

The talon encircled the trench it had made, Zisanth could feel the smoke billow out of his nostrils.

The first thing that anyone would ever know about Zisanth upon a first glance, was that he was a dragon. And that meant an imposing appearance that completely eclipsed and dwarfed the majority of creation itself by sheer size alone. Luckily his metabolism was nowhere near connected toward the enormous size he held, otherwise one might claim such frightful titles such as 'World-Eater' weren't an exaggeration after all.

That didn't mean the title wasn't claimed by Zisanth, veracity notwithstanding, it was a title he rather fondly claimed for it provided a comfortable barrier and privileges. Who in the world would dare visit mayhem or discord upon an entity dubbed the World-Eater? No one with a right mind, he assured himself. Ultimately it did sully his reputation as a reputable 'good dragon', and despite it merely being a deception, he had even become somewhat of a pariah amidst his own kind.

For dragons fell on what Zisanth noted as a scale he took of people. Good and evil, chaotic and lawful. Dragons were...well a neutral good at best, chaotic otherwise. Self-invested, but primarily trying not to earn the ire of gnats and pests that'd disturb their ruminations, slumber, and otherwise indulgences. Zisanth was quite keenly aware that becoming something of a 'legend' as he had, had only made the collective lot of dragonkind a harder task.

Even more so, when Zisanth elected to succumb to what he dubbed a draconic greed. Everyone had their vices, dragons just felt theirs more succinctly. A calling that shadowed them their entire lives, the duration of which the greed beckoned like a calling. In their elder years, some succumbed like it was their own form of dementia. Though in truth, it wasn't so much a madness, he reckoned. Repression perhaps leading to a binge, but such dragons could still be conversed with, still be the same entities they once were.

Just...you'd have to maneuver around their own intense passion; whatever the form. Be it chocolate, teddy bears, a collection of combs, a pile of sharp things...whatever hoard that dragon decidedly must possess, and obsess over. This greed was an intrinsic part of their culture, hoards were an inherent thing to one day to have. Often draconic romances were solely kindled over two dragons having similar cravings, or in other cases some relations blossomed by having someone be alright with your own obsession, and hobbies.

For Zisanth? It was truly simple. Gold. The oldest of dragons, long since departed for whatever was beyond this life, had begun their covetous appetites with the simple material, and anything that gleamed. But Zisanth had elected to don golden plates, a product of a magic-infused molten gold bath. Dying his scales in literal gold, weighing him down far more. Despite his size, Zisanth had once been a rather agile dragon, snapping to and fro with alacrity. Now, his scales, polished and without deformity, made him a radiant spectacle behold. His lair was adorned with it, and for what it was worth, he utilized his gold.

Draconic magic, shaped his desire into his lair. Veins transfused into stone, or pillars with white-gold mixed between for color variation. Floor-tiles that simply reflected an obscured cloudy visage of whatever lay beneath its surface. Engravings proved one of the most clever ways in which Zisanth could alter his gold as well, filigrees of various designs finding their way. And it wasn't even just metal. Golden spun harps, strings shimmering like gossamer with every pluck.

Of course, he didn't play the harp, but it was nice to make any would-be visitors arrive and do so.

In truth; Zisanth knew that perhaps the fulfillment of his desire was more...ruinous than others. His reputation had been utilized to grease the hands of myriad nations to offer tithes toward him. He was quite possibly bankrupting nations. Others more than likely suffered for his implacable needs for opulence. And that vexed him so, his inner nature at odds with a desire for...peace. The other draconic craving inherent to all.

His natures were at war with one another.

It was infuriating. Though he wasn't depressed, bouts of lethargy would come, as he found himself unable to ply a solution to his woes from the grasp of this...conundrum.

Though the smoke that billowed like a chimney stack from his nostrils wasn't due to the consternation of deciding whether to be charitable, or greedy. Nay, the plumes were borne of a different ire.

His whelp of a son, his first and only born of a mother long since passed, had begun speaking in earnest.

Speaking of their own draconic craving, an indelible etching upon his, upon Zisanth's child's very soul.

Some dragons couldn't be suffered to live, Zisanth knew. When their cravings were amoral, they were self-destructed or were put to an end by someone else. A rare and elusive fate, but sometimes it struck unfortunately.

Now his child was nowhere near the horrific abominable cravings of some of those dastardly monsters recorded within the annals of dragonkind. That in itself was more than a relief. Yet what he did have, could only be described as...

A diaper fetish.

Breidar, his own flesh and blood, and cutting a dashing younger, albeit less gold, appearance of what Zisanth himself looked like as a young adult, was obsessed with the apparel. And anything outright infantile, and arguably kinky. A libido was one thing, and not uncommon to pair with such a craving.

But Breidar was...from 'baby toys' repurposed toward nefarious and lewd ends, to just the infernal garment with which he seemed to crave more than anything in the world.

To Zisanth, he knew it solely for an insufferable blight. The splendor of his coin, spoiled by his son's own regressive tendencies? He knew very well, his child had mastered schools of magic dedicated toward growth and size, to repurpose items inherently made in the world of men, for dragons themselves. Many did this, truthfully. It had its limits; of course.

Only one object at a time, or one being. Zisanth could've elected to create a large pile of gold, but the concentration would've proven tiresome, and he rather liked his bulky visage. No wonder, Breidar had taken after him, and his child was skilled, versed. Talented for lack of better words. Able to manifest his abilities in not just one item, like most dragons, but multiple.

Zisanth had never spent his time investigating beyond that, nor as to the nature of why Breidar could do so. He simply fathered distantly, as he himself once was as a child, and allowed Breidar freedom. Most dragons would've adored that, or so he was told.

Evidently...not Breidar.

If anything his son pined for more, and more, and **more** of Zisanth's time.

"-and I'm thinking of taking a Tithe of my own!"

Zisanth's reflections on dragonkind were brought to a sluggish standstill, his mind slowly picking up on that which he elected to give only half his attention till that point.

"A tithe. When I'm already extorting multiple small countries to pay their dues toward me, you would ask for scraps...?"

Zisanth felt umbrage lightly jolt in his chest, at the prospect of what he valued most, being ventured on by such a bumbling hatchling. A remark that was sure to light a Breidar's cheeks alight with shame and excitement both, Zisanth noted to his chagrin.

But an opportunity did arise...he didn't like having to soar to each and every territory in order to appraise and check all the tributes his followers felt fit to begift him with. He didn't enjoy the troublesome flights in order to ascertain where to press his weight upon most. Perhaps in time Breidar could go try his venture elsewhere, the dragon quite obviously having earned his willingness to impose upon others from his father.

In the tiniest of ways, Zisanth felt hurt that perhaps the child he raised was not an upstanding role model, but Zisanth himself was not quite one either. It was a natural outcome, he supposed.

"...You will not bumble this, boy. You will work on my behalf and claim a Tithe past the Pearl Sea. Lay claim to the donations that await me at the land of Zengard, and return. You will be allowed a pittance, a stipend, in reward to fuel your shameful practices...away from me."

Though it ached to see Breidar ashamed, to see the sullen dragon's head lurch down, as if fatherly approval for what he was, would make his day, there was something else. A waggle.

Tail-wagging.

Zisanth winced at that response. They weren't DOGS. Yet Breidar had to devise an endless litany of ways to humiliate dragonkind with his every waking moment. Son or no, Zisanth couldn't help the internal groan and exasperation at the lack of poise, of...humility. Where was the dragon that held its shoulders high? Not toddled to and fro like a hatchling in even the most nuanced of fashions.

The decidedly *immature* kin responded, heaving up their head.

"It would be my honor, Da-Father!"

The word 'Daddy' has been explicitly banned after Zisanth had learned a few very lewd and uncomfortable contexts in which Breidar had been craving to use it. He almost pitied the boy. What other would share with him this niche craving? He was like to be doomed to isolation.

Yet, besides the stammer which only proved Breidar was trying, albeit with a conscious effort, the admission was...decent enough to pass Zisanth's own criteria. Proper reverence. No attitude. At least in kindling submission, he had not failed his son. As it should be.

"You will go, then, immediately. I'll await your return upon my awakening from a nap. May the winds be at your back."

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Breidar's opportunity to visit to Zengard was quite a relief. Though he adored his grouchy old man, and had long since enjoyed his time beneath the elder dragon's wings, or at their side, collecting falling scales like he was scrapbooking; (Zisanth could count his blessings there wasn't a hoard of his old scales anywhere), Breidar was happy to be out and about. His bottom was of course garmented with nothing less than something immensely thick to part his legs. Were it not for his own delving into levitation magic, garmenting himself in this fashion would've proven extraordinarily difficult, but he was full-glad that he devoted a portion of his time to the act. Feeling how snug and *right* it felt to have the diaper between his legs, even after a rather muggy afternoon.

That little thought made him smirk a little, having settled in one of the forests prior to venturing to Zengard proper. The Pearl Sea was always a workout on his back, his wings having to go on and on for hours; with little to no breaks in between, but he had made the trip a few times with

his father, on business calls of sorts. Always something that disgruntled them. So when he asked for a Tithe of his own to fuel his hobbies, it didn't quite come as a surprise that Zengard would become his territory to manage. And it often wasn't worth the annoyance of dealing with the few dragons held within the foreign territory, either. They were...different. Not of their own bulky builds, but something more lithe, capable of winding their bodies, floating in the air near-effortlessly, and a bit more colorful in their own self-expression with their bodies. These 'noodle' dragons of the eastern shores did have some aesthetic sensibilities Breidar liked at least.

