath him on the couch. He shook his head in disappointment: this was the fourth accident this month. He considered waking Randall up right there, confronting him about not putting a diaper on before napping despite knowing he needed them for bedwetting, but decided against it. Rather, he walked back along the way he’d come and through the hall leading to their bedroom. If Randall couldn’t take care of his puppy problems on his own Nathan would just have to take things into his own hand, wouldn’t he?

Nathan started by heading over to Randall’s underwear drawer. He grabbed one of the bedroom trash bags and started tossing all the wolf’s underwear into it. As he finished he tied the top off, ready to toss out with the rest of the rubbish. He grabbed his supplies: a bottle of talcum powder, a bottle of baby oil, two extra thick nighttime diaper, and a box of baby wipes. He walked out of the room, taking a moment to walk out to the house garbage can and toss the bag of underwear inside, then continued on to the living room.

Nathan sat in one of the lounge chairs, grabbed the remote from beside Randall’s empty coffee cup, and flipped it over to regular television. Randall stirred on the couch, but Nathan didn’t move to wake him up. Rather, he half watched a comedic show and half watched Randall, waiting for him to fully wake up.

Randall started to squirm a bit as he grew closer and closer to consciousness. He felt uncomfortable, but he wasn't quite sure why just yet. He could hear the television playing almost as if from some distance away. As he grew more and more aware he snapped suddenly awake: all at once aware of the cold dampness in his crotch as he groaned in shame. He looked down at himself as he sat up, maybe there would be time to get this cleaned up before Nathan got home. He stood and turned to move to the kitchen, however when he saw Nathan sitting in one of the lounge chairs giving him a major look of disapproval his ears folded down. He knew he was in trouble.

"Well well, looks like you finally woke up," Nathan said in a soft voice that unnerved Randall slightly. He could feel the disappointment lashing from his boyfriend's voice. "So, Puddles, did you have a good nap?"

Randall's face grew scarlet as his boyfriend called him Puddles. "N-I...I didn't mean to do it!" Randall stammered, his tail tucking between his legs instinctively as he turned away to try to hide the big wet spot on the front of his jeans by turning to the side.

"Whether you meant to do it or not, it happened didn't it? Now, that just leaves us with the question of what we're going to do about it." Nathan said in that same calm tone, causing Randall to squirm in place as his boyfriend's eyes locked on him standing there in his soaked jeans.

"W-what do you mean? I-I'll get it cleaned up and then we can have dinner," Randall said as he looked back at the puddle on the couch.

"Well, I meant more for preventing it from happening again. This is the fourth time this month, and I'd rather not have to replace the couch because it starts to smell like puppy pee," Nathan said as a bit of a smile moved to his face. Randall wasn't sure what was worse, the frigid smile that was on Nathan's face or the incredibly calm way he was talking.

That was when Randall saw what was sitting beside the lounge: the two thick diapers were resting against the bottles of talcum and baby oil, and he felt a sinking in his stomach. "No...please...I don't need them during the day. I only wet when I sleep...I-Its just an accident," Randall muttered as he looked first at the diapers and then up at his boyfriend.

"Well, pup, I don't think I'd call them accidents when they happen all the time. I think a bit of time in diapers will do you some good. We'll start out with this week, and then I'll decide if you need more time in them," Nathan said in a bit more of a cheerful tone. Randall stammered a bit, nearly silently. He was unable to mount a defense against the suggestion, especially standing there in his soaked pants next to the puddle on the couch. "Pants off and lay down," Nathan said in a firm tone, pointing to the rug in the middle of the living room.

Randall whined, he knew he didn't have a choice. He started peeling off his soaked pants and underwear before putting them in a pile on the coffee table so they wouldn't leave a spot on the carpet. He laid down as he saw Nathan getting to his feet, and looked up at the caribou pathetically as he saw his boyfriend grab up the supplies and kneel between his legs.

Nathan started with a wet wipe, gently wiping Randall's crotch fur off. "Hmm, we'll have to get you a bath tomorrow. I've got some work to do tonight after dinner," he said as he grabbed wipe after wipe, carefully cleaning down the wolf's legs before lifting him by the ankles and starting to clean his rump

off. Randall couldn't help but feel small when he got his diaper changed by his boyfriend: but seeing his soaked pants through the glass tabletop to his side made him feel all the more vulnerable as he felt the thick padding slid below him.

"N-Nathan, I don't need two at once," Randall said as he felt the second diaper unfolded and slid below him, lifting his rump that much further off the floor.

"You're kind of a heavy wetter pup, not to mention I'll be taking care of your diapering for at least a while. So, you'll wear as many as I want you to," Nathan replied, causing Randall to turn a deeper shade of red. Randall felt the caribou shift as he grabbed the nearby bottle of talcum powder. He felt Nathan liberally coating his fluffy rump and crotch with the white and babyish smelling powder before switching out to the bottle of baby oil. Nate drizzled the lavender scented oil all over the squirmy pup's rear before lowering him onto the thick padding.

Randall watched as Nathan started rubbing in the mixture of oil and powder, taking care to get every bit of the soon to be diapered area with at least some of the mixture before wiping his lightly oily hands off with a baby wipe. He took his time lifting the front of the inner diaper up, "There we go, much better for puppies to wet in than their pants huh?" he said in his daddy voice, making Randall look away with a pout on his face as Nathan took out the house key and gently slid it along the surface of the inner diaper.

After dragging the key along Randall's diaper front several times to ensure liquid would flow through into the second one Nathan folded the second diaper up and into place. Despite Nate's earlier disappointment at Randall for wetting himself, Randall could tell Nate was getting excited at the prospect of having him trapped in diapers 24/7. Ever since Nathan had found out Randall had to wear diapers to bed the dynamic of their relationship had shifted to Nathan being a daddy to Randall as well as his boyfriend. While it flustered the wolf to no end to be treated like a pup, he knew it made Nathan happy. Randall had fought being diapered all the time in the past: he didn't like the thought of having to wear diapers out of the house or really any time he didn't think he needed them, perhaps he could convince Nathan to let him have one last chance.

