

Randall's Diaper Punishment: Trip to the Beach

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About an hour into the long trip to the beach house Randall had finished his entire bottle of milk. Boredom was starting to set in for the car seat bound puppy, and he could see his tablet sitting in the center console between the front seats. His diaper was already waterlogged, but he knew there was plenty more to come given the amount of milk he'd drank and wondered if it'd be able to hold it all.

The wolf bent forward to see if he could get to his tablet without having to bother Nathan about it. The fatherly buck was driving with his headphones in to avoid the infantile music he'd turned on for the pup's entertainment. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to get his attention. As Randall bent forward he stretched as far as he could, yet the seat restraints kept the device just out of reach and as he struggled all he managed to do was stir a puff of baby powder from the relatively dry back of his diaper to remind him all the more firmly of his predicament.

Randall folded his arms and sat back in his baby seat. The pout on his face at that moment combined with the oversize car seat made him look exactly like a puppy. His mind was divided: part of him was excited for the vacation and the other part couldn't stop focusing on the fact his punishment was going to be so much longer than he'd ever imagined. He could keenly feel the diaper wrapped on his rump, a constant crinkling reminder that he was in for three more weeks of baby treatment that could potentially get even longer if he tried to cheat and got caught again.

Of course, while those were the only thoughts the pup wanted to acknowledge, there was another small part of his brain that kept imagining what three more weeks of this kind of treatment was going to be like in a much more positive sense. This part of him loved how close the baby treatment made him and Nathan, though that part also wondered how this was going to keep up when Nathan went back to work.

The most obvious answer, and most likely the correct one, was that the caribou would simply hire a babysitter to keep an eye on him. The wolf knew the caribou had the income to make it happen, and though his first experience being babysat wasn't terrible it was still degrading to think in terms of needing to be babysat like a toddler. Yet, Randall also realized Nathan was probably going to make time in his busy schedule to make sure his puppy felt the full impact of the diaper punishment: both the good and the bad of it. The thought filled him with a secret hope he'd get more personal time with the buck when he had to return to work.

After another five minutes of stewing in his soggy diaper and mixed pool of thoughts Randall felt the car veering to the right of the road. He looked out the front window and saw they were pulling into a convenience store. It seemed to be a fairly small place, and the gas prices were extortionate compared to those in town. The store itself was made of actual logs and had a gray tin roof. The two mechanical gas pumps looked positively ancient and a sign to the side of the door seemed to indicate they also functioned as a fresh fruit market for local growers.

"Alright Randall, lets go get some snacks. Did you finish your bottle?" Nathan asked as he turned off the engine and pulled his headphones out.

The wolf nodded, showing the large empty baby bottle to the buck. Nathan gave Randall a confident smile as he said, "Alright then, since you were such a good boy you can pick whatever you want in the gas station. I'll be in as soon as we're filled up."

The caribou clicked the release and the wolf wasted no time getting out of the baby seat. He opened the door and hopped out as Nathan moved to pump gas into the car. The pup took just a moment to adjust his shorts, trying his best to ensure his onesie wasn't completely obvious. Of course, the fact his 'shirt' was tucked into a pair of silk shorts was more than enough reason to make the astute observer suspicious. However, he could hardly help that, and so he simply walked into the old building.

The inside of the store was very similar in style to the outside. The shelves were from a different era, sturdy and made entirely of wood and obviously well maintained. The price signs were actually chalk boards with wooden rims. Whether this place had originally been built this way or whether the owner simply had an eclectic taste was irrelevant: the result was still charming in a way that made it easier to look past the fact that absolutely everything was more expensive than it would have been elsewhere.

Randall walked to the back of the store and looked at the drinks. Even these had an old time feel: every soda was in a thick glass bottle and all of them were in an old loud steel cooler. The wolf picked out a bottle of orange cola that bragged on the label that it was homemade, and then turned to the shelves where he saw several prepackaged snacks stocked right alongside obviously handcrafted bags of trail mix and even some out of place exotic snacks such as Swiss chocolates.

As Randall checked out the snacks and picked out a Swedish chocolate bar a rather old goat moved along the aisle between him and the door. He wore glasses that were about as thick as the bottom of two beer mugs, and seemed to be peering close at the shelves to see what had to be stocked. He moved along rather slowly, but as he got closer to Randall he seemed to pause for a moment and look closely at the wolf.

Something about the way the goat was gazing at him made Randall feel self-self-aware, but it could hardly prepare him for what happened next. "Hello there son, do you have anyone here with you?" the goat asked as he moved in closer to Randall.

The wolf felt confused to be asked that, but he simply pointed toward the door and stammered, "Umm, he's outside."

The goat turned toward the door with a pace that hardly matched the world around him, then simply replied, "Alright, thank you." As the goat started slowly up the aisle toward the door Randall caught sight of the buck moving toward the doorway. He wondered for a moment if the goat was asking because of the fact they'd started pumping gas without paying first due to the way the old pumps worked.

His confusion was quickly resolved in the worst possible way when Nathan walked into the store and the goat immediately approached him and loudly said, "Excuse me sir, your puppy needs a change pretty badly. I can see his diaper bulging and caught a whiff of him when he came in the store and I was just wondering if you needed a diaper for him."

Randall wanted to sink into the floor. His face was brilliantly red, and he saw Nathan give him a slight smirk. He knew the caribou was going to enjoy this, especially because the older goat seemed to be completely under the impression Randall was an actual puppy. "Well thank you sir, but I have a few in

my bag. Little guy had a bit much to drink on the car ride, do you happen to have a restroom where I can give him a change?"

The goat turned to walk to the counter and replied, "Well, I keep em locked to keep the teenagers from trying to hide things in their clothing in there. You can have the key, but please leave the merchandise on the counter so I can get it rung up while you're in there."

