

Spoopy Haunted House

By Terinas Tiger, For SplicerWolff

“There she is: The Billiamsford Manor. The stories say that Alexander Billiamsford built it here upon emigration to the US back in the 40s. He built an empire on the backs of the textile trade, with the goal of giving his family a place to live without a care in the world. Then his heir, Alexander Billiamsford II, became dead drunk one night and died in his sleep by causes unknown. What happened to him?” A mocha haired head stared at a large, dilapidated old three story mansion sitting at the top of the hill. The human spun around to look at a friend of his. “They say his son, Alexander Billiamsford III, was driven mad by the ghost of his father after murdering him in some unprovable way. They hauled his ass off to an asylum after nights and nights of torment and he’s never been seen since.”

“...how much of that story is real?” Splicer was a wolf with gray fur running along his back, growing whiter as it approached the fronts of his body, and ending in a white fuzzy underbelly tucked underneath a pair of khaki jeans and a teal shirt that matched the color of the pawpads on his hands. “It sounds like something someone came up with for a hokey pornography plot or something!” He stuck his tongue out between two long fangs on the front of his muzzle as he gazed up at his friend. It was the same color as his paw pads. Azure blue eyes glinted as he gazed up at the light of a crescent moon hanging in the night sky. “Don’t get me wrong... broken down old homes forgotten by time are excellent for urban exploring, but I feel like you’re just trying to scare me with the backstory, Joshua.”

His human friend stuck his tongue back out. “Believe what you want, Splicer. You’re the one who insisted on going into an abandoned house at night.”

The wolf flashed his friend a grin. “Far less likely anyone would notice me and call the police. I’m stealthy, but I’m not gonna take any chances I don’t need to.”

Joshua shot him a skeptical glare. “Better the fuzz than a ghost, don’t you think?”

Splicer rolled his eyes. “Josh, I have been a hobbyist urban explorer for five years now, I can tell you honestly there’s no such thing as a haunted house.” He lifted a gray paw to gesture up at the Billiamsford Manor. “That is a perfectly mundane building that just so happens to be abandoned and dilapidated due to decades of unuse.”

With a laugh, Joshua swept a hand along his waist to gesture towards the house. "Then be my guest and investigate to your heart's content. The real estate company I'm working at just acquired it, so I can loan you the key if you want."

Splicer shook his head. "Nah, I wanna try getting in on my own first."

Sputtering, Joshua raised an eyebrow. "How. How do you plan on getting in? I can't let you break anything."

Unzipping his backpack, Splicer started pulling out a pair of latex gloves. "Step one is checking if any of the first floor windows have a loose latch."

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Joshua watched Splicer go, lingering along the street in the dim of light and watching his friend move about in the dark. Somewhere off in the distance, he could hear a wolf howling. The sound brought a smile to his lips. "Aaah... nostalgic." The human chuckled to himself. Though it was dark, he could see Splicer's body as the wolf walked around, checking windows.

He licked his lips, eyes flashing gold for a moment, teeth elongating into fangs.

"I'll give him the time it takes to get inside, plus twenty minutes, before I go in and scare the fear of monsters into that pup."

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It took Splicer less than ten minutes to find a window with a loose latch. Wiggling the window ever-so-slightly let him loosen it further. And eventually it was slid open enough that he could push it open all the way and climb his way through.

A thin layer of dust scraped lined the floor as he stepped into a large, nearly empty room. Mismatched furniture appeared to have been pushed into a corner, but in the dim moonlight, Splicer could see that it had all been covered by white sheets tinted gray by dust. "Pretty straight forward, so far." He muttered to himself, reaching into his backpack to pull out a flashlight he'd brought with him. It was one of the various tools he had brought in case he'd seen a need. "Alright. Let's see what the old owners left behind."

Just as he had turned his back to the room in order to stroll out at a leisurely pace, the sheet covering an armchair began to float upwards on its own.

The first floor of the house seemed largely emptied, although there were still things to see in several rooms. Splicer found more abandoned furniture, some of it even quite lovely in design, as well as several old fashioned lamps (that didn't work) and some papers scattered along the floor of a room, anything written on them long since faded to the point of being illegible.