"Nathan," Randall started, his mouth a bit dry as he tried to swallow some of his saliva as the caribou taped him into the crinkly undergarments, "I...we don't have to do this. Its your vacation, we'll want to go to the movies or the beach. You don't want to be stuck at home this whole vacation with me in diapers..." Randall said as he saw his boyfriend give him a domineering smirk.

"Oh, don't you worry puppy, we're still going to have fun this vacation. Aside, maybe having to wear diapers when we go out will help you to remember to put one on before you nap next time you're out of them," Nathan said, causing Randall's heart to sink a bit. He couldn't actually mean he'd have to wear these outside, could he?

Before Randall could dwell on it too much longer he felt the caribou's hand grope the front of his diaper. He saw them pulled up and into place before Nathan got to his feet. "So, how about I get your puddle cleaned up and you go get us some dinner dished up pup?" Nathan said as he started toward the cleaning cabinet in the dining room.

Randall waddled to the kitchen, self-conscious of every crinkly step as the two diapers rubbing against one another sounded like he was wearing a super market trash bag on his waist. He could already feel the too thick diaper growing a bit warm: which was probably one reason Nathan had elected for double

padding. He set two bowls on the cupboard and started carefully serving out two bowls of soup. He moved them to the dining room table, and could see Nathan still scrubbing the spot on the couch.

Randall sat at the table, waiting for Nathan to join him. He couldn't help but feel his face growing a bit flush as he realized nearly ten minutes had passed. He didn't know what to do, he considered going into the other room and trying to help Nathan, but decided he didn't want to be anywhere near the shameful puddle right now. He started to feel the urge to pee, and got to his feet to walk to the bathroom.

As he started to walk Randall heard Nathan call out from the living room. "Where do you think you're going pup?"

Randall turned back and called out, "I'm going to go pee before dinner."

Before the wolf could continue onward he heard Nathan call out, "Pups that wet their pants aren't allowed in the bathroom. Just use your diaper."

Randall's mouth fell open a bit. "Wait...n-no...I just have to wear these..." Randall stammered as his face turned cherry red.

"Nope, you're on punishment pup. You'll be using your diapers for their intended use, bathroom's off limits until you can prove you're a big boy," Nathan said, causing Randall to mewl lightly.

"Come on, that's no fair! H-how am I supposed to prove that if you won't even let me use the bathroom?!" Randall whined indignantly as he saw Nathan walking toward him with a wet rag in hand.

"Well, acting like a big pup isn't helping your case. In fact, I think I'll be treating you like a puppy around the house since you like to complain like one," Nathan said with a tone of finality that caused Randall to shut his mouth. He knew complaining about it any more right now would just hurt his case, and he didn't want to make this last any longer than he had to. He lowered his ears as he felt Nathan grab him by the hand. The caribou threw the wet rag in the sink and started leading Randall by the hand back to the table.

Randall sat in the chair beside Nathan, and watched as the caribou grabbed his bowl of soup and slid it to the other side of his own. "Now, lets get you fed pup," Nathan said with a bit of a grin as he picked up Randall's spoon and blew on it to cool it slightly. Randall's face went pink but he kept his tongue to himself. He saw Nathan bringing the spoon carefully to his lips, "Here comes the choo-choo train, open up the tunnel!" Nathan said playfully, much to Randall's chagrin. The wolf opened his mouth and the caribou quickly slid the spoon between his lips, depositing the soup inside before pulling it back.

Randall ate the soup, trying to look anywhere but at his boyfriend's dominant grin as he got another spoonful of the soup. "Hey, I have some good news from work. I got a raise, starting when I get back to work of course." Nathan said as he raised the next bite of soup to Randall's lips.

Randall opened for the bite of food, taking a moment to chew it and swallow down before replying, "That's great, you've been working so hard lately there was no way they could turn you down for a raise," Randall said excitedly as he saw Nate put his spoon down for a moment so he could take a few bites of his own.

“Ooh, you did really good on the soup too,” Nathan said as he took a bite, causing Randall’s tail to wag a bit from the praise. Of course, the crinkling soon brought his mind back to his predicament as he sat in the chair. He couldn’t help but feel the urge that had been pretty strong earlier growing stronger. He saw Nate lifting a cup to his lip, and opened up to take a drink as he wriggled lightly in his seat. He knew Nathan was taking his time because he knew Randall would have to wet sooner or later. The wolf wasn’t quite ready to give in to the urge yet, he’d hold out as long as he could to see if he could make it through dinner without wetting himself.

Nate lifted another spoonful of soup to the wolf’s mouth, gently feeding him and causing him to blush in the lull of the conversation. “We’ll probably go see that movie you’ve been talking about all week tomorrow afternoon, maybe go out to dinner somewhere nice after that to celebrate my raise,” Nate continued as if he couldn’t see the wolf practically bouncing in his seat from need to use the restroom.

“Yeah, w-where were you thinking?” Randall replied, trying to sound as natural as possible while outright potty dancing in his chair. His voice came out a bit higher pitched than he intended, it was hard to even talk when he needed to piss so badly. He could see the wolf pause, either actually thinking over the question or slowing down their dinner to make it harder for Randall to hold back the flood gates. The wolf’s face grew more and more pink as the realization set in that he wasn’t going to be able to hold it back. He felt a dribble leak out, followed swiftly by a flood of warm piss that made his padding hiss as he sighed both in relief and abasement.

“Hmm, I was thinking that nice Italian restaurant, you know, that place you liked the bread-sticks from so much,” Nate continued, his eyes glancing down at the front of Randall’s diaper to let the pup know he’d heard the flood. “Did you have somewhere else you wanted to go?” Nate continued as his eyes moved back up to the blushing pup’s face.

“I...that works,” Randall said, feeling tiny as he looked at the caribou’s dominant eyes. He jumped a bit as he felt something brush his lips, a bite of the soup that was now streaked down his chin and chest.