Hefting a hindleg upward, Breidar took it upon himself to do what he was actually pausing for, a small eye roll, as he rolled his talons in front of him and muttered some arcane mumblings to access his own personal pocket-dimension. It made transportation of his own supplies rather easy, and allowed impromptu moments of self-enjoyment at his leisure. After all, if you could pull a diaper out of thin air, the fun could commence anywhere.

Still, his eyes weren't quite focused on that, he was grappling blindly when the white-line he traced in the air split apart and a swirling vortex invited his paw through a portal to gather what he needed. Just needed to mend reality when he was done. There was a distinct and small pleasure though; in what he had beneath his hindquarters.

A muggy afternoon indeed. He hadn't made that anymore easier on himself, the garment saturated heavily with his own version of gold that his father wouldn't quite approve of. The scent of urine tinged the air a little more, now that his snout was directed toward beneath his body, his wings fanning out a little to give him mild cover and privacy. Not that it much mattered, he was alone save for the occasional chirp of wildlife about the clearing he was in.

The discoloration, faint but certain...it wasn't just a darker shade of plastic, but it actually had begun to become discolored in whole; showing full-well it served its purpose on the flight over. He couldn't help bring one of his forepaws down between his legs, his breath held the entire time like an arrow nocked on a bow. If he breathed too hard, if he made too much sound, this tender moment could very well shatter apart, the illusion of safety and security being very important to Breidar.

The damp diaper awaited him, clumping between the space between each digit, as he sifted the wet contents back and forth, seesawing the drenched front against his lap. The diaper responded in turn with its own sounds, the crinkling that came from being patted and held down, to a constant rustling at how he rubbed his lap. Each caress elicited his breaths to hasten, a very quiet and drawn out inhale, when he found a sweet spot. The diaper had drank in all he had to give obediently and eagerly, and was now squeezing itself against his lap. Indeed, he kept it so compressed it was as if though he lightly wranged it out, the faintest feeling of dampness returning against his member.

A member that was swelling with heat, and delight more and more. Having yanked back the necessary supplies, he was simply using his freed paw to prop himself from the ground, as

Breidar began to arch his back more, extending his reach deeper. He was able to squeeze the diaper again, where his 'accidents' had pooled most. He could feel the faint heat still, from his last accident, and the heady sterile scent was drawn into his muzzle with every breath. He shuddered a moment, before regaining some composure, mildly more aroused by the entire process, as he began to settle down.

"...Ancestors...it feels so incredible...I wish I could...I so very dearly *wish* I could indulge without causing a ruckus...."

A few more pats, and a rather hefty squeeze that might've even been a step a little too far, given how his paw came away just a little wetter for the effort he gave.

Another incantation was given, almost mindlessly afterward, as he chose to end that avenue of pleasure and begin to replace the soaked diaper entirely. The egg-prints that worked as wetness indicators had all hatched. A 'hatchlings' diaper, custom-made to befit him, and produced in one of man's factories. They were becoming quite an industrial sort. And he had garnered no few opportunities with them in the process. One of them being the mass-production of products he could use, tail-accommodating and all. All that meant was...utilizing his magic to expand the garments made with man's stature in mind, to his own purpose.

Of course that meant when he was changing himself, he had to dispel the enchantment in order to recoup the magic spent.

In other words, when the diaper hugging his hips had been removed, the new and unenchanted one he had plucked out for himself awaited the spell that would increase its size proportionally. Yet...that meant his old one would become something small, petite. Well-used too, certainly.

But...

Now stark-nude, he could feel his slick member throb in the air, as if longing for warmth, to have it be collected again. To piddle in something new, even if he was emptied, if just for that warm glow.

Yet it also throbbed because he now had the old padding levitating a few inches from his muzzle. He couldn't help it. Couldn't help raising up a paw to his side, and bringing it closer to his muzzle. Couldn't resist the few moments of exploring his innate dragon greed he had to keep repressed for so long. He was lucky his father was capable of understanding draconic instinct, even if he didn't quite agree with Breidar's habits. Breidar couldn't imagine what it would've felt like to keep this immense love of diapers away from everyone forever.

Especially now, in this moment, where hesitation gave way to the thoughts of a different head, drawn by his own scent, his own heavy musk and the weight of the sodden garment, balled up, toward his muzzle. And letting himself take a long 'hit' of its' scent, like it was a drug. And

perhaps it was to the diaper-lover the immense relief jolting his body with an untold and forbidden pleasure.

"I need my diapers..."

Breidar permitted himself the taboo, delving into saying something he scarcely got to say. Having usually having to share his own living-quarters with his father, who held obvious disdain for his sons' own penchant to revert his childhood years of 'potty'-training, the dragon rarely got to express himself, even if he did come out clearly with his own interest, to his immense embarrassment. Dragons who couldn't present their own interests, especially to family, were often dubbed dangerous and needing a watchful eye. And he assumed coming forth and being helpful to AVOID that situation would've been better than having his father become a voyeur and witness some 'depraved' act in his home.

In truth it had possibly brought a tension between himself and his old man. A hurdle that couldn't quite be overcome. He had taken after their magic, even quite possibly become a better mage in his own right, a natural affinity for it. Just like his mother. He remembered the glimmer of pride in his father's eyes, even if he was fueled by avarice there was always affection in those rare few moments they could bond. Not that they were ever frequent enough for Breidar's own preferences, but something had been better than nothing.

But his father judged him. Would judge him for this. And he would be so *wrong*.

Nothing felt better than this. Nothing felt quite so divine as the pleasure that came with drawing his muzzle against one of his diapers and knowing full-well he had used it, despite knowing better. That he had to. That he couldn't stop flying just to take it off to take some sort of aerial leak. No, he had been good and kept it on, and couldn't help himself when his bladder demanded release. He kept his focus on flight. Even if it meant he was no better than a hatchling...

How could that be *wrong*?

And then a sigh left his muzzle as he finally opened a secondary realm, and disenchanted his object of passion, letting it fall into that new void. Disposal. And he considered his indulgence a moment longer, before turning his head, a little guilty, before sighing and levitating it back toward the first rift he had opened, alongside all his supplies. All of it dissipated back toward the pocket-realm.

"...I wish I could really mean that." he murmured softly to himself, as his words began to turn toward thought.

'I probably shouldn't and just turn to my midform. They're going to freak out if I just waltz into Zengard properly as a dragon. Go talk to people, figure things out. Not really my style to go in fire-breath blazing like Dad. I just...agh.'

"You really wish you could wear diapeys?"

There was a voice that alarmed him...and a strange sight.

A neon pink dragon, not of the eastern-build he suspected Zengard would hold, but...one that seemed native to his lands. He looked rather young, and if it weren't for the light bulk of the individual's chest, one could easily mistake the glossy-pink horns, and pale-pink frosted underbelly as feminine. A pastel green onesie covered them, with a butt flap. And....it wasn't even buttoned. An unmistakable and ludicrously thick diaper, with a tail jutting out, swaying left and right with an eager waggle, and absolutely no modicum of shame or hesitation, like it was second-nature.

Breidar gazed upon the new dragon with something like a mild reverent awe, and a little bit of a defensive posture, his cheeks burning a shade of red.

"Who...who are you?! Did you spy on me?! What do you want?!"

The bevy of questions launched, the dragon before him tilted their head, and in doing so the onesie itself straightened out with the dragon's neckline propping itself up. In doing so the silver-script of 'Daddy's Stinky Sissy' shimmered on it. There was only one trait that stood out about the dragon beyond perhaps the unmentioned ribbon on their tail that swayed side to side.

Plump, dark ebony lips. Lips that opened with an airy breathy tone, that sounded like a proper hatchling in truth. And the giddy, giggling hatchling wriggled their rump side to side, clearly excited.

"Oh-oh! I know! I saw you sniffing your diapey lots! You got really happy 'bout it! And I wanna help you with your wish silly!"

Breidar could see the dragon's chest swell with pride.

"Muh name's Artamos! But everyone just calls me..."

Breidar waited, the confusion on his muzzle clear as day.

"Arty."

Breidar himself took a moment to crouch his shoulders down, still upholding his defensive posture in front of this ludicrous coincidence, his eyes darting left and right.

A simple clearing packed to the brim with stalks of bamboo, and short-grass that occasionally gave way to the firmament itself. The air itself thought laden with draconic musk a moment ago from his accident still, a byproduct of having sniffed his diaper with evidently a spectator in the

wings, didn't hide away the undertones of nature at its finest. Birdsongs and the trickling some further away river was clear. It felt serene and like any other halcyon day he could recollect.

Except the oddity strewn before him, who was now crouching their forepaws to the ground, chest shifting toward the ground, and their rump wagging higher into the air, as if thinking it was some sort of game. Breidar's expression faltered momentarily at that, and his ability to take the situation particularly 'seriously' diminished quite a bit...

"I...you...huh. You're...different. You've really embraced your own instinct to hoard, haven't you? I'm...kind of jealous that you've gone so far with it."

Arty for their part looked bemused at that expression, before gasping. "Oh-oh, nononono! I'm nuh from around here!" he lisped, deciding to hunker his rotund posterior to the ground, planting himself there and looking up to Breidar like he was a hatchling eager for story time.

