

Randall's Diaper Punishment: The Play Date

lunarrush

Randall and Nathan finished their meal at the food court and the only way the wolf could have been in higher spirits is if his punishment had fully been ended. As they went off into the mall Randall wondered where they were going until he saw the store full of summer clothing in the distance. "I think we could both use a new pair of swim trunks, couldn't we?" Nathan asked with a chuckle as the wolf's tail started to wag. Two days left until they were heading to the beach, and two days left until his full time puppy punishment ended: he could already see the light at the end of the tunnel.

The two of them entered the store and strolled along the aisles of light summer wear that had recently replaced racks full of thicker winter clothing. Nathan brought the both of them to a stop before a rack full of swim trunks and started flipping through them. It didn't take him long to pull out the first pair: a light ocean blue fading to white with a crab design that seemed to scream "It's summer time". "Alright puppy, I want you to go try these on, I'll be by the changing rooms in a minute to check them out," the caribou said as he handed the shorts to the high spirited pup.

Randall took the shorts and started for the back of the store. He went into one of the dressing rooms, lowered his pants, then bit his bottom lip in contemplation. He knew the pampers strapped tightly to his keister would make it hard to know if the shorts would fit properly, but he couldn't just take them off and try on the shorts without any underwear. As he thought about what he should do a sudden rap on the door made him jump. "Hey, everything okay in there? You need help getting those on or something?" Nathan teased from beyond the door, making Randall whine aloud as thoughts of how demeaning that would be in front of other customers invaded his head.

"I need some underwear to try these on with, can you go get some?" Randall replied, hoping the caribou would understand the request without him having to get more specific.

Unfortunately for the wolf the caribou understood all too well, "Oh, don't worry so much pup. I'm sure your underwear will do just fine."

Randall wanted to argue the point further, to let Nathan know there was no way he was going to get a proper fit while so utterly diapered. The thought of having the discussion in front of others, especially after he'd just been called pup, made the wolf reconsider his argument. So, with a sigh, Randall bend over and pulled the new shorts up and over his thickly pampered seat.

The light blue to white shorts looked nice against Randall's fur, the crab pattern was a nice mix of the fun of summer and a contrast from the otherwise plain gradient shorts. The only thing he didn't like about them at the moment: they hugged his hips and made it utterly obvious what he was wearing below them. Randall took a moment to tug his waistband up and down in an attempt to ensure his crinkly diaper was fully covered and the round bulge around his midsection wasn't quite as notable as it had been when he'd first pulled the shorts up.

After about a minute of adjusting Randall heard a knock at the door again. The wolf turned to the door and opened it, allowing it to slowly creak open. Standing just on the other side he could see Nathan in a pair of yellow and black surf shorts he'd picked out. They had a wave pattern, and though they were

a bit more plain than the ones Randall had on they fit Nathan's personality perfectly. "Those shorts look adorable on you!" Nathan said cheerfully, causing Randall's face to glow a brilliant pink as the words brought him down several pegs all at once.

"I think we might need to get the next size down though. These will be falling off by Friday," Randall said, hinting heavily that he didn't want to talk about the punishment here.

"Hmm? Oh, I'm sure these will fit. Go ahead and take them off, I'm going to go get back into my own clothing," Nathan replied, seemingly oblivious to the pup's concern that his shorts wouldn't fit like this without a diaper underneath. Randall moaned as Nathan turned away, the caribou did know a lot more about clothing than Randall, so the wolf decided to trust his judgment.

As Randall returned to his business in the dressing room he found himself distracted with thoughts of the trip that was to come. A private beach house for just the two of them, he felt incredibly excited by the prospect. He took off his shorts and set them to the side. He picked up his pants and started examining himself in the mirror. He couldn't help but wince at the race cars stamped all over his huggies with a tire track wetness strip that was already slightly faded: did Nathan have to choose the absolutely most humiliating diaper patterns?

As Randall pulled his pants around his ankles he heard a creak behind him. He turned to look over his shoulder and froze, there in the doorway stood a female german shepherd. Randall was frozen: still bent over with one foot held off the floor and his pants not fully through the leg hole yet. The german shepherd chuckled sheepishly, "Sorry, I thought it was empty cause it was unlocked," she said as she immediately turned and pulled the door shut.

Randall was beyond mortified. How could he have forgotten to lock the door? He turned and stood at the same time and stumbled over his pants. He bent forward to catch himself on the wall near the door, then reached his other hand up and swiftly clicked the lock closed. His face was a brilliant red and his eyes were streaming tears as his mind raced through what had just happened.

Had she seen his diaper? He'd been bent to pull his pants up, unless she was blind it was obvious she had. Would she tell anyone? Did she know who he was? All these thoughts shot through his mind as he sat numbly on the bench in the changing room. Randall heard a knock at the door, and wondered for a moment if it was her. "You alright in there Randall?" he heard the voice of the caribou call out.

The wolf got to his feet and pulled his pants up. He sniffled, then moved to the changing room door to unlock it. "Finally, about ti-" the caribou started. "Are you okay?" Nathan asked protectively as he stepped into the dressing room.

"I...s-someone walked in while I was changing," Randall replied, his emotions surging with intense waves of shame.

"Ohh, come here pup," Nathan said as he held his arms open. Randall moved into Nathan's arms, and as the caribou closed them around him he couldn't help but feel better. "Don't worry pup, I'm sure even if they saw anything they won't say a word. Don't worry, daddy will take care of everything," Nathan soothed as he held Randall in close. The wolf started to calm down. Randall knew Nathan's determination when it came to tasks he set for himself, and just the knowledge that he would take care of this made the wolf feel safe.

