

The ring of a doorbell jostles you out of another session of post-work netflix binging. Getting up, you walk to your front door and open it.

Standing on your front step is a burly rhino clad in a nearly skin-tight Fex-Ex uniform, clutching a huge brown box. "Diaper delivery?"

Entirely flabbergasted, you take a moment before stammering out a reply. "I- I didn't order any diapers?"

"Uh huh. Suuure." The rhino raises an eyebrow, looking at the label on the box before holding it in front of you. "This ain't your name, then? Can you read it for me?"

You stare at the label. For some reason the symbols on it seem really complex! "P-Peee-pre...peeeeeaaaaayyyeyeeeedddd" You narrow your gaze, trying to make out the words.

Only to have a big gray finger push your lips shut. "Aw, having trouble sounding out the letters, cub?"

The delivery rhino takes a step forward. "Shoulda figured a big baby like you wasn't ready for reading yet. That wasn't even where your name's printed!"

A flush of heat washes across your face. Why are those words making you so embarrassed?!? "But... I didn't order diapers!"

The rhino smirks, eyes glinting. "Suuuure 'you' didn't. They're for your bestest friend, right? You've got that 'potty training' thing down, but they still leak sometimes. I'm sure." With another step forward, his hoof taps against the tile of your entryway.

"Listen, champ. These are premium, high quality diapers. And there's SO MANY of them with your name on 'em, kiddo." His chest is rubbing up against yours. Your heart races. "I think you should at least try them on before you complain that they aren't yours." He looms over you.

Your knees wobble. You feel his breath against your face. "I-well-um-" It's hard to think with him so close. You just wanna pop your thumb in your muzzle. It feels like it's always easier to think when you're suckling on something...

Then it happens. You feel warmth spreading.

"Aw, did the BABY BOY spring a leak?" The big burly rhino coos at you, paw moving to your crotch as you feel the pee spreading along your crotch.

"I... I can't stop!" You whimper, feeling so confused. Up is down, left is right, your bladder wasn't feeling full a second ago...

"A'cos you can't." He laughs, pushing you back down your hall, hooves splashing against the puddle you left on the floor.

"Little babies can't even tell when you have to go. It just leaks out. Guess you should'a been wearing one of these diapers, shouldn't you have?" He smirks.

Your head feels like it's on fire. You're blushing, stammering, feeling him rubbing his hooved fingers against your wet crotch, and it's making your thingy so hard you can't think.

Why couldn't you read the box. Why did you pee yourself. Do you really think best when sucking?

And the rhino's in your home now. "T-this is home invasion!" You squeak, feebly, before your protest turns into a needy groan.

"Or is it adoption?" Your delivery man chuckles, eyes glinting again. "Because all I see is a supersoaker who needs a strong man to take care of him."

Suddenly a hand cups your rump, just below the tail. With a surprised squeak, you feel yourself pulled up against his chest. Mmm... he smells sweaty and manly.

"Come on, sogbutt. I think we should open your new delivery." Mr. Rhino carries you past a rug, which turns into toys.

"I... nuu..." you whimper, burying your face in his chest as you feel yourself tearing up. It's not fair! You didn't mean to pee in front of the sexy delivery man and now he thinks you're a baby and you're all pokey and can't think right!

You open your maw to say something.

But before you can, a plastic dummy pushes into your muzzle. Your thoughts fall out of the back of your mind as you start to suckle.

"Found that on a table, little guy! Pink butterfly paci, huh? Is that your favorite? I bet it is."

Actually, you prefer your ducky one.

You don't protest, though. The urge to suck on something's just too addictive, and it's so easy to just focus on it and stop worrying. So you peed yourself. Serves you right for being naughty and not wearing your diapers!

At least you ordered more... or did your daddy?

In the bathroom, helpless to resist, you simply watch as Mr. Rhino stares at your toilet. With a glint of his eyes, it's gone. It's alright, though. You like

your pink cloud-patterned changing table better than the training potty you bought anyway.

Right?

The comfy pink cloud padding feels like a soft kiss as the rhino sets you down. Tearing open the package, he pulls out a fresh pack of diapers.