Another silence filled the air, and by now, Breidar could feel his dirt-colored scales start to loosen up, from where they had grown rigid and stiff, his posture relaxed. He was mostly confused now, the youth propping up his forepaw in a questioning gesture.

"...You know. Hoards? Every dragon has one. My Uncle did spoons, my Dad does gold, I'm....I want to do diapers soon, I guess...?"

An incredibly blank-expression was his reward for the explanation. Was...Arty even paying attention? It looked like for a moment, their hindlegs were grinding together, not unlike a cricket trying to play music. It seemed unnatural, though...wait. Did he have to go pee?

"Are...are you trying to hold it?"

A blunt question, that Arty answered with a very desperate "Mmhmmph!" as he looked left and right.

"I'm nuh supposedta, Daddy says so. Buh I didn't wanna be rude n' interrupt! And...uh...it kinda feels nice to try n' hold it...I don't last very...very...ahhhh..."

Arty's voice hitched, that feminine undertone raising quite a few decibels as for the first time in living memory Breidar witnessed another dragon soak themselves. A mirror was one thing, and he had taken the time himself to gaze headlong into a few reflections while padded, to really see how it looked on him. Self-doubt sometimes said ridiculous, but it was always overwhelmed by that innate sense of 'righteousness'. That it was natural, at the very least, for him. Comforting, home.

To see Arty just casually bite down on their swollen lower lip and to hear the snake-like hiss that denoted this dragon was pissing himself...right there, right then...was something that Breidar couldn't divorce his eyes from even if he wanted to.

Not that he wanted to, to begin with.

Arty's growing smile, that blissful enraptured expression that had temporarily sent Arty to some sort of 'lalaland'....he was horny wasn't he? There was a twinge of musk, almost fruity oddly enough, that made itself known too. His piss-erection was resolved moments later, and with almost a happy coo, Arty's mind returned to focus on a task that wasn't the heat in his diaper, or the relief.

"Went tinkles!" he giggled, announcing it to Breidar as if it were something to merit notice. Breidar for his part offered a consoling and amused smirk. "Uh, yeah. Yeah you did. Saw that. You...really aren't around from here, are you? It was odd, cause most dragons here don't look like you or I do. They're a lot more...noodle-like." he gestured, not wanting to go in-depth on their body's length or description. It muddled his point.

"...Where ARE you from?"

At this Arty tilted his head momentarily before swishing his tail without a thought, ushering in a new orchestration of diaper-rustles with every sway.

"Oh! My daddy is really, really powerful. He's a lion! Rawr!" Arty gestured with his forepaw, spreading each talon wide before squeezing it shut a little, giggling immensely after the gesture, like the thought of his 'Daddy' being someone immensely fierce ran contrary to...something.

If Breidar had to guess, this lion was very gentle...or very beguiling.

"...He's an Incue....Incuh...he's a demon!" Arty wrapped up, before beginning to stand up again, before lowering his chest, fanning both wings outward, and stretching his entire body like a cat would.

"Mrrph. He wanted a vacation! He's got a lotta dragons to turn into babies, and figured going somewhere new would be nice. I helped him loots. He even taught me a new spell or two!"

Watching the pink dragon chime in with nothing less than pride in their breast was almost-endearing, and Breidar turned away for a moment in consideration, before raising a paw to cup the bottom of his muzzle.

"What...kind of spells?"

Arty's eyes glimmered for a moment!

"Oh lot of them! Like I helped him make the rift over here! It's kind of an in-between stop n' stuff! He's a really fast n' good teacher when he wants to be! Oh-oh, and he also taught me a few other spells, to help people like diapeys too!" the dragon grinned, a mischievous glint in his

eyes. "I was actually jus' looking around for ingredients n' stuff, and I'm supposed to use the spell on anything scary. You kinda were, but then I saw you were jus' like me!"

Breidar coughed a little, turning his head. "Mm. Yes. J-just like you. I..."

Why were his legs feeling like jelly? He was the son of the WORLD-DESTROYER for crying outloud. He had better start acting like it. He wasn't afraid though...what was this feeling?

...Excitement?

"You...know spells? Your uhm...*your* daddy knows how to make dragons into diaper-lovers?"

At this there was a simple 'ah-huh' before Arty elaborated.

"Daddy was sealed once upon a time by some really big, and really mean jerks once into a mirror! He was trapped there, along with a looooot of magic, but he's being pruh-serve-atative about it! He's trying to use me as his go-to mage now! I'm really good at it! But when we met I was kinda naughty...." Arty said, bowing his head, and dragging one paw behind him, kicking up the dirt for a moment.

"I wasn't really a good boy, and didn't admit how much I loved diapeys, so Daddy helped me think better. He gave me a choice n' everything, though it was kinda obvious I wasn't ready to go outside without my hatchy-pants.' he noted, patting between his legs for a moment as he wound back up, and beaming at Breidar with child-like glee. "Why so interested? Oh, n' what's your name? You're the first new diapered dragon I've seen here!"

Breidar was unsure if that meant Artamos wasn't the only hatchling his 'Daddy' had brought in, or if he simply meant his own reflection. A mage of no small renown or not, accomplished or not, his social graces were rather lacking. He was bubbling with child-like energy and enthusiasm, and like it or not, his 'Daddy' probably armed him with spells to ensure that nothing broke that saccharine façade.

Still, the dragon took a moment to think it over. There was an immense opportunity to be found in this chance-meeting. It felt almost serendipitous, but if this demon COULD provide HIM some knowledge, could he use it on his own father? A chance for acceptance? Maybe, even indulgence? It wouldn't have to be much, but having a more amicable relationship with his father, let alone a supportive one would be something absolutely life-changing to say the least.

His heart trembled in his chest for a moment, as he considered it, and looked left and right, lowering his head but lurching it forward.

"Could you...summon him? Your Daddy? I'm actually...I'd love to meet him. He seems smart and nice and I COULD use some help with a problem I'm having? And I'm Breidar, by the way. I'm...I don't really get to wear diapers all the time. Not like you. I kind of wish I could but-..."

Arty's expression was nothing but pure, unbridled sympathy, almost on the brink of crying. He seemed very emotionally moved when he wanted to be, and he practically gasped.

"W-what?! That's not right! Breidar that's so sad! Why not?"

It was an innocent question, but how it was levied toward him with such a blunt question, almost made Breidar choke-up in response to his new, albeit eccentric, friend.

"I-I....my Dad doesn't...he's ashamed of...he's disgusted by me. Even if he doesn't say it. I can tell he thinks I'm...he...feels like I'm..."

There was a blur of pink before Arty was at his side, a wing draping over his back and tucking him inward toward his fellow dragon's side. Their shared warmth lasted for a moment, and Artamos found it fitting to caress and nuzzle without any sign of stopping. Affection freely given, without so much as any inkling it should be otherwise. For a moment, Breidar let himself be swept into that, pressing his face against Arty's side, and steadying his breathing. He hadn't meant for his voice to *crack*, or for his breath to hitch, but it was starting to become very transparently clear this meant something to him more than he let himself realize or know.

A moment or two later, Arty parted the embrace, a warm flick of their tongue gracing Breidar's muzzle, before Arty stomped one of his neon-pink paws to the ground, snorting.

"I'm going to get Daddy RIGHT now. He'll know how to fix this."

A confident remark, and before Breidar knew it, Artamos had a different type of expression on his muzzle, confidence, no longer necessarily the cry-baby impression that Breidar figured him to be, but driven, focused and dedicated.

And only one word was uttered, but like many words chalk to the brim with power, one word could be more than enough to change everything

"Jau'andus"

The word hung in the air, and it felt eldritch, unknowable. Like some entity that had seen even dragons themselves rise from the primordial goop to become what they were. An innate feeling of someone infinitely superior, vastly well-equipped in knowledge.

Electricity, coated in red, sparked in the air as familiar magic threatened to tear apart a hole for someone to come through. Perhaps simply from another location, rather than dimension, but even the World-Destroyer's kin couldn't quite say for certain which.

And Breidar knew, he knew that that the entity that was beginning to make their way through this doorway, was flawed. Had been bested and imprisoned and more, but this mere incantation

and mere summoning alone seemed to entrench itself into the peripherals of his own mind, a welling gratitude suffusing itself into him. Like he was a tapestry, well-made and defined, yet this mere act was weaving patches onto his own personal history, thoughts, and beliefs.

The tremor that already was held in his legs, almost felt like giving way...like it would be heresy to greet whatever was arriving with nothingless than a bow.

Yet...he knew full-well it was a demon, and he resolved to negotiate a brisk and succinct contract. No funny business. Even if Artamos had been felled, mentally by the creature, surely he could broker a deal that the Incubus would at least amuse himself with as fap fodder, wouldn't he....?

When Jau'andus finally strode out, a lion-sized hole in the world, meant for someone larger than life, all Breidar knew was that dragons did not usually, if not most of them, partake in the aesthetic beauties of their 'Lessers'. He never had. But beholding such splendor, Breidar was willing to admit he was mistaken and there was room for exceptions.