Randall stood still as a stone statue in the aisle. He could hardly handle how embarrassed he felt, but being mistaken for an actual puppy might actually be a blessing in disguise here. The buck moved to the counter and grabbed a key that was attached to a large wooden block by a chain from the shopkeeper, and turned to Randall, "Alright pup, come put your things on the counter so the nice man can get them rung up."

The wolf grunted. He knew it was probably best to play along for now, despite the fact it was utterly demeaning. He lifted each foot and walked forward as if his shoes were made of concrete and put his soda bottle and chocolate bar on the counter. He could see the goat was looking him over again, and had an immediate urge to hide himself. Nathan snagged one of the wolf's hands, and started leading him toward the back of the store at a brisk pace.

Nathan led Randall into the bathroom after unlocking the door, then closed it behind them and ensured the handle was latched. The room was rather small: it had a toilet, a sink, and a pull down changing station. Though most public diaper changing tables seemed to be rather flimsy this one looked to be made of solid oak with heavy hinges on it. As Nathan pulled it down and into position the wolf whined lightly, "N-nathan, why'd you have to go and...he thinks I'm an actual puppy," Randall protested as he teared up very slightly.

Nathan turned toward Randall with a dominant grin that made Randall feel thoroughly owned. "Hmm, isn't that what you are supposed to be? Correct me if I'm wrong, but while you're on diaper punishment you're my puppy aren't you?"

Randall lowered his ears, feeling submission roll through him harder than he cared to admit. "But...its embarrassing," the wolf whined, the fight in him obviously growing less potent by the moment.

"Well, think of it this way. We don't go on vacation to the beach very often, and your odds of seeing that old man again are pretty terrible. In fact, considering the destination we're going to is a tourist town, the odds of meeting anybody on this trip that you'll ever run into again is pretty terrible. So, if a few of them peg you as the puppy you are, what's the problem with that?" Nathan asked as he pulled Randall's shorts down and unsnapped the wolf's onesie.

The pup's diaper sagged quite notably without the help of the onesie to keep it up. The caribou examined the drooping diaper thoroughly then said almost as if simply noting to himself, "Well, we're lucky we stopped. Looks like you would have been sitting in a puddle before too long. Get up on the table."

Randall whined, but obeyed. He considered what the caribou had said for a moment and wondered if it was worth arguing the point. "Aside, the boss's vacation home is out of the way, so save for a few trips to town I doubt you'll be seeing anybody. Of course, we could always treat you like a puppy in the other sense of the word," Nathan said with a devious grin on his face. "After all, you need some fun in

the sun, and I think a little walk on the end of a leash down the beach in nothing but your diaper could do you some good.”

The threat made Randall’s cheeks glow brilliantly. Nathan and him had actually done pet play in the past, though the thought of that crossing over into the diaper punishment mortified Randall. Especially if it meant getting walked down a public beach on all fours wearing nothing more than a diaper. Though, even as the degradation of what Nathan was saying sunk in he could see the spark in the buck’s eyes that told the wolf all he needed to know: the thought of it gave Nathan a dominant thrill and it was likely to happen if he wasn’t careful.

“Heh, aww, do you like that idea? Well then, I think I know just the thing for you. You’re going to get to choose which way you’re my puppy during the vacation. You can either be my cute little pup and act the part, or I’ll have you spend a bit of time as my diapered little doggy,” the caribou said in a sexually charged whisper to the wolf.

The caribou grabbed the straps that would be used to secure children to the tabletop and snapped them in place over Randall’s lower chest. The wolf blushed brilliantly as his mind went over the words the caribou had said again and again. Of course, as Nathan started to pull his diaper off, the caribou continued to talk in a slightly less charged way, “Of course, even with you acting like a full on pup for me, if anyone gives you a hard time I’ll be right here. I promise everything will be okay pup, just trust me and go with it.”

The caribou’s words comforted the wolf, but as the front of his dripping diaper was untaped by the practiced hands of the buck he couldn’t help but realize just how much like an actual puppy he looked right now. He was even strapped to the top of the table to keep him from rolling off, and as Nathan started to gently wipe his crotch down he could hear the caribou whisper in a soft voice, “And there we go, almost got you all clean. Who’s a good puppy?”

The double meaning of the statement made Randall feel completely domineered by Nathan, and as he whined he felt the caribou lift his rear off the table to pull the soaked diaper out before replacing it with an unfolded fresh red patterned Paw Patrol diaper. The caribou started digging through the diaper bag and pulled out a bottle of oil and powder. He lifted Randall off the padding one more time, using his free hand to drench the pup’s rear with a flurry of oil and powder.

The completely unmistakable babyish scent that rose in the room made Randall’s ears lower. Yet, it was the reaction in his crotch as Nathan’s hands moved there to rub the mixture in that made him blush far harder than the perfume that was going to be following him for the next several hours. “Aww, what a good puppers you’re going to be, huh Randall? A good boy for your daddy,” the caribou said as he raised his eyebrow and slowly stroked the wolf’s hardening member.

Randall whined audibly as he instinctively humped up into Nathan’s hand. “Aww, there’s a good boy, what a good pup,” the cavalier buck teased as he stroked his fingertips along the wolf’s length. “Tell me who’s gonna be a good boy,” the caribou continued as he grinned down at the strapped down wolf.

Randall winced in pleasure as Nathan expertly teased his shaft. He whined as he felt the buck loosen his grip for a moment before gripping back down harder than before. “Aww, good answer, what a good puppy,” Nathan continued, not actually waiting for the wolf to respond.