"If I was a looter, I'd be very disappointed right now." Splicer chuckled, walking into the Foyer and turned his flashlight upwards to examine a pair of staircases rising up either end of the room to a hallway on the second story of the mansion. And then froze when he heard the tinny notes of "Lullaby and Goodnight" playing from somewhere upstairs. "...what?" The noise gave him a pause. Lifting a paw up to his muzzle and cupping it, he spoke aloud. "Is there anyone up there?" Waiting a few moments, Splicer received no response beyond the tinny music continuing. "H-heh. This doesn't make any sense. No one's been in this old building for longer than I've been alive, have they?"

The music continued, lilting downward from the floor above him.

Splicer wrinkled his brow and scowled. He was trying to think of a rational explanation, and unwilling to go upstairs and investigate without one. After another moment had passed, the wolf snapped his fingers. "Ah! I get it. Joshua said his company bought this property recently, right? Someone must have walked through it at some point to inspect it. If they left their smartphone behind accidentally, that could be what I'm hearing." Having come to something resembling a rational explanation, he trudged towards one of the two flights of stairs to ascend to the second floor.

The wolf followed the sound of the music, ears slowly lowering as he walked down the hall towards a door that was just slightly ajar. "Really glad that there's no such thing as ghosts..." Splicer muttered under his breath. "But for all I know, there's been someone squatting here Josh's company never found. Gotta be careful." His voice was a quiet mutter, as he drew a paw up to the door, pushing it open slowly as he took a step into the room to gaze inside.

Unlike the other rooms in the old abandoned house, this room seemed well-kept and clean. The wolf's nostrils couldn't even smell dust. Instead, the air within smelled sweet, carrying a scent Splicer recognised but couldn't quite associate with anything he recalled. The music was coming from what looked like a oversized crib, easily as large as a king sized bed, pushed into one corner of a room. A mobile spun above it, playing a tinny version of Lullaby and Goodnight as small wolf figurines spun around on strings, rotating in lazy circles. The crib itself was painted a deep marine blue Splicer could just

make out as he shone his light upon it. In another corner of the room was a large changing table, once more easily large enough for a grown wolf to fit upon it. The top was covered in puffy white cushions, designed to look like clouds. Nearby was a large wooden rocking horse, lazily rocking back and forth in the breeze from a nearby open window. The floor was covered in a deep gray carpeting, and a dim glow from above alerted Splicer to the presence of glow-in-the-dark stars and a moon stuck to the ceiling. "What the--"

Nothing about the room made sense. Splicer walked inside it, touching the mobile to stop the motion. The music stopped with it. After a moment, he spun it with a paw, blue pawpads gleaming in the dim light peeking in from the window. As the mobile spun, the music played. "Ok... so if I had to find a rational explanation, I'd say that the mobile's music is playing because there's an open window and the wind is pushing it." That made a certain amount of sense. "Now it's just the rest of this room that's unsettling. All of this is too modern. Who designed this nursery? Why is it big enough to make me feel like a pup again? Why put it here? Everything inside is clearly younger than the rest of the house, so--"

Loud, growling words assaulted his ears from behind him. "Maybe it's here because I knew you'd be coming."

The voice was guttural and almost feral. It evoked a noise of barely-restrained rage, the sound of a creature that would rip and tear apart prey with its bare claws and fangs. Even though Splicer was a wolf, he felt fear creeping up his spine. Something was behind him. This was a trap. The window. He had to get out the window. He could jump. Risk it. Try to get away from that thing. Running as fast as his paws could carry him, he darted for the open window as he heard loud stomps behind him. Shoving his muzzle out of the window, he briefly saw the crescent moon looking down upon him...

Before feeling a firm grip on his tail, yanking him backwards. Splicer yelped as his mind flashed in pain. He landed on his ass with a loud THUMP against the carpeting, turning to stare and point his flashlight up at his aggressor.

It was like a wolf, but also not.

This creature was larger and bulkier in all fashions than Splicer himself was. A brown fuzzy bare skinned torso far wider than his, standing almost seven feet tall and looming over him on the floor. Black claws tipped meaty paws that looked like they could snap his neck with a single twist, squeezing on his tail. Fangs almost large enough to be

called tusks rose out of the creature's upper jaw. Deep golden eyes gazed down at him, the smell identifying him as a wolf, but also as something... else. Someone familiar.

"J-J-Joshua?" Splicer stammered. "What the- but you're-"

"Hahaha." The creature looming over him, the burly creature thumped a paw against its chest. "I'm a werewolf, pup. I've been one for longer than I've known you." The creature loomed down over him, licking its chops. "Masquerading in human form, hiding what we are from the world... and preying on lesser creatures to slake our perverse desires."

