

Cradle Robberz

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You are passing through a different dimension than what is known to humankind.

It is a dimension as deep as your pockets and full of opportunities. It is the staging ground between fan and fiction, between patron and creator, and the rules of reality are malleable as long as the price is right.

Within it you may see beloved characters from other works, but they may act differently. Almost as if someone else were writing them. This is a dimension fueled by imagination.

You are entering...

*The **Commission** Zone.*

Chapter 3: Celebrity Auction

Hell was not what Maximilian expected.

The other side of the portal was brightly lit and sunny. The first thing he saw was a lush green grassy lawn that looked freshly mowed. It took the young rockstar a few moments to realize he could move his body normally again. Astonished, he jerked up to an attentive state, ears perked, as he looked around to drink in his surroundings. White picket fences. Sidewalks in front of one and two story houses. A bright blue sky with a sun overhead. Wherever they were appeared to have been ripped out of the literal definition of the word “suburbia” itself. “What the fuck-” He murmured.

The only hint that anything supernatural had happened at all was the burning red portal behind them. Maximilian turned around, not even bothering to look for his friends. Now that he could move again, he wondered if he should run back through it. Run like hell, and get as far away from Stephen’s apartment as possible. However, he hesitated, and the decision was made for him the second Siber walked through, the portal snapping shut just as his tail crossed it’s threshold. Siber’s body was entirely nude, the toned, athletic husky’s body on display. Maximilian could see his friend’s six pack just barely concealed by the thin fuzz along his stomach.

And then he realized he could feel a chill.

“What the-” Maximilian gazed down at his body. He was as naked as the day he’d been born. “WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES!” The lion roared in indignation, his face getting hot as his paws

moved to cover his privates.

“Burned away, I would expect.” The scent of brimstone and talcum powder hit Maximilian’s nostrils as he felt a paw grip his right shoulder. “Why do you think I passed through the portal naked?” Paulie Leon- the demon Maximilian needed to start thinking of as Apollyon, just chuckled. “Really though, is there any reason to be so modest, kitten?”

Gritting his teeth, Maximilian looked around. Stephen and Clarence were behind him. Both just as naked as he and Siber were. His hooved friends were both distinctly not looking at each other, and Clarence’s face was deep beet red under his soft brown fuzz. “S-sorry we didn’t try to help, guys... I don’t know what came o-ver us...” Clarence mumbled, his ears drooping down in shame.

Maximilian wasn’t listening. He was glaring at Apollyon. “I’m not a kitten.” He growled, baring his fangs. “I am a man!”

With an amused smirk, the demonic wolf met his glare. “Oh? A man who has been wetting his pants like a scared toddler for the half a year?”

As the lion stammered and tried to fumble for a response, he watched Apollyon’s grin grow wider and more aggravating to him. “Y-you made us do that.”

The lion felt his body lock up again, as the wolf leaned forward to push a finger to his nose. “How much of that was truly my meddling? As I said, We incubi feed off of lust. Of appetites being slaked excessively. Of wants indulged.” The burning red motes in his eyes began to twinkle. “Can you honestly tell me you haven’t enjoyed piddling your pants like a helpless baby? Letting the big strong manager take care of everything while you just relaxed and played and let all your worries and troubles leak away?”

The wolf leaned in, his smouldering eyes twinkling with certainty. “Are you sure that there hasn’t been the sliiiiiiightest bit of sexual pleasure in shaming yourself? Hm?” His tone was chiding, but amused. “Are you sure you aren’t a baby kitten, Maxie?”

You are a gay, horny baby kitten

The voice in his mind didn’t feel false. He could hear someone saying the words, like they were his own thoughts. But that was the point that made Maximilian sputter and fall silent: They felt like his own thoughts. Like he really liked peeing himself. Feeling his bladder slip and the warm wetness spreading around his crotch, the sodden material rubbing against his growing cock. He felt his shaft stiffening against the paw covering it up, and shook his head, mane bouncing back and forth. “Get out of my head! I’m NOT a happy, horny baby kitten!” he growled, shutting his eyes as his friends stared at him, three sets of eyes wide in shock.