As the pup wriggled on top of the changing table from the attention his boyfriend was paying his sensitive member the caribou chuckled knowingly, "That's right. Good boys get rewards, and I'll make sure to reward you being a good puppy during the day with plenty of fun at night," Nathan said sensually as he released Randall's length. The wolf opened his eyes and looked up at the buck in need, but could already feel the thick diaper being folded between his legs and over his hardened length.

"Nathan, can't we just...do it now?" Randall asked, feeling apprehensive about doing something like that in here but wanting more than anything to deal with the tent in his huggies sooner rather than later.

"Hmm, not right now, but I promise we'll have some fun later tonight if you're a good pup for me," Nathan responded playfully as he groped the completely obvious bulge in the wolf's pampers.

Randall whined as he felt the thick padding squeezed over his length and thrust his hips up in need. Yet, Nathan simply released as the wolf humped and started to pull Randall's shorts up.

Nathan paused for a moment and got a dominant look on his face. "you look so cute there Randall, just lay there for a minute like a good pup," the caribou said as he stopped pulling Randall's shorts up for a moment and pulled out his phone. The wolf wondered what he was doing for a moment, but as he heard the click of the camera shutter he knew the buck had just taken a picture of him, fettered to a public changing table wearing little more than a tented paw patrol diaper and an unbuttoned onesie. "Perfect," Nathan teased as he slid his phone in his pocket and went back to the change.

"Nathaaaaan," Randall whined as he twisted against the strap of the changing table.

"Oh, don't complain so much, or I'll frame it and put it on my desk at work," the caribou teased with a devilish grin.

The caribou snapped the ends of the onesie snugly over Randall's fresh diaper and finished pulling the wolf's shorts up. As he unbuckled Randall the pup got to his feet and groaned. Every move was pressing the tight padding against his bulge and teasing it with its soft interior. He walked to the door, waddling the whole time as he fully realized why Nathan had teased him so much when he'd been getting changed. He couldn't help but waddle like a tot as he moved to walk out of the bathroom.

The caribou followed Randall back into the store and said, "Make sure you've got everything you want, I've got to pick out some snacks too." Randall toddled to the snack aisle and started looking at his options. He was in no hurry to get closer to the front of the store where the goat waited behind the register for the two of them to make their selections. Randall picked up a bag of trail mix to distract himself from his steadily growing chagrin from being seen as a pup by the goat. Given the glasses he was wearing Randall was actually surprised the goat had been able to see him at all, let alone notice his diaper sagging below the silk shorts and onesie.

Nathan didn't take long to decide on several snacks, including one of the homemade sodas. He moved over and took Randall by the hand, and the wolf knew his time was up. He'd have to interact with the goat now, despite his reluctance. As they got to the front of the store Randall set his bag of trail mix up on the counter.

"Heh, sorry if I embarrassed ya son. I've actually had several kids and grandkids in my day, it's real easy for me to spot a soggy diaper and I just wanted to make sure ya got changed before it sprung a leak," the goat said with a kind smile toward Randall. "Looks like you're all better now though, ready

for the rest of your trip,” the goat continued on as he looked over the items Nathan had gotten as well as the bag of trail mix.

Randall wasn't sure what to say, but Nathan replied effortlessly, “Well, thank you for bringing it to my attention. Sorry he's a bit shy, he's a bit embarrassed about having to wear them.”

“Ahh, well I'd imagine so. Don't you worry son, plenty of older pups have to wear diapers, but your daddy seems to know just how to take care of you,” the goat replied, causing Randall's ears to lower sheepishly. “Well, I think I know just the thing to help. Why don't ya go grab an extra candy bar, on the house?” the goat continued as Nathan started paying him for their snacks and gas.

Nathan turned to Randall, “Well, go ahead, I'll get this all paid for and meet you in the car.” Randall didn't need to be asked twice, he'd seen some more rather exotic chocolate in the candy aisle and he was curious to give it a try. As he walked away he heard the two of them talking, but couldn't quite make out what they were saying. He didn't want to look back for fear of seeing the goat watching him waddle due to his prick remaining at full mast.

He took a minute to look over his options, still unable to do a thing about his boner problem due to Nathan's expert teasing. After looking through all the candy bars he finally settled on one, and heard the bell ring as Nathan left the shop. He picked up the Japanese chocolate bar that had a picture of a strawberry in an explosion cloud on it, and then turned to totter his way out of the shop. He saw the goat wave at him as he walked past, and waved back shyly in hopes the shopkeeper would stop watching his clumsy gait.

As Randall started for the car he saw that Nathan was fiddling with something in the back seat. He moved over in curiosity, and Nathan looked back at him with a playful expression on his face. “Heh, got you something special while you were picking out your other candy pup,” the caribou said as he stood out of the way.

The wolf didn't spot it at first, but after looking over his car seat he saw that a small metal plate was attached to the front of it now. He took a closer look and saw a novelty license plate with his name boldly emblazoned on it. The pup's tail wagged, he'd told Nathan in the past that he'd never been able to find one with the correct spelling of his name on it. He couldn't believe Nathan had remembered that conversation from way back then.

Of course, there was the fact the buck had elected to use the plate to display who the car seat belonged to for anybody with basic reading skills. However, that was hardly a concern: if someone was seeing the car seat it was likely that he'd be riding in it like a big puppy anyway.

“Wow, thank you Nathan,” Randall said happily as he moved over to hug the caribou.

Nathan embraced Randall tightly. “Heh, call me daddy pup. I'll tell you what, if you be a good puppy during our trip I'll even consider knocking a few days off your punishment,” he said intimately as he held Randall in his arms comfortingly.

Randall looked up into Nathan's eyes. He always felt so small but so secure when the caribou hugged him. He knew buried his face against Nathan's chest, then softly whispered, “Thank you...daddy...I love it.”

Nathan chuckled and hugged Randall slightly tighter. "You're welcome puppy, lets get you buckled in," the buck replied as he released the hug.

