

Randall's Diaper Punishment: Beach Barbeque

lunarrush

As Randall and Nathan walked back to the beach house, the puppy was keenly aware of the collar around his neck and the leash in his boyfriend's hand as every few steps the buck gave it a small tug to keep Randall on the path he wanted him to walk. He could hear the thick diaper taped to his behind crinkling loudly as it caused him to toddle along the warm sand behind Nathan. He continuously felt as though he was on display despite the fact there was nobody else around. Yet, as they moved along, Randall could tell Nathan was getting more randy by the moment. The jerks to keep him moving forward faster were getting more frequent.

As they reached the house, Nathan dropped the beach gear and turned to Randall. "Alright puppy, on your knees," he ordered with a wink.

Randall blushed but obeyed without argument as Nathan slowly started stripping his own clothes off. He watched as the caribou unzipped his shorts, letting them fall to the ground unceremoniously as he stepped out of them. The buck slid his underwear down, tossing them playfully on Randall as the pup remained on his knees like a good boy. He threw his shirt aside in a crumpled ball, then grabbed the end of Randall's leash and started leading him to the bedroom.

"Alright pup, its time to get you bred," Nathan teased as he practically dragged Randall to the bed. Randall obediently clambered up, nearly slipping due to the bulky pampers making it far more challenging to move with any grace. Nathan didn't get on the bed immediately. Instead, he went to one of the bags that he'd put in the room. He unzipped it and pulled out something Randall hadn't been expecting: a large wolf plushie.

Randall wondered what Nathan had in mind as the Caribou moved back to the edge of the bed. Oddly enough, it seemed the plush was far more cumbersome than it looked, the caribou had a hard time walking with it. He watched as his boyfriend placed the plushie on the bed. "Come here," the caribou coaxed as he positioned the wolf plush on the mattress.

Randall crawled over and felt Nathan grab his left wrist. He compliantly moved closer as Nathan pulled, and soon enough was in humping position over the toy. The pup felt Nathan wrap his arms around the oddly firm body of the plush, then felt something slip around his wrists and tighten down. He opened his eyes wide in surprise and squirmed immediately due to sheer reflex as he felt his hands tugged firmly against the toy with what felt like soft elastic bands. The wolf felt the caribou's hand pop his rear just enough to make it tingle lightly. "Knock it off," Nathan said in a dominant fatherly tone: enough that Randall knew a firmer spanking would follow if he kept wriggling.

Nathan moved to his hips next, and after a moment of fiddling around with the plush's hind legs, Randall felt soft straps wrapping his thighs just below his diaper, then tightening down and forcing his crotch forward against the soft plaything. He saw Nathan grab his leash, and watched as he tied it around the plush's own neck: ensuring he was entirely trapped mounting the toy.

"There we go, now you won't have to be jealous, now you have something to hump while I stuff you," Nathan taunted as he climbed on the bed behind Randall.

The wolf blushed brightly. As the bed moved below him, he felt his diaper crinkling against the plush's crotch. He pulled back to test the bonds, yet realized they were doing a remarkable job of keeping him in the compromising position. He also understood why Nathan had been struggling to carry this thing over. The body of the plush was heavy and kept Randall from moving very far at all while fettered like this.

Nathan chuckled as he walked on his knees closer to the wolf. "Well, you'll almost be humping him anyway, really it'll be your diaper you're grinding against, but that's just semantics isn't it?" the caribou teased as he slid the back of Randall's diaper down. The wolf could feel the plastic backing roll down his hips, pressing his cock tight against the soft inside of the diaper.

Nathan started deliberately lubing his cock from a bottle of lube that must have been in the same bag as the plushie. Randall squirmed apprehensively, he was horny but knew just by the way the caribou was acting that his tail hole was about to get one hell of a workout. The pup felt the caribou's lubed dick slap his pucker and smear a gob of the slick slime around to give the wolf as much prep as he'd need. He yipped and squirmed against his incredibly strong bonds as he felt the buck thrust forward impatiently, not even giving him a chance to stretch around a hooved finger before shoving his thick prick straight up the pup's tight tailpipe.

Randall's hands groped the plush tightly as he drew a sharp breath. Nathan pushed forward, causing the wolf's pucker to sting with anal discomfort as the well-endowed buck force fed about three inches of his cock up the wolf's aching rump. "A-ahh," Randall moaned as his ring tightened and his cock twitched in his soft diaper. He could feel the sting turn into an ache as his behind tried and failed to expel the intruder: most likely resulting in more pleasure for Nathan as his member was squeezed.

Nathan paused for a moment and bent over the groaning wolf. "Ooh, I'm gonna breed you nice and deep, you're gonna be leaking my cum in your diapers for hours," Nathan whispered sensually as his hands groped down on the wolf's love handles. Randall whined but didn't have time to answer before the caribou had thrust forward again. Randall yipped as the stinging returned, he could feel every inch getting crammed into him as his behind twitched and repelled the invader as much as it could: yet failed to stop Nathan's advance.

Nathan started to thrust, and Randall felt his hips grind forward and tug back in time with his boyfriend's onslaught. The sharp sting of getting stretched around Nathan's cock was starting to slowly fade into an ache, and the undertone of pleasure from having his prostate scrubbed by thick man meat was

beginning to fill in where that previously overwhelming sensation had been. He still moaned and yipped as Nathan thrust around in him, the girth causing him to feel incredibly full.

Yet, another sensation caught Randall by surprise. Within seconds of Nathan starting to assail his rear Randall felt something rubbery brush against one of his fingers. It was covered in something slick, and he squirmed in surprise as he wondered what had touched him. As Nathan continued hammering, causing Randall to grit his teeth as the buck thrust in a way he wasn't expecting, Randall felt the rubbery bit start to press more insistently against his hand.