At his denial, Paulie Leon just broke into a laugh. "Oh, you ARE a treat, aren't you Maxie? I might not even sell you! It'd be so delicious to just break you in myself."

Stephen had been trying to hide his long, flaccid horse cock with both hands with only middling success. At that comment, however, Maximilian watched his hands jerk upwards and ball into fists. "Sell us? What the fuck is this place, you freaky-ass demon bastard?"

Moving down to stroke his cock with one paw, the demon Apollyon turned around and held his free arm up in the air. "THIS is Leaky Faucet, a thriving community attuned to my own particular tastes." Maximilian could hear the pride in their abductor's voice. "Think of it as a buffet of like-minded individuals, all feeding my power as they feed our shared desires." His tail wagged as he described Leaky Faucet, as he started to stare off into space.

"That doesn't explain you 'selling' us..." Siber said, folding his arms. "I know some devils trade in souls, but that'd be in the lower planes, right? The seven hells or whatnot. This is just..." He arched a fuzzy eyebrow as Maximilian saw him looking around at various different houses. "This is just... some kind of weird pocket dimension one shift away from the Prime Material Plane."

Modesty momentarily forgotten, Clarence threw his arms up and gazed at Siber. "S-seriously, how do you know all this s-stuff!?!"

The husky growled back at Clarence. "Seriously, NONE of you ever bothered asking me about my hobbies outside music! Maybe if you did I'd have shown you the spellbook in my basement, or the-"

"Yes yes, we all keep secrets from one another." Apollyon walked between the two of them, rolling his eyes. "It's best to forget about the world outside Leaky Faucet, anyway. You should be focused more on who your new daddies will be."

"Our new-" Maximilian blinked.

"D-daddies?!?" Clarence stammered, finishing the sentence.

Twirling his free arm with a flourish, the wolf incubus conjured a leash which branched off to attach to four different collars, each one snugly wrapped around the necks of each member of the band. The collar felt rough around Maximilian's neck, flattening bits of his mane. "Oh yes... several members of my little community would pay quite well for a famous celebrity to work on and break into happy, giggling, diapered baby boys for them. What do you think happened to Devil's Cucumber? Plus... our live entertainment has been getting a bit dull lately." He chuckled. "I'm sure having a new band play some local favorites would draw all the babies out to the playground, so to speak." With a single yank, he jerked all four of them forward. Maximilian found it surprising how strong Apollyon seemed. He didn't even look that muscular, compared to Stephen or even himself. "In fact, we're quite late for the auction. Did you wonder where everyone else was? They're all waiting for you kids!" The wolf incubus turned to walk off,

stroking his cock as he pulled the four blushing bandmates behind him. "Of course, we'll have to get each of you properly dressed. I can't have any puddles on my stage, after all!" With a smirk, he trotted them barepaw down to a sidewalk, tugging them down towards a large enclosure walled off by a metal gate. A sign denoted it as the "Playtime Park".

The "stage" appeared to be an outdoor theater built a bit like an Aztec pyramid, with several layers of stone blocks rising up out of the ground with benches set into them, each layer smaller than the one beneath it. At the stage's peak was a large performing hall. At its base were doors allowing someone inside. Maximilian and his bandmates were led under the stage, each of them strapped down to a large changing table and entrapped in a thick, white diaper. That had been the last straw for Maximilian. When it came his turn to be sealed in the cushy plastic undergarment, the lion lunged at the wolf and tried to beat him bloody. And yet, all he got for his efforts was a gag wrapped around his jaws, and thick baby blue mittens pushed over his paws, preventing him from taking anything off. In the end, he still got swaddled up in thick plastic padding. Fuming, he growled and snarled and snapped, struggling against the leash as the four of them were led upstairs and in front of a large audience.

