

Cradle Robberz

By: Terinas Tiger

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 5: Stephen's Fate

"Mmmmph!"

Stephen turned his head away, mouth clamped shut.

In front of him was a baby blue spoon piled high with a bright orange mush.

Holding it was the man who had introduced himself to Stephen as "Daddy Frank", a burly bull with fur the color of a creamy mocha, a few white spots dotting the soft brown fur in places. A gleaming golden hoop hung from his nostrils, like a door knocker. He was clad in a pair of camo-printed pants and a deep navy button-up shirt he'd left unbuttoned, open for anyone to see his sculpted chest. Stephen prided himself on a muscular body, but Frank was enormous: Over eight feet tall, with enough beef on him to feed a wolf for a month. He'd lifted the muscular horse as if he weighed no more than thirty pounds to set him into the high chair. "Hmmp. So my new baby boy is a fussy feeder, is he?" The bull snorted, a tone of exasperation in his voice as his deep russet eyes locked with Stephen's own set. "I thought ponies liked carrots!"

The mustang actually DID like carrots, but when they were mushed into a paste it just felt humiliating. With a snort, Stephen folded his arms. "Well, maybe I'm just too grossed out to eat, seeing as how you wouldn't let me change out of this mucky diaper." Stephen winced as he reminded himself of the soiled undergarment. He could feel his own poop squishing against his bottom whenever he shifted his weight. The worst part was he'd stopped even noticing the smell after a few minutes. As grossed out as he felt by the squishing sensation, if he wasn't moving he almost forgot what was down there.

At the comment, his new “Daddy” just arched his eyebrows, brown eyes widening a bit. “Disappointing. When you messed yourself with the whole crowd watching, I thought you’d enjoy it more.”

Everyone staring at him as he soiled himself like a little toddler.

Stephen felt his face getting hot, his cock twitching in his mucky pampers. The diapers he’d been put in. NOT his. Because he didn’t wear diapers. “W-well, that was-MMMPH!” A mouthful of carrot-tasting paste filled his mouth. Stephen almost bit down on instinct, but managed to avoid biting the spoon as he felt the sweet, moist gunk spreading through his mouth. As the spoon was pulled out, the stallion snorted. “HEY! Stop tha-MMMPH!” This time, some of the paste smeared on his upper lip. As the spoon was tugged out of his mouth, he growled. “If you’d just let me get a word in edg-MMMPH!” This time he’d been ready for it. But clamping his mouth down shut hadn’t saved him. Instead, he’d just caused most of the paste to fall down onto his chin and dribble down it. He almost imagined anyone looking at him would just see a messy-faced baby colt. If his Facebook followers saw him now, he’d be ruined.

Everyone seeing how much of a fussy colt he was.

Stephen winced, feeling his erection rubbing against the bottom of the feeding tray through his diaper. As the spoon was lowered, the bull reached down into a pocket of his green and brown camo pants to pull out a smartphone. A flash went off before Stephen could react. “HEY! Don’t take pictures of me, you perve-MMMPH!” The spoon had penetrated his muzzle again, delivering another payload of bright orange glop. After swallowing it, he folded his arms and kicked a hoof against the leg of the high chair, grumbling and snorting with his cheeks puffed out. Another picture went off.

All eyes staring at the big horse brought down to being a big baby.

The thought ran through his head, as he felt his cock twitching again. Why did this feel so hot? Stephen was confused and grouchy and trapped in diapers and surrounded by gay fucking men. So why were parts of him getting into it? Just the thought of someone seeing those pictures as “Daddy” Frank snapped them was humiliating... but at the same time he felt his unflared cock drooling into the crotch of his diaper. He groaned, struggling against the high chair again, his bottom squishing his mucky mess around as the big bronco made another futile attempt to break his bindings.

An arm snaked under the left side of the high chair. Stephen felt one of Daddy Frank’s paws rubbing against his diaper-clad boner. “You know, as much as my little grunt struggles against all this, Daddy knows how much you love it. Your words can lie, but your cock never will.”

Baby food sinking into his face-fur, Stephen huffed and scowled. He just had to push through the horniness. “F-fuck off.”

Daddy Frank chuckled and continued rubbing at that bulge. "If you're a good little colt and eat your strained carrots, I'll give you a clean diaper..." The tone was meant to be tantalizing, an offer meant to tempt. To Stephen's ears, however, it was the words rather than the tone that had some appeal. He could feel his bottom squishing with every movement, and he could smell the stink of his own mud. He'd gotten used to it, but every reminder made him wince again.

