

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 4: Clarence's Fate

"W-where are you taking me?" Clarence managed to squeak out, the buck being led off on a leash by the man who had bought him. This "Salaryman" was a black panther a head taller than the buck, who found himself wishing his antlers were bigger this season, if only so he could have felt less like the smallest man in the room.

His captor stopped walking and turned back to face him, sliding his spectacles up the bridge of his snout. "Home, of course. What a silly question!" As the Salaryman looked up and down Clarence's body, his glasses glinted with the light of the setting sun. "It's been a long, tiring day for me, and you're quite underdressed. I hope you aren't chilly, just in a diaper like that." The navy suit the deer's captor was wearing rustled a bit in the wind, pale white lines sewn into the fabric seeming to dance with the motion of the suit itself. Clarence noted that the man was wearing a pair of brown neatly polished leather shoes, as well as a gold band around both his wrists and along the tip of his tail. "Try to endure it if you are. Our house is just a block away by now."

"N-no, I'm fine." Clarence honestly thought he'd be more angry. Being led behind this big panther, his very freedom ripped away, he felt like the normal reaction should be fury. But instead, he was just scared. And a bit nervous. He could hear his diaper crinkling. If he had been drinking like the others had back in Stephen's apartment, he was worried he'd have wet himself in fright. "But, u-um..." He poked two hooved pointer fingers together as the feline continued leading him off. "If I can ask a question... w-what do you intend on doing with me?"

Salaryman lived in a literal white picket house, with two stories and a matching fence outlining a

well-kept lawn. The panther unlocked the front gate before leading Clarence up a stone walkway. "That depends entirely on if you can cook." He tilted his head to gaze back at the stag. "It shouldn't be hard to figure out what's really going on here. This whole realm exists for men who love other men, and diapers, and other assorted kinks. You have plenty of baby boys, your odd scattering of sissies, and plenty of big burly daddy types. Some of which came that way, others of which are 'all grown up' versions of baby boys raised by the past generation." Salaryman shrugged. "Mr. Leon's been at this for a long while, it seems. Not that I'm complaining. But I will say that my tastes are a bit more conventional than some of my neighbors."

With a tug on his leash, Clarence found himself being pulled through the front door, down a hallway, and into a large, modern kitchen with white-painted wood cabinets and stainless steel appliances. As if to illustrate a point, Salaryman tapped the oven. "Sure, there's plenty of fun in a big baby boy to take care of. But unlike some of the folks here, I work a day job." He took a step closer towards Clarence. And then another, until he was looming over the slender buck. "I don't always have the time a baby boy needs from his daddy. I'd rather have something a bit more... Stepford."

Clarence blinked. "S-stepford?" He felt a paw moving down to grope his rear, and heard a crinkling noise the feline squeezed through the padding against his rump. "Y-you mean-" He knew that term.

This close, he could smell the feline's scent... a bouquet of sweat, cologne, and just a bit of musk. It was oddly familiar.

It smelled like the perfect daddy he'd been dreaming of for so long, didn't it?

"Yeah." The feline purred and growled, leaning down to nibble at Clarence's neck. Astonishing himself, the buck actually lifted his head to allow the big cat access. "Mmm... see, I get so horny by the idea that there's a cute little sissy waiting for me back home..." A finger was working its way between the cheeks of Clarence's bottom, stretching the padding of his diaper. "...cleaning house and playing pretend that they're actually my beautiful wife." Clarence could feel his penis stiffening as he listened. "Having dinner ready for me when I come home... waiting for me to come home after a long day of number crunching like a good girl for daddy to put her in a clean diaper.. My pretty little princess..." The buck felt another cock rubbing against his. In his mind, words echoed.

Just forget about Stephen. You want a Daddy to take care of you. You want to be someone's pretty little princess, don't you?