To Maximilian, the sight looked almost unreal.

Hundreds had gathered at the stage, waiting for them, but counting them all would take more time than he had patience for. Instead, he noticed that the thronging crowd seemed to break down into two categories. The first was bigger, burlier men of all sorts of species. The lion even thought he saw a platypus and a possum out in the crowds, near the back. It was interesting that they were all men, and all seemed bigger and more muscular than usual. But it was the other group that caught his attention: An equally wide variety of men in much more... childish clothing. Some of them were wearing cartoon character t-shirts and overalls. Others had on what appeared to be onesies, printed with spaceships, or dinosaurs, or even bunnies. Some were in pink frilly skirts, with butterfly pacifiers bobbing back and forth against their muzzles. All of them had thick, puffy crotches that awkwardly reminded him of his own thick, crinkly undergarment. This was a crowd of men and boys, adults and babies of an adult variety. All of them staring at Maximilian and his friends as they stood there on stage, clad only in thick, white, disposable diapers.

"HELLO THERE, MEN AND BABES!" The booming voice of Apollyon snapped him out of a detached observation, walking forward to face the crowd. Somehow, when Maximilian had his eyes off of the wolf, he'd put on actual clothes. The incubus was now clad in a formal evening suit, black garb standing out against the white of the stone stage they stood upon. Golden cufflinks glinted against his wrists, and he was wearing matching pants. For the first time since they'd arrived at Leaky Faucet, his rear end wasn't on full display. "Thank you for your patience with me as I readied these four little tykes for adoption!" He chuckled, stepping forward and lifting his paws up in the air for a cheering crowd. "I know some of you are excited for the chance to get a little brother-"

"Wait, 'little'?" Stephen, standing to one side of Maximilian, snorted and scowled. "I ain't one of

the ones wearing the baby clothes here, buddy.”

“-or sister.” Paulie Leon chuckled, gazing back at the four males awaiting sales. “But I have to remind your daddies that, as with most newcomers to our little community, each of these four will be a handful at first! They are just newborns, after all.” He turned back to the crowd, a shit-eating grin plastered on his face. “They don’t know how to behave until they’re taught how.” With a theatrical spin on one hoof, Apollyon stood with his left side facing the crowd, holding an arm up to gesture towards the band. “With that in mind, let me introduce you to the new Baby Band, CRADLE ROBBERZ!”

“That fucking name, Maximilian.” Siber grumbled, his head facing the stone beneath his footpaws as he stood to the other side of the lion.

“Mmmph!” Maximilian couldn’t say anything with the gag over his muzzle, though he did try to respond.

“He told me o-once that he thought it’d make us sound m-more ‘hardcore’.” Clarence said, leaning forward a bit to stare at the three other members of the band, his hair dribbling down one side of his head as he did.

Undeterred, their captor continued his auction. “And without further ado, let us introduce our first baby!” Thrusting a paw towards Clarence, he gestured. “Clarence Servyne, the band eye candy! And bassist, I suppose! Cute, slender, and irrevocably effeminate, this pretty twink is shy but sweet in nature! Perfect for any daddy who wants a future sissy doe for their family, I would expect!” Curling one finger, he made a coaxing motion towards the young buck.

“M-meep!” Clarence stammered as Max watched his friend’s body jerkily step forward, almost as if he were some kind of animatronic doll. He stood alongside their lupine captor in less than ten seconds, blushing and covering his eyes with his hooved fingers. “P-please don’t. I- I don’t feel c-comfortable with ev-everyone staring at me while wearing just-” His words drifted down to a mumble, as the crowd hooted and hollered. Maximilian could hear some of the closeby audience members talking from where he was on stage.

“Aww... he’s so shy! Daddy, I want dat one! Pweeeese?”

“Who put the girly little sissy in a white diaper? Pink or nothing, Paulie!”

“I just wanna strap him to a crib and tickle him until he goes wee!”