There was a lion...to a degree. Completely nude, without a care or whit for how beastmen in this world garbed themselves it seemed, there was no reason to hide such a sculpted masterpiece beneath the draperies others he knew fancied. Better yet was the simple truth laid bare before him, this man held something that dwarfed even his own malehood, eight inches. Indeed, despite his wishes otherwise, he found his vision glued toward the demon's shaft, admiring it. He hadn't ever really considered his own sexuality before, even thinking he was asexual, or rather inclined to like diapers most and that made or broke the deal for him, yet within gazing upon that feline's member, he could feel something wash over him...a fascination. Sure he had seen the red eyes, the tint of crimson across the lion's body, and other traits seeming to emerge, but it was a CHORE to keep his gaze off the main attraction and something that the dragon somehow; for some reason? Detested doing. Why not simply stare at the lion's majestic cock all day?

It was at that, he bore his willpower down hardest, the most unnatural thought of them all having irked his cognition to realize the very reason he was thinking what he had, was simply the aura the demon itself exuded. It was no pushover, certainly. But the eyes turned brighter, a spout of flame trickling upward like a geyser, evaporating. Horns made themselves known, like Arty's own dark lips in color, and began to curl backward around his ears. His paws had turned into cloven hooves, sure to clack against tile, but against the barren earth floor, he simply pressed his own hooves downward. And of course his tail flicked with a spark of fire, igniting without fanfare.

For his part Breidar took in each development, watching them grow. And when they all settled and he was satisfied, with the entity in question stretching and letting out a leonine yowl as he brought his chiseled arms overhead, Breidar's gaze returned back toward his current obsession.

Cock. Those swaying orbs...he didn't notice the drool lightly sliding down the corner of his muzzle, as he felt himself grow a little more carefree, and felt the odd throb he hadn't ever really taken care of, ache anew.

Before Jau'andus in an almost theatrical fashion, swam his arm out, a few steps taken to close the gap, and brought each finger, milliseconds separating each digit's landing, on Breidar's chin. A small tug was applied to break Breidar free from his 'cocknosis', and as if appraising the dragon beneath those ruby flames, the incubus purred to himself, the roiling sound of masculinity dripping with every word, commanding Breidar's attention more and more.

"Why HELLO there, little dragon. I am Jau'andus."

Licking his chops, the feline gave a pap of his palm to awaken the dragon that had fallen under his sway, Breidar's eyes beginning to widen, dark orbs jostling about in shock in confusion. H-had he been drooling? That wasn't right, he couldn't possibly have lost track of himself so easily could he? He heard of demons before, but his first one, this incredible figure was...so beguiling and bewitching how could he have-

"Enough of that. You're giving me a headache with all that thinking you're doing.....quiet down Breidar."

Breidar would've questioned immediately to Artamos or this newfound and handsome demon how his name had been so effortlessly retrieved...if his mind hadn't suddenly been submerged into what felt like a thick bog. He wouldn't even know which direction to begin drifting toward to even begin to struggle his way out to the shoreline. His maw slowly cracked itself open, the dragon letting out what amounted to the sound of 'static' for a stupefied dragon.

"Duhhhhh...."

A perky grin met the feline's muzzle as he lightly patted under the dragon's chin, that dazed expression never leaving as the dragon remained slack-jawed for a few moments longer. The feline rolled a finger around in Artamos' direction, the neon-pink dragon ambling up with a hearty skip in his pawsteps.

"Yes Daddy?!"

Jau'andus for his part never got tired of the name, and assessed his assistant for a little while, floating backward into the air and simply lounging on absolutely nothing. Weightlessness had its own advantages and relaxation was practically the pinnacle. A pinnacle he was going to make even more fun. His levitation slowly began to shift him upward, toward the muzzle of the dazed new dragon, and crossing his legs, Jau'andus let his head lay back, cradled by his arms before too long, his member swaying before the empty-minded dragon.

"Suck."

A simple command, that without any thought to serve as an impediment toward Jau'andus crystal-clear command, simply eschewed Breidar's rational thought. His muzzle immediately lurched forward, parting itself. A tepid and warm home for the demon's cock was found in Breidar's mouth, that tongue coiling and swirling its serpentine length across the feline's girth. The taste of another man flooded Breidar's senses, and his own orientation seemed to shift from diapers, from possibly even men, to simply this one moment, frozen in time. To a demon's cock.

For his own part, Jau'andus felt all too happy to turn the offending dragon into his personal cock-servant, and watching them salivate over their treat, and engorge it so effortlessly was quite a turn-on. It seemed, even with his own immense encouragement and presence at play brute-forcing the dragon to whatever compulsion the demon-cat decided on, that the dragon was quite...eager.

Repressed, even.

Exhaling his breath and feeling his stomach deflate, Jau'andus could only press a paw to Breidar's adorable head and stroke down those horns.

"This russet-colored twink of a dragon was bothering you, dear? Don't you worry, Daddy has vanquished the loathsome beast. All this lovely specimen will do from here on is nurse on whatever male he can get his soon-to-be plump lips on. Not a single worry in their head!" he cheered, though at that, Artamos shook his head rapidly!

"....N-no Daddy! He wasn't being a meanie! He just wanted to ask a question! He wanted your help!"

At this, Jau'andus took a moment to feign amusement, sitting up on his invisible throne, his petting paw using the dragon's back for leverage, and now leaning forward, their stomach against Breidar's ear.

"Oh! His question wouldn't have happened to have been what a demon's cock tasted like, perhaps?"

The tease delivered, Artamos could only giggle at those antics. "Daddy, that's obvious! Everyone knows Incubi have the best yummy cocks ever, and yours is the yummiest!" he cheered before tilting his muzzle. "But no! Even if it's a really good question to ask, especially all the time, he had a different one!"

At this Jau'andus chortled, leaning his head to a shoulder, admiring his current plaything.

·"Had, being the operative word...now he's just asking for a taste over and over..."

Though before long, his eyes caught Artamos' own, and he acquiesced, plucking the dragon away and off his now glistening member. With a single and swift gesture of his hand, he looked expectantly toward the pink-dragon to fill the role his friend was, and there weren't any qualms from the slowly awakening youth, who cupped his head. And there was only enthusiasm and compliance from Artamos.

"Arrngh...my head hurts. And my mouth tastes funny...not bad-funny, good-funny even...wow...oh right! Fuck!" he noted. Breidar wasn't sure when he had gotten to the ground...was he bowing or something? To who-

Oh....Oh right. A demon was here. An incubus. He had to remain on his guard otherwise he'd end up this thing's mindless sex toy. No matter how tempting that was, he couldn't succumb to those wiles!

"I...you're him. Artamos-holy crud Arty, I knew you were horny but right in front of me...."

Breidar's cheeks were alit red at how swiftly his friend had evidently latched onto his just summoned father's lap. Not that Breidar's mind thought any differently of the cat's attractive traits. His focus just wasn't so shot. But this was his first meeting with an actual demon, he had to present himself at least from a position of mild strength. He puffed out his chest somewhat...which surprised him.

When had he gotten so...lithe? He swore he had been a few sizes stronger than Artamos, which made sense, beneath the veneer of pink and giggles, there might've been a bookworm smothered underneath all that. Breidar on the other paw had his own physical representation to keep in mind, as the World-Destroyer's kin...but he felt...light on his paws, arguably dainty. Had...had Arty sacrificed something in summoning Jau'andus, something necessary from any who would be a bystander?

His mind racing, Jau'andus spoke up.

·"Though you leave your mind rather unguarded, you are acute at least in observation. I had you under my thrall nursing on my member, but my little stinker here was telling me so fervently that you weren't another dragon to add to the eager half-dozen ready to worship beneath my legs, but someone with a question for me. And Artamos seemed so impassioned by whatever you told him, to vouch so valiantly on your behalf. I half-expected him to simply join in and have two dragons attending me at once...but this is just as good."

A snap was given, a command echoing into soundwaves alone, compelling the dragon like he had been enchanted to.

"Speak concisely and clearly about your craving. Artamos knows I can help fulfill one's innermost cravings..."

Jau'andus stroked down the infantile dragon's neck and within but a few moments, the arching of that sissified reptile's tail began to hike higher and higher, inch by inch. The rustle of that padding began to become clearer and clearer, and the places where the padding had crumpled smoothed itself out upon the tail's ascent upward. Teetering more and more forward against the lion's groin, Artamos very vividly moaned, loud and proudly huffing up a storm as he began to soil his diaper then and there, as if to demonstrate the point and leave no illusion to precisely what his Daddy, what his Master had meant.

A sight that made Breidar pause and feel an immense twang of jealousy that he didn't know he could even muster. Watching the two at play, watching at how casually and mindlessly Artamos used his diapers, and how...how Jau'andus didn't even bat an eye and even embrace the dragon's self-humiliation was...was...

"I...want this."

The words were loosed, as Breidar trembled with a need he never knew.

"Not you, I mean...just...just this intimacy. I've never had it, never known it could even exist. Pure acceptance and no shame...indulgence, however hedonistic...doting even. I can tell...." he admired.

Jau'andus for his part shrugged.

"We all see what we wish to see. That is all we ever do. But on this occasion you would not be incorrect in presuming I favor this one. After quite a lengthy and immensely boring tenure as a mirror's sole occupant and reflection, it's quite nice to see the world begin to reflect my own desires back at me....especially in the one who saw me free. But not us, I see...you've someone in mind? And do know what you're asking..."

Jau'andus placed both paws down to keep Artamos square on his lap, left to breathe through his nose and inhale his master's musk, to let that masculinity seep in and overtake his senses.