Nathan chuckled as he watched Randall fidgeting. "I'm guessing you found this toy's real surprise huh? Yep, he has a dildo cock. It's usually meant for when you're strapped into him from the other side, but I guess it must be pretty interesting from this side too considering where your hands are," the caribou announced between thrusts.

Randall groaned as the ache within him intensified from Nathan's insistent and powerful thrusts. He could feel the dildo slipping further into his hands, and realized it was dribbling lube from the tip generously. The bound pup could feel a tapered tip and knew it felt familiar. It was a wolf dildo, and as the pup continued to get railed, he felt more of it slipping into his trapped hands until he could feel the thick knot at the base of it sitting against his pinkies.

Nathan continued to ride him relentlessly, but the ache was finally starting to dull as the pleasure built up. Randall could feel his cock straining against his diaper front. He could feel the plush at his crotch pressing the padding back into his groin, inadvertently groping his length despite the bulky padding surrounding it. The caribou grabbed Randall's hips, and half stood on the bed. Then within moments he'd built to thrusting balls deep in the wolf's rear.

Randall could feel Nathan's big heavy ball sack slapping his behind with an audible clap with every thrust. He could hear the loud sound of the babyish diaper covering his crotch crinkling against the plush below him. He could feel the lewd rubber prick in his hand leaking lube in large droplets all along its surface as it thrust between his palms.

Yet, there was one more surprise the wolf plush held for him: as Nathan continued to scrub his rear entrance Randall heard a click from somewhere inside the firm toy, and the cock shoved forward a couple inches with enough force that it spread his hands apart around its knot.

Randall's cheeks reddened: he knew that was meant to knot him to the toy in the event he was actually below it. He heard a second click as it reached far enough forward to have the thick knot firmly planted between his hands, and within moments the end of the dildo gushed out: a false orgasm meant to fill whoever was trapped below this lewd toy with thick and realistic cream.

Of course, Nathan wasn't done yet. He kept scouring his cock around in Randall's ass as the pup felt the plush's 'orgasm' clinging to his fingers. It felt exactly like real spunk, down to being warm on his

fingers. He could feel his hips thrusting against the toy's rump: its surface just firm enough to ensure his diaper constantly squeezed his crotch with every drive forward from the big caribou filling him.

Then, just as Randall was building close to climax, Nathan came. His load spurted into the trapped wolf in long stringy shots, and as he moaned loudly, the wolf below him started grinding desperately at the loss of sensation. He was so close, and as he thrust his hips as much as he could, trapped between the dense plush and his boyfriend's twitching cock, impaled balls deep in his rump, he finally sent himself over.

Randall shot his sticky load of pup batter into the waiting softness of his diaper. He could feel the absorbent material wick it away as the rubber cock in his palms continued to occasionally squirt droplets into his fingers. As Nathan started to come down from the afterglow of his orgasm, he began to pull out of Randall's rear, causing the pup to twist lightly as the caribou's unit pulled out of his well used hind end.

Randall felt his diaper pulled back up and taped into place around his tail. He could feel a droplet of caribou cum already drooling from his stretched behind. He knew he'd feel the ache from that absolute pounding for a few days: it was already starting to set back in now that his impending orgasm wasn't sugarcoating it.

"Alright puppy, hope you have fun napping with your new toy. I'm going to go watch some TV for a while, then later tonight I think we'll have a barbeque on the beach," Nathan said as he moved up and unclipped Randall's collar from the leash, allowing the pup to move his neck.

Randall blushed as he saw Nathan get to his feet, still stark nude and half hard as he looked at the trapped wolf. "A-aren't you going to untie me from it at least?" Randall stammered as he felt the rubbery cock continue to ooze lube all over his fingers.

Nathan smirked down at the helpless wolf. "Hmm, nope, you can stay in hump position for this nap. Enjoy pup," the caribou teased as he turned, giving Randall a good look at his rump as he moved to the door and flicked two switches by the door.

The glass wall of the bedroom dimmed immediately. Randall groaned as he realized they'd been humping in full view of the beach outside. He looked down at the wolf in chagrin as he saw the plush had a somewhat derpy expression on its face, with its tongue poking out of its soft mouth. He could still feel its length between his hands and wondered if it was going to be there the entire time he was trying to have a nap.

The room was dim, and the door was mostly closed. Randall could see a single stripe of light, Nathan had left the door open just enough that he could hear what was going on in the other room. The caribou was watching television with the volume turned down so low that Randall couldn't make out more than a word or two of every sentence. He knew he was expected to take a nap, but didn't know how he was going to do that strapped to this big plush in humping position.

Randall tried to roll over but found that the weight of the derpy wolf plush was enough to keep him from rolling to either side. He tried pulling at the bonds again but found they held him as tight as ever: ensuring his hands continued to hold the cock and his hips couldn't drag back enough to do anything but give the illusion he was humping. Between his position and the weight of the gadget he wasn't going anywhere, and as he gave up and laid against the remarkably soft plush, he started thinking about the toy's secondary function. Was Nathan going to use that on him? He shuddered as he imagined the rubbery, and incredibly realistic feeling, wolf dick getting stuffed unceremoniously up his rear by the derpy wolf plush. As the picture came to mind, he shuddered, what a disgracing thought, yet one that made him wonder if the site that sold it had some stupid tagline like: now with super humpy thrust action! He knew it would stretch him out as much as Nathan, maybe more since the knot was thicker than the caribou's cock.

As the wolf lay atop the lewd toy, doing his best to rest with his rear aching and the distracting length dribbling goo on his fingers, he heard another pop from somewhere inside the plush. He felt the thick knot between his fingers start to shrink, and within seconds the whole lewd length pulled back into the soft plush body: hidden presumably by a false sheathe ready to spring forward again when it was triggered.