After his instinct to resist and his desire to be changed went to war with each other for a few moments, a conclusion was reached. "Fiiiine." Ears drooping, Stephen closed his eyes and opened his muzzle.

Scoop by scoop, the big bull went through a whole jar of strained carrots. The taste was actually not as bad as Stephen was expecting. Just a bit sweeter than usual carrots. After a few bites, he actually found himself not just accepting it, but actually cooperating in the feeding. He opened his eyes, opened his mouth and closed it when necessarily, and even found himself licking his lips to get a bit more of the colt food. It was when he heard his diaper crinkling while he wasn't moving that he realized he was even wagging his tail.

Which made the bull's eyes light up. "Is that my boy, wagging his tail like a doggy? Oh, this is so precious!" With an enthusiastic squeal, he reached down into his pocket and pulled out something Stephen had been missing for a while: A smartphone. "I have to record this! I can't wait to show everyone on Babnet how adorable my little colt is!" Some panic filled Stephen's mind. Pictures or videos on the right websites could really ruin his image with the ladies. Yet, as he saw the smartphone, he found the panic fleeting. He missed Facebark. He missed checking his social media presence.

So his protest ended up being half-hearted, his eyes laser-focused on the smartphone. "Hey, don't record me- Babnet?" Stephen found his ears perking up.

"Of course!" Daddy Frank chuckled. "In this realm, we can't access the outside internet. So Apollyon produced an alternative for us while we're here. A special website for Daddies and their dirty little Baby Boys to talk, show off, and make each other jealous."

"I-I'm not dirty." Stephen said, painfully aware of how untrue it was. His cock was rubbing against the bottom of his feeding tray again as he watched Daddy Frank recording him.

"Of course you are." The big bull reached out to pat his head, while his other hand kept the phone's camera focused on Stephens' shirtless body. "Look at my little baby colt. Covered in mush on both his back and his front. Can't hold his bottom long enough to even be fed, can he?"

"He CAN!" Stephen sputtered. "I was messy before you put me into this seat, Dadd-" The word had just slipped out. Stephen felt his face getting hot. He'd just admitted he was in a messy diaper on recording. Like it was normal. Like he did this every day. It was surprising him how

natural this all had started feeling. In less than a day, he was already almost calling this man daddy and protesting about WHEN he used his diapers.

And when had they become “his” diapers?

The phone was finally lowered. “And... uploading now!” Daddy Frank watched something on the phone screen, before his smirk turned into a wide grin. “Well there we go! My my, someone’s first video already got five likes! Nope, six now... you’re going to be so popular, lil’ Stephie!”

The humiliation of everyone watching the overgrown colt mingling with the pleasure of his used diaper rubbing against his growing cock, both uniting to fill his mind with brainless bliss.

“Nnnnffff...” Stephen shuddered at that announcement, feeling his cock throbbing at the thought of people seeing him in that messy diaper. The big stallion felt so confused. The worst part was that his boner wasn’t going away. In fact, as Daddy Frank filmed him, it seemed to be getting harder. He wasn’t gay. He wasn’t a baby. But all of a sudden the idea of men watching his video acting like one was lighting a fire in his brain. “R-really? F-fuck...” He huffed, straining to reach a hand down to rub the front of his diaper under the tray. He could ALMOST reach his tented nappy’s front if he leaned forward.

Only to have Daddy Frank smack it away. “No no, boy. None of THAT!” With a snort, the big bull yanked his arm back. A fire was in his brown eyes. “If you want to make a sticky mess, you have to have Daddy’s permission. That’s the first rule of our home, Baby Stephie.”

At this, Stephen sputtered, trying to move his arm back and failing, as the big brown bull held him in place. “B-but- But I need to-” He couldn’t escape while trapped in this high chair. And as much as the horse hated to admit it, his Daddy Frank was stronger than he was. “C-can I at least get that change you promised?” Out of the high chair, he’d have a better chance of... something. He couldn’t think of what he would do, as horny as he was, but at least he’d be unrestrained.

The big bull sighed. “Oh, alright. I suppose we should change my little mucky mare before you get a rash.”

“I’m notta mucky mare! I’m a boy!” Stephen protested, folding his arms with a huff. At least he’d be free soon.

He was not free.