“You’re weird. I just wanna pinch his cheeks and make him squirm!”

“How is that any less weird, broh?”

“Yes yes, he’s adorable.” Apollyon waved his paw, dismissively. “Let us start the bidding at twenty! Do I hear twenty?”

A tubby white furred bear jerked one of his paws up. “Twenty!”

“Twenty-five!” Countered a burly tiger as he lifted his own arm.

“Thirty-two!” Interjected an elephant, trumpeting to punctuate his point.

“A hundred!”

The crowd all turned back to stare at a man sitting alone. A black panther in a navy blue suit, a golden bracelet fittered around the tip of his tail twitching back and forth as he adjusted a pair of spectacles perched along his snout. “One twenty five if the sissy can cook.” He added, one arm raised up high. Golden eyes burned with an intensity, his gaze laser-focused on Clarence. No one seemed to bid against him, the crowd going quiet.

On stage, Siber raised an eyebrow. “Wait, what do these numbers actually correspond to? Does this place even use mortal currency or-”

“SOLD!” Apollyon said, clapping for a few moments before pointing theatrically towards the panther. “To Mr. Salaryman in the back of the amphitheater! Clarence’s body and soul now belong to you!” With a smirk, he turned back to the buck being bought. “Clarence, why don’t you go give your new Daddy a big hug!”

“Wait, I don’t-” Clarence fell silent, as his body rigidly and mechanically waddled forward. Maximilian watched as the deer’s derriere swayed back and forth as he walked, in wide oscillations. With each step his diaper crinkled, as Clarence just sputtered and fell silent. The lion watched as his friend approached the feline who bought him, taking a seat on his left knee and wrapping his arms around the big black cat. A moment later, and Clarence was laying his head against the bigger male’s shoulder. Was he going to go the same way? Maximilian couldn’t help but wonder. Was Clarence screaming inside at the moment? He looked so comfortable, cuddled up against the man there.

Almost like he’d always wanted a Daddy of his own...

The thought made Maximilian cringe, his cock twitching against his padded prison. Why were his loins stiffening at that thought? He growled beneath his bindings.

Paulie Leon clapped. “Alright! Let’s keep this choo-choo chugging down the tracks, shall we?” With another spin, he pointed towards Siber. “By selling off this striking puppy! Leaky Faucet, meet Siber Chukcha! The Talent! Both this baby band’s lead guitarist and their most skilled musician!” The wolf demon wagged his tail. “And someone’s future baby pupper to train to their heart’s content!” Siber jerkily stepped forward to stand next to Apollyon. Maximilian watched as his friend’s eyes went as wide as dinner plates. “I suppose the real question is: Who wants to train him into a proper good boy? Shall we start the bidding at twenty-two?” With a roar of enthusiasm, the auction began.

“Twenty-two!” Shouted a muscular dad-lion, jerking his hand up while holding a cigar leaking

pink smoke.

“Thirty-two!” Retorted a white furred husky daddy, surrounded by dogs in nothing but diapers and collars.

“Fifty-four!” Bid a tubby housecat sitting along the back row, with a cheetah between his legs nuzzling the crotch of his leather pants.

The crowd fell silent, as Paulie Leon swayed his hips and thrust a hand towards the cat. “I hear Fifty-four! Going once...”

There was no one speaking up. To Maximilian’s eyes, Siber’s lowered ears and drooping tail indicated he was not happy with his would-be owner.

“Going twice...”

No one was speaking up. Siber was going to be sold off to the fat cat. Maximilian wasn’t really sure how he’d even begin evaluating if one “master” was better than another, but Siber’s sinking expression made him feel pain nonetheless.

“S-”

“One hundred thirty.” Standing off to one side of the Amphitheater, paws in the pockets of a pair of blue jeans, was what looked like a bright red scaled dragon, wings folded at his sides. He stared past the crowd towards the stage. Maximilian vaguely felt like he was looking through them all.

“Oh? I didn’t think you were coming, Scorch.” Apollyon tilted his head, raising one eyebrow.

