

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 6: Siber's Fate

Siber was forced to crawl on all fours behind his new "Daddy" on a leash, affixed to his collar. The dragon lumbered ahead of him, walking with a distinct gait and a wiggle to his hips.

It wasn't that much different from how Paulie Leon had been treating them. At first he'd been worried that crawling, mostly naked, on the concrete would scrape up his knees and paws. However, the worry was unfounded: whatever material the walkways were made of was soft, almost like a gym mat but slightly more firm. This surprised him for a moment or two, until Siber considered that if this devil, Apollyon, was able to create his own pocket reality, he was probably strong enough to control the properties of different types of matter within it.

As he'd said to Maximilian, they were screwed.

Possibly even literally.

Not that Siber thought he'd have objected to that last part. Better to be the slave of a demonic embodiment of lust than one of carnage or strife, as his grandfather used to say.

The yank of his new leash shook the husky out of his moment of reflection. "Don't lag behind." The dragon said, smoke rising from his nostrils as he turned back to gaze at the dog on all fours. "I haven't leash trained you yet so I will be patient. But if you make this too unpleasant I will not be gentle." There was a snarl on the man's lips as he glared down at Siber.

Who honestly felt an odd shiver down his spine as his new “Daddy” expressed displeasure. It wasn’t a pleasant feeling. Was he scared of the big bad dragon? No, that wasn’t quite it... this was something else. Something he didn’t quite recognise. “I’d move a lot faster on two legs than four.” He said, trying his best not to sound hostile. He’d already found that when this creature gave him a direct order he *didn’t want to* resist it, so an outright confrontation was out of the question. If he was going to escape, then, he had to test how much slack his new restraints would allow. But Siber was sure he could figure something out. He was smarter than most of his friends, after all.

“Only because you haven’t been trained properly yet. You still think you’re a person and not a pet.” Daddy Scorch said, before walking along, tugging the leash to drag the husky behind him. “Your new home is just ahead.”

Siber’s new home looked opulent, at least. He had imagined his owner would be in one of the single-floor ramblers he saw stretching along the supernatural suburb, but Scorch seemed to own a bright brown two story building with a three car garage and a large, lush back yard encased by a chain link fence. It was the sort of place that in the real world Siber might’ve considered upper middle class. In this odd little realm, he had no idea what such accommodations might signify, if anything. But at least he’d be enslaved in style. As the dragon known as Scorch undid a metal latch on a front gate, he turned back to the husky. “Time to meet your new siblings. I’ll warn you: They’re a bit much.”

Once they entered the house, Siber learned what the dragon meant. The air filled with the scrabbling of claws against hardwood floors. Loud thumping noises mixed with happy cries of “Master!” and crinkling sounds soon joined the cacophony, as two large huskies, one with deep blonde fur and another with deep red fur, bounded towards Siber and his new “owner”. Each of them were naked save for thick swollen plastic diapers wrapped around their behinds, each covered in infantile prints of bones, fire hydrants, and little dog houses.

“Master! You’re back!”

“Yay! Master’s back!”

“Hi Master! Hi hi hi!”

“Master, I made markies on my territory, can you see?”

“I love you Master!”

“Master, can I fetch your slippers?”

“I want snoofs, Master!”

“Can we go walkies please, Master?”

The two adult, bipedal huskies pranced around on all fours, giggling vacantly while nuzzling and petting at the dragon’s thighs. With each of his hands he began petting them between the ears. It lasted for nearly twenty seconds of adoration before two sets of husky ears perked up and two heads turned towards Siber.

“New brother!”

“Eee! New brother!”

“I wanna play with him!”

“I wanna sniff his butt!”

The two huskies lunged for Siber. He tried to get away, but with his new “Daddy” holding his leash and the front door shut, he didn’t get far. With a resounding THUD he felt his body smack against the ground as two giggling, seemingly empty-headed diapered doggies pinned him down. “Hey, get off me!” With a growl, Siber tried to push them off, before feeling something firm and yet soft pushing against the backside of his diaper.

“Hmm... New brother’s butt smells like baby powder!” The golden furred one said, with a soft giggle.

Siber didn’t think he was the modest sort of person, but sudden butt sniffings still made him feel embarrassed. “Hey, get out of there!” He tried to pull away, not wanting any part of this situation, *even if he did feel his cock stiffening in his new diaper by another dog acting like some kind of lewd puppy...* Feeling a headache coming on, Siber growled. “Stop acting like you’re PETS!”