"Are you sure you don't simply seek tolerance? Acceptance? This is far beyond that, little flame. His very mind has become a plaything for my desires, so easily molded and shaped...though in truth, he's simply come to terms that he rather likes the pleasures I have to offer, than any true controlling of the mind. A little kneading perhaps, but now he comes to the 'right' conclusions, all his own. And right is so easy with me. Enjoying

yourself...truly embracing that which makes you happiest deep, deep down, bringing that to the surface..."

The lion traced two loving digits down the dragon's slender horn, sensual and letting one of his exhales become a little more dreamy and relaxed in the process.

"...is all you have to do. What kind of 'reflection' would I be, if I didn't let you see the true 'you', unblemished and unmasked? Even if I'm retiring that role..."

Breidar gulped, eyeing how Artamos slowly let their tail begin to drop southward, compressing itself against his rear. He was so shameless, so carefree. Blissful...a pang of lust accompanied Breidar's jealousy.

"...I want...I want what you have. With...my dad." he voiced, growing ever more sure.

"Ever since I discovered what I loved, all he's ever done is look down on me...tolerating me would be nice, sure. But then what?" the dragon questioned, lightly brown of his overcoat mixing with the darker underbelly of his scales, more mud-like in color...all dappled in the red gleam that Jau'andus cast wherever he so dwelt.

"That's all tolerance will ever be...and acceptance? Sure I'd be able to wear diapers around him. Go in them even. He won't even flinch or blink an eye. But I don't see him getting involved, and even if he did, it wouldn't be...it wouldn't be sincere. He'd just be doing it because of compulsion, because of force. I know him, I know his will and strength...he'd push back. And even if he didn't I....I don't want..."

Jau'andus awaited the dragon with sublime patience, cooing and coaxing Artamos along all the while. Feeling a dragon of all things revere him as if though it was as simple as breathing itself, was an intoxicating power-trip, and listening to a second come to terms with an inner desire, made Jau'andus feel like a cat that had its' cream.

"You want him to be YOUR servant, don't you then? It makes sense. I can see it. He's...oh my. The 'World-Destroyer'? Well then, what a name. A little hackneyed and overdone if you ask me. But you don't want him to baby you, no...that's condescending after all he's put you through, all he's made you repress. You want to be the one to lord over him. And you don't want what I've done to my little Arty here. No...you want it gradual. Watch him slip. Watch him fall from his pedestal. You want to witness him succumb and trade his gold for a lifetime of diapers. And with that much gold, I see a lucrative business proposition for myself too."

Jau'andus cupped his chin, crossing a leg over to blind Artamos as he continued his worship.

Breidar paused, suddenly unsure. "...How do I know you're not messing with my head? Making me want something different? I never felt this way before. Never wanted this..."

A little pat on Artamos' snout from the lion caused white-smoke to billow up. And with the guile of a cunning showman, his 'Daddy' made the smog ring around his hand, forming it, shaping the sudden cumulus shape into something far more tangible. It was bejeweled with several ornate gems on its surface, embossed with some faint white-colored script, with a golden emboss of a blooming flower tracing its petals across the top. It was like an oyster, and opened like one too.

A hand-mirror.

It levitated in Briedar's general direction.

"Collect your Tithe and place this in your father's hoard. He'll see things your way soon enough. You own the mirror now, I've made it just for you. It'll reflect your heart's desires. And it'll all be up to you, how it goes. If it's not enough...time will tell. I'll be back to collect it once a year has passed. If you need to talk, you can also use that little 'token' of my esteem. I'm eager to see what happiness you squeeze out of it, little flame."

And with a snap, they were gone. Artamos. Jau'andus. Everything in between. A flash of light, then...nothing. No dirty dragon, no handsome stud-muffin of a lion...just...

A single hand-mirror laying in the dirt, grass swaying with the breeze, leaving the dragon to gawk at it for a few moments, baffled...

All he had to do was leave the demon's gift alone. Walk away. Collect the tithe, and return home...but...

If it could mend the relationship he had with his father...give him a sliver of the life he just witnessed...

Put him in charge even...?

Briedar gulped, and made a very hard choice.

=====

Zisanth was rather impressed, and a little alarmed by how swiftly his son had arrived and departed his overseas haul. To carry it all by himself, seemed to have been a rather taxing task, given how his child had appeared to have slimmed up in the resulting journey. Though he had, of course, chosen to be a paws-off parent and give his child liberty, perhaps too much given their own...covetous desire...

Zisanth's large muzzle swayed from side to side breaking that putrid reminder aside. Even if his son was into some ghastly act, he couldn't countenance the idea of Breidar going to such lengths, that his own health might've been adversely impacted. It had been a long month apart, and Breidar had often been the sort to come back from any lengthy trip with nothing less than overtures of affection.

His face would light up, his posture would grow more confident, his wings would stray a little from how often they were tucked against his body, his cheeks risked dimples. There was that infuriating waggle in his tail, and his voice felt like sunlight itself, to bask in the warmth of that kindness was a small boon that even Zisanth couldn't help but admit, despite how untraditional his boy was in nearly every regard, still made dealing with him...mildly pleasant at their best moments.

Yet instead of a hearty return and welcome, Breidar had caught him unawares while in the midst of a long nap, troves of treasure being poured and sprinkled into the piles of immense wealth that Zisanth had already owned. Gems, and jewels sparkled aplenty. Sure it wasn't *gold*, but Zisanth knew that valuable items procured other valuable items. He just knew intrinsically that gold was inherently superior to whatever beastfolk or the hairless apes thought was best. Nevertheless...gold was cold. Gold while gleaming and glistening, sparkling radiance back like a mirror, dazzling in all its splendor...it was cold.

Cold, uncaring, and empty to a tiny degree. And perhaps, just perhaps, Zisanth couldn't deny a gap in his life, that his son unknowingly had been filling. Company, someone to spend his time beside. Or just something else to occupy his mind from threats, would-be adventurers, and likewise willing to attempt a raid on his hoard. Something far less stressful. That didn't mean or make his basking in those waves of coins any less pleasurable or mean it was nothing short of Zisanth's dreams coming true.

It simply meant, perhaps, that his greed was just a bit insatiable.

Raking in coins, and peering upon the manifold reflections that showed his own dyed golden image, he came across something after gouging his hoard apart. A little trinket, small and insignificant. A...hand-mirror? How odd a discovery, though he had seen swords, and painting frames or even paints mixed with gold, and other various miscellaneous gold-affiliated possessions in his collection, a hand mirror was a novelty. And all the way from Zengard too...

It looked so fragile.

Looking up, Zisanth decided to let his train of thought reach its last station.

He had missed Breidar.

Sure the brat was insistent on being a rebel to his core over the concept of potty-training and brought Zisanth no end of shame on that front, but the boy was nothing short of a wonderful person...

Eyeing his collection, he took a breath.

"Perhaps its' time I look into methods of weaning him off his path....no dragon has ever had their greed so irrevocably altered, but I suppose for a time, I could invest in his future....yes, perhaps he would share my sentiments on gold? It would be wonderful to bask in its' glory with him. From the minutiae of printing dates and inscriptions on every coin, to simply basking in their color alone...yes. I think perhaps he himself would be grateful for my intervention. He'll live an unhappy life if I do not intervene. And after such a lovely tribute..." he admired the sizeable addition to his collection, knowing full well what hills were new.

"He's more than financed my aid...still though...it'll be a shame to remove such fine baubles from my collection...for a time."

A quaking laugh shook in Zisanth's chest as he opened the mirror, and gave it a gaze. And his brows rose in surprise....he could see his own reflection surely in the fragile item, yet he was baffled by the visage within. His brows were high like his own, as if surprised too, but there was a very distinct difference...his thumb had found purchase within his muzzle and was obnoxiously bobbing back and forth, like a hatchling would do in their infancy! He gawked at the silly image, rolling his eyes. A strange mirror, likely enchanted then. He would have to hold onto this and work on removing that 'hex' on it.

His tongue rolled around his paw, nursing as his thumb compressed the back of his tongue down, that soft bed serving as the place where Zisanth's digit remained, long drawn out moments of savoring that taste, his tail involuntarily twitching at the simple-pleasure.

Yes. He would never be so infantile to suck his thumb. What mortal could ever take him seriously if he did that? He was the WORLD-DESTROYER, he had a reputation to keep.

His eyes lightly rolled back a bit, as he smiled. Satisfied he returned to licking at his thumb. It sure did calm him quite a bit. But he wouldn't suck his thumb like a hatchling. No no, that was silly.

Something in his head ached...wasn't he...didn't just prop his thumb into his muzzle immediately upon witnessing the mirror's reflection? Didn't he just sucking on his thumb...?

`Of course you did. But you're not sucking on it like a hatchling. You're nursing on it like a big dragon absolutely would.`

Normally such an odd contrast would make Zisanth immediately point out how it was no different, the logic inherently flawed, but his mind found it easy to adapt to, and so clung to that

new reasoning....yeah it was okay to suck his thumb. He wasn't a hatchling after all, so that made it okay!

He hadn't stopped, even when Breidar had *waddled* his way back into the room.

Breidar of course was adorning a diaper. Something that was utterly infantile and not ALLOWED, Zisanth had painstakingly hammered in. He didn't want to witness any overgrown dragon in one of those garments, let alone his own flesh and blood. He hissed, eyes narrowed into slits at the brown-dragon's audacity.

"Mmph! Yew twy muh paytiencel!" the World-Destroyer babbled around his thumb, nursing on it ever more ferociously, oblivious to his own immaturity and to how his words were being stifled and crumbling due to how he tended to his paw.

