

(Contained within is part of the Mad Mansion of Dr. Moreau session for the user Art Shark, found on Twitter! If you're interested in doing the Mad Mansion for yourself, please be warned that there are spoilers ahead! Some details of the "Game" will be redacted for readers, to preserve some of the experience. However, there's still enough here to spoil your own session if you care about plot! If you don't, read ahead.)

(It's also worth noting that the Mad Mansion is a unique experience that is designed as being very Kink-Flexible! The fetish content you see in this run is NOT necessarily what you will experience yourself. If you don't like some specific fetish, please rest assured that you can play this experience without it.)

Chapter 2: The Manor's Master

Terinas:

The cool wetness didn't seem to go away the longer Artie languished in the bed. In fact, it somewhat began to make his body shiver slightly. His entire body ached, his rear hole felt stretched slightly, and his mind was fuzzy and numb. He kept catching whiffs of a scent similar to that of piss, and it was hard to think clearly.

But reality, eventually, dragged him kicking and screaming back to consciousness. Artie would eventually awaken to the sound of someone knocking on a door. It was a single bang for a moment, then it happened a second time. Then a third. "Hello?" A muffled, but high pitched, warm and cheery voice rang through the air from beyond some barrier somewhere. "I have breakfast for you!"

The bed Artie awoke in was larger than any he'd ever slept in. There were far more pillows than was practical or feasible at one side of it, where his head was resting. There were comfy, silky bedsheets covering his body. However, around his crotch everything felt cold and clammy. He was clutching an elongated pillow that was almost as large as he was and spooned into it tightly. His backside felt odd, lumpy and like there was something stuck to it. If he didn't think about it, his new tail would twitch and move of its own accord. At the same time, he might not have realized he had a tail yet. Or that he'd wet the bed like a baby.

Around him the room was large and lavish. There was a desk on the eastern wall with what looked like a laptop computer atop it, and some notebooks and pens in one corner of it and dressers beneath the laptop itself. A reading nook nearby had several shelves full of books, with two comfy chairs arranged opposite each of them, with a glass table between them that had several sheets of paper left on it haphazardly.

A walk-in closet was nearby, the door slightly ajar and clothing of various kinds beyond it.

And there was also a walk-in bathroom on the wall opposite to it, a room beyond Artie's sight save for a vague sliver of what looked like a toilet there inside atop blue-white tile floors.

Lastly, there was a long swath of carpet with what looked like his possessions, piled in a heap, next to a large doggy bed and several chewing toys, for some reason.

The door had another knock on it. "It's time to wake up, mister!"

Artie:

Artie let out a short groan as he stretched, pushing the pillow away, a grumble escaping him as the cold wetness around him seemed to soak through him. He sat up, his new ears flattening out against his head in embarrassment... He... Had wet the bed....? Artie hadn't wet the bed since he was a kid! What was happening to him?

Artie whirled around, facing the door a short yelp escaping his lips as his momentum made his new tail wrap around his legs, making him stumble, the appendage warm. At first he pulled on it, as if to break free but it was very much a part of him.

The half shark half man whimpered slightly, before piling all the pillows in the bed to hide his accident before wrapping a blanket around his waist, his tail irritatingly flicking trying to push the blanket away that kept the man's humility hidden. He silently gawked at the darker stripes that covered his seemingly more athletic form, like tattoos just under his skin.

His words catching in his throat, he managed to croak out "c-come in?"

While he didn't want anyone to know what he had done, the person might have answers to his new predicament.

Terinas:

Artie heard the squeak of wheels along carpeting as the door opened and a rolling cart filled with food was pushed inside. There were scrambled eggs, bacon, an assortment of different juices in bottles, biscuits, and a large amount of fruits and enough veggies for a salad.

That being said, he might not have focused on the food as much as the person pushing it in.

Like the evening before, he had come face-to-face with what looked like some kind of anthropomorphic canine. However, this one was a head shorter than him, with bright glistening golden fur and what looked like a navy blue suit on... a suit that ended in a button-up snap around the crotch. A crotch that puffed out and crinkled as this creature walked in, matching navy blue booties rustling as he padded along the brown carpeting on the floor. A tail wagged as a pair of slitted green eyes looked up at him, which only made this canine's backside crinkle more. "Golly! You really are new!" He said, his voice filled with cheer and enthusiasm. He gave a little bow and then smiled up at Artie. "My name's Pokey, an' I'm the Butler around here! It's been a while since I met anyone new! Do you wanna be friends?"