Randall whined as he felt the urge to pee building inside him. He released into the diaper and felt the warm puddle soak into the padding around his crotch. He could feel his behind occasionally dribble a gob of caribou cum. He felt thoroughly dominated, especially when he heard Nathan laughing from the next room over. He wondered how long this nap was going to last. He could only guess it had been about an hour before the rubbery knot had deflated: there was no clock in here to prove him right.

He sighed and laid against the soft plush, it actually was very comfortable, despite the fact he was trapped in a mounted position almost as if he'd knotted it but with the added bonus that his cock was actually wrapped in soaked pampers. The plush's legs kept him mostly off the bed, he could guess they could be repositioned but couldn't be sure with his hands out of the way and unable to explore the toy. He tried to close his eyes and soon felt sleep drifting over him now that he didn't have a dribbling canine prick in his hands acting as a distraction anymore.

"Alright pup, time to wake up," Nathan said chipperly as he turned on the light in the room. Randall groggily opened one eye and moaned as he felt the ache in his tail hole as his first conscious sensation.

Nathan moved over to the bound wolf, then reached below the plush. While he didn't reach anywhere near Randall's hands or legs, the bands trapping him loosened as he did something with the plush, and the pup was able to pull his hands free of the loops binding them. Nathan moved to behind him and

quickly removed the loops that bound his thighs against the soft body. Randall backed up, and looked at the plush: he couldn't even tell where the bindings were on it.

Nathan chuckled as Randall looked at the toy with an obviously perplexed expression on his face. "Heh, don't worry, I'm sure you'll figure out all about this toy. I didn't spend that kind of money for it to not get used," the caribou said with a wink at the blushing babied pup.

Randall reached down to scratch his crotch and felt the front of his diaper sagging. He'd wet more in his sleep, he whined as the soggy diaper acted as a reminder that even when this punishment was over, he'd still have to wear them for his bedwetting. "Heh, well, let's get you a change. Then, I thought you and I would go swimming. It'll be time for dinner soon, and I think we're going to have a beach barbeque, sound fun to you Randall?" the caribou said as he moved over to help Randall to his feet.

The wolf took Nathan's hand and gingerly stood up. He could feel the ache of getting rutted keenly and knew he wasn't going to walk right for days. Nathan chuckled as Randall stumbled but helped to keep him on his feet. "Aww, poor puppy, let's get you an aspirin," the caribou said in a half teasing, half saccharin tone as he started walking to the door, helping Randall to waddle through the door frame.

Randall blushed in embarrassment as he felt the saturated diaper hanging between his legs. He remembered back to the promise he'd made in the car, and wondered whether he was supposed to be acting like a puppy or a doggy right now. The experience with the plush had been some kind of sensual hybrid of the two of them: utterly humiliating now that he thought of how he must have looked straddling the derpy looking wolf plush. Perhaps that was part of the appeal for Nathan though, it seemed he rather liked making the wolf blush.

Nathan walked Randall over near the playpen where he'd laid out a thick blanket to change Randall on. As Randall laid on the blanket, he sighed. He couldn't help but feel babyish every time Nathan changed his diaper, and he knew full well there were a lot of changes in his future given his extended punishment. He felt Nathan tug the tapes of the padding, allowing its waterlogged front to sag to the blanket as he pulled a box of wet wipes and a strange looking diaper closer. Randall was shocked, it was a swim diaper. When, and where, had the caribou managed to buy something like that in an adult size?

The caribou started the change by pulling the wet surface away from Randall's crotch, then he tugged the wolf's hands over his own stomach and lifted the pup in one hand by his knees. Randall grunted as his rump went up more easily than it ever had before: Nathan must have looked up a new trick while he'd been napping. He felt the room temperature wet wipe swiping at his spunk gunked tail hole, wiping away goop and leaving him feeling far fresher, if no less flustered that he'd still be diapered by the time it was over.

After he'd sufficiently cleaned Randall's rear end, Nathan lowered the pup back onto his well-used padding and started wiping the pup's crotch down with the same care he'd shown Randall's sore tail hole. The wolf felt wipe after wipe working through his damp crotch fur, leaving him cleaned by the end

of the through wiping, if slightly stiff from the attention his cock and nuts had gotten from the attentive caribou.

Nathan tossed the used wipes into the soaked diaper, pulled it out from below the wolf, then balled it up and taped it so it could be thrown away. He unfolded the swimming diaper and started to lift Randall very slightly to allow the padding to slip under him. The wolf groaned as he felt his tail threaded through the back. His fur bristled from the tight rubbery ring getting slipped up its entire length: it seemed these were truly meant to be waterproof unless they were messed with.

Nathan took the bottle of talcum powder and started to coat the pup's crotch in the sweet-smelling dust. Randall blushed as he smelled the baby powder in the air: the smell that would be his to wear as long as he was stuck in diapers, and felt the caribou start to grind it into his crotch fur. He bucked against the caribou's hand as his diaper change continued, but Nathan gave him a light squeeze before moving on.

The caribou folded the front of the rubbery diaper up and over Randall's crotch. The wolf felt the leg bands clinging a bit tighter than they would have in a regular diaper. As Nathan pulled the tapes tight around his waist, he could feel a rubbery seal form around his waist as well. He looked down and blushed as he realized the swim diaper had a cartoon fish design and was sky blue.

Nathan stood up and dusted his hands off in satisfaction. Randall realized for the first time that the caribou was already wearing his swim shorts. Randall sat up, blushing adorably in his freshly changed diaper, as Nathan walked to the table and grabbed the diaper bag, which had evidently been packed up while he'd been napping. "Alright, time to go puppy," Nathan chirped, "you grab the mini grill."

Randall blushed as he realized he was about to get walked to the beach in nothing but the thick swim diaper. Then, he remembered something that brought him hope: the swim trunks they'd bought before the trip. "Erm, Nathan, what about my swim trunks?" the blushing wolf asked, hoping the dominant caribou would concede to letting him wear something so he wouldn't be paraded out in all his diapered glory.