Randall held on for a moment longer before letting go. Nathan moved to lift the front of the seat out of the way and Randall sat down obediently. The caribou took his time strapping Randall in, and even gave the front of the wolf's shorts a squeeze that immediately made his prick twitch and dribble a gob of precum into its padded prison as the buck expertly teased him just enough to ensure he was going to be hard for at least a little longer.

After Randall was trussed in for the ride Nathan moved to the front seat. As he started the car Randall remembered his tablet and decided now was the best time to ask for it. "Hey daddy, can I have my tablet please?" Randall asked as he glanced between the caribou and the device.

Nathan glanced at the pup in his rear view mirror and responded, "Hmm, maybe in a while. I want you to eat at least some of your snacks first. Don't want to get your tablet all sticky do you?"

Randall blushed, Nathan was pouring the puppy treatment on particularly thick. Yet, he could tell by the happy tone in the caribou's voice that he was having fun with this, and so the wolf decided to play along. It might even get him out a few days earlier, something he looked forward to immensely considering he had such a long time left. "Okay then..." Randall replied as he grabbed one of his candy bars and opened it.

As they started off down the road Randall realized the babyish music hadn't started back up yet and that Nathan didn't have his headphones on. "You want to know something interesting that shopkeeper told me about on my way out of the store? He said they have a fireside every Friday out behind his shop. Just a nice way to get out of the city and enjoy a night away from everything. Maybe we'll go next week," the caribou said as Randall took a bite of the candy bar.

The wolf's eyes went wide for two reasons. The first was from the thought of seeing that shopkeeper again since he knew Randall wore diapers. The second was because of the very sudden sweetness of strawberry tingling in his mouth. The Japanese candy bar had about the same effect as a handful of pop rocks, and the chocolate seemed to fizz the flavor of strawberry out of it in a sudden burst that caught Randall completely off guard.

The wolf coughed in surprise and did his best to keep chocolate from flying out of his mouth and all over the car. In the process, he actually got several dribbles of liquefied chocolate on his hand. As he regained himself and swallowed the rest of the fizzing chocolate he looked up at Nathan, "He...knows about the diapers though," Randall said with a whine.

"Well, one less thing you have to worry about him finding out about. From the sounds of it, it'd probably just be him and maybe a few other couples. We could even do it with Kana and Trisha," the buck replied with a grin on his face.

Randall whined, but knew the tone in Nathan's voice. It was the "we're going to do this, trust me it will be fun" voice he used whenever he was trying to convince Randall to do something he might not otherwise do, like eat odd things.

“Nathan...but what if he embarrasses me?” Randall whined as he looked down at his hand. He didn’t have a napkin to wipe the chocolate on, so he merely elected to lick it off his fur before it got a chance to dry.

“Well, don’t worry pup. I’ll have a talk with him first, make sure he understands that if there are other people around he should be more discreet about your diapers. Hell, I’m sure he would be on his own, we were the only ones in the store so I don’t think he really saw a reason to be discreet about it today,” the caribou replied.

Randall whimpered, he still felt apprehensive about what had just happened in the store. Yet, as he reflected on it he realized there were so many ways it could have gone worse for him. The goat had even been nice enough to let him pick out another candy bar to try to make him feel better. He also knew Nathan loved the outdoors, and especially loved to look at the stars on nights when they were far enough out of town to actually see them through the haze of light.

“Well, I guess it will be okay,” Randall conceded, knowing full well it wasn’t worth fighting the caribou.

Nathan gave the wolf a toothy grin, “Don’t you worry puppy, I’ll make sure its a good time,” he replied as he drove on down the road.

As Randall went back to his chocolate bar he took a much smaller bite. The flavor burst happened again, but this time it was far more controlled. It was actually very tasty, thought a bit of an odd sensation. “Well that, and I really think you need to get used to the idea of others knowing about your pampers. After all, there’s no way you’ll be able to hide it all the time. Most people won’t bother to mention it, and those that do will either be nice about it or I’ll step in,” Nathan continued in a matter of fact tone before he ate a handful of trail mix.

Randall simply sat and thought about it for a moment. He knew the caribou was right, he’d thought the shorts and onesie would surely hide even a super soggy diaper, but the goat had spotted him despite all that. While he felt a bit more comfortable being out in public in his pampers he felt uncomfortable knowing that anybody could potentially see that he was pampered at any time, and it made it worse when they called him out on it. If the caribou insisted on keeping him diapered all the time there were going to be people who figured it out, whether he wanted them to or not. One thing was certain, even if he wore them for years he’d never be completely comfortable with others figuring it out, even if they didn’t say anything about it.

Randall felt a drop of the chocolate in his hand drip onto his chest. He looked down in surprise as he realized the chocolate was melting in the heat of the car, and blushed as he realized Nathan had been right to hold onto the tablet until he was done with the candy. He’d likely have to put the other bar in the freezer when they got to the vacation home before he got a chance to eat it. Randall took a larger bite of the candy, he didn’t want to end up wearing more of the fizzing chocolate than he got a chance to eat.

Nathan looked in his rear view mirror with a huge grin on his face. “Aww, looks like you’re enjoying that a lot, huh pup? Do I have to worry about you getting a sugar rush?” Nathan said playfully as he continued down the practically abandoned two-way highway.

Randall grunted as he swallowed the chocolate in his mouth, “I...I’m gonna go along with acting like a puppy for you while we’re alone this weekend. But, I’m not gonna do it if there’s other people around. That’s just...too embarrassing,” Randall replied with a shiver at the thought of acting like a pup in front of other people.

“Well, I honestly don’t think we’ll be around others often enough for that to make a difference. However, since you want that concession I want one myself, I’m going to reserve the right to change your role between puppy and doggy for the weekend,” the buck replied with a chuckle.