[Achievement Unlocked! "Welcome to the Island, Mr. Prendick": Meet your first anthropomorphic/furry denizen of the Manor by name!]

Artie:

Seeing the canine Artie's heart melted. He had a soft spot for fuzzier guys and Pokey was certainly no exception. He smiled slightly, shaking his head to dissuade the thought. No, he liked guys... Like normal, physical, human guys. Still never the less as he came to he realized he was already hugging the canine. A blush covering his face as he stepped back, his hands flying down to the blanket to make sure again it was secure before he eyed the food cart

It all smelled so appetizing... And he was ravenous.

Going back between eyeing the dog over, and then the cart of food, he slowly answered...

"Sure... We can be friends.. but uh, if you don't mind me asking.. where are my clothes?"

He looked down at the blanket around his waist as if to gesture to Pokey.

Terinas:

Pokey giggled and cuddled into the man as they hugged, nuzzling him and wagging his tail enthusiastically. There was a distinct crinkling noise as the doggy boy's body almost

shook by how much his tail was wagging. "Oh wowie! Yaaay! A new friend!" he bounced eagerly in Artie's arms. His suit felt like soft terry cloth, and his crotch was squishy and plush and cushiony, like a stuffed doll or a wet sponge.

Pokey sniffed the air, looking towards the bed for a moment before turning back at Artie's question. He pointed a golden-furred finger towards Artie's pile of possessions on the carpeted floor while tilting his head, his ears drooped and one eyebrow raised, as if not quite understanding why Artie was asking the question. Where the cute little canine butler was pointing, Artie's clothes were neatly folded up alongside anything else he brought with him... with the exception of any cell phones or other wireless devices. Those would be something Artie couldn't find, but his clothing at least, was there...

The question was if they'd fit him with his new limb or not.

Pokey poked his pointer fingers together, lowering his head and whimpering slightly. "Um, can I ask you a question now, mister?"

Artie:

The man's ears sank again in embarrassment as Pokey sniffed at the air, his keen canine nose pointing him towards the bed. Pushing the thought aside, Artie went over to his clothes, pulling his shirt and windbreaker on over his head, groaning softly as they caught on his larger ears, however eventually he did manage to get them on. The next issue he faced was getting his pants on. He turned back to Pokey, readjusting his blanket skirt tilting his head curiously...

"Yeah. Uh. Ask away Pokey! But uhm.. if it's all the same to you, my name's Artie, ya don't gotta call mister! That's kinda weird."

Artie chuckled light heatedly, pressing his hand hard into the seat of his jeans trying to force his hand through to make a new hole.

Terinas:

Pokey's response was electric. He lunged forward to gently take Artie's hand in his paw, looking up, eyes wide with adoration. "It'snicetomeetyouArtie! What your favorite color? Do you like dogs or cats more? Do you have a favorite animal? What's your favorite food? What's your favorite drink? I like milk! What are hobbies of yours? Do you wanna play with me tonight after I'm done with work? Can I pet your tail? Do you like games? Am I a good boy? How can I help make your stay here more comfortable?"

He bombarded Artie with a machine gun salvo of questions, eager to get to know his new friend as fast as possible.

Artie:

Artie gulped hard as the canine pressed his fuzzy form onto the shark, making him let out an embarrassed stuffed groan, his momentum knocking the shark onto his back in the dog bed one on top of the other.

He looked aside embarrassed, before responding, his face flushing a light red.

"I uh... I love purple, and pineapple juice has gotta be the best. I- Uh, how long have you been working here Pokey?"

Artie tried to push the dog off of him, for some reason he was finding the whole scene arousing. The blanket wrapped sloppily around his waist was failing to conceal his growing erection, his hands pressing in-between him and the canine as his fumbled to cover his modesty.

Terinas:

Pokey slurped at Artie's face in an affectionate canine gesture, before gently getting off once Artie tried to push him off. "Aww.... I'm a fan of cherry juice myself. But we have pineapple!" Pokey giggled, sounding very much like an overgrown toddler, as he stood back up and dusted his suit off. Before looking down at the pokey between Artie's legs. "Dunno, kinda forget how many years been working here." He shrugged... before moving a paw to pat Artie's erection. "Do you want me to take care of you before you eat? And should I change the sheets? It smells like you piddled in them, an' it's kinda me an' momdaddy's jobs to do laundry."