“My my, such a messy eater,” Nathan said with a wink at the wolf that told Randall the caribou had fully intended that. “Might have to get you a bib while I’m working tonight.”

Randall paused, he knew Nate’s company was closed right now. Yet, he remembered the caribou had mentioned something about working tonight. He was a bit puzzled, yet not lost in his thoughts enough to miss the next bite as it came for his mouth. He could see his bowl of soup was practically empty already, and Nate had been taking bites between his own so his was nearly done too.

As they finished off dinner Randall saw Nate grab a napkin from the table. He first cleaned the corners of his mouth, then used the majority of the napkin to clean the dribble of soup from Randall’s chest fur and chin. “Alright pup, bedtime for you. I’ll be back in a few hours, I’ll try not to wake you when I get into bed.” Nathan said with a chuckle as he got to his feet.

Randall got to his feet and gathered the dishes. He took them toward the kitchen, and started to rinse them off as Nate went to the fridge. “Can’t...I stay up later? Its only like seven o’ clock, there’s no way I’m gonna be able to sleep this early,” Randall said with a grimace.

“Hmm, you can watch tv in bed because you were good at dinner, but I think the early bedtime needs to stay for now,” Nate said as he pulled out the jug of milk. Randall washed the dinner dishes carefully as Nathan carried the jug of milk to the counter and opened one of the cupboards. Randall whined as he

saw a baby bottle in his boyfriend's hand, he'd drank from it on a few occasions to please his boyfriend but he knew Nate was making sure his diaper would be soaked by morning with the bottle and all that water at dinner.

As Randall finished up the dishes he grabbed the now slightly cooled crock pot with a couple oven mitts. He moved it toward the fridge as he heard Nate setting the microwave. Just as he finished finding a place for the pot of soup he heard the microwave turn off and saw Nate pull his bottle out of it. The two of them walked to the bedroom, and Nate pulled the covers down for Randall. "Alright puppy, have a good night, make sure that bottle's all gone by the time you fall asleep," Nathan said as he picked up the remote and started searching through channels. He landed on one that played reruns of older cartoons and put the remote in his pocket: Randall whined nearly inaudibly at the gentle touch domination of not being able to choose what he watched on television.

Randall watched as Nate set a small radio box with a camera lens on it on the bedside table. He groaned as he realized it was a baby monitor. Randall picked the bottle up and started to drink down the warm milk. He watched the screen, not really paying as much attention to it as to the soggy diaper wrapping his butt. He felt his cock hard inside its padded prison, but knew his padding was a bit too tight to get after it. After nearly half an hour of sitting and squirming Randall grabbed the front of his padding, grinding against it lightly to try to get rid of the distraction in his pants.

"Ah ah, go to sleep pup, I promise we'll be having fun with that sometime tomorrow," Randall heard from the baby monitor. Randall turned brilliantly red as he realized he'd been caught trying to masturbate by his boyfriend.

"I-I can't sleep like this," Randall said nervously as he turned toward the baby monitor pleadingly.

"Such a needy pup. Just give it a try, or maybe I need to come back and give you a reason to leave it alone," Nathan said testily as Randall lowered his ears a bit. The last thing he wanted was to have his member locked up under this thick diaper. He pulled his hand back, and heard Nate's voice coo out from the monitor: "Good pup, now try to get some rest."

Though he didn't really know how long it took Randall eventually felt his eyelids growing heavy. He fell fast asleep, and didn't wake up until he felt Nathan sit on the bed beside him. The caribou wrapped his arms around Randall, and the wolf snuggled back into his grip a bit, sighing contentedly as the strong arms of his wonderful boyfriend wrapped around him sweetly. He fell back to sleep again to the sound of the caribou's heart beating behind his head.

Randall woke early the next morning and looked around the room. He could see the first rays of sunlight peeking in through the curtains over the french doors that led out onto the deck. He could feel Nathan breathing heavily behind him as he felt the caribou's arms holding him tightly. He laid in the embrace, feeling the distinct need to use the restroom growing as he laid securely in Nathan's arms. He sighed lightly and decided to just let it go this time. He knew Nate wasn't going to let up on his punishment this early, and would rather wet it now before Nate was awake to see it.

Randall couldn't help but dwell just a bit on what happened yesterday. He knew if he'd only gone to the bathroom or put on a diaper before his nap the accident wouldn't have happened. He'd even felt the urge to pee, he knew it was all his fault that he was where he was right now. As he laid there, stewing a bit and wondering just what else Nate had up his sleeve, Randall felt himself drifting back to

sleep. He slowly fell back asleep, with nothing else to preoccupy him he didn't exactly have much of a choice.

A few hours later Randall felt Nathan shifting around. The wolf woke to see Nate smiling at him. "Good morning sunshine, you know how nice it is to not have to wake up before dawn to get to work?" Nate said with a bit of a yawn as Randall turned toward the caribou. Nate laid back down, wrapping his arms around Randall and giving the wolf a light kiss. "Well, you ready for breakfast little guy?" Nate said cutely as he kissed the tip of Randall's nose.

"Yeah, soon as I change this diaper," Randall said back playfully as he licked his boyfriend's nose and went to stand up. When Nate's arms didn't budge Randall looked back at him inquisitively.

"Hmm, no, you won't be doing any diaper changes on your own. Its not fitting for a puppy to change his own diapers," Nate said, almost as if tasting the idea by voicing it aloud.

Randall didn't respond to that, though he really wanted to. As he went to open his mouth a raised eyebrow from Nathan was enough to stifle the complaint before it found voice. "Y-yes...daddy," Randall responded, his ears lowering a bit. He saw Nathan grin a bit, he knew the caribou loved it when the wolf called him daddy.

"Heh, lets get breakfast then," Nate said as he let Randall go. He stood up, stretching and showing off his beautiful body for Randall as he stood there in nothing more than a pair of blue and white checkered boxer-briefs that showed off his assets all too well. Randall stood up as well, his far less form fitting soggy diaper drooping between his legs heavily As he saw Nate grab a pair of house shorts from the foot of the bed and pull them on.