Ignoring his protests, the red furred one just rolled his eyes. “My butt smells better, because I already went marks in my territory!” Prancing up to Siber’s face, he turned his body and flagged his tail. “See, new brother? Give it a sniff?”

“Wait, isn’t this kind of a stereotyp-MMMPH!” Siber’s protest was cut short as his face was enveloped in a warm, squishy, wet diaper. He could smell nothing but plastic, talcum powder, and strongest of all puppy pee. *It felt good. It felt good to sniff another puppy’s diapered butt.* “RRRRGH!” Growling, his teeth bared into a snarl, Siber shoved the red husky’s padded butt off of him, before covering the front of his tented diaper with one of his paws. “Ok, I have had enough of this!” His anger kindled, Siber slammed the two back, sending the overgrown puppies to land on their padded butts. “Back off or else!”

“DOWN, boy.”

The voice of Scorch sent a chill through Siber’s spine. That odd feeling again flooded his mind again, dousing any flames of anger he might’ve stoked. He lowered his head, ears drooping as he hesitated. Looking up, he saw the scowling face of *his master* Scorch gazing down at him. “S-sorry.” Siber managed to stammer out, before sinking to his bottom with a crinkle, leaning on his front paws as he pressed them between his legs.

“Blondie, Ember.” The dragon finally turned his scorn away from Siber, letting the dog feel a sense of relief. “Yes, this is your new baby brother. But he hasn’t been trained yet. He doesn’t know how to behave. So be good boys and don’t play too rough, understand?” There was a hiss that crept into the dragon’s words, like the lit fuse of a bomb. “Or else I’ll have to punish both of you.”

The two other huskies both whimpered, expressions sinking before Siber's eyes, seemingly wilting like flowers caught under the sun in a drought.

"No! Not punishment!"

"I'm a good boy, Master!"

"I promise I'll be a good boy too!"

"We can play nice!"

"We were just excited to have a new playmate!"

"Just wanted to play with him!"

The dragon gave a single, slow nod. Then, he pointed a finger to the front door. "**SIT.**"

At once, both Blondie and Ember padded to either side of the door, plopping their butts down against the walls on either side of it.

Scorch gazed over to Siber for a moment, before turning back to the two other dogs. "**STAY.**" Siber watched as each dog's expressions hardened. Both of them seemingly froze in place. If it weren't for the rising and falling of their chests, the husky could have mistaken them for statues.

With that, the dragon began to walk along the hallway, dragging Siber behind by his leash.

The canine member of the Cradle Robberz band turned back to gaze at the pair of them. Honestly a bit surprised. "You're just going to leave them there?" That could be an avenue of escape. If Siber got an order to stay in place and played along, he could possibly sneak off. For a moment, the husky felt almost hopeful.

"They've been immaculately trained." Scorch, Siber's new "Daddy" said, as if that answered the question. "While you are a prize specimen, unlike them you still need to be broken in." Leading the husky musician towards a large wooden door, he opened it, revealing a stairwell leading down into darkness. "A good dog thinks only to obey his Master, after all."

And down they went.

The basement of Scorch's home was lined with wood paneling, the floor a brighter shade than the walls. A rocking chair had been set up in one corner of the largest room. Opposite to it was a wall full of empty kennels that looked worryingly like Siber could fit inside them without much difficulty. A number of metal bowls were lined up nearby them. A purple rug had been stretched along the center of the room, with what looked like partially chewed bones, rubber balls, and a few stuffed animals strewn about it. Through one door, Siber could see what looked like a bathroom, save it lacked a toilet: in its place was an enormous changing table.

The husky sighed, still on all fours on the floor, as he stared up at the dragon. "So what's the

point of all this? You already can order me to do almost anything, apparently.” *And it felt so good to be Master’s puppy, didn’t it?* Siber grumbled, rubbing his forehead. His headache seemed to throb in time with his erection. It was painfully impossible to ignore, as crawling on all fours had given him a gait that let him feel every inch rubbing against the fluffy padding covering it up. He hadn’t lost his boner since he got here.

The dragon appraised him for a moment, before tilting his head. “In the, ah, ‘real world’ I raised and sold feral dogs as pets.” Leaning forward, he slipped a finger under Siber’s collar, hooking it. “It’s not enough for them to simply recognise commands. You have to reinforce those commands with rewards and punishments. Until they actively want to obey their master.”

The musician growled from his position on the floor. “That’s for feral dogs, you asshole. I have a brain.”