The caribou turned back with a chuckle. "Oh, you misunderstood. That's only for when we go swimming where other people are. Like, if we go to the hot pots in the nearby town or to one of their beaches. If it's just you and me, I'd rather be able to see you in your diapers," the caribou answered. Randall's ears folded submissively, he knew that answer wasn't about to change.

"Now, come on, or do I need to get the leash again?" Nathan asked teasingly as he continued moving toward the door. Randall could still feel the red dog collar around his neck, and the last thing he wanted to do was get a leash clipped to it so he could be walked like a dog again. He started to the door, a blush still on his face despite knowing this was a private beach.

Randall grabbed the grill, which wasn't that heavy but wasn't really built to cook for more than one or two people at a time, and a bag of charcoal. He followed Nathan down the beach as the warm sunlight washed over them. The wolf could tell the water would be fantastic, and as Nathan set the diaper bag

down pretty close to their still standing sand castle and Randall set down what he was carrying the pup felt the urge to go jump in the water right away.

"Hey... daddy... can I go in the water?" Randall asked, his cheeks lighting up as he made good on his promise to be a puppy for the weekend.

Nathan was unfolding a beach mat from the diaper bag as he beamed at Randall. "Heh, wait for me, pup, I won't take too long," the caribou teased, making Randall feel all the more toddlerish.

Nathan unfurled the beach mat, setting it down on the warm sand and setting the diaper bag on top so if the wind picked up it wouldn't blow away. He took two towels out of the pocket and set them out on the mat, most likely so they'd warm up in the sunlight and be ready for when the two of them got out of the water. Randall looked from Nathan to the shore, fully aware that the caribou was taking his time to set this all up now so he wouldn't have to when he was soaked, but still antsy to get out of the sweltering heat of the late afternoon sunlight into the refreshing ocean waters. He could already imagine how the cool would feel against his aching tail hole.

Nathan took the grill and the charcoal and set it up to be ready to light when they got back. Then, he pulled a medicine bottle from the diaper bag. "Alright, you ought to take one of these, so your butt stops aching so much," he said as he also grabbed a bottle of water and turned to the wolf.

Randall blushed but knew it was probably a good idea given just how hard he'd been bred earlier. He reached out his hand as Nathan shook two of the small pain pills onto his palm. He took the bottle of water, then gulped the meds down easily. He screwed the lid back on the water bottle and handed it back to Nathan, who stuffed it back in the diaper bag before zipping that pocket closed.

"Alright, one last thing," the caribou said as he pulled out two rubbery devices. Randall looked at them, wondering what they were for a moment before he realized they were water wings. He whined, bad enough he had to be here in a baby diaper, with those on he completely looked the part of the world's most overgrown puppy.

Nathan took a moment to blow up the yellow duck patterned water wings. He walked up to Randall, took each arm, and slid the rubbery devices up along his arm until they were in place. "Alright, little guy, let's go to the water," Nathan said with a grin.

Randall groaned. He was torn between a desire to whine about the water wings and apprehension that his caribou daddy probably had other ways to drop him a few more pegs lying in wait in the diaper bag. He ultimately decided it wasn't worth complaining about: they were on a private beach after all, and there was no way it would result in a win for him. He followed Nathan to the water and let the fresh waves lap at his feet.

Nathan went in ahead of him, letting the gentle waves wash over him as he got in to about his neck in the gently rippling water. Randall followed close behind and bent to splash into the water. He moaned

as he felt the cool water rush over his body, but whined as he realized the swim diaper was doing its job almost too well. It was so weird to feel the water all around his crotch without actually getting his balls wet. The cool still felt good though, especially against his still aching hind end.

He felt a sudden splash douse his ears, and he slipped enough that he could feel his water wings pulling him up. He blushed as he saw Nathan grinning at him as he splashed him gently again. Randall got back to his feet, then splattered the caribou back with a toothy smile.

The two of them spent a bit of time having a splash fight, running in the shallows as each tried to soak the other with handfuls of water. After a bit, they sat in the shallows, letting the waves rest at about their chests as they looked out on the picturesque bay surrounding the area. After they'd caught their breath, Nathan challenged Randall to a swim race. The two of them went out to where their toes barely touched the soft sand below. Randall could feel the water wings around his arms helping him to stay afloat but also keeping him from even standing on the sand.

"Ready? Go!" Nathan said playfully as he kicked off and started back for shore. Randall began to swim as well, inhibited by the rubbery water wings around his arms. Yet, as he passed Nathan, he realized the caribou was taking it easy on him. There was no way this ineffectual, toddlerized, swimming could keep up on equal footing, and it made Randall feel all the more puppyish to realize Nathan was letting him win.

When the two of them got back to shallow water, Nathan chuckled as he panted. "Heh, you beat me, pup. How about we go get toweled off? I'm getting hungry," the caribou said with a big smile as he stood up.

Randall stood, though he wanted to spend a bit more time in the water he could feel his stomach rumbling. He started to walk up the sand with Nathan but grumbled as he realized he'd wet his diaper. He didn't remember when, but he could feel the sopping wet front of the diaper hanging from his crotch just enough to draw attention. It was mortifying that he was losing control like this, would he have to be potty trained when he finally got out of diapers?

As they got back to the beach mat, Nathan picked up one of the towels and started to dry Randall off. The pup fidgetted in place, he didn't want to have another outdoor diaper change but had a feeling Nathan would notice the soggy swim diaper, and he'd end up getting his butt changed right there on the mat. The caribou stopped toweling for a moment to slip the babyish water wings off. Nathan worked his way from Randall's head down his body, and sure enough, when he reached the pup's crotch, he commented, "Aww, we'll get you changed before dinner pup," before moving down his body.