Randall whined, “You wouldn’t...really...tie me up outside in just a diaper would you?”

Nathan chuckled. “Depends on how naughty you were, better behave huh?” the caribou responded with a cryptic grin that made Randall’s blush deepen and, much to his chagrin, made his still slightly stiff member twitch against the padding surrounding it. Randall honestly had no idea just what Nathan had planned, but knew whatever it was would be sexually fun if not terribly demeaning.

Randall finished his chocolate and ate some of his trail mix before opening his soda. He could feel the carbonation tingling in his nose before he took a sip. The first thing he noticed about the bottled soda was that the sweetness was muted compared to its mass packaged counterpart. The orange flavor, however, was fully intact and actually a bit more powerful than it would be otherwise. Overall the flavor was good and reminded the wolf of an era long gone.

After he’d drank a bit of the soda he put it in the car seat’s built-in cup holder and saw Nathan had snagged him a wet wipe from the open diaper bag. The pup took the wipe and started cleaning the chocolate from his hands and chest. “What do we say when we want something from someone?” Nathan said in his best dad voice. The caribou had the tablet in one hand and was waving it tauntingly just out of Randall’s reach.

“P-please can I play the tablet?” Randall said, not fully sure what to say but still feeling the impact of the puppy treatment already.

“Aww, what a well mannered pup. Yes, you may play the tablet,” Nathan chuckled as he held the device back for the sheepish puppy.

Randall ended up playing several of the mobile games on the tablet over the course of the next hour. Of course, the soda and the milk made their way through the bound wolf, but thankfully the diaper did its job well and drank up the moisture quickly, leaving both Randall’s pants and his baby seat dry. Once Randall had his tablet, Nathan went back to listening to his music and turned the kiddy music back on for the blushing pup.

Randall found himself humming along to the infectious tunes, and though he realized it and stopped he started to think over what Nathan wanted. He knew it was in his best interest to play along and act like a puppy, but did that really mean he should just let go and hum along to the toddlerish music piping through the car? He shrugged and decided to go along with it, it would probably make Nathan happy, and anything that made Nathan happy right now was good for him.

Nathan noticed the wolf's legs swinging as he sat in his chair and played his game. The caribou pulled one of his headphones off to listen for a moment. He smiled happily as he realized Randall was really getting into the spirit of his request by humming along to the song. Randall didn't even notice the buck was listening to him, he was too absorbed in one of the addicting time sinks that Nathan had chosen especially to ensure he had something to do on their road trip.

The two of them arrived at the vacation house a few hours later. The long flat beach house stood alone on a section of private beach large enough that looking both ways down an endless expanse of sand revealed nobody else. It was mid-afternoon by the time they pulled to a stop in the driveway of the otherwise sand surrounded house. As Randall looked up he saw something incredibly odd: almost every outside facing wall was made of transparent glass. The interior walls were still there, but the place seemed to have very few of those, rather the whole house other than the bedroom was fully visible from outside.

As they got out of the car and started to pack in the bags Nathan had packed for them Randall saw several switches on the glass walls. He pressed one experimentally and the pane of glass immediately darkened from the inside. As he went back outside he saw that the glass had transformed into a one-way mirror with the push of the button. Nathan chuckled at him as he ogled the transformed wall like he'd just witnessed a magic trick, "Alright pup, shorts off."

Randall froze in place for a moment. With the walls of the house being transparent for the most part he knew any passerby would be able to easily see into the house, and of course see him in his diapers. As the pup stood in place Nathan decided to take matters into his own hands. He walked swiftly behind the wolf and tugged his shorts to his knees. "Nobody else allowed around here except you and me. Well, that, and my boss, but he's so tied up in the office right now that its not a concern," Nathan explained playfully as Randall blushed and looked around apprehensively.

Randall sighed in relief that it'd be highly unlikely that anybody was going to happen by the house. "Alright, a few ground rules to help you know what to do. Rule 1, I'm the daddy and that means you do what I say. Rule 2, if in doubt go with the cubby thing to do. Rule 3, and this one is very important, no pants allowed at any time unless I say otherwise," the caribou teased as he hugged Randall from behind.

The wolf leaned into the caribou's strong arms and enjoyed his tight embrace. Though he still felt humiliated about the fact he'd be acting like a puppy for the next several days he could tell by Nathan's happy tone that it pleased the caribou to feel so in control. "A-alright Nathan, I'll listen to you," Randall said softly with a cute blush.

"Heh, you know to call me daddy pup. I love it when you do that," Nathan said coaxingly to the wolf wrapped firmly in his grip.

"O-okay daddy," Randall replied as he grabbed onto the caribou's arms and gave them a hug while the buck continued embracing him from behind.

The two of them stood there for several minutes, and Nathan turned Randall so they were face to face rather than continuing to hug him from behind. Randall felt completely safe in his boyfriend's grip, completely ready to play along with what Nathan had in mind, even a little excited by the prospect of

Nathan experimenting with the pet play. Of course, he was also terribly horny from the teasing at the gas station, but knew that was probably going to be a need dealt with that night.

"I adore you my puppy," Nathan whispered as he gave Randall a gentle kiss on the ear, then on the neck.

The wolf looked up into the caribou's eyes in complete submission. "I love you too daddy," he replied as he pressed himself against Nathan's chest, and yipped adorably as the caribou tightened his embrace.

After a few minutes of standing there Nathan loosened his grip. "Heh, well puppy, I'm going to get your playpen set up, then what say I whip us up some lunch?" Nathan said with a broad grin on his face.

"Sounds good daddy," he replied, allowing his tail to wag cutely to increase the illusion of being a pup for his boyfriend.