It was the wrong thing to say. Siber felt his body yanked by the collar, pulled up in the air. He could barely breathe with the collar digging into his neck as the dragon held him with one hand, his body dangling. “The principle is the same. You may talk. You may think. But while you might see your intelligence as an asset, I see it as a burden. Dogs want to be brainless, servile pets for a master. I’ve never met one yet that doesn’t.” Scorch’s muzzle contorted into a slight smirk. “I already can see the signs you’ll realize the truth soon. Deep down, like any feral, you just want to be a good dog for a Master, don’t you?”

Be a good dog.

The words echoed in Siber’s mind as he felt his collar be released. A dribble of precum hit the confines of his diaper as the canine musician gasped for air.

As he did, Scorch continued. “Nonetheless, for pets like yourself, training is a bit different. You can simply be told the rules, for example. The first rule is this: Disobedience brings punishment. Obedience brings pleasure. You are a dog, and this is your universal truth.” The big dragon stared down at Siber, still situated on all fours on the floor, and planted his hands on his hips, the leash still clasped in the dragon’s left hand. “Now **SIT**.”

Siber sat there and did nothing but raise a fuzzy eyebrow.

Scorch appraised him calmly. “...I see.” He gave a gentle tug on the leash and then narrowed his eyes. “**ROLL OVER**.”

The musician really had no intention of going along with any of this. With a roll of his eyes, Siber stayed where he was.

Undeterred, Scorch watched him silently for a moment, and then spoke another growled command. “**SPEAK**.”

Clearing his throat, Siber finally obliged. "This isn't going to work, you know."

With a shrug, the Dog Trainer just sighed. "The correct answer was to bark."

"Don't stereotype." Siber quipped back, sticking his pierced tongue out.

"I have already taught you the first rule. You know what the cost of your disobedience is going to be." Scorch replied, turning to lumber over towards the rocking chair, sitting down in it with a crinkle Siber could hear. "I could smack you with a rolled up newspaper or spank you, but I have something a bit more cerebral in mind." With a growl, the dragon rocked slowly back and forth, the leash growing tighter and then more slack, back and forth. "Bad dogs have to be punished. Once you start to obey, you can learn how good it feels to be a good dog." Scorch spread his legs, and with a single motion began to unzip his fly.

Be a good dog...

With his face getting hot, Siber looked up. "S-so what is it then?" He wasn't looking forward to being punished, but if it wasn't going to be a spanking the dog didn't know what was going on here. Tilting his head up, he craned his neck from the floor to see why the dragon had unzipped his pants.

Underneath the denim jeans was a thick, white, diaper.

"Wait, you wear-" Siber didn't get a chance to finish his sentence. As he rocked backwards, the dragon tugged the leash back with him, yanking Siber forward towards him. Looping the leash around his wrist, he reeled the husky in like a fish, bit by bit. Siber tried to resist the pull, but Master Scorch was just stronger than he was, and each time the dragon rocked back, the leash got shorter and shorter, pulling the musician closer and closer towards his new Master's thighs.

"Do you know how I know you're nothing more than a good little pet, puppy?" Master Scorch growled. "You ignored all my commands, but since I bought you you never once even tried to stand on your back paws." Pulling his arm back and low, the dragon yanked the leashed husky's snout downward, reeling the leash in until Siber's muzzle was pushed into the crotch of the dragon's diaper. He could smell baby powder and musk and a bit of arousal from the dragon. It was impossible to escape that scent. "It's only your miserly evolved brain that holds you back from enjoying yourself. You'd rather crawl around on all fours like the brainless little puppy you know you are, deep down." There was a growl on the dragon's lips. "Smell all those scents? They're going to become some of your favorites. Because you aren't even trying to bite me, as close as you are. Your instincts already know what you try to deny: You want to be here. You want to be master's baby puppy. An empty headed little pet like Blondie and Ember. And you will be. Now *be a Good Boy* and breath deep..."

Be a Good Boy.

Siber's mind was rocked with another throb. He felt his cock spurting precum into his diaper as he breathed in and out against the bigger man's erection, stiff in the diaper. Each whiff was making it harder to ignore. Was Da- was Master Scorch right? Did he want this, deep down? Did he want to be a good baby puppy? With each breath, he couldn't help but feel like the scents were growing more and more arousing. *Puppies were very addicted to scents. They smelled everything so strong, and it told them so much.* He was learning the scents of his master, and the more he breathed, the more happy it made him. He even felt a muzzle crossing his muzzle, as he took another snoot-full of the dragon's musky odor.