Randall moaned as he looked up and down the beach. "... Can it please wait until we get home?" the pup whined as Nathan finished drying his feet off.

"No can do pupperoo, swim diapers aren't meant to handle too much usage, and I don't want to have to wash the beach mat until we get home. Besides, a rubber diaper like that doesn't breathe, do you want

diaper rash?" Nathan asked, chuckling as Randall's cheeks went brilliantly red as much from the humiliating nickname as the suggestion he'd get something as babyish as diaper rash.

Nathan took a moment to dry himself off, leaving Randall standing on the warm sand in nothing but his swim diaper. As soon as the caribou had dried most of the water from his fur, he tossed his towel on the corner of the mat where he'd put Randall's and went to the diaper bag. He pulled out wet wipes, a diaper: this one with a Scooby Doo pattern on it, and a bottle of talcum.

The pup knew the routine by now. He laid on the warm beach mat, and Nathan went to work on his diaper change right away. The caribou opened the front of the swim diaper and started to wipe Randall's crotch down with a baby wipe. He grinned as Randall squirmed with his diaper front folded open. The wolf's cock was half hard just from the wet wipe's attention. Then, Nathan did something unexpected, he tossed the wipe on the mat, then stood up.

Randall looked up at his boyfriend in confusion, then saw that sly grin on the caribou's face that meant things were going to get interesting. The caribou grabbed a long lighter from the diaper bag, moved to the grill, and started to light it. All the while, Randall was left laying on his soggy diaper, his crotch cleaned off and the warm breeze blowing over his half hard prick and exposed balls.

As Nathan finished lighting the grill, he went to the diaper bag, opened the pocket he was keeping the food in, and pulled out two very delicious looking steaks. He watched as Randall half sat up on the blanket with a look of puzzlement on his face. The wolf felt exposed: laying on an obviously used diaper but not actually covered by it: this was like the worst of being naked in public combined with the disgrace of wearing diapers.

Nathan also pulled a frisbee from the bag and chuckled at Randall. "Alright pup, I think its time to play fetch," Nathan said with a chuckle.

Randall whined and blushed brightly. "C-can you finish the change first at least?" the wolf asked, his voice higher pitched than he'd intended.

"Heh, well, I have a plan for that. We're going to play fetch while I cook, and if your diaper finishes falling off I'll finish your change," Nathan said as he wagged the frisbee.

Randall whined, he could still feel the watertight tail hole of the wet padding clinging to the base of his tail tightly. He didn't even know if something like that could come off on its own, even with the drooping front of the diaper untaped. Nathan threw the rubber disk out onto the sand, not too far away, but not close enough to make Randall crawl in the sand if he was going to get it. "Fetch," Nathan said as he grinned down at the still half laying wolf.

Randall started to stand up, blushing as he got ready to play along. As he felt one of Nathan's hands on his shoulder, he looked up and saw Nathan still had that dominant grin on his face. "Doggies don't need to stand up to play fetch, do they?"

Randall understood, his cheeks went red, but as Nathan looked down at him expectantly he knew it'd be best to play along. He got on his hands and knees and started across the wonderfully soft sand toward the frisbee. He felt the diaper wagging strangely as he moved, yet the way he ambled toward the dog toy it didn't really seem to be slipping off at all. He looked back and saw Nathan was watching him expectantly, so he bent in, picked the disk up gingerly in his mouth, and started back toward the caribou with a visible blush.

Nathan opened the grill as Randall approached, and plopped the steaks into place before shutting the lid and grabbing for the frisbee. Randall let it go, and Nathan chuckled at him. "You're not gonna lose that diaper by going so slow, show some enthusiasm," the caribou teased as he flung the disk, this time throwing it just a bit further than the first time.

As the steaks cooked, the game of fetch continued. Randall soon found that Nathan was right. Every time he went bounding out for the disk as fast as he could the diaper would slip a little further down his tail. Soon enough, he was dragging it through the sand, and eventually, it fell off right at the edge of the mat. Oddly enough, despite the awkwardness that came with being treated like a dog, Randall was actually having fun playing fetch. Crawling along the sand wasn't too bad, and the way Nathan grinned at him told the wolf all he needed to know: his boyfriend was enjoying the dominance afforded by the game.

Nathan chuckled as the diaper finally fell off and walked to the edge of the mat. He reached his hand down, and pet Randall right between the ears. The wolf blushed brilliantly, yet his tail wagged of its own accord as he let himself be pet. He felt at ease, despite the fact he was wearing nothing he knew this segment of the beach was completely private, and he honestly felt a little less naked than when he was sporting a thick babyish diaper.

"Aww, what a good boy," Nathan cooed as he went from petting Randall to picking up the diaper and quickly balling it up. "Now, do you wanna be a doggy a little longer, or are you ready to be a little baby puppy again?"

Randall considered the question for a moment. Was Nathan offering him a chance to have a little while without his diaper? He knew it couldn't hurt to find out, so he answered, "I-I'll stay a doggy for a while."

Nathan grinned at him. "Heh, alright then. If you be a good boy and let me know when you need to go pee, I'll let you stay a doggy for a while. Why don't you come to take a rest while I finish the steaks?" the caribou said as he pointed to a spot on the mat like he was commanding a dog to lie down.

Randall blushed but obeyed. He crawled onto the mat and laid down, watching as Nathan turned the steaks over and tested them. They were cooking rather slowly, but that was just the way Nathan liked

to cook them. He cut into one to see how done it was, then turned to Randall and asked, "Want yours rare?"

Randall nodded, and Nathan moved back to the diaper bag where he started digging for something. The wolf knew his steak wasn't done yet but wondered what Nathan was searching for. He watched as the caribou pulled out a bottle of steak seasoning, and then tugged something else out from the very bottom of the bag.