"I- I-" Clarence gasped and moaned as he felt that naughty finger teasing his tailhole through his diapered behind. "N-nnnngh! D-daddyyyy!" he squirmed and shoved himself away, staggering backwards until his butt crinkled against a countertop. This was all happening so fast. His heart was racing. That word had just slipped out of him. "I-I mean-"

The panther's tail twitched lazily back and forth behind him, as he flashed the stag an amused smirk. "Why push me away? You were enjoying that, I could tell."

His face burning like the sun, Clarence squirmed. "This feels w-weird!" His wet dreams of a big strong onyx-furred daddy were staring at him. It felt impossible for something like this to be real. "I- I just need to- you BOUGHT m-me, and-" He was trying to explain how wrong the situation was, but Clarence found he was having trouble convincing himself first. There was a part of him that had really just wanted to give in to that embrace, rather than push away.

With a pronounced, dreamy sigh, the panther tilted his head. "I'm not going to force myself on you like some of the others might. Wouldn't be much of a husband or a daddy if I did that." That word, *Daddy*, made Clarence's dick wet again. He looked away, lowering his head. "So here's what I'll do. Come with me and let's get you all dressed up. After that, if you're still hostile to the idea of being my sissy diapered wife, then I'll let you go."

The stag blinked. "Y-you'll what?"

Holding up his paws on either side of his head, Daddy Salaryman nodded. "Let me get you dressed, and if you really aren't enjoying yourself, you can leave Leaky Faucet. I won't try to stop you. I'll even point you to the exit." He lowered a hand to point a finger at the buck. "BUT... there's one condition. You have to wear what Daddy picks out for you. At least once. Fair?"

Squirming, trying to hide how much he was tenting his diaper, Clarence nodded. "A-alright. That sounds fair." He had an out. An escape. But for some reason it sounded less enticing than the alternative. "L-let's go... Daddy." Clarence almost creamed his diaper when he said the word. The fight for his independence was almost lost before the battle even began. But he found himself wondering if it was even a bad thing? Daddy Salaryman wasn't as buff as Stephen, but he was pretty big and burly anyway... and unlike the horse, so very nice and... affectionate. The stag held his arm out, letting the big cat lock their arms together. He couldn't help but giggle as he felt the feline pull him close, leading him up towards a flight of stairs going up. Though a fading part of him wanted to reject this man, if it weren't for the diapers, this would feel ripped out of one of his sweetest dreams.

Though he hadn't had the guts to admit to his friends that diapers had started to figure into those dreams lately too...

Daddy Salaryman led Clarence up the stairs, into a bright white nursery with pastel pink wallpaper trimming the base and peak of the walls. A matching crib easily large enough to accommodate the stag was in one corner of the room, and a toy chest was stacked up along the far wall. Nearby was a desk with a mirror, and bits of makeup set in front of it. Next to a large sliding closet with a mirror along the door, there was what looked like an enormous puffy cloud-designed changing table. "O-oh my..." Clarence blushed and stared. The whole room looked like a nursery for a little girl, save for in scale. The toy chest, the crib, the changing

table... they were clearly sized for an adult, in spite of their functions. As he took in the sights, a pair of paws pressed down onto his shoulders. "Are you enjoying the sight of your new nursery, Loveyhoof?" Behind him, Daddy Salaryman nuzzled his face against Clarence's neck, covering it with kisses.

The slender deer squirmed, his face growing hot at the silly nickname. "I- I-"

Taking the buck's hand in his, the big panther strode inside. "I have been waiting for the perfect person to claim as my sissy-wife. Someone to cuddle and hold-"

Clarence whimpered. "C-cuddle? Hold?"

The feline's eyes turned back to lock with his, golden glints gleaming where the light of the room hit his eyes. "Someone to spoil and dote on-"

"Spoil?" Clarence felt like giggling. "D-dote?"