Artie:

Artie flushed all the redder, grabbing his underwear and jeans hastily covering himself up with them struggling to speak.

"G-gah I- no... No you don't- it's f-fine... p-please change my sheets though... I uhm..."

He trailed off mid sentence as he looked back up at the canine his ears pressed against his head. "Do you have any pants I can wear? I don't think I'll be able to get my tail through these."

He covered half his face with a large hand in embarrassment, before peering out between his fingertips to watch the dog.

Terinas:

Pokey's eyes went wide, and he whimpered. "Aww... did I make you uncomfortable?" His lower lip puffed out. "Golly, I'm sorry if you were embarrassed 'bout piddlin'." His paws rose up in front of his chest. "It's ok! I understand! I make puppy puddles all the time!" There was a slight blush on his golden cheeks as Pokey nodded. "So you're not alone... okies?" He flashed the changing human a nervous smile. It never even occurred to him that Artie might've been nervous about his proposition. He just gave another pat to the man's naked cock and giggled, before walking away towards the walk-in closet. "You've got plenty of clothing in here, silly-sharkie! Why not just poke your head inside? I mean, if you WANT me to dress you, I can." He wagged his tail.

"Do you always wet the bed? No judgement..."

Artie:

Artie gave a half-smile before standing up again, consoling himself as he willed himself to go flaccid again, struggling with the blanket before he finally managed to get himself looking presentable again.

"W-well, Pokey, I don't wet the bed! It's not like I have problems like that... This was just a one time thing!" He followed after Pokey, but left him to peruse the closet. "Yeah... You can pick something out for me, sure... I'll just be right over here." Walking around the canine, Artie started to examine his surroundings searching for a window anything that could be used to tell him whereabouts in the mansion he was.

Terinas:

There were no windows at all. In fact, his bedroom seemed distinctly lacking in exits save for the front door. Even the bathroom was an entirely enclosed space. He had distractions and entertainment aplenty, but no exits save for the front door.

"Okey-pokey!" Pokey said, giggling at his own joke. The playful puppy-like dogman waddled inside the closet, rooting around and rummaging. After a little while he came back out. "Uh, I found these, ok?" He held up a pair of crotchless black leather chaps, distinct holes in the front and backsides. "Your tail can fit through the backside, an' they'll keep your legs warm. Come'on over and we'll get you dressed into them, okies?"

Artie:

Artie blushed even brighter as he eyed the black leather chaps. While he had to admit that the chaps would allow for his tail to pop out, it would also leave his front completely exposed. He fumbled with his blanket, letting out a soft whine before looking back up at the canine. "Uhm... Pokey is there any underwear... Or like.... Anything in there that I can wear...?" He looked down at his crotch, before looking up at the golden furred dog.

Terinas:

Pokey tilted his head, then looked at Artie's fat, sharklike tail that got wider as it reached up to his body. "Um..." He whimpered. "Oh gosh, oh golly, that's a tough order... u-um..." He rubbed his chin, thinking for a moment. "Oh! I've got something! Lay down on the bed!" His eyes lit up as he waddled back towards the front door of Artie's bedroom, leaving the room and bending down in the doorway, his padded backside and tail up wagging at Artie as he worked. "I brought it with me!"

Artie:

Artie let out a short whine before laying down on the very edge of the bed, pushing wet blankets aside before he finally settled in, drawing his blanket skirt up around him a little tighter while he watched pokey curiously. "You brought underwear with you? That's awesome! Thanks so much Pokey!"

Terinas:

Pokey would return holding something tightly folded, puffy, and bright white, with pale black tapes. It crinkled in his paw. "Now, it's easier t'fit it if someone else does it for you. Can you be a good boy like me and take off your skirt an' spread your legs?" In his other paw, he held something telling: Talcum powder.

Artie:

Artie let out a short whimper before pressing his legs together, pleading eyes on Pokey. "Uh... I dunno pokey I don't need diapers.. are you sure there aren't any sets of underwear in the closet, I uhm... I really don't need them! I haven't needed them since I was a baby."

Terinas:

Pokey's lower lip puffed out. "You did piddle in your bed." He narrowed his eyes and leaned down, tugging on Artie's bedsheet. "Are you suuuuuure? You didn't even want to pick out your own clothing! You sure are acting like a blushy, huffy, embarrassed little baby after a big accident." his tone was teasing, but not malicious. Pokey was, however, trying to get Artie entirely naked from the waist down to diaper him. "If you won't even dress yourself properly, then you can't complain when someone else picks out your outfit. Momdaddy and Daddy say so."