The two of them walked out of the room, and Randall's mouth nearly dropped in shock as he saw all the major changes to the house. Across from their master bedroom, where there had once been a guest bedroom, there was now a sign written in crayon hanging on the closed door. It said in big colorful letters "Randall's Nursery". Further down the hall right next to the bathroom was a big calendar that read, "Puppy's Training Chart". It had a rain cloud sticker on the first day already. It was in the dining room, however, that he saw something that made his heart drop in his chest.

A large sturdy wooden high chair sat at one side of the table. It looked big enough and firm enough to keep even a full grown wolf like Randall in place easily. "Nate...where did..." Randall started as he saw Nate pull the tray of the high chair off and set it to the side.

"I've actually been collecting this stuff ever since I found out I liked being a daddy so much. I figured one day we'd end up playing with it a bit, but I suppose now's as good a time as any since you're going to be a puppy for at least a week." Nathan said with a chuckle. Randall looked around and saw a few more things that made his face brighten. In the living room corner a big playpen had been set up. In front of the stairs that led to the basement he saw a child gate set up, as well as one over the spiral staircase that led to the loft. He could see several kids toys scattered around, almost artistically placed in a way to draw his eyes to the bigger objects. All in all he felt overwhelmed, how much like a puppy was Nathan going to actually be treating him for this week?

"Upsa-daisy," Nathan said, causing Randall to yip in surprise as he was pulled off the ground and placed in the high chair. He whined as he saw Nathan buckling a restraint across his lap that had no obvious release on it. He sat still as he saw Nathan pushing the tray back into place in front of him.

“Alright, I think cereal this morning will be just fine. After all, you’ve had no time to cook and I’d rather not on my first day off,” Nathan teased as he walked back into the kitchen, leaving Randall to look at the seat a bit closer.

The sturdy wooden chair didn’t move so much as an inch as Randall wiggled in it to sit up taller. It seemed to have leather straps on either side of the tray, the use of which was obvious to Randall just from looking at them. He could feel a set on the legs of the chair too, but he noted that with the restraints hugging his hips and crotch and the tray pressed in nearly flat to his stomach he’d have a rather difficult time getting out of the chair even without the restraints holding him in it. He lifted his knees a bit and felt that in anything but a seated position they bumped against the bottom of the wooden tray, and there was a sturdy wooden bar between his knees to keep him from slipping out that way even if he wasn’t strapped in at all. He felt truly as helpless as a pup, there was no way he was getting out of this thing without Nathan’s help.

He saw Nathan coming back from the kitchen with two bowls of cereal: one with milk and the other without, and a rather sizable baby bottle. Randall wiggled as he saw the bottle and bowl set on the tray before him. “You can go ahead and feed yourself for this meal,” Nate said with a chuckle as he sat down in the chair to the side of Randall’s high chair and started eating his food.

Randall saw that he hadn’t been given any silverware. He knew what Nate expected, but it was degrading nonetheless to have to eat with his hands like a toddler. He scooped some of the cheerios into his mouth, chewing on them as Nathan pulled the tablet he kept at the table closer and started flicking through the news stories of the day. Randall took a drink from his bottle, noting it was warmed just like the one before bed had been last night, and continued eating his breakfast bashfully.

Nate finished eating before Randall and stood up. “Alright pup, I’m gonna go find something for us to do when you’re done. You sit there until its all gone,” Nate said as he walked to the kitchen and put his bowl in the sink. Randall reddened at the way Nathan talked to him, but continued to eat regardless. He heard Nate moving something in the other room, but with the high back of the chair behind him he couldn’t see quite what it was. He finished his cheerios and started drinking his milk down. He could feel the liquid filling his stomach, it was obvious Nate wanted him wetting often if he was giving Randall this much liquid.

“Okay, I’m done,” Randall called out as he finished the last of the big bottle. Nate walked slowly back into the room, grabbed the bowl and the bottle, and started into the kitchen with them. Randall could hear his boyfriend turn the water on, as he wriggled impatiently in his childish seat. “Hey, you gonna let me out to do the dishes?” he called out, wanting to be free of the babyish chair even if it meant doing the dishes.

“Hmm? Oh, I’ll take care of these this morning. You just sit tight pup, we’ll get you out and changed soon enough,” Nate said with a chuckle. Randall whined and rested his chin to his hand as he sat in the chair. He started playing with the restraint to see if he could figure out how it worked. It felt like three solid pieces fit together to the fettered wolf, he couldn’t for the life of him work out if there was some trick of pressure that would let him pull them off. All he could do was sit there, feeling quite adequately babysat as he heard the dishes clanking from the other room: needless to say it made Randall feel restless to simply be stuck here in the chair with nothing to do.

After what seemed to be forever to the soggy wolf he saw Nate finally coming back in the room. “Heh, you ready to go play some games pup?” Nathan said with a kind smile as he walked over to Randall

and pulled the tray from the front of the chair. Randall nodded as he saw Nate duck behind the back of the chair for a moment. He couldn't see what happened, but a moment later he heard a click and the latch at his waist unsnapped. He climbed out of the chair and went behind it, but couldn't see any release back here either. Confused as ever, Randall felt Nathan grab his hand and start to lead him to the living room.

As they arrived Randall saw that Nathan had hooked up one of their older game systems. The nintendo 64 sat on the coffee table and two controllers were plugged into it. Nate had already turned on the power, and the mario kart 64 intro was playing on the screen. "Alright pup, lay down for a change, then we'll get started," Nate said as he signaled to the rug.

Randall laid down on the rug and felt Nathan lift him up. He got a good look at the diaper for the first time since he'd been locked in the high chair and noticed it was actually quite soaked despite being doubled. He felt the front of the padding untaped, and shivered a bit as he felt a cool breeze hit his crotch. "Heh, just as I thought, utterly soaked," Nate said with a chuckle, causing Randall to turn bright red in shame.