Pastel pink, with white tapes and little white bunnies hopping around the padding. "Nuuu!" You giggle around your binky. "Notta sissy!"

But even this protest sounds more like an amused giggle than real defiance. "Well, no offense, princess, but daddy gets to decide what goes around your butt, doesn't he?" The rhino chuckles, tugging down your pants. "Besides, I think you like being prettier than the other babs."

Other... babs? You wrinkle your forehead at that, trying to think.

It lasts until he begins wiping your peepee dry. Shuddering and squirming, you groan and feel yourself dribbling more against the wipes.

"Woah there! Tidal wave!" Daddy Rhino laughs, wiping away your pre.

It's so hard to think now. But it's ok. Babies don't think much. You just have to suck on your binky, hump into daddy's hand, and let him take care of you."

A cloud of strawberry-scented baby powder seals your fate. You feel your mind dulling with every whiff of the sweet scent.

As the cloud dies down, you see Daddy unzipping his khaki pants.

And something large, gray, and fleshy flopping out. "Heh... sorry, princess. Just seeing you laying there, gets Daddy so hot and horny... shoulda done this before the powder, but it's... hard to resist charging in!

Feeling your cheeks spreading, you feel a flush crossing your face. "I-" You stammer, grunting and feeling your tail raising. Was this really how your life was?

You aren't given room to resist. After slathering his shaft with baby oil, your rhino charges, rubbing your tailhole.

His hands against your chest, rubbing and teasing your nipples. You mewl, feeling your own strawberry-scented thingie swell as it drools pre.

A few minutes ago, you were a heterosexual adult male. Now, you're an adult sissy baby being fucked by a big strong daddy.

He snorts.

The changing table squeaks and rocks back and forth, each thrust by the powerful delivery man pushing you deeper into the pillowy padding.

He doesn't even have to touch your thingy. Hitting the right spot inside you makes you spurt all over his uniform as you squeal and moan.

But he's not done yet. Babies have no control. But you see the glint in his eyes that tells you daddy has full control over you. And wants you to never forget it.

Your hole aches as you feel him pushing inside you. Ruining you. Potty training would be impossible after this ride.

Each thrust sending flashes of pleasure into your mind. Each glint of his eyes reminding you more and more that this is your daddy.

Each spurt of precum inside you making you more and more into his pretty diapered princess.

And then, after what feels like a sublime eternity, you feel his muscles stiffen.

He grunts as he shoots inside you, filling your stomach with his manly juices. Every bit of your mind surges with pleasure. You love when you play with Daddy like this...

"Huff... huff..." He leans down, kissing you on the cheek. "You're so tight, like always." There's a purr in his voice as he slides out. You grunt in disappointment. It feels so empty in you now...

"But I think you've had enough indoors-time. Baby sissies need some fresh air!"

He cleans up his mess, wiping your butt clean, before sliding a SissyHops (TM) diaper under your butt. Once you feel your favorite bunnies wrapped around your crotch, Daddy Delivery Rhino pulls a second layer out and holds it up for you. "Think you're going to need 'em?"

You find yourself giggling and shaking your head. "Nuuu! Notta big baby!"

He laughs. "Of course not. You're my little sissy... but you'll be a stinky sissy if we don't give you a second layer. Don't want to chase off any new friends because you're going to be muddy soon!"

As he's applying the second SissyHops (TM) diaper to your waist, you're folding your arms and fuming. Daddy's being mean! With two layers, you can't even stand proper!

But what Daddy says goes, in this household.

Getting you dressed in a strawberry printed onsie, Daddy Rhino helps you off the changing table and holds your paw as he leads you towards the front door.

Netflix is still playing your favorite sing-along cartoons, but you don't get to see how it ends. Daddy wants you outside.

Leading you to the sandbox in your front yard that you remember having always been there, he pats your head and gives you a bottle. "Make sure to drink all up before you start playing, ok princess?"

He moves over to the deck to sip a beer and watch you play.

Filling your muzzle with sweet, laxative-laced milkies, you watch Fed-Ex trucks stopping at each house on your block, hunky deliverymen getting boxes of diapers out for every of your neighbors...