Randall looked up and saw that Nathan was holding a bright red dog bowl. He blushed bright enough to put a lighthouse out of commission, his boyfriend had planned for this possibility. He sniffed the air, the steak smelled terrific, it was going to be a bit humbling to eat it from the rubbery bowl, but he couldn't imagine it'd be any more humbling than having a diaper crinkling like a trash bag strapped to his butt and probably being fed the bites by the buck.

Nathan took a few more minutes to finish cooking the steaks, seasoning them from time to time and occasionally cutting into one to see how done they were. Finally, he pulled one off, dumping it into the bright red dog bowl. He took the knife he'd been using to check the steak and started to cut it up into small chunks. Randall sat up and looked around apprehensively to make sure there wasn't some trespasser there to witness this.

Nathan set the bowl on the mat in front of Randall and watched expectantly as the pup bent in to take a bite of the steak. Randall slowly moved in, his blush deepening the closer he got to the bright red bowl: it wasn't easy to forget he was getting fed like a dog when his sight was so taken by the garish bowl. He moved his mouth over a nibble of the steak and pulled it in. He started to chew, letting the wonderful flavor of the rare steak fill his mouth.

Nathan had obviously marinated these for a while, Randall could taste a lightly sweet yet somewhat salty undertone of a teriyaki sauce that had soaked into the meat. He could feel the juice of the steak leaking out into his mouth, and he savored the flavor of that first bite as he heard Nathan take his own steak off the grill.

"Glad to see my puppy likes the steak so much," Nathan said as he sat down on the beach mat with his steak loaded on a plastic plate.

Randall looked up at him as he started to cut a bite off his steak, "Well, I mean, you're good at cooking steak," the wolf replied.

The caribou chuckled as he responded, "Aww, if you're enjoying it make sure to thank me like a good puppy. I think you know how."

Randall whined but was actually enjoying playing along, especially when he noticed the bulge in the front of his boyfriend's shorts that showed how much he appreciated the show. "W-woof woof!" Randall replied before bending in to get another bite from his bowl.

"Aww, good boy," Nathan teased as he ate the first bite of his steak.

Dinner passed with a little light conversation about what they should do the next day. Nathan wanted to go check out a hiking trail that went into a sea cave, and Randall suggested they should go to see if any tours might be exciting in the nearby town. Nathan also suggesting they might go out on the ocean in a fishing boat for a while depending on what happened. Eventually, when dinner had finished, the two of them lay together on the beach mat, cuddling as they watched the pink and golden sunset over the ever darkening waves.

Eventually, Randall felt the urge to use the restroom rising. His blush returned as he remembered that Nathan had told him to say when he had to go, but knew he'd better get it over with. "Hey Nathan, I need to use the bathroom," Randall confessed as he sat up.

"Hmm, alright, let's get that taken care of," Nathan said as he stood from the mat.

Randall expected he was about to go back into a diaper but was surprised when he saw Nathan picking up the leash as well. He lay back as Nathan bent between his legs, grabbed the nearby bottle of talcum, and slid the diaper below him, taping the tail tape into place before he started to dust the wolf's behind with the sweet-scented white powder. Randall felt his cock stir again as Nathan rubbed the baby powder in, taking his time to ensure the puppy's seat was well dusted. Then, he folded the front of the diaper up and taped it into place.

Randall started to move to sit up, but felt Nathan clip the leash to his collar and looked up in confusion. "Heh, alright pup, let's go for walkies," Nathan said as he started toward the edge of the mat.

Randall barely had time to get to his knees before the leash was taut. He wondered what Nathan had planned. The two of them started off up the beach toward the house, were they just going to leave that stuff there for the night? Was Nathan going to come back to get it on his own? He didn't understand as he crawled along obediently. He didn't understand, that was until Nathan suddenly stopped right next to the post from earlier.

"Alright pup, mark your territory," Nathan said as he pulled his phone from his pocket. Randall hadn't even noticed him get it from the diaper bag.

The pup whimpered loudly, flushing vividly as he realized the picture Nathan was going to take. "...Daddy.... I... I..." Randall sputtered, trying to come up with some way to avoid degrading himself even further.

"Take your pick pup, its this or I'll go into town and get some puppy pads for you to mark," Nathan said with a shrewd grin on his face. Randall felt the heat of shame wash through him, this was embarrassing, but that would be utterly mortifying, so the choice was clear.

Randall moved close to the pole and lifted his leg, hearing the crinkling, Scooby Doo patterned, diaper rustle as he raised his leg as high as he could. He caught the click of the camera and closed his eyes as he tried to relax enough to wet himself. It was difficult in this position, but within about thirty seconds he felt a light trickle start to flow from his cock into the waiting padding.

Randall opened his eyes as he heard the click of the camera again. He blushed brightly as he felt the pee flowing freely into his padding. He kept his leg lifted as he pissed himself, obeying Nathan as he looked up at the leash warning sign again. Eventually, his flow petered off, and he lowered his leg. He could feel the front of his diaper warmed with the pee, but he knew this was one of the night time diapers so it would hold a lot more than that.

"Alright pup, let's go pack the stuff up," Nathan said as he moved to Randall, pet him between the ears, and held a hand out to help him to his feet. Randall took Nathan's hand, standing up for the first time in hours. Nathan started back toward their stuff as the sun dropped just below the horizon: brilliantly orange and fading quickly as twinkling stars began to dot the twilit purple sky.

The two of them got their stuff back in the house. It was starting to get genuinely dark by the time they walked in the well-lit house. Randall understood why the walls were all transparent now: the house glowed like a beacon on the beach and since Nathan had left some of the lights on they could see all the way from the shoreline to the home. As they got inside Randall yawned loudly, he felt his eyelids drooping already due to his usual bedtime being so early.