Nathan chuckled as he moved past Randall and into the living room where he picked up a strange bag. It was very rectangular with a plastic outer cover: a travel playpen. The buck walked down the multi-level floor and started setting up the pen between an incredibly comfortable looking sofa and a large flat screen television. The pup followed him, his eyes glancing around in superstitious expectation that some trespassing beach-goer was going to pass by any moment and see him standing there in his soaked Paw Patrol pampers. Thankfully, the beach remained abandoned: a little slice of solitude in an ever busy world.

As soon as Nathan had properly unfolded the playpen he took Randall by the hand and led him over to it. "Cartoons or tablet?" the caribou asked, taking charge of the options.

"Hmm...since I've been playing the tablet for a while how about cartoons," Randall replied as he climbed into the child sized playpen and sat down obediently.

Nathan chuckled and turned on the tv. It seemed to have streaming services available rather than regular channels. The caribou quickly flipped through the list and found a kids section. He handed the remote to Randall, "Go ahead and pick whichever you want, just stay in the kids section for now," the caribou teased.

"I-I thought I was allowed to watch other things though," Randall questioned.

"Don't worry, you still have that privilege when we get home. After all, I really want you to get into the head space of a cub, and that's kind of hard if you're not willing to act the part. Or I suppose I could turn it on the doggy stream for you and you could watch other pups playing fetch," Nathan said with a wink.

Randall whimpered, but knew Nathan had just been kidding. Though, he also knew that complaining too much would probably result in exactly that, so he decided he'd rather watch cartoons. "Heh, don't worry, your cub time ends when we get to the bedroom. I want you to have at least some adult time with me on this vacation too," the caribou continued as he nodded his head in silent approval of Randall's subordination.

Nathan walked into the kitchen while Randall flipped through the list of kids shows. The caribou could see everything the wolf was doing due to the open floor plan. While there were a few particularly egregious examples of shows he wouldn't watch listed, some of them didn't look terrible. As he searched he constantly thought over what it would mean to be a pup for most of the day. Would Nathan let him back out of it if he couldn't handle it?

Eventually Randall came across episodes of Paw Patrol. He paused for a moment, not sure if he really wanted to follow the rabbit hole to find out more about the show he'd been wearing the merchandise of several times over the last week. Curiosity got the best of him, he at least wanted to know if it was a good show, and he could always back out if it was absolutely terrible.

As Randall started watching the show he heard Nathan chuckle from the kitchen. He felt apprehensive, yet at the same time he knew Nathan's dominant tenancies were really starting to get raised by his submissive attitude. He was honestly starting to grow a morbid curiosity as to just how far he could push it before Nathan would want sex on the spot. Of course, the hard cock in his diaper was driving this sense of curiosity, he was properly teased and wanted to get off terribly.

Randall watched the TV as Nathan worked in the kitchen to finish up their sandwiches. The open feel of the house and the ability to see the whole beach made him feel self-conscious about not having his shorts on. As he sat, lost in horny thoughts of what Nathan would want to do later, he didn't seem to notice as the caribou packed their lunch into a wicker basket. He only noticed when Nathan walked over, paused the TV, and said, "Alright pup, we're going to go have a picnic."

Randall looked up at Nathan. He hadn't quite expected this after getting plopped in the playpen right away when they'd gotten here, but he had to admit it sounded more fun than sitting in the kid cage and watching more cartoons all day. He stood, and Nathan held his hand to help him step over the mesh wall. He turned to the front of the house where his shorts lay in an abandoned pile, yet when he took a step toward them Nathan simply held his hand and didn't move.

"Nope, won't need those. Come on, let's head out," Nathan teased playfully as he started toward the back door.

Randall stumbled toward him and whimpered, "I need my shorts though..."

The caribou chuckled and gave the wolf a playfully devious chuckle. "I told you we were on a private beach. The nearest public beach is pretty far away. However, since you seem to have a bit of fight in you still, we're gonna do this a slightly different way," the buck chuckled as he pulled a brilliant red dog collar with several differently colored paw prints around the band. It had a rather short matching leash attached to it, and caused Randall to blush brilliantly.

"But Nathan..." the pup whimpered as his boyfriend reached out and started wrapping the collar around his neck. He pulled back about an inch, but Nathan simply moved the band in and finished fitting it to his neck with an audible click.

"There we go, now let's go for walkies. Oh, and if you don't want to walk on your feet you can always get on your knees," Nathan teased as he tensed the leash and started toward the door.

Randall felt the immediate tug of the lead and whined. He didn't want to end up on his hands and knees crawling along, so he elected to start to follow before Nathan left him with no other choice. The

buck led him right out the sliding glass back door, slinging the diaper bag over his shoulder as he went past it. The warm sand waited just feet away just off a deck, and the caribou continued along undeterred by Randall's abasement.

Randall kept looking around. He was blushing brilliantly, but knew Nathan wouldn't do this if there was a chance he'd get seen. So, he simply followed along obediently, blushing brightly as the fact sunk in that he was being led along on the end of a leash like a pet.

As they started down the beach toward the waterfront Nathan stopped. Randall wondered why, but then saw the grin on the caribou's face. The wolf looked past his boyfriend, and saw an old sign that seemed to be from a time when this was a public beach rather than a private one. The sign read, "All pets must be on leashes," in a bold but faded font.

"Heh, this is too perfect," Nathan said as he started leading Randall over toward the sign. The wolf wondered what he had planned as they moved up to the old sign, that is until they got beside the sign and the buck commanded him to sit.

Randall whined, he had a foreboding feeling he knew exactly what Nathan had planned. Yet, the look on his boyfriend's face was enough to make him obey. He plopped down onto the soft sand near the sign and felt the caribou pulling the leash at his neck. In a matter of moments Nathan had tied the lead to the pole of the sign, taken several steps back, and pulled out his phone.