With a whine, Splicer closed his eyes. He felt something hot and wet flooding his pants. Was he- yes, he had lost control of his bladder in his fear. He was pissing himself like a pup caught in a nightmare. How could he not feel that way, when his doom was descending upon him with bloodstained claws and sharp fangs? "D-don't eat me!" He threw his paws up in front of his head, trying to protect himself in vain.

The gesture was met with a wide-eyed, surprised stare. "Eat you?!?" With a single clawed finger, the creature began to slice along a seam of his shirt, tearing it open. "Why devour you when I ate a perfectly good steak just an hour ago?" He tore away at Splicer's clothing, stripping the wolf naked. "Not to mention the little puppy just peed himself! I'm into many things, but not that." The creature stuck its tongue out, as if in disgust.

Splicer stammered and tried to crawl away, his back pushing up against the wall. "T-then what are you doing here?"

His captor arched one brown fuzzy eyebrow. "You didn't figure it out already? Fully stocked nursery in an isolated location, I said 'slake our perverse desires'... You see, I've been wanting a diaperpup for a while now, and you're a perfect candidate." The burly arms of the werewolf wrapped around Splicer's body, lifting him up.

The answer was enough to derail Splicer's train of thought. Fear fell away only to be replaced by confusion. "What?"

He was being carried over to the changing table almost effortlessly by Joshua, one arm tucked under his knees and the other running along his back. "I have a bit of a 'Daddy' fetish, pup." Joshua growled out in response as he lowered Splicer's body onto the changing table. "I like seeing grown men in diapers, cooing cutely, acting like overgrown tots, and being totally dependant on Daddy Wolf to take care of them. And

you're a cute pup who clearly needs a Daddy in your life." As Splicer lay below him, the hulking brown beast reached around to slide open slots along the sides of the changing table, pulling brown leather restraining cuffs out of each slot.

"Let me go!" Splicer squirmed, baring his fangs and trying to squirm off the changing table before the cuffs went on. "I'm not your baby! You can't just--"

"Did you or did you not pee yourself just a few moments ago?" Joshua's golden eyes gleamed with mirth.

And Splicer's face got hot as he felt a blush tinting his gray cheeks. "You- you frightened me!" He growled and kicked up at his captor. "You know what I mean! I'm a grown-ass wolf!" The kick hit home, but if it bothered Joshua, he didn't show it. "You can't expect me to just turn into your pup--"

At the protest, Joshua reached down with one of his front paws to grip at Splicer's teal cock, which the wolf hadn't noticed was stiff. The touch made Splicer's protest fall into a moan. "Oh really? It feels like some parts of you want it just as much as I do." Fuzzy fingers parted, rubbing up and down Splicer's shaft. The sensation hit Splicer's mind like a sledgehammer, shattering his thoughts of resistance. In his peripheral vision, he could see a plump red cock stiffening between his captor's legs. A bead of yellow-white precum forming on the tip. "I've been watching you for a while, pup. I know your deepest, darkest fantasies. The kinks you keep hidden from others, Splicer. I didn't pick my new diaperpup at random, you know. We've been friends for months now." Those fingers slid up and down Splicer's cock. The wolf on the table could feel his cock drooling precum. "But I get it. It's one thing to have guilty pleasures. But having them forced on you in reality is another thing entirely."

"I-ooooh-aaaaaaah-hooooooo-" Splicer couldn't think, as the big werewolf jerked his cock up and down, gripping it tightly as the scrawnier gray wolf squirmed on the changing table. "H-huuuuuuufff!" He didn't even realize when the first leather restraint went on his left ankle. He was too busy panting as a wave of heat and lust washed over him.

"So I've got a bit of a ways to help you come to terms with your new life as a diaperpup, Splicer." The werewolf leaned down to smear his fingers with his own precum. "They're called Alpha Commands. A bitten werewolf has an instinctive desire to obey the one who turned them." He lifted his finger, beads of ivory werewolf splooge glistening in the light of a crescent moon. "Legends say werewolf bites spread our condition, but it's really the saliva. And any of our fluids will do the same." He held the fingers up towards

Splicer's muzzle. "You can bite me if you want, but one taste of my precum and you'll be mine."

Splicer clamped his jaws shut, even though there was temptation in the back of his mind to just give in. His own cock was throbbing... he'd been getting stiff before he ever saw the bigger male's cock. He couldn't deny something about Joshua's words was turning him on. It was so wrong, but it turned him on. Still, he had to resist. He had to-

The werewolf pumped down on his shaft, and Splicer couldn't help himself. He groaned.