Another knock came at the door. Nathan turned around, and Randall shrunk behind his boyfriend. Nathan opened the door, "I'm sorry, I'll be just a bit longer in here, there's an open stall next door I just got done with though," the caribou said assertively.

"Actually it was you I wanted to see, not the stall," replied an unfamiliar voice. "I just heard what happened, and came to apologize. My pup should have knocked before she went into the stall like that," the voice continued, as Randall peeked out slightly and saw a border collie standing in the doorway. Randall could see the german shepherd standing behind the border collie, and instinctively hid behind Nathan again. "Say you're sorry Kana," the border collie said firmly.

"I'm sorry," the german shepherd replied in a way that reminded Randall of the way a toddler caught with their hand in the cookie jar would apologize.

Nathan chuckled slightly, "Why thank you, I'm sure it means a lot to Randall," he said as he turned to look at Randall. The wolf squirmed a bit, feeling exposed and more than a little confused. Had the border collie called the shepherd a pup?

"Not a problem, honestly I was a bit surprised when she told me what had happened. You see, we're new to the area, and I've actually been looking to set Kana here up on a bit of a play date. What say we do something like that tomorrow at the park? Maybe we can let the pups become friends while we talk? I know it would mean the world to my little one," the border collie replied as the german shepherd's face grew more red by the moment.

"Hmm, sure, but why not just come over to our place. I have a playground you wouldn't believe for Randall," Nathan replied, causing the wolf to take his turn blushing brightly. A play date? At their house? What about all the infantile furniture? What about the humiliating potty training chart?

Randall was too shocked to speak, but he was still able to hear as the border collie replied, "Why that sounds delightful. Here, text me later and we'll set up a time. Have to run for now, but hope you two have a great day." The border collie handed Nathan a card, then turned to move away with the german shepherd hot on her heels.

Randall remained silent and processed the whole situation as Nathan dropped the card in his pocket. "Well, that worked out better than I hoped. Alright pup, its time to get out of here," Nathan said as he moved to open the door up fully.

Randall whined uncertainly, but when Nathan took him by the hand he followed along anyway. He didn't know what to think about everything that had just happened, but he had every intention to talk this over with Nathan when the two of them got to the car. The wolf was hyper aware of every crinkle of his diaper, every time it made him walk differently than he would normally, even the extra bulge it made in his pants. While Nathan paid for the shorts he kept looking around, though he didn't see the border collie or german shepherd again.

Despite the wolf's fears that everybody in the store now knew he was nothing more than a pampered puppy nobody aside from Nathan seemed to acknowledge Randall's nervousness. Sooner than he'd expected the caribou had taken him by the hand again and was leading him to the exit of the mall just like a daddy who knew his little one was too frazzled would do.

When they got to the car and both were secure in their seats the wolf finally broke the silence he'd had since they'd left the dressing room, "A play date? But Nathan, she walked in on me! She...she saw me in..."

As Randall struggled to find the right words Nathan glanced back at him in the rear view mirror. "Exactly. So there won't be a surprise when they come over tomorrow will there? Remember, you're my puppy while you're on punishment, and I think this will be a good experience for you. After all, when was the last time we went out with another couple? I think getting to know them to see if they are people we enjoy spending time with is a great idea. Aside, in case you didn't notice her diaper waistband was on display that whole time. She had thicker pampers on than you pup," Nathan said authoritatively.

Randall fell silent again. Had she really been diapered? Had he just not seen what Nathan had? He realized he probably hadn't been paying as much attention as he would otherwise given the degrading thoughts that accompanied getting spotted in such an infantile diaper, but he still didn't know how he could have missed something like that. Either way, Randall shuddered at the mere thought of having his diaper waistband on display enough that a random stranger would notice. He wasn't sure which was worse: getting walked in on by someone else wearing diapers or broadcasting it to those who didn't by leaving it visible.

"But...do we have to?" Randall whined, feeling small from the idea that Nathan had just stepped in as his daddy to set him up on a play date.

"Yep, but I think you'll have a lot more fun than you think. Just give it a chance, and we'll go from there," Nathan said with a tone of finality that heralded the end of the conversation. Though Randall whined he knew better than to push his resistance any further right now.

The drive home was otherwise uneventful for Nathan and Randall. The caribou started the kids songs again shortly after the end of their conversation, and by the time they got home Randall found he couldn't stop humming along; with nothing else to preoccupy his time it was an inevitability. As they pulled into the driveway and Nathan pulled out his headphones Randall stopped humming, but it was a moment too late. "Aww, I'm glad you like those songs pup," the caribou teased, causing Randall to lower his ears and turn away sheepishly.

The caribou unbuckled the pup and the two of them walked into the house. Randall walked ahead and punched in the alarm code while Nathan followed behind with the bags. As they went through the doorway Randall heard the bags drop to the ground and the door shut. Before he could turn around the wolf felt the caribou's hands on his hips, and yipped as his pants were pulled down to reveal the already soggy race car diaper beneath.

"Nathan!" Randall whined as the caribou gave him a devious grin. Nathan moved behind the suddenly pantsless puppy as Randall looked around to make sure nobody could see him through one of the windows.

"Heh, hold still, I have a little surprise for you pup," Nathan chuckled as he lowered his jeans. Randall felt the back of his padding being pulled out. The caribou's other arm locked around the wolf, and moments later Randall felt a warm trickle. Nathan was pissing down the back of his padding.

It felt incredibly intimate yet at the same time overwhelmingly domineering. Randall wriggled in Nathan's arms as the caribou relieved himself. Though the diaper soaked it away nearly as fast as it flowed there was just enough of a stream to let Randall feel it pooling underneath him before it was wicked away. The whole ordeal lasted approximately sixty seconds, but by the time it was over the pup felt completely owned. "Been waiting for that all afternoon," Nathan teased as he pulled his pecker from Randall's pampers and tucked it back into his jeans.