Though he knew what was coming next it didn't make it any less degrading for the wolf. The caribou snapped several photos as he sat there tied to the sign. After about thirty seconds of taking pictures Nathan returned to the sign to untie Randall. The wolf got back to his feet, "D-did you really need to do that?" he asked with a whimper.

"It was just too good of a photo op to pass up. You gotta admit, its kinda funny that this old sign is here," the caribou said with a playful grope to Randall's diapered butt. "Now, how about we get closer to the water and eat our food," Nathan continued as he tensed the leash again to indicate they were getting ready to go again.

Randall let himself get led along, his ears lowered in embarrassment and his cock inexplicably hard from the domination the buck was providing. It wasn't too much further to the waterline, and Nathan finally stopped and pulled out a blanket he'd rolled up and put through the handles of the basket. He started to spread it out and dropped Randall's leash. As he spread the blanket and put the basket in the middle of it he pointed at the side of the blanket closest to Randall, then simply commanded the wolf to sit.

Randall whimpered, but knew he was expected to obey. The fact he was out here wearing nothing more than a diaper and onesie took a lot of the fight out of the pup, and he simply decided to sit down. "Why do I have to be treated like a dog? I mean, I wasn't...I just wanted my pants," Randall complained as Nathan took a seat on the other side of the blanket, opened the basket, and started to set out the food he'd packed.

"Heh, I said no shorts without permission and you tried to break the rule. So, I figured I'd give you a little taste of the way your days will go if you defy my rules. Now, how do good doggies ask for food," the caribou replied, easily answering the pup's question and then moving right on to what he wanted.

“Umm...can I please have my sandwich?” Randall asked, remembering that had worked for Nathan in the car earlier.

“Heh, maybe when they’re being toddlers, but not when they’re being doggies. They go ‘woof woof!’.” Can you do that for me pup?” Nathan said with a big grin on his face.

Randall whimpered, but knew the caribou would insist. He opened his mouth, his throat felt dry, and he couldn’t bring himself to do it, at least not while looking Nathan in the eye, so he looked down at the caribou’s chest and barely managed to whisper, “W-woof woof...”

Nathan chuckled, “Aww, I know you can do it louder than that pup. Go on, bark for me puppy,” the caribou responded with a devious chuckle.

Randall whined, his face going red in abject humiliation. Nathan was holding the sandwich bag in one hand over toward Randall, but just out of reach. The flush wolf looked into Nathan’s eyes, saw the domineering force that was his boyfriend looking back expecting a response, then turned his eyes back down toward his boyfriend’s chest as he cleared his throat and called back, “Woof woof!”

Randall felt sheepish immediately, but this effort seemed to please Nathan. “Aww, good boy! Sure, you can have your sandwich,” he said as he moved his hand in closer and allowed Randall to take the bag from it. The pup grabbed the bag timidly and opened it to set it out on the paper plate Nathan had set up for him. He could smell that it was a roast beef sandwich with pickles, tomatoes, and cheese on it, and though it smelled great the wolf was thoroughly distracted by the submissive feelings and embarrassment washing through him.

The caribou started eating his sandwich immediately and Randall started in on his not much after. The wolf kept looking around, just being outside in a visible diaper, despite the privacy of the area, was enough to make the wolf feel apprehensive. The Paw Patrol designs on the front of his padding could be seen poking out around the onesie, and the soggy pampers were more than enough to ensure any onlooker would surely see him as nothing more than a puppy.

Yet, despite his dread nobody came by, and their picnic went relatively uninterrupted on the slightly breezy beach. Nathan finished his sandwich off before Randall and pulled the diaper bag open to start to look through it. Randall ate the last of his sandwich as he watched Nathan dig through the bag and pull out a bucket and a small plastic shovel.

“Alright pup, come here for a second,” Nathan said as he patted the blanket beside him. Randall obeyed, moving closer to the caribou. Then, he felt Nathan grab the front of his onesie and tug the snaps free. The onesie popped open, letting the diaper between Randall’s legs sag slightly from its wet weight. The caribou started feeling the front of the padding, causing Randall to whimper as his diaper was checked.

“Hmm, feels like you might need a change. Do you want your diaper changed puppy?” Nathan teased as he started to pull the onesie up and over Randall’s head.

Randall whined as he felt his onesie being removed, leaving him with nothing more to wear than a droopy diaper. “No, I think it’ll be okay,” he replied, knowing he’d either have to deal with the wet diaper or deal with getting it changed here and now by his dominant boyfriend.

“Hmm works for me. How about you and me build a sand castle together?” Nathan teased as he handed Randall the plastic bucket and shovel.

Randall blushed but smiled. He knew Nathan would make this fun for him, so he responded, “Okay,” and crawled to the edge of the blanket where he started filling the bucket with the soft white sand. He started by scooping a bunch up using the bucket, then finished filling it up by scooping in several plastic shovels full. The sand was bone dry, however, and he knew there was no way it would stick together. “Hmm, do we have another bucket for me to get some water in?” Randall asked.

Nathan smiled, “Well of course, can’t build a sand castle without a bit of water. Here, go ahead and get some, just be careful down there,” the caribou responded in a fatherly tone that made the wolf feel like a toddler being told the rules.

“I will, its only a bit of water,” he responded, blushing as he grabbed the second bucket and started for the waterfront. He looked around, happy that nobody was around to see him in his diaper on the beach, and happy that the two of them could spend this beautiful day together. He knew it was making Nathan happy to see him running around in nothing more than his soggy diaper, so he felt better about it despite this really being the first time he’d worn one out in the open like this.