Nathan took his time changing Randall's diaper, carefully wiping the pup down and powdering him before taping him in another diaper. This one was a bit different than the one he'd been wearing. It had cutesie designs all over it, pictures of baby blocks, blue and pink colors, and a wetness indicator down the front that currently looked like little smiling suns. Nathan didn't bother doubling this one up, it was at least as thick as the double diaper anyway, and simply stood up after dusting his hands off.

As the two of them got to the couch Nathan handed Randall the second player controller. The two of them cuddled and played video games most of the morning. Occasionally Randall felt the urge to wet his pants, and cuddled here on the couch by his boyfriend he didn't fight the urges too long for fear of losing his place in the race. After a few hours they swapped to Goldeneye, Randall hardly realized how much time was going by until he felt his stomach grumble. He looked up at the clock, it was already 1 o'clock.

"Heh, sounds like you're getting hungry. Lets pause for now and go get some lunch, I saw we still had most of that pizza left from yesterday," Nathan said with a chuckle as he pulled away from Randall and stood up.

"Umm...can I get a change before lunch?" Randall asked, noting his diaper was already drooping a bit.

"Puppies aren't allowed to ask for changes, I'll give you one when I feel you're ready," Nathan said dominantly. Randall whined a bit, but got to his feet. "Ask again and I'll extend the time before I will," Nate said with a chuckle. Randall looked away as Nathan said that, he felt even more dependent knowing he couldn't even ask for a change. Nathan led him back to the high chair, strapped him in once again, and went to the kitchen to get their food ready.

As they ate their pizza, Randall saw Nathan scrolling through the tablet again. He reached down instinctively, but when all he felt was his diaper he remembered he didn't exactly have any place to put his phone. Nathan turned as he saw Randall shifting in his seat, "Don't worry puppy, when you earn it back I'll give you some screen time at your high chair," he said as Randall picked up the baby bottle full of apple juice and took a drink. Randall couldn't help his pink cheeks, it was like everything Nathan did was meant to make him feel more and more little.

After lunch, Randall was left in his high chair while Nathan did the dishes again. This time, however, Nathan was nice enough to leave a drawing pad and some crayons on the tray. "Color something nice, I need to get ready for the movie," he'd said when he left. Randall flipped through the drawing pad, seeing several cartoon characters just waiting to be colored in. He picked one out, and rather than sit here bored out of his mind like he'd had to do this morning he started carefully coloring it in. He was determined to make it look good, so he colored carefully as he heard Nathan go to the back bedroom.

Randall finished coloring the first drawing in, and started on the one the page over from it. He was actually pretty proud of how good it looked, because he'd been careful he'd managed to stay in the lines the whole time. As he continued working he felt the urge to piss grow and he simply let it go, he was already pretty wet after all and what else could he do about it? After he'd finished the second drawing he turned to look down the hall through the kitchen toward the bedroom. Where was Nathan?

Randall writhed in his seat, feeling positively babyish being stuck here while his boyfriend was off doing whatever he was doing to get ready. "Hey Nate, you almost ready?" he called down the hall.

"Yep pup, just one last thing and I'll come get you dressed," Nate called back. Randall slumped a bit in his chair, grunting lightly as he realized that despite his chagrin at being so effectively babied he was hard as a rock below his soggy diaper. He tried to take his mind off his cock as he started coloring in another one of the drawings in the book. About halfway through coloring this one he heard Nathan walking down the hall. He set the crayon down as Nate entered the room and set a baby blue bag, a pair of jeans, and a baby blue shirt on the table.

"Okay Randall, lets get your pants on," Nate said as he moved up and unsnapped the tray. Randall couldn't pull his eyes from the bag, he could see a diaper poking up and out of the top.

"Do...we really have to bring that? Why not just change me here?" Randall said, wincing a bit at the thought of getting a diaper change in public.

"Why yes we do, and you've just bought yourself some more time in that one," Nathan said with a chuckle, causing Randall to groan loudly.

"I didn't mean to ask for a change, I just...its embarrassing...you carrying that around," Randall stammered, trying to backpedal as quickly as he could.

"Sorry, but we need to carry that, after all what would we do if you leaked in public? I have an extra pair of pants and some nice fresh diapers in there in case we need to change you," Nathan said in a matter of fact tone.

Randall opened his mouth to argue the point further, but saw Nathan move to one of the pockets of the bag and felt something popped in his mouth before he could even register what was going on. He looked down his snout to see the pacifier shield on either side of his mouth, and turned brilliantly red. "There, that should save you from ending up in worse trouble puddle butt," Nathan said with a chuckle as he went behind the high chair and clicked open the secret release.

Randall wanted to argue the point further, but he knew it wouldn't do him any good. Maybe it was a good thing Nathan had put the pacifier in his mouth, even though he didn't want to admit that in the least. Before Randall stood up Nathan fitted the legs of a pair of jeans around his ankles. Then, as the caribou helped Randall to his feet, the wolf felt the pants being pulled up. Nathan took a moment to

button the pants, they were a bit stretched to fit over the bulky diaper, but managed it and then grabbed the shirt up.

Randall felt his other shirt pulled up and off his head as the pacifier hung in his mouth, reminding him to think carefully before trying to talk more right now. Nathan pulled the fresh shirt over the pup's head, and pulled it into place. It was just slightly too short on Randall. Though it covered the top of his pants with his arms held to his side he knew any bending over or lifting his arms would pull it up. He lifted one arm testily, looking down and catching about a centimeter of the diaper's waist poking out of his pants.

"Alright pup, lets head out, wouldn't want to be late to the movie," Nathan said as he grabbed Randall's hand. Randall used his free hand to grab the pacifier out of his mouth and stuff it in his pocket. "Heh, you don't have to suck the pacifier if you don't want to right now, just don't lose it," Nathan said playfully as he led the blushing babied wolf to the front door.

To say Randall was self-conscious was the understatement of the century. Even as he walked down the sidewalk toward the car he felt like there were eyes on him from every bush. He felt every crinkle of the diaper in his pants, every squish of it against his crotch as he moved along awkwardly slowly to try to minimize the noise in any way he could. Of course, there wasn't more than a few neighbors out, and none of them even turned to look as Randall was led to the car.