Nathan hugged Randall from behind once again and moved his mouth in close to the wolf's ear. "You know that even though you're in diapers to punish you for making a puddle on my couch that I still care about you, don't you? I love how close I feel to you when I'm being your daddy, and I'm not going to let you get hurt," Nathan whispered intimately as he held Randall close.

The wolf felt dominated by the caribou's incredibly commanding presence. His butt felt damp from the torrent of piss that had just marked him, and the jean covered caribou cock that was pressed against his padding reminded him repeatedly of what had happened. The way Nathan held him so close, the way he told him it was all going to be alright despite the demeaning punishment seemed to make it all better.

As Randall stood in Nathan's embrace he felt the caribou shift his grip. With a simple lift the pup found he was cradled in the caribou's powerful arms. The wolf looked up at the caribou as he was carried up the stairs just like a toddler. Randall could feel it took almost no effort for Nathan to carry him like this, and he simply rested his head rest against Nathan's chest and allowed himself to be carried.

Randall was hauled through the kitchen and dining room, finally the two of them came to rest in the living room. Nathan placed the wolf on the couch, dropped his jeans in one smooth motion, then laid down on top of him. Randall watched as the caribou moved in for a kiss, and closed his eyes as his boyfriend's long tongue teased his lips with its tip. The wolf moaned and the caribou took the initiative. Randall felt Nathan's tongue licking along his teeth, teasing the edge of his tongue, and even tickling along the top of his mouth.

As Nathan's tongue expertly darted around Randall's mouth the caribou dry humped the pinned wolf. Randall felt his boyfriend's tented boxer-briefs pressed insistently against his tented huggies, and then felt Nathan break the kiss. "Heh, alright pup, would you prefer to take or suck my cock?" Nathan asked as he moved in and planted a kiss right against Randall's neck.

"I...would prefer to suck it," Randall replied, licking his lips instinctively and bucking up against the caribou's grinding.

Nathan chuckled and started to climb over the pup. Randall watched as the caribou pulled off his boxers, then tossed them to the side. Nathan moved his crotch in, lowering it slowly toward the wolf's jaws as Randall looked up at the cock hungrily. "Alright pup, get sucking," Nathan commanded in a whisper just loud enough for Randall to hear it.

In a moment the cock was pressed to the wolf's lips. A moment more and it was pressed in as he opened his jaws obediently. As the length was slowly fed into the wolf's mouth, Randall felt the caribou on top of him reach down and squeeze the front of his soggy diaper. The wolf whined and

bucked into Nathan's grip as he expertly teased the pup's cock behind the knot in short tight strokes with the soggy padding.

"That's right pup, suck me off and I'll make you spunk your diaper," Nathan coaxed as he leaned back and started to squeeze harder. Randall looked up, his entire sight was taken up by caribou crotch and ass, yet he still had over half the caribou's cock to fit into his maw. He could see Nathan's fluffy balls hanging over him. They looked plump, and ready to pump his jaws full of Nathan's seed.

Randall's loud groan of pleasure was muffled by the shaft filling his mouth as he felt Nathan press forward more insistently. The caribou force fed even more of his length into the pup's mouth, filling it entirely and allowing him to rest his balls against Randall's sensitive lupine nose. Randall sucked the length, yet in this position he wasn't truly the one in control of Nathan's pleasure. Rather, the caribou started bucking in and out of the pup's mouth while squeezing the sodden pampers in his hand harder.

Randall moaned all the more around the length as he felt Nathan's free hand reach down and give his behind a squeeze. The wolf could feel the caribou's piss dribbling out of the padding and onto his fur, a reminder of who he belonged to. The pup started to press against the caribou's hand, but soon found even that control taken from him as Nathan released the vice grip from the diaper front and left Randall humping nothing but his own piddled pampers.

Nathan went back to humping Randall's jaw, and the wolf bucked up in want of pleasure. As Randall's teeth and tongue got scrubbed by the length he could feel long strands of his boyfriend's precum dribbling down his tongue. The caribou grabbed back onto the diaper front and groped Randall's ass at the same time, keeping the pup from humping of his own accord and allowing him full control of Randall's pleasure. Randall's body bucked, but this merely allowed the hand groping his ass to tease him harder as it kept his humps in check.

Randall felt Nathan's pecker begin to pulse as the caribou drove it all the way home. The pup noticed the fluffy balls driven against his nose twitching in time with the length in his maw as he braced for the splash. The cock shot into his mouth, and in his lust Randall drank down the salty warm stickiness as soon as it found its way into his jaws. He bucked up in need, whining loudly around the shaft as he felt the caribou's hand pull back.

"Aww, does puppy want to cum? Heh, then bark for it pup. Bark around my cock and I'll finish you off," Nathan said as he sat back and ground his fluffy nuts against Randall's nose. The wolf blushed and whined, yet with the schlong still stuffed in his mouth and Nathan perched on his face he didn't have any other option if he wanted to get off.

So, with a large draw of musky caribou ball scented air, he opened his jaws as much as he could around Nathan's tool and let out a very muffled bark. Though it didn't sound very loud, Nathan obviously understood well enough what it was meant to be. "Who's a good boy?" he said as one hand went to stroke Randall's stomach and the other locked back to the front of his diaper. Randall couldn't help the submissive whine as being ordered around drove him harder into complete obedience.

Randall bucked against the hand and Nathan made no effort to stop him. The caribou's fingertips expertly squeezed the soggy garment in all the right places, and soon the wolf was on edge. "Keep barking pup, or I'll let go," Nathan teased as he softened his grip. Randall whimpered, but knew he had no choice. He took in another deep breath of caribou musk scented air, then barked around the

prick in his jaw. Nathan closed his hand again, and Randall kept barking every few seconds to keep the grip strong.