And then, with a low hissing noise, he began to feel a new scent filling the diaper. The dragons' cock, still erect, was growing warmer, as the padding swelled around Siber's face, engulfing it. "You see this, puppy? This is why Master wears diapers." The dragon sighed in bliss. "There's little better way to say 'I own you' than by peeing all over a new pet's face. I'm marking you as mine, pup." Siber couldn't stop smelling that salty, sour odor, every breath reminding him more and more of the dragon. At first he'd had a second of revulsion, but the more he breathed, the more addicted he was growing to it.

The scent of his Master marking his territory.

His heart raced and his boner rubbed against the damp padding of the diaper, as Siber huffed and snorted, rubbing his face against the spongey, soaked padding to stroke at that cock. He bucked his own hips up and down in the diaper, trying to feel his cock rubbing against the precum-slick surface more and more. Siber had never felt this aroused. He absolutely needed to bury his bone in something and the diaper around his lap, swollen from his own leaky precum-laced cock, seemed like the best option. He wiggled his butt, feeling his tail wagging as his need built, each noseful of the dragon's musky diaper further helping associate in his addled mind that scent with his arousal.

And then, the dragon pushed his head away, letting the leash extend out. With a yelp, Siber stumbled back. "H-hey, I was-"

Master Scorch growled. "Disobedience brings punishment. Obedience brings pleasure. You are a dog, and this is your universal truth." He repeated himself. "What part of your refusal to obey Master's commands **entitles** you to an orgasm?" The dragon stood up, his jeans falling to the ground, as he stepped out of them. "You still haven't had your punishment yet, Bad Dog."

Bad Dog

Another flare of that strange emotion. Siber hadn't realized what it was before, but now, it was starting to make sense. Shame. He was ashamed whenever he displeased this dragon.

Whenever he displeased his master.

The same master who was stomping towards him, soaked, yellowed diaper wiggling with a

tenting bulge. Siber was so horny he almost wanted to suck on it, even through the diaper. But the dragon just held him in place with the leash, before walking behind him. "If you want to cum ever again, **STAY**."

The word felt like it demanded obedience. Siber's whole body froze, as he felt Master Scorch standing behind him. With a crinkle, the husky felt his diaper's waist being tugged out. "I just wanted you to smell Master's scent before administering your punishment. Similarly, I want you to never stop smelling Master's scent while you receive the cost of your disobedience." A warm, wet trickle poured down the husky's backside, as he felt his Master sighing in relaxation. "Mmm... I own you, Pup." Master Scorch growled as he finished emptying his bladder into the dog's diaper, the backside yellowing and swelling out. Siber found he couldn't move a muscle... so even though he found being covered in Master's scent so very hot, even though his balls churned and demanded release, he still could just sit there, as his new Master just flooded his diaper with pee. The scent would be inescapable for him, at least until he bathed.

But Siber found he didn't want to. He wanted to smell like Master's property.

He wanted to be a Good Boy, because Good Boys who worshipped and adored their master were happier than Bad Dogs.

Siber snorted in exertion, as he felt the dragon pulling his cock back out of the puppy's pissy pumper. With a whimper and a wish that Master would fill him like he'd filled his diaper, the newly minted puppy found himself being dragged back to one of the cages along the wall. "Your punishment, pup, is four hours in your kennel." The dragon pushed him in on his back, and then began affixing straps along the walls, binding his legs and arms, before wrapping another strap on the floor along his stomach. "Unable to move, unable to even get up off your back. Completely bound, even unable to orgasm. I want you to sit here, smelling Master's scent and knowing how entirely mine you are. Knowing that you are here because you were a **Bad Dog** and refused to obey. You may move now, for what little good it will do. We'll start over in four hours and if you're a Good Boy this time? Master may even give you a name. The dragon leaned up to put a bone-shaped rubber gag into Siber's muzzle, before closing and locking the kennel door.

And then turning to walk away.

Siber found himself whimpering in the brightly lit room, Bound and gagged like a gimp at a fetish bar.

Four hours passed.

Siber was painfully awake for every moment of it.

He tried feebly to hump his diaper to a point where he could climax, but his body wouldn't move enough to get him to that point. He could barely do more than curl his toes. He couldn't do much

of anything other than sniff the air and smell Master Scorch's pissy scent... reminding him of how good it'd felt to have the dragon's attention and how close it'd come to making him orgasm. Every time he thought about that, he remembered he was here because he was being punished. Being punished for being a Bad Dog. Every moment was unbearably long. Time lost all meaning. His balls ached with need and his diaper's scent kept turning him on while reminding him this was a punishment. At some point he lost control and emptied his bladder into his diaper. It didn't help, but at least it made him feel better. He wanted another chance. He wanted to be a Good Boy. Even if he was trapped here forever, it'd at least make him feel happy again. A certain part of him wondered if he was going to be trapped in the kennel forever. Eventually, Siber started to cry.