“I wasn’t. So do I own the pup or not?” The dragon known as “Scorch” turned his gaze from Siber towards Maximilian. A strange chill ran up the lion’s spine. He shivered, feeling his cock stiffening in his diaper again. It was unsettling, how much his body seemed to react to all this. “Hurry up, I’m sure you’re eager to end this show and claim your own plaything.”

“Cynical as ever, I see!” Paulie Leon just rolled his eyes and chuckled. “But I know you’re good for it! Sold to the cold firebreather! Go to your new daddy, Siber!”

Maximilian watched as his friend rigidly walked down the steps towards the dragon, and then the pair turned to walk away from the stage entirely. Was that how it was going to go with him? Just gone, without any idea if he’d see his friends again. Had five years of fame been worth this? Was any price worth-

“Fucking hell, this place is sick but if I don’t at least sell for more than Siber-” Stephen grumbled, folding his arms and snorting, and staggering Maximilian back out of his own thoughts.

“Excellent segway...” Paulie Leon wagged his tail, thrusting a paw towards Stephen. “For our next round of bidding! Fathers and toddlers, try to stay dry as I give you... STEPHEN CABALLUS!” He curled his finger, summoning Stephen forward. “The lead singer! A narcissist and jock boy who-” The wolf demon paused to laugh. “-THINKS he’s straight!” This comment got a huge torrent of laughter from the crowd, as if there was some inside joke Maximilian wasn’t aware of. Once the titters had died down, Apollyon continued. “This selfie-slut thinks he’s the gods gift to everyone around him, and with a body like that, it’s hard to argue!”

At that crack, Maximilian looked over towards his friend. Stephen looked confused more than offended, at least to the lion’s eyes.

“And with that, let’s start the bidding!” The demonic canine clapped his paws. “So do I hear ten?”

A slender grey mouse raised his paw. “Twenty!”

“Good, good!” Stephen muttered, just loud enough for Maximilian to hear. “If I’m gonna be sold, I don’t want to be cheap...”

“Twenty five!” cried out a brown brawny bull, raising a hooved hand.

And then, the crowd fell quiet.

After a few moments of hesitation, Apollyon tilted his head. “What, no more? Well, going once, going tw-”

He started counting, only to be interrupted by the stomping of a hoof. “What the FUCK?!?” Stephen growled. “I am worth WAY more than twenty five!” A spark of fire in his eyes, the stallion stepped forward, flexing an arm. “Look at this bicep! I am a prime slab of meat!” With an indignant whinny, he looked around as no one else spoke up. “What, so am I too manly for all of you? Not babyish enough? You want the twinkies and girly boys?” At that, he fell to a mutter. “Erm, sorry Clarence.”

“Mmmph!” Maximilian tried to speak again, the gag reminding him that speech was not something in his control right now.

Stephen continued, undeterred. “Look, I get it. The first two were slender. They looked more childish. That’s what you’re all here for, right?!? But you want a baby, right?” The stallion squatted and began to ball his fists. Maximilian could see the horse’s tail lifting. What was he doing? “W-well, nnnf-” At first, all the lion could hear was a passing of gas. But it only took a moment for him to see the diaper wrapped around his friend’s butt sagging downward, a brown stain forming on the formerly white material. Stephen panted and huffed. “D-does this look like the diaper of a big kid to you?!?”

With an energetic frenzy, the bidding began anew. Maximilian watched as the price for Stephen skyrocketed, jumping from twenty five to fifty, then to eighty five, and then higher still. It ended at long last when the big brown bull in the audience bid again, this time with a price of one hundred and forty.

When Paulie Leon finally shouted out “SOLD!” Stephen thrust an arm up into the air. “YES! Premium price, baby- wait, why did I want that so badly?” Seeming entirely baffled by his own competitiveness, the stallion trotted down the stairs, wincing in front of Maximilian as his butt squished with every step, his poopy pamper sagging downward as he went.