Randall went to open the front seat door and looked to Nathan questioningly as he held his hand up in front of the handle. "Pups ride in their car seats," Nathan said as he opened the back door instead, causing Randall's ears to droop and his face to immediately go scarlet.

"I...you can't be serious." Randall said in a whispered hiss, looking around to see if there was someone who was going to randomly burst out laughing at the wolf.

"I'm quite serious pup, get in," Nathan said as he let Randall's hand go. Randall wanted to sink right into the sidewalk, but shakily moved forward and into the back seat of Nathan's black sedan. He sat down on the seat, feeling the ultra soft cushions sink below him as Nathan bent in to pull the bar down and lock it into place. Randall felt restraints on the bar fall to either side of his head, and felt the tight fitting restraint snapped into place near his crotch. Randall shifted in his seat, the strap and bar were pressed firmly against his crotch, causing him to feel the wet diaper all the more keenly.

Nathan shut the back seat door and walked around the car. He climbed into the driver's seat and started the car and they were off. Randall couldn't help but wriggle a bit in the baby seat, he felt like everyone could see him as they drove past, but despite his uneasiness he didn't see even one person looking toward him through the tinted glass in the back seat. They drove on, and Randall finally saw them come to a stop in the parking lot of the three screen theater.

Nathan turned back and started messing with the release for the car seat. Randall lifted the bar up and over his head as soon as he heard the clasp open, then he moved to the opposite door and looked out nervously. He saw nobody standing out there, so he quickly opened the door, stepped out, and shut it rapidly. Nathan was simply grinning at the nervous pup as he moved around the car and grabbed Randall's hand.

Nathan had the diaper bag slung over one shoulder, the diapers inside thankfully tucked in better than they had been at the house. As he led Randall along the wolf saw a bunch of teenagers hanging out by

a dumpster near the theater. He heard them laughing as he passed by. He turned back, thinking they were laughing at him, but felt Nathan squeeze his hand and lead onward. Randall was breathing hard, had they seen that he was thickly diapered below his pants?

Nathan didn't seem concerned if they knew one way or another, they swiftly made their way to the doors of the theater. "Two for Dungeons and Aliens," Nathan said confidently as he pulled his wallet out. He quickly paid for the tickets, as well as two humongous drinks and a huge tub of popcorn. He handed Randall one of the drinks and used his free arm and hand to grab the tub of popcorn and the drink. He led the way to the theater while Randall looked around, generally nervous but calming down a bit as he realized nobody seemed to be paying his tail end any undue attention.

They settled down in a row in the middle of the theater. He could see another couple sitting across the aisle from him, but the rows weren't overly crowded. Nathan let Randall take the seat deeper in the aisle as they sat and watched the commercials flip past. "Hey, I saw a new place on the way here, I think instead of Italian we're going to try some Thai," Nathan said as he took a sip of his soda and ate a bite of popcorn.

"Sounds good," Randall said as he started to settle down a bit. He realized this might not even be that bad, it would be convenient not having to go to the bathroom during the movie. As the lights dimmed he felt Nathan grab his hand as he turned to the screen, and the spooky starting music started playing.

About halfway through the movie Randall felt Nathan's hand let his go. He looked toward Nathan just in time to see his boyfriend moving his hand down toward his crotch. Randall yipped a bit as he felt the caribou's hand squeeze down on his notably soggy diaper. "H-hey what are you doing?!" Randall hissed in humiliation.

"Hmm, yep, you need a change," Nathan said back, notably louder but still whispering due to the movie. "Come with me, we'll get you a fresh diaper little guy," Nathan said.

Randall looked around, mortified as he saw that at least a few shadow obscured faces were turned his way. He saw the couple across the aisle talking in low voices and heard one of them snickering. As Nathan stood up Randall gingerly got to his feet, walking as close to Nathan as possible as they made their way up the aisle. He could hear whispers around him as they walked, but when they reached the back of the theater Nathan stopped. He moved behind Randall, pulled out the back of his pants, and looked down in them, as a renewed round of snickering erupted from the audience.

Randall wanted to pull away...and then to sink into the floor. Neither were going to happen though, with the firm hand of the caribou on his waistband and the floor far too solid for any such wishes all the pup could do was stand there and get his diaper checked. "Well, at least you aren't messy yet," Nathan said as one of the theater patrons burst out laughing. Randall's face couldn't have been more red, he felt Nathan grab his hand again and start to lead him out of the theater and toward the thankfully nearby restrooms.

Nathan led him into the bathroom straight away, chuckling at the whining the wolf was making unintentionally. "Get used to it puppy, diapers need checking and since this is supposed to be a punishment I'll do it if and when I feel you need one," Nathan said with a chuckle as Randall gave him a somewhat betrayed look.

"You didn't have to do that right there," Randall said grumpily as Nathan reached into his pocket, pulling out the pacifier.

“Well, I disagree, maybe you’ll remember this and your other checks next time you decide to mark the couch,” Nathan replied as he pulled the wolf’s pants down.

Randall looked around as his boyfriend swiftly tugged his pants to his knees. Thankfully it seemed the restroom was abandoned, but that didn’t stop the possibility of someone walking in. He saw Nathan pulling down a changing table attached to the wall. “W-not out here! Please...in a stall...” Randall said incredibly bashfully.

“Hmm, okay, I’ll give you that if you want it. It’ll cost you when you get home though,” Nathan said with a bit of a grin on his face. Randall could hear someone talking outside, he didn’t know if they were coming in this restroom or not, but he definitely didn’t want his change to be quite this public regardless.

“Alright, fine, just...lets go,” Randall said with an anxious whine. Nathan chuckled, picking up the diaper bag and moving over to the stall with a slow pace that drove Randall crazy. He couldn’t help but feel like the voices that were growing louder were going to walk into their bathroom any second and catch him standing there in his soaked pampers. Nathan finally got in the stall and slowly closed it behind him. Randall gave a slight sigh of relief as he felt his boyfriend’s hands gently untaping the sodden diaper from his waist and pulling it out from between his legs.