For his own part Breidar snickered and laughed to himself, tail-whipping behind him as he took in his father again.

"...You sure are fussy, *dad*. But I think you and I are going to have to change our relationship, you know. I'm rather tired of being the repressed and anxious son, and you the ashamed, and distant father. I'd rather be a proud and doting father, all too proud of his son's every deed...dirty or otherwise." he offered to Zisanth, a mischievous smile growing on Breidar's muzzle that immediately disarmed Zisanth. The golden dragon snarled behind his thumb in a way that would've been threatening if it hadn't been insanely adorable.

"I'm nuh gunna let you use diadees!" he noted, standing upright with his free three legs, drawing his physical presence fully-upright. His wings splayed and the room, illuminated by candlelight hanging from myriad sconces, was now shadowed by his wing-span. The bulky dragon took a slow step forward, and if looks could kill, this would be the moment Breidar knew his father would've rent the lifeblood from his neck....if he wasn't so preoccupied with every suckle in the ensuing silence he made.

Yet once again, Breidar seemed to sidestep the issue, both literally, arching his body and lowering his neck, but not his head, rounding about Zisanth like one would prey to play with...and metaphorically.

"Of course not! I wouldn't ever expect you to LET me use my diapers. Why would I ever need a hatchling's permission? Besides, I think you'd need to work on your OWN potty-training before you can ever begin to lecture mine."

Zisanth wasn't sure why his body was reacting in the way it was. He could feel an odd heat around his lap, something wishing to jut out and show itself. It hadn't done such a thing in ages, so preoccupied as he was accounting for all his earthly possessions. His brow furrowed, as he tried to concentrate and avail himself with his own willpower. To focus. To not succumb to base cravings like those lesser mortals. And why did this, of all things, provoke a response? It was

beyond questioning, it was utter madness! Even his thumbsucking had been spoiled by his runt's bold proclamations.

Still he knew what to do. He rose up on his hindlegs and stomped his free paw down immediately, growling.

"I am NUH a hatchling!" Zisanth roared again. His wings flapped, a gale shearing the wind, that if he put more effort behind could snap trees with a single beat, the tempests themselves answering to his fury. The piles of gold began to tumble and become undone from their neatly-organized piles when he slammed his paw down to the ground. Yet, Breidar had the grace and elegance of an eastern-dragon, weaving through the miniature natural disasters his father was all too capable of unleashing, without so much as seeming shaken or taken aback.

It baffled Zisanth. It made Zisanth feel powerless.

And to his immense chagrin, it made Zisanth...feel. Feel *horny*. Why? He had gotten no reaction, he had been shrugged off at best and...

The brown-dragon spoke, low as he made his round from behind Zisanth, toward his front. And for a moment, Zisanth swore that in his shadow, the dragon's eyes gleamed a defiant red...they had never been red, had they? Anytime before, when he disciplined Breidar, the dragon skulked, cowered, and hid beneath his shadow, practically evaporating into the dark. Now, he stood defiant, arguably at ease, and with...power. His demeanor, the swagger of his walk that swayed his shoulders and hips side to side, the flicker of his tail...

"Come now. Take a look at your mirror and tell me you aren't over-estimating your maturity, Zisa."

A nickname?! A *pet* nickname? Oh, how those familial relationships had withered and rotted away like a decaying branch. His son was DEAD to him. But for a reason he could not quite put a talon on, and it probably didn't help he kept one of his paws occupied, there was something to the words uttered. At half-mast, a normal size for a dragon, say, Breidar's age, Zisanth chose to ignore the surfeit of questions that argued this was a bad idea.

He would meet his son's *impetuous* insistence and match it with his own rancor. And without so much as questioning how he knew where to find the mirror he had coveted moments ago, he flicked it open with enough force one might fear it'd snap off the hinges. But Zisanth peered and found himself rather baffled once more.

The dragon no longer sucked his thumb, like all dragons usually do. The sight alone let the mildly sore muscles in his cheeks relax Zisanth unearthed his paw, slick and wet as it had become from his maw, as his prior ailment, a mild oddity in his mind rewrote itself as simply fact in his mind.

Dragons sucked their paws. From the day they hatched, to the day they moved on from this plane of existence. Most elected for their thumb, some got distracted and drooled down their knuckles. It was common, a regular sight, and he found no qualms in it.

What baffled him was his reflection in the mirror displayed something it couldn't have.

His entire body...golden in form and all, smiling, wagging, and oddly enough...of all things...

Diapered.

Zisa-no ZISANTH's mind raced a moment. This was abnormal...no, no that couldn't be him could it? This mirror...it had to be some sort of magical trick. His tail lightly clamped down between his legs to find them barren and bereft of any sort of cushion or comfort like the happy dragon in the mirror, and Zisanth smirked.

Ah-ha. So that....that wasn't him.

A small moment of sobering realization came after.

That dragon in the mirror was...

Was happy. Content. Excited perhaps, he reckoned, but the Zisanth he foresaw in the hand-mirror, however small the mirror in truth was, was a creature who held so much more energy and a youthful vibrancy. They didn't seem like the sort who'd content themselves with draping over mounds of gold and being a grumpy old man. No, they seemed the sort of dragon who'd be riled up for any sort of adventure, and prepared for it too!

His own reality didn't even come close to reflecting that. Breidar had gotten him angry and so confused, and peering down at the mirror he knew full well now, that it had some intention, some purpose. He hadn't spent long looking at in the first-place but he could tell it was having some adverse impact to his mind, his cognition...it was likely drawing him TOWARD becoming more like that dragon in the mirror. Yet...

Was that such a bad thing...?

His gaze, unsteady, met Breidar's, now freed of both his speech-impeding thumb, and being so incensed by Breidar's taunting. Honestly in retrospect perhaps it had simply been an attempt to be helpful? He had never known his son to take so much initiative...or to be so devious?

Hadn't he considered similar measures himself in altering his own son's mindset just moments ago? To have his glorious plot be *adopted* by his son...

"...You've been different since Zengard, Breidar...you didn't so much as greet me like you normally would, fawning over for any scrap of my attention...you...you're audacious, daring to speak out like that...and I know what you intend to do...I...I can tell..."

Breidar smiled and hefted his shoulders, their little game of cat-and-mouse ruined with his father's obliviousness torn to pieces. This was the big moment, the moment before his little Zisa plunged into a world of diapers, pacifiers, and coddling for the rest of his known life.

The precipice before everything changed.

Breidar sauntered his way up the gleaming gold, bracketed by the pristine pillars of white-gold. Coins tinkled against one another as he made his ascent to his father's level.

Just stopping short of his chest.

"...I came to the conclusion that if I didn't act you would've done what I hadn't. And oh, how you proved me right, musing out loud in plain sight, like you're prone to...any regrets I had this plot evaporated there and then. I think I'll like being a father, Zisa." Zisanth watched Breidar place his paw squarely on one of the golden plates above his heart, before cocking his head up to gaze at him, eyes half-lidded and brimming with knowing.

Zisanth took a breath and sighed, looking away.

"So you would...you would have me instead of rectifying your humiliation...ask me, no. Command me to join you in your debauchery. Debase myself, and all I have wrought to join your pleasure? To submit and fall in line and...surrender even that which I treasure most...?"

At this something abnormal occurred. Breidar's paw had rested on Zisanth's chest for a time, but something had begun to buzz. Breidar had opened one of his portals right there and then against him. Reality itself tore open to a pocket dimension of Breidar's choosing, and the anchor that kept the portal afloat...had been attached to his breast. Instead of a stagnant portal suspended in air, as Zisanth retreated one pawstep back, he could see the gleaming opening hover back with him, tattooed upon his breast.

That was an incredibly dangerous move, yet Breidar did it with such ease. The fact that Zisanth hadn't been rent asunder...meant an absurd control and comprehension of...of simply reality. Of bending it to one's ease. Some extraordinary power...where so ever did Breidar obtain such knowledge?

His questioning subsided when the padded dragon reeled his paw back, the portal that had resided over the World-Destroyer's chest having evaporated within mere moments of Breidar's business having concluded itself.

And before his eyes, was something new. A diaper. Thick, and laden with egg-shells cracking open, adorned in a pastel green. The same color coordination followed through the diaper's bulky design, and it was clear this was something that, oddly enough Zisanth recalled. A night-time diaper. Or so he assumed?

Or was...was Breidar insisting he would crave or need such thickness? Just to start out, just to begin with? That insinuation and the smug *knowing* grin on his own progeny made him...made him...

It should've made him frustrated. But that wasn't what did it.

It was the fact that he could feel how hard he had gotten, his member pressing just below his stomach now. His forepaws clenched on his gold as he stared at the padding, awaiting Breidar's next words with trepidation.

"You do not know your heart's desires. Why, I believe I've pulled what you need most, out of your very chest. Who can disagree with these results?"

It was a jest, of course, given they both knew, or at least for the MOMENT, Zisanth knew as well that it had been an abnormal magical feat that didn't MEAN anything. But Breidar cockily made the gesture to imply all his heart craved was a diaper....something to swaddle his rear, something he could tent out in lust and want...

He couldn't help but feel his heart skip a beat, and the corner of his maw turned into a crooked smile.

"...Perhaps if I indulge you, I'll cool off your temper, and you'll reconsider going any further with this deplorable decision. Mark well my words, child-"

"Hush."