And Joshua's fingers pushed into his muzzle. "Naughty pups never want to take their medicine, but they always feel happier in the end!" The big brown monster laughed as his fingers smeared the precum against Splicer's teal tongue.

The wolf on the changing table felt his body tingle as those fingers slid back out. All of a sudden he was having trouble thinking straight. His head spun for a moment. "Ooooooh..." he groaned, closing his eyes and humping into the paw wrapped around his cock. It felt good. Why was he fighting it again?

With a cackle, Josh- **his Alpha** gazed down at him. "Mmm... it's already setting in, isn't it? So let's put your defiance to the test, pup." He closed his mouth for a moment, before opening it again. When he spoke, his gaze locked with Splicer's, and there was an odd resonance to his words. "*I am your Daddy, and always have been.*"

"I- nooooo- ugh..." Splicer gazed into Joshua's golden eyes, feeling like he was falling into an abyss. He couldn't think. Those words seemed to fill his mind, replacing his thoughts.

I am your Daddy, and always have been.

Joshua hadn't repeated them. "No, you're n-" They just were just echoing in his head, bouncing back and forth and smashing into any thoughts of resistance he had. Thinking felt like pushing oatmeal through a strainer. "You- you're Daddy. You're Daddy!" Splicer couldn't believe it when the words came out of his muzzle. For a moment he was surprised. But then confused. Of course this was his Daddy! "I'm- I'm sorry, Daddy?" He whined, ears flattening. "I got confused and for some reason I thought you weren't Daddy." Something seemed off about the fact that he was obviously staring up at his big brown hulking werewolf Daddy, but Splicer couldn't quite place his paw on what it was.

Joshua just chuckled. "It's ok, pup. Daddy knows it can be hard for pups to think clearly around their big, hunky, sexy, musky were-Dad." he finished cuffing down Splicer's ankles, before leaning down to kiss the wolf on the cheek.

Splicer found himself giggling (When had he ever giggled? Yet it felt oddly right) at the kiss and squirmed, sniffing at the scent of his sexy were-Dad. That musk made his cock twitch and drool. Like it was supposed to. "I'm so horny, Daddy!" He groaned and humped the air, wishing Joshua's paw was still on his cock.

Sadly, the man had moved onto cuffing his arms down at the wrists. "Daddy knows. But you have to stay horny for a bit longer, pup. After all..." He reared back up, locking his gaze with Splicer's once more. *"You know you love it that Daddy keeps you in diapers twenty four-seven like the pup you are."*

Like before, the words seemed to fill Splicer's mind, pushing out any room for questioning or debate. "I- I love? No, I- I'm not-" The idea felt wrong for a moment to the bound wolf, before Splicer groaned and huffed.

You know you love it that Daddy keeps you in diapers twenty four-seven like the pup you are.

Daddy's words became real as the wolf shuddered and felt his cock spurting out precum at just the idea. "I. I love. I love it! I love being kept in diapers, Daddy!" Splicer's eyes were glazed over as he whined and squirmed in the restraints. "Come ooon! Hurry up! I need to be back in diapers, Daddy!" He huffed, humping the air and wishing he could feel some crinkly padding against his cock.

"Aww... that's so cute!" Joshua cooed, reaching down to tickle at Splicer's tummy. "Look at you. A few minutes ago you sounded so rebellious, but you're just a good little daddy's boy at heart, aren't you?" To tease the pup more, Joshua blew hot air on the new diaperpup's blue cock.

The tickling and hot air made the bound pup huff and his balls churn, but his Alpha-Daddy's words confused him. "Huh? Why would I be rebellious? I love that you keep me in diapers, Daddy?" Splicer's forehead wrinkled as he tried to think about it. He felt like there was something he wasn't thinking about, something important... And then that thought went away when Daddy leaned in to blow a loud raspberry on his tummy. The bound wolf broke down into giggles like the pup he knew he was and squirmed. "Aaaaackpfft! Daaaaaddy! Stoppit! " He tried to move his arms up to swat his Alpha-Daddy away, but he was still cuffed to the changing table.

"I'm sorry!" Joshua just laughed. "It's just you're so cute when you're confused... or giggly... or just in general." The bigger wolf just growled and reached down to stroke at his own cock, stroking his meat while watching Splicer whine and hump the air, horny and diaperless. "I picked the best pup. Now let's get you into a fresh diaper to ruin."

Splicer blinked. "Ruin?"