“Alright, hold still puppy, I’ve got to get you cleaned up,” Nathan said loudly enough to make Randall wince. He wasn’t being discreet about this much at all. Nathan bent down and pulled open the diaper bag, setting a fresh diaper and a bottle of talcum out on the ground. He finally pulled out a box of baby wipes, and pulled several of them out as Randall heard the door to the bathroom open up. He could hear a couple guys outside the stall talking to each-other about the movie.

“Man, I wasn’t expecting it to take a turn for the hilarious like it did, but they weren’t kidding when they said this movie is a must see,” said one of the voices. Randall felt confused. “Oh yeah, and what about that terrible one-liner just after the alien burst out of that one dude’s chest? You nearly shot soda out your nose!” said the other as Randall sat there, somewhat ashen faced. He hadn’t been paying attention to the movie when he’d been getting his diaper checked. How many of those snickers were for the movie and how many because they saw him getting his pants checked?

Nathan hummed to himself as he cleaned Randall up, gently wiping away at his crotch as he stood in the stall beside his boyfriend. He couldn’t help but moan very softly as Nathan gave his crotch a squeeze with one of the wipes. He did his best to hold back from making any noise: he didn’t want to draw undue attention to the stall with one soggy diaper and one fresh one as well as four feet inside it. Of course, Nathan was making that hard as he ‘cleaned’ the pup far more thoroughly than he had all day long.

Randall saw his boyfriend reach down and grab the bottle of talcum. Randall held up his hand in humiliation, but Nathan didn’t delay at all. He opened the big bottle of talcum and started shaking it over his boyfriend’s crotch, letting the white powder fly through the air and slowly settle against his boyfriend’s crotch. Randall could smell the sweet scent keenly on the air as he silently said a prayer that nobody outside the stall could.

The people outside the stall had stopped talking. Randall listened to see if he could hear a word they said, but all he caught were occasional whispers. His face felt hot, he knew they probably saw what

was going on. He couldn't help but assume the worst as Nathan picked up the fresh diaper and unfolded it, slowly wrapping it around the wolf's freshly powdered behind as it crinkled all too audibly in the quiet restroom. Randall heard the restroom door open, and heard the two who'd entered leave. Randall felt the diaper folded on him expertly by the trained hands of Nathan, then felt his pants being pulled back up as Nathan also grabbed the super soaked diaper off the bathroom floor and folded it up. They opened the stall up, and Randall stepped out into the thankfully empty restroom followed quickly by Nathan.

Something caught Randall's eye as Nathan stuffed the used diaper into one of the trash cans. A bright purple card was resting on the sink. Randall moved over to read it, and whined audibly as he saw just what it was. "Adult Babysitting Service. Do you have a little who needs to be tended for a date night or even during the day? Give me a call at 555-0125, we have several sitters to fit your needs. Request me and I'll give you a 10% discount on your first job."

As Randall finished reading it he saw Nathan's hand grab it up. Nathan took a moment to read it over, then tucked it into his pocket with a chuckle. "Well now, if your punishment has to continue past when I return to work guess we know someone to call," Nathan said with a chuckle to his shame-faced wolf.

"I-" Randall started when he suddenly saw Nathan holding up his pacifier.

"Sure you want to talk back right now pup?" Nathan said with a raised eyebrow that told Randall he wasn't going to get out of sucking it so fast this time.

Nathan started leading Randall back to the theater, and he fully expected to hear whispers as soon as he entered the room. As they walked back to their seats, however, it was notable that most people were paying attention to the movie which had somehow transformed into a drama while they'd been gone. How many people had even noticed? It was driving Randall a bit crazy to think about it, who around him had seen him getting his pants checked like a toddler. Of course, his self-consciousness started to fade as he started to get back into the movie.

Randall was a bit surprised when the movie came to an end. It had lasted a bit less long than he'd thought it would, but had been an overall satisfying story that left him wanting more. He could see several people starting to stand up and make their way out of the theater. Randall's eyes scanned the crowd, looking for anyone who was watching him or the source of the voices he'd heard in the bathroom earlier. He couldn't spot either, but couldn't help but feel like he was standing there in only a diaper: on full display for them all to see.

"Alright, lets head to the restaurant," Nathan said as they finally started to make their way out of the theater. Randall continued to look around on their way out, but he couldn't spot anyone who looked any more suspicious than any other. Just as they got to the car Randall whimpered slightly in remembrance of the car seat waiting for him in the back of the sedan. He looked around, seeing that most of the other patrons of the movie seemed to be too busy with their own lives to really bother watching him getting buckled into the seat.

As Nathan opened the back door Randall practically dove into the back seat. He swiftly pulled the bar down and over his body, and Nathan watched in amusement as he tried in vain to buckle himself into it.

Nathan took his time, opening the door wider and reaching in to buckle Randall into the back seat. Randall looked around, realizing there were likely at least some people who could see him. He could see the couple they'd been sitting next to in the theater looking his way. Could they see him back here? He squirmed a bit as Nathan finally snapped the buckle in place, securing him to the seat for the ride.

Nathan moved to the front seat and started off for the restaurant. Randall sat quietly in his seat, contemplating what just happened and still in complete wonder of how many movie patrons now knew he was thickly diapered under his jeans. Of course, he didn't have long to consider before he felt the car coming to a stop. He could see a nice restaurant that had moved into one of the previously empty buildings on main street. Nathan reached back to unbuckle Randall and gave his diaper front a squeeze. "Hmm, not too soggy, I'm sure it can hold until we get home," he said with a chuckle as Randall wriggled at the thought of another public diaper change.

Randall climbed out of the seat, pulling the door open before stepping out onto the sidewalk. The restaurant seemed deserted save for a few customers sitting at the edges of the dining room. It wasn't a good sign for many restaurants, but then again the people of the town tended to take a while warming up to new restaurants in general. "Well, you ready for a food adventure pup?" Nathan said with smile as he held out his hand.