Breidar's words came like a curtain fall for the discussion, before he mused his own devious thoughts out loud.

"Do I turn the World-Destroyer into my eager diaper-pet? Do I witness him struggle for weeks on end to hold his bladder and succumb? Do I destroy his mind in one go? What about that gaudy gilt you've coated your scales under, do I do away with that or...?" Breidar's musings were almost dark, as he talked about so casually altering his sire's identity and beliefs with all the casualness that came from when one was remarking on the weather.

A concern welled up from within Zisanth for a brief moment, as he turned his head away from his son and the offering of a diaper, brow furrowing.

"Son...are you...are you okay? I know you intend to go through with this, and while I'm not...wholly for or against it, admittedly to my...remarkably thinning chagrin..." Zisanth explained. "You seem...different. Not wholly you? I can't quite word it...you seem, you feel as if though you're...this goes beyond a grudge. To change me, to such extents. To be so brazen. To demonstrate such power...you've transformed into something entirely different. This isn't...you."

His muzzle turned back, and he opened it to take a breath and voice something he perhaps mistakenly with-held. With the easing of his tempers and a beginning comprehension of his own child's desires, and how....how existentially terrifying the consequences were, something that made him lightly tremble beneath the gold.

"Son, I I-"

He had meant to confess something that he shouldn't have had to confess in the first place. But his maw had been wedged open, an intrusive member having found itself right at home between his fangs, uncaring of any abrasiveness. Within moments, he felt straps began to enfold and envelop behind his horns, shock clear in his eyes as he brought up a paw to yank off the offending tool. But something surprised him. His forearms had been cuffed, shackled to one another, fluff ensuring the interior of each cuff didn't chafe. His own movement couldn't break the resilient cuffs either, and though he was inclined to bring his claws down to strike at the opposing cuff, he already knew that wouldn't work.

Where razors fit to stream across bone and marrow like it was butter, the World-Destroyer saw mittens...mittens that were so thick and bulbous, it felt like he couldn't even move his digits a single inch, let alone begin to tear his way out.

Nursing automatically on what was in his muzzle, though he chided himself internally for accepting what he realized was some sort of SEX-TOY, he could feel a pacifier's shield bob in and out against his muzzle, sifting back in and out, as far as the tight straps would permit.

Silenced, he turned his head to see the offending individual who had been subjecting him to this...to Breidar.

Except it wasn't. Not as he knew him...

Red eyes had become spouts of ruby fire, Breidar's expression nothing less than fully-consuming, hungry. And his voice reverberated with something else beneath it.

"...Oh, *father*, dearest, I said *hush*."

Breidar's voice was submerged before long...by something else entirely.

"But I can see why you're so concerned. I made this offer to your son. He could've taken charge, and delivered to me the World-Destroyer and his boundless riches in exchange

for having the playmate of his dreams...yet when he took onto himself my mirror, he sought to destroy it. This poor, defenseless dragon had so much immense affection for you, even while you loathed him, that he wouldn't dare impugn on your 'liberty'."

'Breidar' tapped upon the pacifier's shield, reminding poor Zisanth of how he was currently drinking in some toy...a stallion's? Ancestors it reached the back of his throat, yet for some reason he didn't gag....and something felt like it was...dripping? Slowly and steady from that toy, into his awaiting gullet.

"...Now, I'm not the usual sort to reject that kind of integrity, but I had to see for myself what he was dealing with. I've an adorable hatchling of my own who wouldn't stop fussing over his wellbeing. Lo and behold I find myself staring at a reprehensible excuse for a father, thinking a late apology will spare him from a lifetime's worth of karma..."

The brown dragon LAUGHED, at the very idea, the very notion. It was twisted, wicked.

"I think not, Zisanth. From this day forth, you destroy 'worlds' no longer. The only destruction you shall reave in this realm, will be that against your diaperseat. I was content initially...oh-so content to simply let Breidar have this. To humble you for a time with a thumb-sucking curse and light this hatchling's mood. But when he heard your words, your plot, how you thought you were doing him a favor...oh, he changed his mind within seconds. And you..."

Zisanth realized there was a name in his mind.

Jau'andus.

It was synonymous with Master, with God, with Worship. He didn't know why, but the name defined itself as such....and he knew it as fact. He trembled as that awareness became clear.

He was speaking with Jau'andus. The source of all this power, the cause of his own degradation, the...the...

His mind was filled with a thought not his own, but sure sounded like his own!

'The kind demon who would ensure he was a happy hatchling for the rest of his days!'

Jau'andus in Breidar's body strode forward, a stern expression on his muzzle as he hefted a draconic forepaw, a swirling vortex of red clouds condensing and forming something that crackled with energy...shaping itself he held a dedicated frown despite his stature.

Smaller, meeker, weaker....less experienced and yet...

And yet superior.

"You, Zisanth, have done what only a rare select number have gotten the displeasure of doing. You pissed me off. How dare you lay a single talon on another's lust, on their hedonism...how dare you repress him...and yourself..."

Buckling at his restraints, trying to turn his gaze but finding his movements practically frozen, as the tang of something bittersweet kept piling on his tongue, Zisanth questioned it...

Myself...?

The demon before him ran his body right against Zisanth's, using their tail to curl beneath and pet beneath their chin.

"I know what you are...you raised your son the way you were raised...hardly at all. You thought that was normal...disdain, disgust too. Your own father didn't do you any favors did he? Forcing you to mate with someone you weren't even fond of. You'd think this would breed understanding, but you internalized it. Thought you came out better. If it meant having a father, you accepted and tolerated all of his belittlement. Rather a cruel father, than admit to yourself you had none at all. You dragons live for such long times, to be on the outs with one, or to lose family, to lose one's own blood...can be a horrible thing."

Zisanth drew his heavy head down. No...even if he was stuck here drinking in horse-cock, that felt so...warm and intoxicating and wonderful he wouldn't succumb to a demon's words. Breidar might've been weak but he would...oh...oh Ancestors...

The demon's paw had found itself perched on Zisanth's member, stroking and gliding down its length, gently kneading and massaging the tender flesh with a mastery that only came from hundreds of sexual conquests. He could feel Jau'andus practically programming his mind simply by how he appropriated the dragon's shaft for his own purposes. A touch here, a caress there, a slide there...

Zisanth began to buckle, realizing full-well even his hindlegs weren't free from the demon's apparatus, a metal bar between his legs keeping his hindquarters spread far-apart. Even his tail began to hike itself up, involuntarily, as Jau'andus weaved kink to life; creation magic-collaring his bulging throat and leashing his tail high into the sky as a result. His airway constricted some, Zisanth was left to breathe slowly through his nose, the telltale scent of his own musk betraying him. His body craved this, even if his ailing mind rallied against the incubus' temptations.

"*Yes, yes.*" Jau'andus cooed, watching on with glee as Zisanth's member began to dribble with the onset of precum, a proverbial faucet that was spurred forth by a demonic heat...traces imprinted whatever so the Incubus dare grope.

"*Surrender to it, hatchling-to-be. It won't be long now until you're begging me to destroy any hopes of potty-training for you, if it simply means you get to orgasm. No more repressing yourself either, huh?*"

The dragon involuntarily but readily bucked forward in a pathetic thrust when the demon prompted it, a single digit trailing down Zisanth's pecker had caused him to react oh-so-violently even with his predicament...at least that 'violence' had been guided to the right direction. Hedonism. Sex. A maelstrom of flurrying desires and wants, that would before long solidify into need. An Incubus' work was never done unless he left a new slut in his wake.

"*Good boy.*"

Zisa...no Zisanth. Zisanth...thought to himself. To distract himself from earthly pleasures. He...

His own father...Ancestors, how long had that been...?

All he had ever wanted from his father was attention too. Understanding. But it never came, just harsh reprimands and expectations that bordered on uncaring. Of 'course' it was for his own benefit, his security and future. To ensure he had a fruitful life instead of chasing idle fancies. To hone his own craving into something that any dragon would be alright with, even if a bit destructive to non-dragons perhaps.

Yes...he became the best of hoarding gold, defeating any and other peer. He even learned how to use a spell meant solely for increasing the mass of objects into a living being, into HIMSELF. He became the Golden Dragon, the World-Destroyer but...but...

He just wanted to make his father proud...he just wanted to be a good boy...someone's good boy...

He couldn't lower his tail down between his legs to hide his shame. He couldn't close his hindlegs no matter how hard he endeavored to. He couldn't do much with his arms cuffed either, besides putting them beneath his chest. Laying on his chest, exposing his backside to the air, as he kept instinctively nursing on cock...perhaps with an odd new enthusiasm for the toy...?

And his father loathed it...didn't he? His own passion...males. Craving them and their bodies...

And of course his diapers. He loved diapers with all his heart...all he wanted all his life was for some handsome dragon to keep him in diapers...was that really so bad? So wrong...?

Zisanth....Zisa's eyes welled a bit, with emotion as he groaned around his cock-gag, and he could feel Jau'andus stroking along his thigh.

"...Sssh...I know...a trade-secret of pain is that it oft comes from another source of pain. Good for kinks and relief, not so good for the soul and relations...there, there, whelp. Zisa?"

The question was something unprecedented. So far Jau'andus had trampled his way to his goal without so much as thinking to pause, yet there it was...

"You want your diapers. You need them. So without further delay...let's begin."