The werewolf just nodded and gazed into his eyes. *"After all, it feels so hot and sexy to go potty in your diapers, pup."*

Splicer's Alpha-Daddy had done it again, the thought filling Splicer's mind as he whimpered and groaned. It felt like the words were changing things in his mind, reprogramming him as if he were a robot, changing his tastes and desires. "I-AwoooooOOooooooooo." Splicer groaned, his mind reeling. He couldn't think. He felt wrong. It was so wrong to be out of his diapers!

After all, it feels so hot and sexy to go potty in your diapers, pup.

Alpha-Daddy Joshua's will infested his mind, reshaping the parts of Splicer that the bigger male didn't care for. Perverting them to his Alpha's will. Splicer knew he was being changed now, both mentally and physically.

And he fucking loved it.

"Daddy, hurry up!" Splicer whimpered. "I need a new diaper to ruin!" Just the thought of lifting his tail and filling his nappy with a hot load of stinky mush, flooding the front as he marked his territory in his diapers was making his balls churn again.

"Alright, alright!" Daddy Joshua spoke in a half-growl. "Don't piddle yourself in your excitement, pup!" With a laugh, he reached down to find a new diaper for his converted diaper boy. "Huh... that's odd." One fuzzy eyebrow arched up as he felt around inside a drawer of the changing table. "I thought I'd left a pack of diapers here. Where are they?"

Splicer watched as something thick and plastic floated up out of the crib. A bright white diaper, the crotch and backside covered in little moons and pawprints, levitated over towards his Alpha Daddy and bumped into his arm. A bottle of baby powder followed it a moment later.

Joshua smiled. "Ah, thank you." He took the diaper out of thin air, unfolding it and lifting Splicer's bottom. A tail was threaded through the tailhole, and the padding was fitted to his crotch. "Now for some powder..." Daddy Joshua moved to sprinkle the white powder along his new pup's crotch, moving a paw down to rub it in, while teasing and groping his pup. "There we go... Good pup! Doesn't it feel good to be getting a change?"

Splicer cooed and flashed his Alpha-Daddy a goofy grin from the changing table. "Uh huh. I can't wait to be back in diapers because good pups like me love being in diapers."

Daddy Joshua growled in lust, his cock throbbing. "Mmm... and Daddy loves seeing his diaperpup so happy to use his diapers." Splicer wished his Daddy had mounted him before the diaper change as he watched Joshua jerking himself for a few moments, but maybe that would happen next change. It just meant he had to be more of a tease for Daddy while he ruined his next diaper. As the diaper was pulled up over his erect cock, Splicer sighed in bliss, feeling his peepee wrapped once again in a thick layer of padding.

This was how he was supposed to be.

Daddy's good little diaper pup.

He almost felt sad as he felt the restraints being removed, his arms and legs freed. Being teased so helplessly by Joshua was hot, because it meant his Alpha Daddy was giving the diaperpup his undivided attention. "Aww..." He got up, crawling and crinkling off the changing table to get on all fours on the floor. "Thank you for putting me back in diapers, Daddy!" He giggled, crawling around to sniff at Daddy Joshua's ass like a good puppy.

"Mmm... it made me the happiest werewolf in the world, Pup." Joshus murred, gripping at his cock. "How about you be a good pup and help your daddy bury his bone-" The werewolf froze.

"The diaper and baby powder." Suddenly Splicer watched his Daddy grow nervous. "They FLOATED. How did they-"

The two lupine creatures watched as the Talcum Powder bottle lifted up into the air, squeezed by some invisible force. A cloud of talcum powder erupted up into the air, forming, for just a few seconds, a spectral, skeletal figure in the powder.

Staring at them with empty eye sockets

“AUGH! GHOSTS!” Splicer screamed as he and his Daddy turned to run out of the room. He was piddling his diaper, but he didn’t have time to huff and moan about it. Daddy was running and he was following Daddy and they were heading down the stairs and racing out the front door and getting out of there before it was too late!

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As two wolves raced off in a panic into the suburbs, a spirit floated down a flight of stairs and levitated out onto its front porch.

Though his true form was invisible, Alexander Billiamsford II could still make his presence known. The cloud of talcum powder he was willing to swirl around his spectral figure, giving him some visibility in the world of the living, watched the two guests go.

And its powdery lips contorted into a frown.

“I just don’t know how to meet people in the ABDL community...” the undead spirit grumbled.

Before going back inside and closing his front door to await his next kinky guest.

THE END!