Finally, he couldn't take it any more. Randall pressed up and howled as he was sent over the edge. The wolf felt the caribou shift above him, and realized the length had been pulled from his jaws to let his howl fill the air. Randall blushed up at Nathan in complete deference to the caribou's firm rule. As Randall recovered from spunking his huggies Nathan shifted their position, rolling below the wolf and moving Randall to be held in the position of a larger than normal stuffed toy.

"Alright pup, like I promised you get to watch television. While you were sucking me off I took a second to turn off the parental controls on the television, so pick whatever you want," Nathan said as he handed Randall the remote control. The wolf started flipping through his options, and eventually settled on a movie he thought they might both enjoy. The wolf laid against the caribou, sighing contentedly as the two of them watched the television.

Before Randall knew it he looked out the window and saw it was already sunset. Neither of them had moved much through the whole afternoon other than Nathan texting on his phone and though several movies had come and gone the pup hadn't really thought on how long it'd been. Nathan stretched below him, and chuckled as he turned to the window, "Well I've had fun watching movies with ya puppy, but I think its time for us to get dinner together and then bed. You've got a big day tomorrow."

Randall whined as the memory of what was to come returned to him. He felt more apprehensive about it now than he had earlier, but knew there wasn't a thing he could do about it now. The wolf felt the caribou shift below him, then felt himself lifted up and set on his feet as the caribou stood in one smooth motion. "What are we gonna have for dinner?" Randall asked, trying to take the subject off the play date for now.

"Hmm, well, I'm not sure just yet. You wanna come help me cook it pup, or would you prefer to sit in your high chair while daddy gets it all taken care of?" Nathan responded as he started toward the dining room.

"I-I want to help," Randall replied, eager to stay out of the high chair for as long as he could manage. Randall went in the kitchen and drew a sink full of water while Nathan dug something out of the freezer.

Randall moved to put an apron on so he could cook without his pants. "Don't worry about that puppy, you just clean the dishes as they get dirty and I'll take care of the cooking," Nathan said in his best dad tone. Randall felt conflicted, on one hand he didn't have to cook, yet on the other the puppy treatment was enough to leave him feeling toddlerish as Nathan put on the apron.

The caribou expertly cooked up what he'd chosen from the freezer and Randall looked over occasionally to see what was being prepared. He saw chicken burgers and french fries, and wagged his tail happily as he realized he couldn't smell or see anything remotely as sloppy as the puppy food he'd been fed for days. Nathan was also cooking up a pan of gravy: Randall's favorite thing to dip french fries into. The wolf easily washed any dish Nathan passed him, and soon enough everything was ready.

Randall followed Nathan into the dining room and climbed into his high chair as the caribou set the plates with their food on the table. He waited patiently as Nathan strapped him in and set the tray in place, then watched as the caribou returned to the kitchen. The pup couldn't stifle a yawn and felt his eyelids growing heavier, his new bedtime wasn't pulling its punches and he knew he'd be asleep sooner or later.

Nathan returned with a huge bottle of juice and set it on the tray. In his other hand he held a goblet of wine, and chuckled as Randall whimpered, "Sorry pup, grown ups get wine pups get juice." Randall couldn't help his eyes darting down in embarrassment: he certainly looked the part of a pup strapped in his high chair and diapered so thickly that he waddled everywhere he went. Nathan set the glass of wine on the table, picked up Randall's plate which notably had a dinosaur shape to it, and set it on the tray before him. "I trust you can feed yourself tonight," the caribou teased with a wink. Randall didn't have to be asked twice, he picked up his burger and took a large bite, followed by a few fries dipped in a dab of gravy in one of the 'foot' sections of the dinosaur plate.

The two of them ate in relative silence, and soon enough they were done. Nathan took their plates and his glass into the kitchen while Randall nursed away at the remainder of the juice bottle. The wolf felt the blanket of sleep laying against him heavier with every second, but fought to remain awake and keep at least the illusion of control, but knew ultimately it was a losing battle.

Nathan returned and unstrapped Randall. Once again the secret to the tray eluded the pup as the chair did a remarkable job of hiding it from him, and the caribou helped him to his feet as he yawned loudly. "I have one more thing for you, but first I think its time for a diaper change. After all, I'd hate to have you waking up in a puddle," Nathan taunted just to make Randall whimper sheepishly at the reminder of the reason he had to wear diapers even when this was all over.

The caribou led the yawning pup to the nursery and lifted him onto the scaled up changing table. Randall lay back calmly and let Nathan take care of everything: the caribou wiped the wolf down, thoroughly powdered every bit of fluff in his diaper area, then slid fresh pampers below him before taping them into place. "Now, I have one more little surprise for you tonight, lets head to bed," Nathan said.

Randall followed along and wondered what Nathan was referring to. The two of them went to the bed, but rather than turning on the television the caribou pulled out his phone. "I figure its only fitting to read to a puppy when he's going to bed," the caribou said with a kind smile as he rested on the bed. Randall lay beside his boyfriend and rested against his shoulder where Nathan had already laid a pillow out.

Nathan started to read, and Randall knew he'd heard the story before. It was from a series he'd read as a child, "A Series of Unfortunate Events". The wolf could hear Nathan's voice both through the pillow and in the quiet room as he read, and soon felt his eyes slowly drifting closed. Before the caribou had even finished the first chapter he heard a light snoring and looked to see the pup had already succumbed to his tiredness.