His ears perked when he heard the basement door opening again.

The sound of crinkling and the noises of several sets of paws going down the stairs told him it wasn't just Master Scorch. A few moments later, he found he was right, seeing Blondie and Ember padding down on all fours on either side of their Dragon Daddy, who was still wearing his thick, wet diaper. "Are you going to be a bit better behaved now, pup?" Master Scorch asked, giving both the infantilized huskies near him head scratches while looking down into Siber's cage.

The puppy inside the cage sniffled and nodded, his diaper painfully soaked on both ends, swollen to the point where his cock wasn't even making a noticeable bulge in the padding anymore.

With a nod, Daddy Scorch unlocked the cage and removed the gag. "Now I think you've got something to say to me, Pup."

Siber paused and sniffled. "I- I'm sorry I was a bad dog." He squirmed feebly in the restraints, lower lip trembling.

The dragon shook his head. "Say it like a baby puppy."

Without any hesitation, Siber responded. "Mwastah, i'm sowwy I wuz a bad pup."

That earned a smile from the dragon. Siber found his tail wagging at the sight. "**Good Boy.**"

Good Boy.

The words worked like a magic spell, banishing any sensation of discomfort from Siber's mind and flooding him with relaxation. He even felt his bladder slip, a bit of puppy pee tinkling into his swollen diaper. He heard Blondie and Ember both sighing in bliss at the uttering of the phrase as well. Which made sense. Master had them better trained than he was. With each restraint released, Siber found himself able to move a bit more. It was a good feeling. When he was finally fully free, the husky swept out of the cage, licking Master Scorch's face. "Master! Master!

Thank you for freeing me!" On some level he knew the dragon had trapped him there in the first place, but it didn't seem important now. He was just glad to be in the presence of the dragon, his Master, and to get a second chance to prove how obedient he could be. Obedience brought pleasure to puppies, after all.

The dragon stood back up. "Good boy. I think it's time you earned your first reward, for obeying Master so readily." Looking down to the other two dogs, Master Scorch just smirked. "Blondie? Ember? It's time for a breeding. Let's show this pup how to have some REAL fun."

Whatever that meant, Siber watched as the two other diapered huskies ears perked up.

"Breeding?"

"Master, can I help?"

"Nuh uh! I wanna!"

"Come ooon, I wanna breed our new brother!"

"But I want to be bred by him!"

The dragon just chuckled as Siber looked up at him and tilted his head. Blondie and Ember seemed excited about something, certainly, but what was it? The dragon, picking up on his curious expression, just reached down to give Siber a pet. "You're about to experience one of the best sensations a puppy can have." With a crinkle in his step, the dragon walked over towards one of the walls of the basement, pressing a panel on it that sunk inward. Before Siber's eyes, it rotated around, revealing a small white platform with an odd apparatus set up on it. It looked like a bunch of metal poles and leather bindings attached.

Daddy Scorch stood there in front of it, curling a finger as he gazed towards Siber. "**Come.**" This time, Siber needed no supernatural compulsion. Just that single word made a shiver run down his spine, as he felt his puppy pole stiffening against his soggy nappy. Crawling on all fours, he approached the platform, with Ember and Blondie crawling alongside him, a bounce in their step as they pranced on all fours, each "puppy" with their tongue lolling out of their mouths.

"This is a Breeding Stand of my own design. Do you know of them?" Daddy Scorch looked down at Siber, while strapping him into a leather harness.

The husky pup gave a little nod. "Yes Master!" The word just slipped out, and it surprised him how effective the dragon's training methods were. Siber ground his crotch against the wet diaper again. It felt good to call Daddy Scorch "Master". To show how obedient he already was. But something occurred to him. "Um... aren't breeding stands immoral, though?"

The dragon reached down to gently scratch at Siber's chin, as he finished fastening the new pup in. "Only because a non-sentient bitch can't give consent." The eyes of his Master stared into Siber's soul. "But I don't think that'll be a problem, will it? Tell Master that you want this."

The idea of saying no never even entered Siber's mind. He felt painfully horny, and he didn't

want to disappoint his new Master. “Y-yes sir. I want to be bred.”

The dragon arched an eyebrow. “Like?”