Rather than simply taking Randall's hand this time the caribou wrapped his arm around the wolf and held him close. Randall leaned into his boyfriend's grip as they walked close together toward the door. Nathan held the door open before them as they went to a table where their waiter, a rather chubby raccoon who was wearing an apron and seemed to be writing on a piece of paper as they entered the room, walked over to them. "Ah, welcome to Sweet Basil, what can I get you to drink?" the raccoon asked as he gave them a bit of a smile.

"Hmm, how about two of the best and most exotic drink in the house? And a couple waters too," Nathan said as he continued to hold Randall's hand on the table.

"Coming right up sir," the raccoon said cheerily as he moved back to the desk and started keying their drink order in. Nathan picked up one of the menus and started looking it over while Randall did the same. Randall had hardly gotten a chance to look everything over when the raccoon returned with four glasses. Two contained nothing more than clear water, while two contained an amber brown substance over ice. "Your thai iced teas and water, are you both ready to order?" the raccoon said as he pulled out a pad of paper and a rather fancy looking metal pen.

"Hmm, I think I'd like the garlic sauce lunch," Nathan said as he set his menu down.

"I'd like the Panang curry," Randall said as he handed his menu to the waiter.

"Would you like me to put in a tempura ice cream for after your meal? Its a perfect desert for couples," the raccoon said with a wink as he picked up Nathan's menu.

"Hmm, why not?" Nathan said in an obviously good mood.

Randall sighed contentedly as he sipped lightly at the sweet tea. He actually adored when they went to a nice sit down restaurant like this. He leaned against Nathan's shoulder as the caribou sipped away at his tea as well. "Ooh, can you smell that? I think this place is going to be pretty awesome," Nathan said as he reached his arm around Randall and hugged him in closer. Randall could see the raccoon

looking across the restaurant at them almost longingly as he sat at the desk waiting for the order. Whatever he was drawing had been put on hold as he seemed to adoringly watch the two of them sitting close and waiting on their food.

Finally, Randall saw the raccoon stand and enter the small kitchen for a moment. He came back carrying two large plates of food and set them before the couple gently. As he did so, he looked at each of their glasses and then simply said, "Let me know if you need a refill, I'll just be over there." Nathan and Randall both nodded, picked up their forks, and dug into the meal.

Randall loved the taste of the curry. It was very slightly spicy, but had a sweet and savory flavor that seemed to dance along his pallet. He started eating it down rapidly, watching as Nathan ate away at his. "Ooh, this place is going to be packed in about a month. Good thing we got in while it was still nice and intimate." Nathan chuckled as he used his fork to get a small bite of Randall's food. "Ooh, its all good, try a bite of mine," Nathan said as he took a good swig of his drink.

Randall moved to take a bite off Nathan's plate, but the caribou's fork got in the way. Randall watched as he lifted a bite up, holding it in front of Randall's lips. Randall blushed very slightly, but ate the bite regardless. This one tasted strongly of garlic, mushrooms, and a very savory sauce. It was quite powerful and quite a bit heavier than the curry, but still delicious. "Ahh, we'll have to eat here more often," Randall said as he snuggled in against the caribou and continued to eat his food.

The two of them ate and chatted about how nice the weather had been lately. Thankfully, the topic of the diaper around Randall's waist hadn't come up at all during their meal. As they finished up they saw the raccoon carry over a large bowl of tempura fried ice cream. It had two long spoons on it, and he took their other dishes before leaving the bill book on the table. "I'll go ahead and ring you up anytime you're ready, hope you enjoy the ice cream~" the raccoon said in an obviously great mood.

As Randall went to pick up a spoon he saw Nathan's hand in his way. "I think I'll go ahead and feed you this puppy," he said with a light kiss against Randall's neck. Randall's face went slightly pink, but he moved his hand back down as Nathan picked up one of the spoons, grabbed a scoop of the ice cream, and slowly lifted it to the puppy's lips. Randall opened his mouth, and felt the delectable ice cream enter his maw. He groaned in sheer pleasure as he let the tempura fall apart to reveal the sweet vanilla ice cream below. It was fantastic, and he wanted more.

Nathan took his time feeding Randall the ice cream. He took an occasional bite for himself, but the way Randall shivered in pleasure with every bite was enough that he fed the majority of it to the wolf. As they finished the last of the ice cream Nathan pulled the bill book closer and took a look inside. Randall was almost curious how much it was, but before he could get a good look he saw the caribou pull out his platinum colored credit card and put it and the book on the table. The raccoon, fresh off of watching the two of them enjoy their ice cream, walked over to the table side.

"You know, you two are the most adorable couple ever. I'm glad you came in tonight," the raccoon said with a chuckle as he pulled his phone out and ran the card through a square reader right there at the table. He then handed his phone over to Nathan, who pressed a few buttons and ran his finger over the screen in a rather loopy signature before handing it back to the raccoon. "Alright, thank you both and have a great night!" the raccoon said chipperly as he put his phone back in his pocket and carried their ice cream dish off.

Nathan stood and helped Randall to his feet. The two of them walked out of the restaurant and to the car. Randall hardly looked around as he climbed into the back seat of the car, feeling utterly content after that meal. “Heh, I know you had an early bedtime yesterday, but don’t go drifting off. Tonight I think we need to have a bit of fun when we get home.” Nathan said as he buckled the wolf into the car seat gently.

Randall looked at the front, wincing just a bit as he realized what was likely coming for him. He would have preferred to suck the caribou’s cock, maybe masturbating while he did so, but he knew that while being actively punished it was very likely that Nathan was going to want to take his ass. He tried to take his focus off it for now, simply thinking back to the lovely meal they’d just had. As they drove along the urge to piss began to grow inside the wolf from all the iced tea at the restaurant. He could see Nathan occasionally checking his mirror to keep an eye on Randall. The wolf knew there was a good chance he was going to get seen doing it anyway, so rather than sit in his seat and potty dance knowing he didn’t have a toilet waiting he let it go.

“Good boy Randall, see how much better that is than wet jeans?” Nathan asked, causing Randall to flush a scarlet red. This was going to be a long week.