The panther gently tugged Clarence forward into an embrace. "Someone to take care of." He moved a paw down to the little buck's bottom, hearing it crinkle. "Someone cute and gentle and with a feminine charm." There was a deep purr. Clarence could feel the big cat's body rumbling against him. "You looked perfect the moment I saw you. A slender, petite, girly little thing. You never really wanted to be big, or strong, or masculine, or in charge, did you?" Clarence moaned as he felt Daddy Salaryman nibble against his neck. "No... you wanted to belong to someone else. You wanted to know someone thought you were cute. You wanted to feel special, because you had someone big and strong and adult to take care of all the scary things in life, while you wore a dress and played at home and sang and cleaned and cooked. Isn't that right?" The panther growled a bit in his amusement.

"You wanted to be someone's perfect little sissy-wife."

At a slow, gentle pace, the bigger male led Clarence over towards the desk with the mirror. "Y-you really think that's what I wanted?" He gazed up at his own reflection in the mirror, watching Daddy Salaryman approach from behind, to rest his paws on the lithe buck's shoulders once more."

The feline just chuckled, leaning down to put his lips close to the buck's right ear. "Deny it."

The little buck squirmed on the seat, hearing his diaper crinkle. It was such a simple thing. All he had to do was say "No".

Deep down, you know a sissy like you needs to be kept in pretty things...

And yet he found himself hesitating. Biting his lip. Pressing his thighs together.

Dresses...

Taking a deep breath, Clarence put his hands to his cheeks. "I- I- want-"

...pink stockings...

He could feel Daddy Salaryman's paws on his shoulders. Stroking and caressing his flesh. It felt so nice. And hadn't he been dreaming of fantasies like this for so long now? Almost five years. It felt like everything the little buck had ever wanted. Even-

He felt his bladder slip, as excited as he was. A warm wetness spread out around his crotch, causing him to squeal with glee.

"And a nice thick frilly diaper-"

Even the diapers. He'd wanted them too, hadn't he? Looking up at the big panther, he blushed and giggled. "Daddy, I want a pretty pink diaper and a pwetty ruffly short dress to go over it." He talked a bit babyish, just to be cute.

The big black feline purred and kissed his forehead. "My little sissy wife gets to be as pretty as he wants."

Clarence relaxed now, enjoying the feeling of soaking the first of a lifetime of diapers. He knew what he wanted now. It wasn't to be with Stephen. It wasn't to be a manly buck. It wasn't even to be gay.

He wanted to be this male's pretty, girly little fawn.

"Eeek! Daaaaaaaddy!" Clara squeaked as the sissy fawn felt a paw gripping his backside. "I told you, I'm not messy! Besides, you'd probably be able to smell it, right?" The sissy-wife of Daddy Salaryman wiggled as he felt the panther squeezing a bit.

"Sometimes, Loveyhoof, I just want to feel for myself." A purr on his lips, Daddy Salaryman just rubbed that rump for a few more seconds, before giving the diaper a swat and sending Clara trotting along the tile of the kitchen floor. "Eventually, you won't even really notice when you need a change, after all. And even if you're clean, a pretty little doe like you should be proud of all the attention your butt gets."

Clara's face got hot, as he went back to a pan, searing veggies for their dinner. "W-well, it's quite the compliment from my Daddy." He was wearing a bright eggshell apron atop a frilly pink and cream princess skirt. A spandex pink onesie had been fitted around the sissy-doe's bottom and chest. He could feel the material rubbing against his nipples. Taking a moment to gaze at

his reflection in a nearby window, Clarence, now Clara, saw his skull, now bare of any antlers at all. Daddy Salaryman had borrowed some gunk in a tube from Paulie Leon, and a few minutes with the tingling black gunk smeared around his antlers had caused them to fall off in a matter of moments. The warning label on the back of the tube even said they'd never grow back after application. It was weird to think that the very symbol of his masculinity was gone forever.

But the cute little doe-boi liked thinking about it.

"You were wet, though." Daddy Salaryman chuckled. "Nearly about to leak, I wager."