Nathan lay there for a few minutes, simply letting Randall rest against him and ensuring the pup was fully asleep. The caribou slowly shifted, letting the pillow the wolf was resting against drop softly to the bed and stood carefully to avoid disturbing his pup's rest. He had some work to do to prepare for the play date, and wanted to ensure Randall got a full night's rest to prepare for the big day ahead.

Randall woke the next morning with a large yawn. He could feel Nathan's arm around him, holding him protectively. He could feel the caribou's chest rising and falling behind him, and he could hear the sound of birds chirping through an open window. The wolf cuddled closer to the caribou and let him rest. He could feel his stomach gurgle, and knew another messy diaper was on the way whether he wanted it or not. He considered for a brief moment trying to get into the bathrooms again, but remembered all too well what had happened last time he'd tried to defy Nathan. He knew the caribou's firm hand would ensure he messed himself, one way or another.

Randall lay in silent contemplation. Was it really worse to do it on his own instead of being forced to by his boyfriend? Maybe it wouldn't be quite as bad if he just let it go, the laxatives had a tenancy to ensure they left him sitting in mud rather than something more solid. Maybe if he got it over with he could avoid that particularly unpleasant part of his morning ritual? Perhaps it would even mean Nathan gave him a change sooner rather than later.

The wolf turned and moved away from Nathan slightly before grunting in concentration. He was determined to do this, even though it felt like a betrayal of years of potty training. He pushed, and his hands squeezed against Nathan without him even realizing it as he pushed. He felt a sudden rush, and gasped in realization of what had just happened. He'd just messed his pants without prompting from Nathan or the assistance of the suppositories.

Randall felt truly helpless as he let it all go. The realization that Nathan had ebbd him to do this on his own rather than suffer another explosive mess due to something getting shoved up his rear without even saying a word weighed on him. The wolf noticed right away that it didn't feel quite as bad, though he still didn't want to put any weight on his rear it didn't feel nearly as sticky. He took in breaths through his mouth as he opened his eyes, then whined loudly as he realized Nathan was awake.

"Well well, good morning to you too droopy drawers. I see someone didn't need help using their diaper like a good puppy today," Nathan teased as he kissed the wolf. Randall's face was brilliantly red and his ears lowered back in abject abasement as Nathan teased him. He was beyond words, merely the act of calling out what he'd just done was more than enough to see to that. "What say we get you changed?" Nathan asked with a cute smile as Randall looked back at him with an expression that spoke volumes of his puppy-like helplessness.

Nathan got to his feet and Randall winced as he followed. He could feel the weight between his legs, and if for even a moment he forgot to breathe through his mouth the smell wafting around him was a reminder of his infantile actions. He followed Nathan out of the room, bow legged and whimpering as every move seemed to taunt him about what a big baby he was.

As soon as he'd pulled open the sink section of the changing table Nathan picked Randall up and put him on the soft top. The wolf winced as the caribou's hand squished his rear, but knew Nathan was going to take care of that in moments anyway. Soon enough, Nathan had pulled the front of the soggy night time diaper open and used it to wipe away the wolf's rear before wrapping it up and tossing it in the diaper pail.

Nathan took a moment to spray Randall's behind, but it didn't take very long to get the rest of the mess off. Before he started in with a fresh diaper or even drying the wolf the caribou held a hand up and squeezed the wolf's cock gently with several of his fingers. Randall groaned and bucked against

Nathan's grip as the caribou gently teased his length. "You're a very good boy for getting that all taken care of. I'll be giving you a special treat later tonight, but for now consider that a preview," Nathan chuckled as he removed his hand.

Randall whimpered and bucked from the table. It was obvious the wolf wanted more now, but Nathan seemed oblivious to these needs as Randall's semi-hard schlong twitched. The caribou dried the wolf's rear, then started dusting it with a copious amount of talcum before he pulled Randall up and onto a fresh diaper. The paw patrol pattern on the diaper front made Randall wonder where his boyfriend managed to find these things for a moment as Nathan finished the change up.

Nathan helped Randall from the table, then moved to the closet with the pup. Randall stood there in nothing but his childish patterned pampers while Nathan looked through outfit after outfit. Finally, he settled on a light blue t-shirt and a pair of elastic waistband shorts that had obviously been designed for easy diaper changes. Randall looked at the clothing incredulously, he'd look entirely too much like a big puppy wearing this. Of course, Nathan didn't pause for even a moment and merely moved in to help Randall into the outfit.

Once the pup had been dressed into the toddler clothing the two of them made their way into the house. Randall noted immediately that a toddler gate had been set up at the end of the hall, probably to signify that he wasn't supposed to go down there of his own accord. As Nathan helped him step over the gate he noticed that all the outlets had been covered by rubber stops, and whined as he remembered what his mind had been trying so hard to ignore all morning: there was a play date set to happen here today.

The rest of the house was in spic and span condition. It seemed every surface had been wiped down, several toddler gates had been set up as points throughout the house, and soft toys littered the floor in at least one room. Randall could hardly believe this had all been done in one night, and as he gawked at all the changes he felt Nathan take him by the hand and lead him toward the dining room.

"Sorry to hurry you puppy, but you can check this all out when your friend gets here. First its time for breakfast," Nathan said as he ushered Randall into his high chair.

Randall whimpered and lowered his ears. He was worried about what he'd even do on a play date, and couldn't imagine any way this could be anything more than a way to make him feel smaller than he already did. "Do...we really have to Nathan? It sounds...embarrassing..." Randall whined as he was snapped into the chair and the tray was put in place.

Nathan gave the pup a smile, "Aww, don't worry puppy. Everything's going to be just fine, trust me." Randall still felt wary of the whole thing, but what could he do now but trust that even if things started going wrong that Nathan could step in and make it alright?