“Congratulations on your new acquisition, Frank!” Apollyon chuckled. Maximilian was forced to watch as Stephen moved to kneel in front of the bull, his head lowered in deference that had to be artificial. The lion found himself whimpering, yet he was painfully aware of his cock as it throbbed and drooled against the front of his new nappy. Why was this getting to him so much?

You are a gay, horny baby kitten

Words, unbidden, popped into his head again. With a grunt, the bound and gagged lion shook his head until the thought was gone. That wasn't him.

He wasn't a kitten.

And the situation he found himself in made him the exact opposite of happy.

There was nothing he was enjoying about this.

His cock throbbed.

Nothing at all.

“Thank you!” Paulie Leon clapped once and then waved to the crowd, before giving a pronounced, theatrical bow. “And with that, we've reached the end of today's auction!”

Someone in the crowd bellowed. “HEY, WHAT ABOUT THE LION?”

The canine demon just chuckled. “Yes, the absolute end of today's business!”

Another person shouted, as Maximilian wondered what was going on. “I WANTED TO BID ON THE KITTY!”

Why was Paulie- Apollyon not selling him?

The infernal wolf lifted his front paws up to his chest and then lowered them gently, as if trying to sooth the crowd. “Now now... I get how excited you all are. But that one's not for sale. I just put

him up here as a display!” Apollyon turned to flash Maximilian a devilish grin. “For you see, boys and men, this one is all mine.”

Lifting a paw up, he curled a finger towards Maximilian, a wide, infuriating smile plastered along his muzzle. “Come here, baby Maxie! Give your new Daddy a biiiig hug!”

Without any control over his limbs, Maximilian felt his body jerking forward, legs and arms working without his permission or consent. He growled, watching as his body betrayed him, every motion a rigid, almost mechanical process. He felt the muscular wolf’s body entwine with his, as his mitten-covered paws wrapped around Apollyon’s body. He felt his head tuck underneath the wolf’s own. To anyone merely watching the moment, seeing this diapered lion and his behavior, it might’ve looked like an overgrown toddler expressing love for a parent. The worst part was that Maximilian could feel his cock rubbing against the wolf’s own, through their respective garb.

The worst part was that he couldn’t say he hated it.

The worst part was when his new daddy just chuckled and whispered into his ear. “I’m sure on some level you want to reject every second of this. You feel forced, coerced, and like all your choices were yanked away from you. But I’ll let you in on a little secret, kitten. Even if I do own you as part of our deal... None of my magic works on someone who truly, honestly, entirely rejects it. My powers are unable to affect someone who opposes them with their whole body, mind, and heart.”

Maximilian might’ve had something to say in response, but his mouth was still gagged. “M-mmph!” he slurred, feeling his own drool running down his fuzzy chin. The wolf incubus was grinding against his diapered crotch.

Apollyon just stroked at his mane and kept talking. “Am I lying? Perhaps. But consider this: Either I AM lying, and that boner of yours is just more teasing of you... or I’m telling the truth, and you’re just not fighting it hard enough.” Maximilian could feel the wolf grinding against his diapered erection. Giving the crowd a lewd little show. “Because on some level, you want this.” Maximilian felt his eyes widening. “And now that I’ve put the idea in your head... can you ever be sure that *little whisper* in the back of your mind isn’t you? Can you ever be sure you couldn’t break free if you weren’t craving this degradation on some level?” While the lion was squeezing his new “daddy”, he was watching people slowly dispersing from the stage. The day’s festivities were over. And now doubt was starting to creep into Maximilian’s mind. As he watched his friends being led away, he had to wonder... was this part of some deep-seated fetish in his mind? Or was he entirely a victim here? With just one ploy, the wolf had gotten into his head.

There was a slow, wicked chuckle in the diapered lion’s ear.

“Oh, I’m going to have SO MUCH FUN breaking you in, kitten...”

TO BE CONTINUED!