His ears perked up at the comment. Clara didn't look away from the veggies in the pan. "O-oh, is that so, Daddy?"

From behind, a pair of beefy black arms wrapped around his chest to squish the crotch of his diaper, while another drew tiny circles around his nipple. "Yup. You've been dribbling every time you look back at your hunky daddy, haven't you?"

With a coy smile, Clara turned his head back. "Maybe."

A growl followed the coy little response. Clara felt the feline let go of him, before a paw went to his padded backside, before he felt his center of gravity shifting. "D-daddy, wait, I don't need-" As Daddy Salaryman lifted him up, the sissy doe felt his body being tickled. "Eeheeheehee!" He squirmed and giggled, hooves kicking in the air, as the big strong male carried him out into a bathroom with another changing table situated within it. Clara felt his body lowered, as he plopped onto the changing table. "Wait, I'm not really that wet and the veggies-" The sissy boy started, before feeling a glittery butterfly pacifier push into his snout.

"I know." Daddy Salaryman stared down at him, golden eyes gleaming, a smirk on his face as he undid the tapes of the pretty pink diaper. "Daddy just can't look at his sissy-wife for too long without being overcome with lust and need for you." With the damp diaper flipped open, Clara felt a breeze along his privates. He blushed and squirmed, feeling his legs spread apart, before hearing a zipper work. The noise was enough for the big baby fawn to look up and see an eight inch monster of a cock flopping out of Daddy's suit pants. The big panther growled, coating it with lube while using his free paw to spread Clara's cheeks and tease his pucker. "And we haven't really christened you yet for your new life... But dinner's cooking, so we can't lose track of time, Loveyhoof."

Daddy Salaryman didn't waste much time, leaning forward to push his hard shaft into his pretty sissyboy's cheeks. Clara nursed his pacifier, flexing his pucker gently as he felt that firm flesh pushing inside him. It made him suck a little bit harder, feeling his hole stretching out gently. "Oooo..." He cooed around his pacifier, closing his eyes as the big strong daddy mounted him. A pair of paws moved to gently rub and tease his nipples. Clara could feel every inch of his daddy's cock sliding into him, rocking gently against his prostate. Each hump made a wave of pleasure wash over him. He suckled his pacifier, squirming on the table. Overcome by the

pleasure of being topped, he shuddered and gripped at the changing table, squeezing it tight. "T-there, Daddy! That's my button!" Clara whimpered, panting and heaving as his own little sissy stick shot up, precum spattering along his tummy in regular splats while Daddy fucked him.

The panther's eyes lit up. "Oh, is that so? So it's not here?" He reached up to gently rub at the sissy fawn's nipples, fingers circling them and kneading the flesh. Clara gasped and groaned, squirming and whimpering at the sensation. Only for his groan to turn into a moan of delight as he felt Daddy giving him another hump. "Or maybe here?" He licked his lips, leaning down to nibble at the man-doe's neck. The sheer sensory overload made Clara whimper and tremble, another small spurt of precum jetting out of him. It was so hard for Clara to hold still as the big cat teased him in three different points. But if he didn't hold still, his Daddy might STOP, which was the worst outcome. So Clara just groaned and flexed his backdoor gently, panting and huffing and whimpering like a doe in heat. "D-Daaaaaaaaddddddddddddyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy..." He felt another thrust against his sensitive spots in his backside, feeling his pacifier slipping out. The sissified buck tilted his head up and groaned, closing his eyes to lose himself in the situation. Just one day into their new life together and the panther was spoiling his sissy-wife.