As he got to the water’s edge the tide started to lap at his feet. The water was warm and felt like it’d be fun to swim in later, but he knew he’d need a change before that could happen and still dreaded that happening here whether or not they were alone. Of course, he knew they’d likely be here long enough it was an inevitability, yet he wanted to at least put it off as long as he could.

As he bent down to scoop up a bucketful of water Randall realized he wasn’t quite far out enough to fill the bucket. He took another step forward, then yelped in surprise as he felt something slippery below his foot. He’d stepped on a particularly long strand of slick and nearly transparent seaweed, and in the ensuing confusion he slipped and fell in the water.

The wolf struggled to get to his feet as a wave lapped up and over him, soaking him in the salty ocean water. The waves pulled him a bit deeper in, and after a few moments he finally managed to get to his feet in the waist high water. He whined as he grabbed his now full bucket and started back for the shore. The pup felt the weight around his waist immediately, and groaned as he waddled back in from the expanded padding: the diaper was entirely waterlogged and felt so heavy one of his hands had to move down to keep it from slipping off.

Nathan was already on his feet the moment Randall yelped, and helped Randall get out of the water as soon as possible. “Well pup, looks like you’ll need that change after all. You’re pretty drenched,” the buck chuckled as he looked at the absolutely drenched diaper clinging to the pup’s waist.

Randall whined, but knew Nathan was right. There was no way this thing was going to stay on much longer, and he didn’t want to end up nude for refusing to get changed when it was required. Nathan took the bucket of water in one hand and Randall’s free paw in the other, then led his boyfriend back to the blanket where he immediately started sifting through the other items he’d brought.

Nathan sorted out a fresh diaper, a bottle of talcum, and a large white towel. He stood back up and unfolded the towel before he started to dry Randall off. He took his time, carefully drying the wolf’s fur down to about his knees. “Alright, lay down pup,” Nathan said with a smile.

Randall whined, but obeyed. His face was brilliantly red, and he continuously looked around as the buck started unstrapping the waterlogged pampers from his behind. The heavy diaper immediately unfolded the moment the strained tape was pulled away from the stretched plastic front of the padding, and Nathan went to work. He grabbed a couple wipes from the front pocket of the diaper bag and started wiping Randall's crotch down with firm strokes.

Randall realized the wave had washed a fair amount of fine sand into his diaper area, which inevitability slowed the diaper change as Nathan took his time getting the grit out of the pup's fur so he wouldn't be itchy the rest of the afternoon. Randall shielded his face with his hands, and Nathan softly assured, "Don't worry pup, almost there. You'll be just fine." The words comforted Randall as the heavy diaper was pulled out from under him and replaced by a fresh one.

Nathan took a moment to powder Randall's crotch, coating his diaper zone with the infantile powder before pulling the front of it up and into place. As the caribou finished taping the Thomas the Tank Engine diaper on Randall he took a moment to adjust the leg bands and ensure it fit well. Finally, the change was over, and Randall sat up.

"There, that wasn't so bad was it? Now you're all changed, so won't have to worry about doing that again unless you go swimming in this one," Nathan teased as he wrapped the soaked diaper tightly into a wad and stuffed it into a plastic lined pocket in the back of the diaper bag.

"...I-It was really embarrassing, but I guess I'm glad its over," Randall admitted with a stutter as he watched Nathan put away the changing supplies and looked down at the babyish diaper pattern.

"Well, lets go ahead and work on that sand castle then. I'm sure we can make a pretty awesome one," Nathan teased as he stood up.

The two of them found a good section of beach to build the castle on. It wasn't too far from their blanket, but it was far enough away that the tide wouldn't get to it easily. Though they had only the two buckets Nathan spent time on each bit of wet sand, carefully sculpting it with one of the plastic shovels and showing Randall how to make the design he was creating.

The two of them worked for several hours, carefully cutting out walls, ridges, towers, and other features. Whenever they needed more water Nathan went to get it, most likely so Randall wouldn't even have to chance falling in the drink again and suffer another diaper change out in the open. Finally they finished, and stood nearby admiring their handy work.

Through careful use of the bucket and shovel they'd managed to make the castle walls about two buckets tall with turrets on all four corners going another bucket taller. they'd carved out a stone pattern in the outer wall and even dug out a small round entrance in the front of the fortress. They'd taken time to dig a moat around the castle and filled the small sand channel with water. All in all, it looked amazing for not having sand molds, though it'd taken significantly longer.

"Alright pup, go stand next to the sand castle, I want to get your picture," Nathan said with a huge grin on his face. Randall went to stand by one of the castle turrets, careful not to actually touch it lest the delicate wall crumble and leave their creation nothing more than a pile of wet sand. Nathan went back

to the diaper bag, grabbed his phone from where he'd obviously left it when he'd gone to snag Randall out of the ocean, then moved into position and held up the camera.

Though Randall felt abashed about getting his picture taken in nothing but a Thomas the Tank Engine diaper he knew it was going to happen, so didn't bother arguing about it. As soon as Nathan had snapped the picture he gave the wolf a thumbs up, and the pup took a step away from the sand castle.

"Heh, alright puppy, I think its time to head back to the house for a while," Nathan said as he put his phone away.

Randall felt conflicted. He'd actually had a lot of fun creating the sand castle with Nathan and kind of wanted to stay and play more, but as soon as he saw the look in the buck's eyes he knew there was about to be something much more fun going on back at the house soon enough. His cock sprung to attention in his diaper, tenting its front out as he whimpered lightly in need. Nathan quickly packed the bags back up, and then grabbed Randall by the leash and started off toward the house.

Randall wondered for a moment what exactly Nathan had in mind, but his body hungered for whatever it was from the teasing earlier. He waddled behind Nathan as the caribou briskly walked back toward the house. The buck's own shorts were obviously tented as well, and Randall realized he was probably in for it as soon as they got back to the house.