The changing table up in his new nursery came with leather straps that bound down his arms and legs. Stephen couldn’t move, yet again, as his diaper was undone. He suckled on a pacifier shaped like a baby blue train engine’s front, for lack of a better thing to do while Daddy Frank undid the tapes of his diaper. “Goodness, you got it all over, didn’t you?” The big brown bull

clicked his tongue. "That's what happens when you're a fussy, squirmy baby boy, Stephie. If I didn't know better, I'd say you were enjoying being messy."

"Nuh-uh." Stephen shook his head, blushing as he realized his enormous shaft was jutting up into the sky, now unrestrained by his equally enormous soiled diaper.

Daddy Frank shot him an unconvinced look. "Oh really? Your pokey pony pee-pee says otherwise, little colt." Moving a hand up, he flicked it gently, sending some of Stephen's precum spattering down onto his tummy, soaking into the thin layer of fur there.

"Ish a lie." Stephen protested, face on fire.

"I don't think so, my little pony." Daddy Frank just grinned. "But I think it's missing something. Apollyon says that every baby he brings in has some hidden button to their pleasure. 'The heart wants what it wants', he says. Some avenue to get them started on their descent downward into happy diaperboys." He smirked, Daddy Frank gently rubbing at the head of his boy's cock. "Was it something I did before? Some fetish you already had, easy to subvert?"

Stephen didn't know what Daddy Frank was talking about, but he blushed as the bigger male stared down at him.

"Let's see... the feeding? No... you protested quite a bit over that." A bovine hand trailed downwards towards the big bull's pants. "But maybe..." And with a sudden, fluid motion, he pulled out his smartphone. "It was THIS!" The screen was pulled up to a social media site. Stephen could see the video of his feeding on the screen, and a little button shaped like a heart with a number under it. He could even see COMMENTS.

And his flared cock twitched against the hand of the bigger man.

His eyebrows arching with recognition, Daddy Frank's smile grew wider. "Theeeeere we go... you're a little attention slut, aren't you?" With an amused moo, he stroked at Stephen's cock, provoking a huff from the horse. Stephen wasn't gay. He kept telling himself that, but if his Daddy kept rubbing him there, he wasn't sure how long it'd matter. "You want all eyes on you. It's not enough to just be in diapers, you want everyone to know you're in them. You want everyone to think you're the best baby, don't you?" The horse gave a pained, needy whinney as he heard those words. "I should've suspected it the moment you messed yourself on stage to get a higher price." The big bull's hand worked up and down his cock, slick with precum, as Stephen whimpered and whinnied.

Everyone staring at him as he soiled himself like a little toddler.

As he showed everyone how a horse wets their diaper.

All eyes on him as he humiliated himself, shamed himself, the big hunk of a man unable to hold his bladder any better than a little baby colt.

"I- Ooooh gods..." Stephen panted, huffing, humping up against his Daddy's hand. He wanted so badly to be free of the restraints. He was strapped to the table, unable to touch himself as he imagined everyone seeing him in his soaked, messy diapers. *What better way could he get the attention he craved?* He whimpered and moaned as he felt the bull's hand stop. "W-wait! Please, Daddy, I need-"

The bull simply let go of his cock, making Stephen whimper. "No, you're not getting off that easily, baby boy." The big bad bull held up the phone again, as a light went on to indicate the scene of the restrained horse was being caught on camera. "Tell me I'm your daddy."

The stallion's body was on liquid fire, as he shuddered and feebly humped the air. The leather restraints along his wrists and legs chafed and struggled against his body. For a moment he tried to resist, but his churning balls demanded some release. He writhed, whimpering. "Y-You're my daddy!"

The mocha bull mooed again, his eyes narrowing. "Now tell me who changes your diapers."

Everyone was going to hear him submitting. The idea made Stephen more desperate to bust a nut. Gritting his teeth and whimpering, he humped the air, his pelvis thrusting up in a pathetic attempt to cum. After a few seconds, it was clear the only way he could spurt would be to submit to the big bull completely. Whimpering, the horny horse admitted what felt like truth. "D-Daddy Frank changes my diapers!"

The big bull's smirk grew a bit less cold and a bit more warm. "Almost there... you know everyone's going to see this, right? I've already registered a profile for you on Babnet. I'm going to make you the cutest little diapered star of the internet there is." He moved a finger up to trace up and down Stephen's cock, sending slivers of pleasure to the needy pony's mind. It wasn't enough though. Stephen wasn't even on a cusp of an orgasm.