"Heh, wanna watch a little bit of television puppy?" Nathan asked as he stood at the table, unpacking the cold pouch of the diaper bag.

"Sure," Randall said, determined not to fall asleep so early on their vacation.

"Alright, pick out something good, you can go out of the puppy section for now," Nathan said as he went in the kitchen.

Randall sat down on the couch and picked up the remote. He started to go through shows until he found an action movie he'd wanted to watch for a while. That should be enough to stave off sleep for a while. The wolf heard the microwave running in the kitchen as he started the show, aware Nathan could see everything easily from the kitchen.

Just as the opening action sequence was finishing Nathan walked to the couch and sat down next to Randall. He put an arm around the pup, who's eyelids were drooping slightly despite the excitement on screen, and pulled him to a lying position easily.

Randall felt something brush his mouth and blushed brightly as he realized it was the nipple of a bottle. He looked up at Nathan pleadingly, but the caribou was too busy watching the movie to notice Randall's puppy dog eyes begging him not to make staying awake harder. Randall felt the nipple slip through his lips and sighed as he opened his mouth fully to take the rubber teat.

As Nathan tipped the bottle up, Randall felt warm milk dribbling out onto his tongue. He could still see the movie out of one eye in this position, so he decided he'd drain the bottle so he could sit back up and watch through both. He started to suck the nipple, but as the warm liquid flowed into his mouth and down his throat, the sleepiness seemed to spread through his body.

By the time the bottle was half empty, Randall was fast asleep. Nathan pulled the nipple gently from the pup's maw, set the bottle gently on the ground, then grabbed the remote to turn the volume down so he wouldn't disturb Randall's sleep.

Nathan watched the whole movie with Randall's head resting on his lap. The pup hardly moved, the warm milk had worked wonders on him. The caribou knew he'd end up watching the movie with Randall again, he knew just how excited the pup had been to watch this one, but he didn't mind that since he got to watch his adorable boyfriend sleeping in his lap like a good baby.

When the movie was over Nathan carefully set his hand on Randall's stomach. He yawned, he was ready to go to bed himself, but he didn't want to disturb the sleeping wolf if he didn't have to. He started flipping through the photos he'd taken, smiling as he looked at his cute boyfriend posing like a good boy. He spent a few minutes merely stroking the wolf's stomach before he felt Randall stir and he decided that now was as good of a time as any.

"Hey pup, let's head to bed," he whispered as he slowly slid Randall further into his arms. He was strong enough to effortlessly pick Randall up, and as he slowly walked along toward the bedroom, he heard Randall mutter something about the movie. Randall didn't stir more than that, the warm bottle and exhaustion from the long day still had him in its thrall. The caribou was delighted, he loved that Randall had been so thoroughly put to bed by the bottle, it was just so adorable.

As Nathan moved toward the bedroom, he noticed that Randall had drenched his diaper during the movie. He looked at the wolf's sleeping face and chuckled, he was considering giving the wolf a diaper change but didn't want to wake such a cute sleeping puppy up, so he gave the diaper a grope to make sure it could survive the rest of the night and decided Randall wasn't getting a change until the morning.

He carried Randall to the bed, carefully slipping him below the blankets before climbing on the other side of the bed. He looked out through the greyed out one-way mirror wall and watched the night as he heard Randall's heavy breathing beside him. As he felt himself starting to drift asleep Nathan wrapped his arms gently around Randall, hugging the wolf in close as he drifted off, sighing contentedly as he felt Randall subconsciously shift back, further into his grip.

Randall woke up and felt Nathan's arms wrapped snugly around him. He knew just by the warm feeling against his crotch that he'd utterly soaked his diaper again in the night. He tried to remember when he'd fallen asleep and blushed as he remembered drifting off drinking a warm bottle. He felt utterly like a big puppy, but he knew he'd probably have fallen asleep regardless given the enforced early bedtime.

The wolf sighed and moved his hands up to brush against Nathan's arms. He felt at peace being held so close to Nathan. He wondered how much later than him the buck had stayed up, had he watched the movie without him? He wondered if he'd be able to talk him into watching it again if he had, perhaps some time when he wasn't struggling to keep his eyes open. Despite knowing it was the fault of the early bedtime, Randall still felt incredibly babyish since he'd been put to bed with no more effort than a warm bottle.

Randall felt Nathan stir and felt a kiss on the back of his neck. "Good morning puppy, did you have a good sleep?" the caribou said groggily as he kissed Randall's neck softly.

Randall squirmed lightly. "I... yes," the wolf replied, obviously abashed he'd crashed like he did.

"Good," replied Nathan as he hugged Randall tighter.

The two of them laid together as Nathan slowly woke up. Randall felt the caribou's hands sliding along his body, stroking him softly. "Hmm, alright, time to get up," Nathan said as he shifted. Before Randall could get his bearing, he felt Nathan pick him up, cradling him as he started to walk toward the front room. Nathan easily carried the wolf over to the puppy pen and deposited the blushing wolf into it without fanfare or even a diaper check.

Randall whined as he looked around from inside the playpen. He felt his butt squish into the drenched diaper, he knew the padding wouldn't hold up to much more punishment, and wondered when he'd get a change. He could see Nathan working in the kitchen with his eyes half closed, probably putting together a cup of coffee, and potentially even breakfast. He'd probably have to deal with the soaked diaper until Nathan was ready to change him.

The toddlerized wolf blushed, he felt his bladder twinging impatiently due to having to pee. He sat up and looked toward the kitchen, where he saw Nathan had pulled out a frying pan and seemed to be pulling out long strips of bacon. He wiggled in his soggy diaper and whined as the urge to wet grew. He

knew it was going to happen soon, and he didn't want to leave a puddle in the bottom of the playpen on the second day of their vacation.