Nathan returned to the kitchen and returned with a bowl full of mashed fruit. It smelled pleasant overall, and Randall ate it down without much fuss. After breakfast, Randall was removed from the high chair and moved into the play pen in the living room where his building project from yesterday was waiting for him. Nathan turned the television on and handed the remote to the pup before heading back to the kitchen to take care of the breakfast dishes.

Randall waited in the pen uneasily, he knew any minute he'd hear the ring of the doorbell. He whined as he realized Nathan probably intended to leave him in here until they'd been invited in: the first thing they were going to see of him after the humiliation in the department store would be him sitting in a

playpen like a good puppy. He turned on the television, but found himself flipping through the channels without really reading them.

Randall wasn't sure how long he was simply sitting in the pen, but soon enough he heard the ring of the doorbell. He leaned against the side of the pen, listening as Nathan moved to answer the door on the level below them. "Ah, come on in. Glad you were able to find the place!" Randall heard Nathan say in his best host voice. The wolf could hear the footfalls of their guests as the border collie and Nathan spoke in low tones. He simply sat in the pen, waiting for his fate to turn the corner and see him in his spectacularly demeaning accommodations.

Of course, nothing could have prepared Randall for what came walking around the corner. The german shepherd girl he'd met in the department store turned the corner into the living room. Her face was pink, as was the brilliant diaper taped around her waist. She had a shirt on, though it infantile ribboned pattern and short length left nothing for her to cover her thickly pampered state. The wolf felt his embarrassment over his own situation diminish immediately as his mouth hung open slightly.

Nathan and Trisha followed Kana into the room, and the border collie immediately moved to the playpen and picked the german shepherd up to place her in the pen. "Alright, you two relax there for a minute, then we'll go outside and play. Me and Nathan have some things to discuss first," Trisha said with a chuckle as she plucked the remote control from Randall's hand.

Randall whimpered a bit as the dominant collie took the remote and immediately turned the channel to a cartoon channel. "H-hey, I'm supposed to be able to pick what I watch," Randall said reproachfully.

"Ah, sorry little guy, Kana's on a bit of a punishment for acting like a brat yesterday. I'm sure you'll get to pick again after your play date," Trisha said with a kind smile in a dominant tone that shut down the pup's complaints before he could give voice to them.

The border collie placed the remote control on the coffee table: well within reach of either pup if either was brave enough to step out of the pen without permission. Then, her and Nathan went to the kitchen, and as the sounds of laughter ensued from whatever they were talking about the two pups sat shyly in the playpen while barney played incessantly in the background. Neither was quite sure what to do, but it was eventually Randall that spoke first.

"So...what'd you do to end up...on punishment?" the wolf asked the german shepherd.

Kana turned to the wolf and her face grew slightly more pink. "Well, she had to change my diaper in the back of the car and I didn't want to get changed at the mall. So she dressed me in...this...for the play date," Kana answered back dejectedly as she waved to her outfit.

Randall sat quiet for a moment, and Kana took the moment of silence to continue, "Guess it serves me right, sorry for walking in on you. You were kinda cute in your diaper though," the shepherd teased. Of course, the razzing had the intended consequence. Randall's face lit like an all red length of Christmas tree lights that had just had the one bad bulb in its string replaced. Kana chuckled and gave Randall a devious grin, but both of them could hear Nathan and Trisha making their way back into the living room.

The border collie had a glass of wine in one hand and her phone in the other. Nathan walked up to the side of the playpen and bent down to look at the two pups inside with a kind smile on his face. Randall recognized the stance: the caribou was about to go hardcore into dad mode. "Alright little ones. Me and Trisha are going to have a glass of wine and talk out on the patio. I'm trusting you both to behave on the playground. Don't worry, we'll be right there if there's any trouble," the caribou said in his domineering daddy tone, which of course served to make Randall feel exactly like a toddler.

"I'm sure we'll be okay, I'm...curious...to see what you mean by playground. Is this just like a swing set and a slide or what?" Kana said in a kiddy tone that spoke to her greater experience in situations like this and her want to be done with the punishment she was on right now.

"Heh, well, lets go see it. I'm sure you'll be surprised," Nathan said, obviously enjoying the puppyish attitude, even if it was just a flagrant attempt to appease the caribou and, by extension, the collie. Nathan held a hand out for each pup, helping them to rise to their feet and step over the wall of the pen. The two of them followed behind the caribou and collie as they made their way out onto the deck overlooking the playground.

Randall watched to see what Kana's reaction would be. Her mouth outright dropped open in shock as she looked at the huge playground Nathan had built for the wolf. Randall could tell she was trying to process it still as the caribou and collie sat in deck chairs and set their respective glasses of wine down. Randall started down the stairs and toward the playground, followed closely by Kana.

"Oh my gosh, he wasn't kidding. This thing is awesome! Man, he really goes all out for this stuff. How long have you been diapered anyway?" Kana said as she looked over all the upscale playground equipment.

"I...only this week. I'm...well...I'll be out of diapers by Friday," Randall stuttered at the blatant question.

"Oh...wow. Well, I bet you'll still get use out of it, I mean...hell...I'd love my own playground even if I wasn't in diapers right now, ya know?" Kana continued as she moved and sat down on one of the swings.

Randall felt obligated to sit beside her. The swing set had two baby swings sized up to fit the full grown wolf and two swings with an open seat. As the two of them started to swing Randall started to feel a bit more free. The fact Kana had nothing more than a diaper on below her waist and was still actually managing to enjoy herself put Randall at ease. He felt he could be more relaxed, and soon found himself running alongside her as she launched off the swing and started toward the slides.