Siber’s face got hot as he lowered his head. “L-like a bitch, Master.”

“Like the diapered bitch that you are, isn’t that right?” The dragon said, holding the last strap without affixing it.

Siber’s muzzle only got hotter as he felt his blush intensifying. Did he really intend on going along with this? He was horny, certainly, but this felt like some kind of point of no return. Like standing at the peak of a cliff about to jump off. He remembered being an adult, capable of taking care of his own affairs. Yet something about this whole situation, about being a diapered puppy pet who wasn’t even paper trained... of being a happy, dumb little gay puppy for Master Scorch... it made him want to beg for it. “Y-yes Master. Like the diapered bitch that I am.”

Daddy Scorch finished the restraints. “Good boy.”

Good Boy.

Good little diaper puppy slut.

Brainless diaper pups have more fun.

The idea of what was about to happen made Siber whimper with need. His balls were churning as he lifted his tail, squirming against the two leather restraints that bound him on all fours. He needed to make a sticky mess in his diaper, and he needed it now. “P-please, Master... breed me...” He whimpered, wanting to jump off the cliff and into oblivion.

Daddy Scorch smirked. “Good boy.” The phrase made Siber whimper and moan, a spurt of precum hitting the front of his diaper. “But I’m afraid you’ll have a bit more training to do before you can take Daddy’s cock from behind. I have something else in mind, pup. Be good through all of it and Master might even give you a new puppy name.” He clapped his scaly paws together. “Ember? Blondie? **Breeding Time.**” The command made the other two diapered puppies, both giggling, pad forward. Blondie crawled under Siber, lifting his soggy diapered butt up while lowering his head, smushing his squishy nappy into the musician’s padded crotch. Ember, meanwhile, padded around behind Siber. He almost lost track of the other puppy, before Siber felt Ember’s front paws resting on his back, and heard a grunt from the red furred husky pup. A diapered crotch pushed against Siber’s padded backside, and he felt something fleshy and firm pushing through it against his butt.

Without warning, the duo began. Scorch began grinding his soggy nappy against Siber’s backside. The momentum of it made Siber’s body rock back and forth, his pokey tented diaper humping against Blondie’s squishy, stinky padded posterior. Even if Siber didn’t attempt to

move, the other puppy humping him from behind was making him involuntarily grind against the pup underneath him, his cock sliding back and forth in the warm, wet, wonderful diaper it was enveloped in. Blondie was even wiggling his butt as Siber humped into it, as if trying to tease more out of the newest husky pup. With a yowl of pleasure, Siber whimpered. By itself the experience made him feel euphoric. But when he actually joined in, participated, it felt... felt like...

So much fun to be a brainless diaper pup.

The very thought almost made him cum right there. Master Scorch stood in front of them, his diapered crotch right at the height of Siber's snout. A hand pet at the panting, horny puppy. "There we go... isn't it just so much more *fun* to be bred like a diapered bitch? To embrace what you are as Master's dumb little baby puppy? Obedience brings pleasure like this... and to obey your Master means to not only use, but love your diapers. Good Boys love emptying their big boy brains into their diapers..." He whispered to Siber, filling the horny, mind fucked dog's mind with such thoughts. "And Good Boys love making Master happy as well." The dragon tugged down his diaper, letting it hang down at his knees, and revealing a swollen, eight inch black cock, wiping it clean with a baby wipe before pushing the musky, pissy thing up against Siber's snout. The husky wasted no time sucking and licking at it like a good puppy. But Master had other ideas. "Take it into your mouth, boy..." Without hesitation, Siber opened his maw, closing his eyes as he was humped and ground against... sucking Master's cock as he was used on all sides, the four creatures becoming one mass of pleasure and padding.

It didn't take long. Siber felt Master spurting down his throat, a white-hot dragon load that warmed his stomach. The realization that he'd made Master feel good made Siber whimper, before he made his own sticky mess right into his diaper. Ember and Blondie both lasted only a little longer. Ember whining and panting as he made one final hum into Siber's baby butt, while Blondie huffed and rolled over, his eyes glazed over in the bliss of an afterglow.

Master Scorch took a moment to recover, tucking his cock back into his used diaper, before crouching down to pat at the restrained husky's head. "Good boy. Now what does a happy puppy say to his new master, Pokey?" His tone grew more authoritarian as he issued a command. **"SPEAK."**

The new dumb diaper pup Pokey just smiled dumbly and looked up at his wonderful, sexy Master.

"Woof!"

TO BE CONTINUED!