[Please roll Body to resist being stripped and diapered by Pokey!]

Artie:

(Yeah, I think imma choose to fail this one)

Terinas:

[Achievement Unlocked! "Well NOW it's a party!": Choose to auto-fail to get into a sexual and/or kinky scene with one of the denizens of the Moreau Manor for the first time.]

Artie:

Artie groaned trying to push the canine aside, no this was a mistake what was he doing? Sure the canine aroused him, but no this wasn't right! He liked actual guys!

...right?

He groaned, covering his face with one of his hands as the canine teased him, butterflies in his stomach fluttering about like a sinking little pit of embarrassment inside him.

Terinas:

[Artie chooses to Auto-fail, so Pokey doesn't even have to roll.]

There was one quick jerk, as the bedsheet was wrenched away from Artie's hands, exposing his hardening cock once more to the world. "Quit being a fussy baby! If you don't wanna dress yourself you wear what's picked out for you. Only little babies don't dress themselves." He huffed, the oversized puppy staring down at what he was seeing as the diaper was slid down underneath Artie's bottom, Pokey expertly lifting the manshark's body and fitting what looked like a velcro tail-guard around the man's tail to cling tightly. "An' your tail is so big around the base I didn't know of any undies or clothes in your closet that fit it! I mean, unless you wanna look through other people's closets, but that's mean." He panted a bit. "My diaperbag has diapers with adjustable straps for tails, so if you're fussy about having your crotch covered for some weird reason, they're the best fit."

With the velcro strap in place, Artie was stuck in the diaper. At least unless he put in the effort to reach around and unfasten his butt from it.

However, Pokey was staring down at the naughty stick, his green slitted eyes glinting. "But we gotta problem... your thingie is too big for the diaper to lay flat in." He giggled. "I'm gonna help you!" He got on his knees, as Artie felt a cool, cold nose sniffing and pushing against his cock. "Mmm...someone's still a pissy baby." He wagged, before opening his muzzle to lick and slurp at Artie's penis, cleaning every inch of it with a warm, wet, rough doggie tongue.

Artie:

Artie let out a loud yelp as he was suddenly lifted the cold clamminess of the bed quickly replaced by a soft diaper his bottom sinking into it slowly. "P-pokey!! I only let you pick out my clothes so I could have a look around my room!!" He groaned covering his face with his hands now peering out between open fingers at the canine as he lowered his rump back onto the bed. It felt tight around his tail, but not uncomfortable, it was soft and warm really and given other circumstances he might have actually enjoyed the sensation. His skin tingled and that same fluttering in his stomach, the feeling that he was falling into, made itself clear:

He wanted this!

He moaned softly as he felt Pokey snuffling at his cock, a shiver of ecstasy running through him as the dog slowly suckled and licked at his hard member cleaning him off.

Terinas:

[Please roll a Mind check. For reference, your stats were:

Artie

Body- 2

Mind- 1

Skills- 3

So your Mind roll would be 1d6. This is a check to resist associating the good sensation of Pokey's blowjob with the diapering, starting to give Artie a new fetish.]

Pokey didn't reply back to the protests, just slurping and licking all down Artie's crotch. For a moment it might've confused the changing human as to what he was doing... then it hit him. Pokey was tongue-cleaning his wet crotch! He felt that tongue sliding along his balls, getting them soaked in canine spit before the puppy's fuzzy muzzle pushed between Artie's cheeks, and he felt a tongue flicking and teasing at his fleshy pucker.

Artie:

[Rolled a 2!]

Terinas:

[Nope! At the very least, Artie is beginning to make the connection between Diapers and Pleasure. Play that out as you will.]

Artie:

Artie let out a louder moan. If he wasn't enjoying it so much he would have leapt off the bed and ran for the door. No, he could wait just a little longer... Besides Pokey was being so nice.

And he did love his furry friend.

He spread his legs out wider as the canine licked and lapped using his warm wet tongue to clean him the warm soft diaper under him keeping him safe from the cold wet bed.

Terinas:

There were several licks and slurps as Artie felt the puppy cleaning him all over. Every pleasurable synapse in Artie's mind was firing for a few moments as he let himself get cleaned by the puppy-man. After a moment, Pokey pulled out from between the changing human's cheeks and giggled, seeing his cock erect again. "Gosh! You're really liking a diaper change, aren't you?" His eyes glinted with a bit of glee. "Well, I like playing with you lots." He stood back up, cupping the now-tented crotch of his uniform. "Would you want me to be inside you? Sometimes daddy does that for me on the changing table and it's always so fun!"