The two of them played tag on the playground, and Randall found himself falling more into a puppyish mentality as they went. He couldn't tell if it was really Kana's thing to act like a puppy, though it seemed to him she enjoyed it he had a feeling deep down that part of the term of the end of her punishment was to make sure this was a great play date. Randall occasionally found himself feeling apprehensive about what was happening, but whenever he did he simply reminded himself that if anyone were looking in on the scene he'd surely look less childish than his playmate.

After a game of tag through the jungle gym section of the playground the two of them found their way to the sand box. "I bet I can build a better sand castle than you," Kana teased as she sat down and grabbed one of the buckets that had been left there for just that reason.

Not to be outdone, Randall sat down and started filling one of the buckets with sand. This corner of the sand box, whether by design or by complete coincidence, was right in the line of fire from one of the morning sprinklers and the sand was almost the perfect consistency to build with. The two of them worked, and occasionally either Nathan or Trisha would step down on the large lawn to look into the playground as the two of them played together.

Of course, the entire afternoon couldn't go down quietly. As Kana filled up her bucket to continue work she saw an opportunity too good to pass up. Randall was bent over his castle, sculpting a wall and leaving the back of his diaper on display. She got to her feet and snuck quietly toward Randall. The wolf felt the back of his diaper pulled out and looked up just in time to see the german shepherd standing behind him with her bucket in hand. He yipped as the back of his padding was filled with damp sand, and whined as he felt the gritty gunk settle in.

Randall looked around, neither Nathan or Trisha had seen the transgression as they were too absorbed in their own conversation. Randall grunted and got to his feet, and blushed brightly as he realized how much half a bucket of wet sand was weighing his diaper down. He started to chase the shepherd, who giggled and stuck her tongue out at him as she ran into the playground.

Randall scooped a bucket of sand and started after her, determined to take revenge. As he looked he could feel the lump of sand sitting in the back of his pants, and after he realized he hadn't seen where she'd hidden yet the wolf sat down to dig as much of the sand out of his diaper as he could.

Of course the porous material of the thick pampers coupled with how tightly it'd been strapped to him made that nearly a fruitless effort. He wriggled, reached behind him, but most of the sand stayed firmly where it'd been deposited by the german shepherd. As he sat fumbling to fix his padding the wolf didn't hear Nathan walking up to him.

"Everything okay pup?" Nathan asked as he got close and saw that Randall was nowhere near Kana at the moment.

"She...she put sand down there," Randall replied in frustration, causing Nathan to chuckle and smile at him.

"Aww, don't worry so much pup. I can get ya all fixed, lets take you to get a change," Nathan replied as he moved over and outright picked Randall up. Randall felt overwhelmed with the sensation of being a toddler, the mere act of getting carried off for a diaper change while his opponent watched from some unknown nook frustrated the puppy to no end as he looked around to see if he could spot where Kana was.

Rather than Kana, Randall spotted Trisha moving toward the playground. She seemed to be looking for the shepherd as well. "Hey, just gotta go give this little guy a change. Got some sand in his diaper when they were playing," Nathan said to Trisha as he walked past.

Trisha raised an eyebrow, "Kana, are you playing too rough for the other puppy?" she asked as she folded her arms in front of her.

As Randall was carried toward the house he finally caught sight of Kana at the top of the play equipment. “Aww, I didn’t think I was being too rough. He’s a boy, he’ll be just fine!” she said as she slid down a nearby slide.

Of course, Randall realized she was right. A little sand wasn’t the end of the world, but it was still annoying regardless. Either way, he was carried up to the deck and laid out on a blanket that had obviously been set there for this very purpose. An open pack of diapers with patterns of various children’s cartoons was ready, as was a large box of baby wipes, a small bottle of talcum, and a small bottle of baby lotion.

The caribou set his charge on the blanket and knelt on the wooden deck beside him. The stomach height railing of the deck obscured the wolf from the yard below, though Randall still felt apprehensive about getting changed outside like this. The elastic waistband shorts were easily lowered and the front of his diaper untaped. Much to the wolf’s chagrin the padding was actually quite soaked through the crotch, he’d need a diaper change soon even if Kana hadn’t decided to fill the back of his pampers with sand.

Though Randall tried to recall precisely when he’d wet himself the only thing that would come to mind was the feeling surrounding the play date. The wolf didn’t have long to dwell on his wet diaper, however, as he felt his ankles lifted and the caribou going after his behind with a wet wipe. First, the caribou focused on getting the worst of the sand into the padding, then pulled that from below the pup and went to work on the finer point of getting as much of the remainder out as possible.

Randall squirmed as he lay on the blanket. The wolf couldn’t help the feeling that he was being watched, though their back yard had high privacy fences. As Nathan worked, Randall heard Kana playing on the playground still and wondered how much longer the play date was going to go on. He could see it was already afternoon simply by the sun’s position in the sky, though the exact time was something beyond his ability to know at the moment.

Nathan eventually set Randall down on the blanket after sweeping particles of sand off onto the deck. The caribou pulled out a fresh diaper, this one with an Elmo pattern on it, and easily lifted Randall onto it. The wolf blushed at the babyish pattern, glad he wasn’t stuck without pants like Kana, and the caribou started applying a thick layer of talcum to the pup’s diaper zone.

Nathan finished up the change rather quickly after that, then pulled Randall’s shorts back up. The wolf got to his feet as soon as his shorts were back in place, then moved to look over the rail of the deck. He could see Kana was working on her sand castle on the edge of the sandbox, and that Trisha was looking at a rather large section of their yard they hadn’t yet decided to use for anything in particular yet.

Randall climbed down the stairs of the deck while Nathan took his sand filled diaper into the house, then saw the border collie moving toward him with something in her hand. Kana hadn’t taken notice that he’d come back yet, and as Trisha got closer Randall wondered why she was moving toward him so intently.