Zisa, couldn't help but feel something begin to lavish his backside like an avalanche, feeling it powder his bottom and even lightly cast and flake off to the ground below. Rising from his position that practically looked like he was begging someone to rut his backside, he realized he had been given quite a bit of powder to his behind. And he also felt something else begin to free itself. His muzzle, extraordinarily sore from being rammed shut with a scaled-up model of a horse's schlong, took a long inhale once it had been dislodged from his wind-pipe...though he did feel funny. That liquid he had been so eagerly drinking in...it made him almost feel queasy...not in a bad way, but his s-

His tummy felt weird.

Though he had an inkling of what that meant, part of him, almost childishly, wanted to hang onto his adulthood...or perhaps he simply wanted to pretend he was still a big bad World-Destroyer. He huffed, as his gag hovered in the air, and reached the awaiting paw of...

Breidar. Still with eyes gleaming red, but he could tell from the relaxed body posture, and a new innate understanding.

"...I never really ever stopped to think about what you must've put up with to become how you were...and those geezers were way more strict than you are. I know...look...." he mumbled, casually ringing around Zisa's backdoor with the slobbered on toy, and gently brought a glowing paw to tap Zisa's rump...his muscles relaxed, and already he could feel the head of that gargantuan shaft, begin to slide into his body...his virgin hole had been taut, untrained and untested...he was nervous all over again.

"Zisa. Look at me."

A simple command, but unlike Jau'andus, Breidar held a tenderness, an understanding wrought between the two of them by an Incubus' guiding hand to the more pleasurable outcome for both of them.

Zisa couldn't refuse his son his gaze.

Breidar smiled, leaning beside his father's hindquarters.

"I know you're a big baby, but...I've got a bit more of Jau'andus gift in me, for now. This'll be pleasant for you, though we'll have to get you trained and used to this more and more...relax for me though. This toy? Is going to completely erase your potty-training. You're never, ever going to get it back. When this is done, your craving, your own draconic instinct is going to change forever. And I mean it...whatever you feel you want now, whatever you believe...whether its' true or fantasy, you chased gold for ages...are you ready? Really willing to trade away your entire life's work for diapers? Change your white-gold towers for a nursery?"

Zisa lightly kicked a forepaw beneath him, hesitating. It was an uncharacteristic movement, and for the first time in waking memory, Breidar saw his father shy and indecisive.

"Zisa...?"

"Yes Daddy. Please make me into a Diapee-Destroyer...p-pretty please...I don't care anymore if I've always wanted this or...you made me want it...I...I wanna be the happy dragon I saw. Please..."

There was a pause.

"...I need my diapers."

Breidar's expression melted into relief and warmth as the very word 'Daddy' push a tender string in the padded dragon, something he had never quite felt...a parental craving to give his little Zisa the world. Let alone the very same words he had uttered in quiet on those shores some time ago. While meanwhile with a push Zisa's expression shifted into nothing short of mind-breaking pleasure. Every droplet that spilled out of that member began to corrupt. Much like Artamos's glossy black lips, Zisa's backdoor began to swell, plumping up to something befitting that more of a sex-toy, than that of a refined dragon that prided itself on destroying worlds. And with the concession, it seemed the trace amounts that had been dripping out into the former World-Destroyer's maw, fizzed to life. An equally scrumptious pair of lips fit to service any male Zisa chose, blossomed into life.

Their voice hitched with every buckle and shove that Breidar bestowed, grazing those inner walls and pounding them silly. Her thumb immediately tried to silence her increasingly girly screams, but the immense pleasure was beginning to broil over and overcome Zisa's common sense. Surging and rocketing his body. None of the dragon's size was lost either in the transaction, but places were lightly becoming softer, supple, a bubble-butt that Breidar would be all too happy to breed in the days to come.

But that wasn't what pleased them both. It was a link they shared to Jau'andus and the intimate knowledge of what was unfolding, what was being eradicated entirely.

A wellspring of immense lust had transplanted Zisa's cognition and concerns over his dignity, and his hygiene. Not only were eons of potty-training, a human-shaped midform allowing modesty when it came to those concerns, begin scrubbed away, so were the tenets that even made potty-training desirable. Memories upon memories, mountains of them were being changed too...

It wasn't as if Zisa wasn't aware of his morphing perception, but he accepted it, accepted the fact he was brainwashed and would freely admit as much, but it didn't *bother* him. He rather liked the fact that his life was an openbook that his Daddy could edit as he pleased. And these new desires were so much easier, if he simply believed in his changes. To allow his awareness to simply become a background noise and embrace his new reality.

And his new reality was that each and every instance of his life, he was in diapers. Using them freely, religiously. The idea of anything else was not only anathema and heresy, but simply didn't compute anymore. It was nonsense, that didn't even get processed. Even if it met his short-term memory, it would never translate into long-term. It all ebbed, fading into nothing.

Nothing but a cavalcade of new experiences, and all of the most recent ones tinged by the affections of Breidar...public outings, public changes...how much he was doted on....how much he loved his Daddy and adored snoofing THEIR diapers too...

He could feel a paw on his posterior even, Breidar all too eager to prove THAT recollection true. The grunting, the softness...Breidar, even if smaller, had always been Zisa's role model. And if his role model was going to use their diaper...

Within moments, if as on cue, the toy that had been so lodged and easing itself into Zisa's bottom, evaporated. And in its place, Zisa simply began to go. Began to let his mind dissolve into static for a while, as his wits were tuned down a bit. He was still the fearsome dragon he always was, if he wanted to be. But far more dependent on another in the meanwhile, and far more easier-going with his feelings...

And his bowel movements...his prostate had been hammered home the entire time, and he hadn't gotten the opportunity to get off...to get off in his diapers. The thick diaper, the wonderful diaper his Daddy had put onto his bottom when he wasn't looking, when he wasn't thinking. Sometimes even thinking could get tricky, when he wasn't focusing.

Another long suckle of his thumb followed, as finally let go. He knew, internally it was his first time ever, but it felt like old-hat by now. The feeling of his backdoor accommodating what he knew was a monstrous load. He could feel all his restraint begin to release...literally too. The mittens that humiliated and restricted him dissolved. The spreader bar was unnecessary, as of course Zisa was PROUD of messing his diaper like a hatchling, and wouldn't even clamp his

legs close. All of that was lost in lieu of an adorable sky-blue onesie that matched his golden scales, which might've even been losing their hue...perhaps amber was a better way to describe his scales now?

And much like Artamos' silver script, a similar script flowed on his chest, the buttons of his onesie snapped open beneath the weight of his deposit.

'Diaper-Destroyer.' A title that any who beheld him would know. If they didn't 'smell' right away. A pleasurable growl left Zisa, as finally he came. All those useless thoughts subsiding in lieu for a new reality...and with an eager sway of their bottom against the floor, scooting without so much as hesitation or shame, he faced his equally smelly-counterpart in Breidar, giggling.

"All done, Daddy! Huh?"

Being tackled by a smaller dragon shouldn't have knocked Zisanth back, but Zisa was a complete push-over, succumbing and submitting immediately, their tail-flitting back half-excited by the thrilling turn of events as they were pinned down, Breidar's own padding squishing against their chest for a moment, as he hefted something up.

A plastic container, capped with a nipple, and overflowing with what Daddy had always called 'White-Gold'. That was funny.

Was gold valuable or something...? Peering around the room, Zisa could see his fuzzy floor, a changing table with ample straps, and his crib packed to the brim with plushies! His two favorites, a lion and a tiger, sat at the edge, waiting for his next naptime!

No sign of any gold here....probably unimportant then!

Breidar tilted the bottle and sloshed its' contents back and forth.

"Now, now. Zisanth the World-Destroyer..."

This caused the amber-dragon no end of confusion. He was ZISA. Not Zisanth. And he destroyed his DIAPERS, not...OH!

Zisa's eyes widened! Oh, oh! He *knew* this game!

Letting out a soft and demure 'raaawr', his tail went a hundred miles a minute when he saw his Daddy laugh.

"...Are you ready for a diaper-change?"

Zisa knew his practiced, and rehearsed answer!

"Never, ever! I love my stinky hatchypants!" he proclaimed defiantly. He could feel Breidar's tail entwine with his own, and the hypocrisy of his own Daddy's mushy pampers never so much as crossed his mind.

"Then I suppose I have no choice! Once this bottle is emptied you'll fall into a deep slumber...!"

"And become a big dumb baby for Daddy!"

Breidar's turn to giggle came as he nuzzled down against his new charge, a feeling of elation coming over him as he lowered the bottle, an eager muzzle clamping down in no time, to drink its' fill.

"For knowing what it is, someone sure is excited to be a baby...gosh."

Breidar led their entwined tails to smush his father's diaper a few more times, before the hatchling finished draining warm milk from his drink, though its contents could've very easily been laced with draconic cum beforehand. It wasn't as if Zisa would be adverse to any perverse craving Breidar had.

Not anymore.

And with the telltale sounds of snoring of their new 'big dumb baby', Breidar took to stepping back, and admiring Jau'andus handiwork, before bowing his head, a telltale feeling of something intoxicatingly powerful, beginning to dissipate. Like a weight he had never known was there, a hand taken off his shoulder.

...Thank you Jau'andus. And if you, and Artamos, want a playdate sometime, I'll be more than happy to host you. Or any other little babies or hatchlings who you happen upon...