Eventually, however, the nibbles to his neck stopped and Clara found herself opening her eyes to see why.. Daddy Salaryman lifted his head back up, staring down at Clara with an amused glint in his eyes. "Goodness, I wonder if we can teach you to make stickies for me without even touching your little clitty." The panther growled lustily. "Of course, that'd take a nice-" He punctuated that word with a deep thrust. "-Long-" and then another one, provoking another whimper of need from the girly doe-boi. "-Time." With a purr, the black furred feline thrust again, giving his sissy-wife another pinch on the nipples. "Though I don't see why we can't start right now. After all... I'm so enamoured with the noises you make when I tease you, Loveyhoof." Salaryman slid his right paw away from the girly little doe's nipple to trace a finger down towards his tummy. "Daddy might even let you stay up past bedtime to have a sleepover in his bed if you keep making those cute girly little noises whenever I touch you."

As Clara opened his muzzle to reply, he felt the pacifier be pushed back in again. "But my princess lost her binkie! Naughty naughty..." The panther sighed. "We'll have to get something to clip it to your dress. Daddy wants you to get all the practice sucking on things that you can, ok?" He smirked, his roving paw moving down to trace up and down Clara's leaky little sissy stick. "Someone's certainly in a lot of need. Goodness, does the little fawn want to be rutted like the big does?" With a chuckle, he pushed again inside Clara's backside. Instead of opening ehr muzzle, Clara just suckled on her pacifier like a good girl and whimpered. She felt she badly needed to cum. She badly needed to make a sticky mess. "Do you need Daddy to help you, Loveyhoof? I know it must be hard for a little baby to even know what making stickies is." The teasing prompted a blush from the little sissy-wife on the changing table. Her sissy stick twitched and trembled as Daddy teased with his finger. "Goodness, you never stop leaking do you?" Daddy Salaryman sounded amused as he thrust once again inside his big fawn. "Good thing Daddy was smart enough to put you back in diapers. A little princess like you'd be making puddles of one sort or another whenever you saw a handsome boy, wouldn't you?" He moved his finger up to circle around the head of her stick. "Yes, you'll never be ready for big girl

panties, if this is how easy it is to get you worked up.” The feline purred, thrusting once more into his sissy-wife’s pucker. Clara shuddered. That last comment turned the key in her mind. “Oooooooooohhhh.” With a lusty moan, the sissified member of the Cradle-Robberz band finally felt her climax hit. spurts of sissy juice shot up, spattering along Daddy Salaryman’s shirt and painting the little sissy fawn’s tummy.

The feline’s eyes glinted. “And that’s all I was waiting for.” Unperturbed by his soiled shirt, Salaryman began to pick up the pace, grunting and making sure to hammer at the big sissy fawn’s prostate over and over again. Clara could feel pressure building up inside him, and each thrust jackhammered away at his remaining resistance more and more. After another few moments of the vigorous activity, he squeaked and favored Daddy Salaryman with a moan, as he suckled his pacifier and his eyes rolled back in his head. Clara came a second time, just as hot and intense as the first, as he coated his white tummy with his own sticky mess once more. Still recovering from the first orgasm, this left the baby fawn devolved into a puddle of huffing, puffing doe-flesh. Moments later, Daddy stiffened up. “N-nnngh!” The panther growled, as Clara felt his load filling the little baby doe. He grunted, pushing in as deep as he could.

With a sigh of bliss, the panther bent down to kiss his new sissy-wife’s forehead. “T-that was as amazing as I’ve always wanted it to be. I got you off twice? So rapidly? Astonishing!” Rubbing at the fawn’s cumslick tummy, he pet his new sissy-wife. “I love you, Clara.”

Clara giggled, leaning up to boop his pacifier’s mouthguard against his new Daddy’s cheek. “I wuv oo too, dada...” He slurred around the pacifier, not wanting to spit it out.

And he loved his diapers, because they felt good and Daddy liked seeing him in them.

For orgasms that hot, he’d wear diapers for the rest of eternity.

The acrid smell of smoke hit both their nostrils. Clara sat up on the changing table, staring out of the bathroom. It took him less than a moment to realize what the source was.

“Oh no, I burned the veggies!”

TO BE CONTINUED!