Artie:

Artie flushed again, almost at a loss for words, he took his hands off his face before nodding a small smile on his lips

"I... If you wouldn't mind.. you- you go ahead and...."

His embarrassment was plain as day as he squirmed the diaper crinkling loudly underneath him making him blush even harder as he watched pokey his crotch throbbing and hot as he looked longingly at his own padded crotch, his ears prickling as he waited for the sound of their canines onesie to open.

Terinas:

The puppy wagged as he looked down. "U-um... ok, lemme just-" Artie had to wait a few awkward moments as Pokey tried to undo the buttons on his onsie. It was actually hard for him. He pouted and grumbled, and eventually managed to get it free. Underneath, Artie could see his diaper was printed with a tuxedo pattern... with the white "undershirt" very yellowed in front. It was swollen and clearly he'd been dribbling into it for a while or at least had one big wetting accident.

Pokey was a big overgrown gay puppy.

He tugged his diaper down, the smell of wet dog filling the air, as the golden retriever butler got out some baby oil. "This'll be fun! No one ever asks me to play big kid games

like this!" He wagged, his four inches of canine cock poking out, as he dribbled baby oil into it, then rubbed it in with a paw. His slick, oily paw moved to grip at Artie's cock, while the overgrown puppy leaned forward. Artie felt a cock spreading his cheeks, and then the oiled up member pushing against his tailhole. "U-um... just remember doggy thingies can get really big at the base, so, uh... it might pinch a lil'?" With a giggle, Pokey began to push inside Artie.

The changing human could feel every inch of the doggy boy entering him, sliding down his tailhole and gently teasing his prostrate. Pokey was going slow and gentle, while timing any thrusts he made with pumping a paw against the length of Artie's own wiener.

[Achievement Unlocked! "I'm not sure this is one you should be proud of!": Get Dommed by the Most Submissive Person In Moreau's Mansion on Day 1]

Artie:

Artie blushed as Pokey fumbled with the buttons on his onesie, maybe this was a mistake? He couldn't stop thinking those thoughts but something underlying told him it was all just... So right. Besides why was he even here anyways? To find some library? That could wait...

Artie let out a soft chuckle seeing the dogs drooping drawers, the onesie clearly straining to hold up the soggy mass between his legs, the diaper crinkling as it readjusted itself, falling lower around his thighs.

The musk from the dogs diaper filled his nose but again... It just felt right.

He snapped back to reality as Pokey pressed his warm throbbing member into his tail hole his large velvety tail acting like a guide straight into his tight pink pucker. A soft moan elicited itself from Artie's lips as he was spread wider, Pokey running his paw along his own throbbing cock. Completely beside himself Artie started to thrust slowly into Pokey's paw loving the soft paw pads how he stroked him off just right, how the diaper crinkled softly underneath him, how at the end of each short thrust Pokey's warm soggy diaper would press up against Artie's balls, a heavy warm heat that only stirred to arouse him further.

Terinas:

At some point during the sensation Pokey's tongue lolled out of his mouth, as the overgrown puppy panted, tail wagging as he pushed gently back and forth inside his new playmate. His soggy diaper sloshed and smacked into Artie's balls, as the puppy boy shuddered. His thrusts were as rhythmic as a metronome, bouncing back and forth, in and out of Artie's bum. "Nnnn-nngh... The puppy shuddered and whimpered. "C-can't hold it..." His eyes glazed over a bit as he huffed and snorted.

Artie could feel his tailhole being stretched. He was being knotted!

Pokey whimpered, back stiffening up straight as he pushed inside Artie on instinct, firing spunk into the man's gut while Artie felt the puppy's paw pumping faster and faster on his shaft. "U-uh oh... w-went off too early..." Pokey puffed... his diaper pushed up so tight against Artie's body that his balls actually spilled over and pressed against the wet inner part of the padding. Artie felt Pokey flop over against him, still pumping his cock. "R-ruuuff... just... really excited to pway wtih my new friend, I made stickies early..." He whimpered and blushed, giving Artie a lick.

All Artie could smell was pissy, musky puppy, and his own arousal...