“Hey puppy, I hope there’s no hard feelings. Kana can be a bit rough with other pups sometimes, and I just wanna make sure there’s not gonna be any hard feelings,” she said quietly.

Randall nodded, he didn’t particularly hold any grudge against her for what had happened. As he did, however, he noticed what was in Trisha’s hand. Trisha held the hose end up, and pointed at Kana who

still had her back turned. The wolf understood, this was his chance to get her back for sand bagging his huggies, and he chuckled as he took the hose from Trisha.

Randall crept across the grass, moving carefully to avoid alerting Kana to his presence. He got right behind her and heard her humming as she built up one of the walls of her sand castle, this was going to be perfect. Randall could feel the hose was firm in his hand, ready to shoot water out at any moment. The only thing holding back the flood was the valve attached to this end, something that only took one little turn to release the torrent.

Randall stepped forward and pulled out the back of Kana's diaper. The other pup turned to look back at him, and yipped as she felt the hose tip start to spray down the back of her padding. She turned to grab for Randall, but the wolf merely stuffed the tip deep into her diaper and ran off for the playground. The effect was nearly instant, the flood of the full blast garden hose soaked the oversize puppy pampers around Kana's waist. As she got to her feet she stumbled due to the diaper inflating to an unmanageable size from the padding absorbing the water quickly, and after only a few seconds streams of water flowed down both legs as the diaper failed to keep up with the flow.

Kana reached back to grab the hose from her diaper, but the damage was already done. After only about ten seconds it had thoroughly waterlogged the pampers and made them impossible to run in. She tossed the hose to one side and started to chase Randall. She waddled as fast as she could after the wolf, eager to catch him, but the heavy diaper taped to her butt slowed her significantly and Randall was able to escape easily.

Of course, the german shepherd's next move once Randall had escaped to a corner of the playground she couldn't see him in was to whine to the border collie about what had just happened. She turned to the side of the sandbox and saw Trisha already standing there, and knew immediately by the look on her face she had likely orchestrated the whole thing.

Kana opened her mouth to talk, but Trisha interrupted her before she could begin, "Ah ah, I don't want to hear any complaints. After all, you're a girl, you should be able to handle a little water. This is the end of the rough play for today though, you two be nice." Trisha moved over and took Kana by the hand, and started leading the droopy diapered pup to the deck to get changed.

Randall slid down the equipment and saw that Nathan was standing on the grass nearby. "Hey puppy, me and Trisha had a little talk when she gave you the hose. She thinks it'd be a good idea to go out to dinner together after you guys get a nap. I agreed with her, I think we'll go somewhere nice like that new steak house that opened across town. So, lets get you put down for a little nap."

Randall's face went from happy to confused through Nathan's sentence. "Nap? But...I don't normally have a nap," the wolf whined as Nathan chuckled at him.

"Today you do, we have guests and apparently Kana normally gets a nap. You're at least going to lay down for one," Nathan teased as Randall went bright red. "Alright, lets go, you'll be in your nursery and Trisha is already putting Kana down in the playpen."

The wolf whimpered as the caribou walked over and picked him up. Nathan easily walked along with Randal in his grip, carrying him up the steps to the deck and toward the second door onto the porch. It led straight into their room, the pup could only guess this was to ensure that if Kana was getting a

diaper change he wouldn't get a chance to see it. The two of them made their way through the bedroom and straight across to the pup's nursery.

Nathan took a moment to pull the pup out of his shorts and t-shirt. The caribou tossed the lightly sand coated garments to the side and opened the side of Randall's crib. The wolf sighed, but knew arguing wasn't going to prevent what was about to happen. He climbed in, and heard the side closed behind him as Nathan chuckled at him, "Aww don't look so down puppy. It won't be too long, then we'll get you ready for a nice dinner," Nathan teased as he started for the door. Randall noted there was already a bottle of warm milk waiting for him, so he stuck the nipple in his mouth and started drinking as he knew the caribou would expect.

Randall looked up at the sides of the crib, fully aware the entire time of just how much he looked the part of an overgrown puppy. The Elmo diaper taped to his butt did little to relieve the humiliating thoughts that plagued him about getting put down for a nap like a big baby.

Yet, as he lay in the crib stewing about it all he slowly started to drift off. The silence of the room combined with the time he'd spent on the playground earlier worked together to dull his senses and leave him drifting to sleep without even realizing it. Randall closed his eyes and started to breathe heavily after what must have been only ten minutes, the half full warm bottle fell to his side. When Nathan came into the room to check up on the pup and found he was asleep he chuckled very quietly to himself.

The caribou made his way across the room and gently reached through the bars of the crib. He pulled the bottle away and gently tucked Randall in, taking care not to wake the pup from his rest as Trisha stood in the doorway. "I told you he looked tired, might be a good idea to put him down for a nap every day you know," she said very quietly as Nathan finished adjusting the blankets around his pup.

"Yeah, honestly I'm kind of surprised. We'll give him an hour to nap, then we'll head out for dinner," Nathan replied as he returned to the doorway and walked back out.

The wolf continued to snooze in his huge crib, oblivious to the fact Kana wasn't even asleep and that the entire nap had been planned because Trisha had thought Randall looked tired. The German shepherd was watching cartoons in the living room, and the wolf simply slumbered in ignorant bliss in his oversize crib. The silence in the nursery once the door was closed was broken only by the hiss of the wolf wetting his pampers in his sleep. He didn't stir, or even shift in his sleep as his bladder did exactly what it wanted.

The wolf hugged one of the stuffed animals close to his side, a smile on his face as pleasant dreams played through his mind. For the moment, he dreamed of warm sand on a beautiful beach and Nathan by his side. His tail wagged below the blanket and he sighed blissfully.