And then, the bull reached down to grip at the horse's ball sack, squeezing it. A mix of pain and pleasure flooded Stephen's mind, as he whinnied and yelped and struggled against the restraints he was trapped in. "Now tell me WHY you need a Daddy to change your diapers." The warmth from the bull's smile was gone. Replaced with a firm tone of someone who demanded an answer.

Trembling, his balls too full of cum for it to NOT hurt, Stephen gave in almost instantly. "I need a Daddy to change my diapers because I'm a gay little pony who don't know how t'use a potty!" He gave the answer he felt like the bull would want to hear. It didn't make the pain on his balls go away. So he cringed, whimpered, and tried again. "A-an' 'cause I don'WANT t'learn how to use da potty!"

And with that, he felt the pain subside. The pressure on his sack release. "Good boy." Daddy Frank was smiling warmly now. "Such a good boy to humiliate yourself like this on screen."

You're loving this video, aren't you?" He moved his hand back up to grip at Stephen's cock. Slowly, the big brown bovine began to stroke it. Milking it like a cow's udder. "Daddy's going to use that fetish of yours. You're going to be a star. And the bigger you get, the more you'll love being daddy's baby colt."

The thoughts entering Stephen's head from that little suggestion made his cock spurt precum. The pace of Daddy's stroking was agonizingly slow but his words were so delicious.

"Everyone will see that you need your diapers."

The bull's hand moved a bit faster. Stephen trembled, biting his lower lip out of sheer need. He convulsed on the changing table.

"They'll see that you can't *ever* be potty trained."

Faster and faster went his Daddy's cock. Stephen felt his need building. "Oh my gods..." He didn't care that this was a guy doing it. It was his daddy. It was perfectly normal for Daddy to take care of his colt's needs, right?

"All your fans will learn how much you love being my little colt in your soggy, stinky, sticky diapers and never want to grow up."

The words uttered by his Daddy had an odd sort of resonance to them. Stephen let out a long groan, his long-awaited orgasm spurting up into the sky. He came once, twice, three, even four times, the white sticky mess falling down to coat his face and chest. It got all over. He groaned and whimpered, as Daddy Frank opened the changing table to pull out a box of baby wipes.

"We're going to have to take some measures to keep you from making too much of a mess, I see..." Stephen didn't care about what his Daddy was saying at the moment. Basking in the afterglow, he just relaxed, huffing and flopping back against the changing table. Letting his cock soften as the moment passed, Stephen let out a soft sigh of bliss. Why had he been resisting this again? Daddy was way hotter than any of the girls he'd been chasing that he barely remembered anyway. Plus, Daddy wouldn't get grossed out if he peed the bed like they would. And he still got to be a star! Life with Daddy was going to be perfect-

A clicking sound and the feel of cold plastic against his balls made Stephen jerk up.

"Daddy!?" He couldn't believe what he was seeing. "You put me in a cock cage!?"

Days had passed. Stephen blushed, as he stared up at the tripod, with an enormous baby bottle pushed between his lips. He wasn't holding it, of course. He couldn't really hold anything, in the straight jacket he'd been trapped in. Once he'd finished the last bit of lemonade in the bottle, someone off camera pulled it away. A blush on his face, the big baby colt blushed. "H-hello! This

is PrancingPonyBoi23, and welcome to my first ShowOffCrinkles Livestream, where I show how much I love my diapers!”

With a nervous chuckle, Stephen squirmed. He could feel his cock already hardening, and that would make the straps around his crotch uncomfortable. “No, not yet...” he mumbled to himself, well aware that it might not help with how little control he had these days. “A-anyway, today Daddy dressed me in my FAVORITE straight jacket and some CrinklePantz brand diaper... it’s not the thickest brand in the world, so I’ve got three on and the inner ones have been slit so that when I have any oopsie-doodles they’ll gradually leak out.” He gave his viewers a grin. “And with the straight jacket on, I can’t move or even think of going to the potty. It even pulls my diaper tight up against my body, so I’ll feel every moment of my oopsie-doodles to remind me of how much of a helpless gay baby colt I am. To make it happen sooner, Daddy put a diuretic an’ a laxative in my lemonade this morning, so I can feel what it’s like ot have no control... yes, my potty untraining’s not done yet, but soon I won’t even be able to notice when I need to go at all! I can’t wait!” Stephen gave the viewers at home a giggle as he pursed his lips and snorted for a pacifier. Everyone on Babnet wanted to see him humiliate himself *like the silly baby colt he was*, and looking cute helped bring in the viewers.

His new livestream was going to get super popular, he just knew it!

TO BE CONTINUED!