"Nathan, I really need to go," Randall complained as he heard the caribou turn on the water and fill up the coffee maker in the kitchen.

Nathan yawned loudly from the kitchen as he loaded a coffee filter with a few scoops of dark grounds. "You're wearing a diaper puppy, I thought we'd been over this," Nathan replied dismissively, oblivious to why Randall had brought it to his attention.

"B-but," Randall started before he heard Nathan sigh as he turned on the coffee pot.

"No buts, you and I both know you're on puppy punishment, now do I..." Nathan said as he walked over to the playpen with a disappointed look on his face. He cut himself off as he looked at Randall, desperately trying to hold his pee in, wearing a diaper that was far more soaked than the caribou had realized in his early morning tiredness.

"Oh, I get it. Good puppy, trying to let me know about that. I'll get you some candy later today, let's get you taken care of," Nathan said as he moved over to the pen far more quickly, understanding full well the desperation of the situation.

Randall groaned as he was quickly picked up, the pressure of being held was nearly enough to push his bladder over the edge. Nathan looked at the blanket, but shook his head and moved toward the tile floor section by the glass door. Randall whined as he felt the cold tile of the entryway against his back, and continued to wriggle and squirm as the urge to piss grew stronger and stronger. Nathan moved back to where the changing supplies had been set out: near the blanket by the playpen.

As the caribou returned to the wolf's side, Nathan knelt between Randall's legs and started to pull the tapes of his current diaper. He started lifting Randall to tug the soaked pampers free, but as his rump was just high enough for Nathan to get at the tail tape, Randall shuddered. He felt it coming moments before the stream of pee started to dribble from his cock. A spurt hit his nose, and as he shook his head in surprise, the stream marked his muzzle.

Thinking quickly, Nathan lowered Randall back down. The stream moved to the wolf's chest as the caribou folded the front of the used diaper back over Randall's crotch, covering it up but not really inhibiting it from dribbling down his hips and puddling up on the floor under him. Randall folded his ears in chagrin, the diaper wasn't doing anything, and his eyes started to well with tears. He'd been so desperate not to leak, it was frustrating that he'd not been able to hold out, he sniffled as he moved a hand up to wipe one eye.

Nathan held the diaper front in place, trying to sop up as much of the mess as possible into the waterlogged padding. He looked down at the sniffing pup apologetically. If only he'd remembered how wet Randall had been the previous night, this might not have happened. He moved his free hand up to

grab one of Randall's hands, and calmly assured, "Don't worry pup, I know this isn't your fault. Thank goodness you told me when you did, or I'd be cleaning a puddle out of the playpen. Let's get you a bath, then how about we go get breakfast in town?"

Randall stopped sniffing, wondering why Nathan would suggest going to town when he'd already started bacon in the frying pan. Then, he sniffed again and realized he could smell smoke. The bacon was apparently getting a little too crispy because Nathan had left it to go deal with this problem. As Randall's stream of urine petered off Nathan stood up and briskly walked back to the kitchen. Randall laid on the tile, not wanting to move for fear of spreading the puddle he could feel soaking into his back fur around and making a bigger mess.

Randall heard the hiss of water hitting a hot frying pan as he tried to stop crying. His breathing was shallow, he felt utterly embarrassed laying here in a puddle of his own pee with a drenched Scooby Doo diaper barely covering his crotch while Nathan dealt with the frying pan. He knew Nathan didn't blame him, but he couldn't help feeling overwhelmed by the understanding that he'd had no control over wetting himself. It was like the warning had come too late, by the time he'd felt the urge to pee his body had already reached critical mass.

Nathan walked back to the pup with a kind smile on his face and a roll of paper towels in his hand. "Alright, I'll get this cleaned up, just stay there until I tell you to stand up," the caribou said as he took a couple paper towels and started dabbing at the rather large puddle.

Randall quietly lay back as Nathan worked, it seemed to go rather slow to the pup who could now keenly feel he was wet from the middle of his back to his knees on his backside. As he lay back, he realized that he'd not spotted the bathroom in the house. He tried to think over the floor plan, and after a moment remembered there had been a door in one of the internal walls surrounding the bedroom. That must be it: he'd just not realized the bedroom hadn't taken up that entire quarter of the house until now.

As he worked, the caribou deposited the soaked paper towels into the utterly waterlogged diaper. Eventually, he'd sopped up enough that moving wouldn't result in the puddle spreading. He lifted Randall's dribbling backside from the tile and untaped the tail tape on the leaking diaper. "Alright pup, stand up," Nathan said as he grabbed another handful of paper towels.

Randall stood, and Nathan immediately went to work wiping the paper towels down his soaked back to keep the dribbling to a minimum. It took a minute to get most of the pee sopped up, but he took care of it and left the pup still damp but dry enough he could walk through the house without leaving a trail. Nathan stood, went to the kitchen, and returned with the garbage can. He lifted the drenched diaper, it dribbled out onto the tile floor, and he quickly dumped it in the garbage can. Nathan bent and soaked up the last of the puddle with a few paper towels, dropped them in the garbage, and turned to Randall with a calm smile.

“Alright, let's get you a bath puppy,” Nathan said as he stood and wrapped an arm around Randall's shoulder. The wolf's ears were still lowered in shame, he could still smell where his muzzle had been marked with his own stream, but he realized just how silly the situation might seem to someone who didn't know the whole thing. He wiped his eyes one more time with the hand furthest from Nathan, wiping away tears he now saw as silly. He knew full well this hadn't been intentional, just by the way the buck was stepping up and taking care of the situation.

Randall felt exceptionally well cared for as Nathan led him into the master bathroom to get him cleaned up. He hugged Nathan from the side and felt the fatherly caribou hug him back reassuringly. The wolf couldn't help his excitement, despite the rocky start the second day of their vacation was about to begin, and he wondered what all they'd end up deciding to do.