Artie:

Artie moaned and humped into the canine trying desperately to finish his cock trapped between the two of them throbbing hotly. He groaned as he felt himself getting filled by the pup, his hot spunk warming his insides sending shivers of pleasure through the man. It was getting to be too much. The musk, the soft fur, the heavy soggy diaper trapped against him, and his own soft diaper underneath him... He hugged onto Pokey tightly lifting his feet into the air moans of pleasure escaping him between panting breaths

He was close so close but just couldn't get over the edge

Terinas:

"Aww... are you having trouble?" Pokey giggled, locking eyes with Artie's as he cuddled into the other male. Another spurt of puppy spunk filled Artie as Pokey panted, rubbing at the human's tummy by snaking a paw under his top. "Can you be a good boy an' cum for me?" His eyes, sensual and playful, locked with Artie's as he gazed into them.

"Cum fer me."

It was almost a command. But too nice. Too sweet. More of a friend wanting to help a friend.

Artie:

Artie squirmed underneath the pup as he started to stroke off his member again. Another loud moan escaped his lips before he finally came, spurting long streams of his spunk up into his shirt, his feet curling from the strength of the orgasm that went through his body

Terinas:

Pokey gave a light titter as he kissed Artie on the cheek, scooping up the ribbons of cum that came out of his friend and making a show of licking it off his paw before giggling and smiling. "Theeeeere we go! You made stickies! We both made stickies! Yay!" The sensual side of his personality melted away, as he cooed and nuzzled and wagged his tail like an affectionate puppy craving attention. "Now we need to get you all taken care of, an' then-"

Artie felt a tugging on his butt.

"U-uh..." Pokey blinked, trying to tug again. "I, um, can't get out." His face was blushing as he tried to push up out of Artie's butt. "G-golly, this sure is embarrassing... I'm stuck inside you!" He whimpered, squirming and trying to pull out of Artie.

[Make a Body roll to try and get unknotted. If you want. :P]

Artie:

Artie blushed hard as he watched the canine lap at his cum, a shudder going through him, only interrupted by a sharp tugging on his rear. He moaned again panting harder before finally regaining his composure coming back to reality for a minute breaking from the sheer ecstasy that surrounded him like a warm blanket

"I-it looks like you're a little stuck there"

Artie let out a soft chuckle, before trying to ease him out, a pleased groan escaping his lips as he pressed against the canine, his soggy diaper squishing between his legs that same dull heavy warmth making his chest flutter*

[Rolled a 7]

Terinas:

[Artie rolls 7 to attempt to escape from Pokey's clutches. SUCCESS!]

Pokey whimpered, squirming and struggling. "I, um, we really need to get untangled, before I-" He shuddered, getting anxious and whining. Artie, with some struggle, managed to fit his hole around that fat knot, finally freeing himself. Pokey immediately tugged his diaper up, strapping the button on his onsie down before Artie heard a faint "Hsst" sound and smelled more accident... it seemed Pokey might have a tendency to wet himself after he came!

He blushed. "Thank you..." Before leaning in and licking Artie's face. "You're really fun. I'd love to have you visit me tonight after duties are over! But we gotta hurry... I was worried we'd be late for Daddy summoning you." He pushed Artie back down, getting out the talcum powder and foofing it all over Artie's body. With how much Pokey had licked, the half-shark's crotch was quickly caked in bright sweet-smelling powder. Pokey barely needed to rub it into his oddly rubbery skin around his crotch.

A few moments later, and Artie felt the diaper being pulled up around his shrinking cock, as Pokey taped it shut and giggled. "There. Now you're protected if you make another puddle! Do you need help putting on your new pants too?"

[Narrowly avoided a piss enema. Pokey's not a dom, but he's a bit ditzy and can cause boys no end of trouble by just trying to be nice]

Artie:

Artie flushed as the moment was already over the soft crinkly diaper trapping his now diminishing albeit still throbbing member. It felt good, the sweet smelling powder making it feel softer and warmer. He giggled back covering his face again in embarrassment "You know I don't make puddles all the time." He whined already feeling more submissive, smaller. "N-no I can pull on my pants by myself, I'm notta baby! I'm only wearing this because I haaave to. Don't you think it's any other way, ya hear that Pokes?"

Terinas:

Pokey nodded then, tossing the assless chaps to Artie while waddling over towards the rolling cart of food. "Sure you are, Artie! Now hurry up an' get dressed! Daddy said that if I don't get you to him in an hour we're both in trouble, an' it's been forty minutes already!" He whimpered. "Oh, an' keep that nappy on! You have to wear it for being naughty."

[End Chapter 2]