

You didn't know what was happening at first.

"There you are, puppy!" All you knew was the sensations of a pair of big fuzzy golden mitts resting on your shoulders, the hot breath of some big hulking predator looming just behind you, and faint hints of piss and talcum powder hitting your nose. A shudder running down your spine as you heard that deep, bassy voice. "I've been looking for you all over!"

As you open your muzzle to respond, the fat rubbery nub of a pacifier pushes between your fangs. At first you try to spit it out, but your tongue tastes something salty and slick smeared on it... a taste of Daddy's precum, though you don't know that consciously. It's just a sudden instinct in your mind, as the taste banishes any thought of spitting it out from your muzzle. As much as you'd love to speak, to protest as a big golden furred brute of a lion lifts you up with his arms under your armpits... instead you just start to suckle on the pacifier. A growing need to suck on it replacing any thought to spit it out. That taste, even though it was only a faint one, giving you a growing need for more. More of Daddy's precum! More suckles on your binky! More more more!

You moan, feeling a wave of pleasure wash over you as you suck again. This time the taste of Daddy's precum is a bit more intense. Just sucking on your paci seems to let you taste more of it. Maybe there's a reservoir of it in the plastic bit? Either way, with every suckle you're tasting more of Daddy Kenny's precum, a growing addiction to it joining your other desires... alongside a growing desire to suckle just in general.

"Just remember, little Dobie... if you live under Daddy's roof, you're a Diaperpup!" Kenny laughs, laying you on a changing table. As you gaze up at this man whose already started taming you, you can see the big beefy lion is wearing his own diaper: A thick swollen white thing with a yellow stain along the swollen crotch, outlining a fat bulge. Above it the golden-furred creature has a salmon t-shirt on, letters printed on it reading "Daddies Do Diaperings Best" in white text just above a smiling cartoon doggy just like you, lazing on a changing table! "Now let's just get these big boy clothes removed... wave bye-bye to your big boy clothes, puppy!" One by one, you see your shirt, pants, underwear- everything you were wearing ripped and torn off of you, before being tossed away in a rubbish bin. You want to protest. You SHOULD. But instead, you just suckle and stare in wide-eyed shock, nukking on your pacifier... at the end of the disrobing you even find you've lifted your paw and waved to your adult- your Big Boy underwear as it goes away into the trash forever.

Soon you're seeing Daddy Kenny holding up a bright white diaper, crinkling as he unfolds it. "Here's a good nappy for a good boy!" The crotch and seat are covered in little red fire hydrants. "Are you a good boy?" Kenny's free paw darts down to rub your bare tummy. "Are you? Are you?" Eventually you can't stand it anymore. You squirm and giggle at the tickling. "Yup! There's Daddy's Good Boy! Right there!" Your tail thumps against the changing table as you wag for a moment, at the praise. You're a Good Boy! You're Daddy's Good Boy! Being put back into Good Boy diapers like you belong!

A butt lifted, a tail threaded through the tailhole. The diaper is thick. You can feel how pillowy and plush the seat is against your fuzzy dobie bottom. With another suckle on your pacifier, another taste of Daddy's precum, you even start to smile at the sensation. Soon, Daddy's applying baby powder. The scent makes you smile... sweet and nice... although it also reminds you of Daddy Kenny's soggy nappy. And as you think about it and stare at the yellowed crotch, an urge to shove your face in there fills your mind.

What a strange naughty funny thought!

But before you can sit up to give it a try, Daddy's tucking the diaper up around your crotch. You feel the soft plush material squeezing into your cock as Daddy grips at it through the diaper's front. "Puppy's all pokey, huh? Daddy's glad he's got a Good Boy who loves wearing diapers, just like his owner! And you're going to see how good they feel soon, too!" Your head cocks at that odd statement, but Daddy Kenny is too busy taping you into your first pair of puppy pants to bother elaborating. "Now let's get you into the Puppy Play Bouncer!" He leans in to scoop you up, leaving you naked save for your new, thick, cushioned seat.

Play... bouncer?

For a moment you're confused. Looking around the house Daddy dragged you into, you soon see what he means: A big seat suspended off of four ropes that are attached to four poles. It's huge, but looks almost like a baby seat on a swing set. If you sit down in that, you're not going to be able to get back up. This time you DO squirm. You try to protest around your pacifier, but it only comes out as incoherent gibberish. "Down we go, baby puppy!" Daddy Kenny is lowering you down, plunging your legs into the leg holes as you feel the firm plastic pushing up against your padded bulge. "So fussy and squirmy! Don't worry, you'll learn to love it." He chuckles, letting you rest and bounce in the baby bouncer as he ties some leather straps up around your shoulders and snaps them down into seatbelt buckles, sealing you in.

Each bounce making you feel your cock rubbing against the nappy.

Making you huff and moan as you feel your cock rubbing back and forth with every bounce.

Getting the front of your nappy damp with precum.

"Now let's get you set up to watch your favorite show!" Daddy Kenny chuckled, wheeling your baby bouncer over towards a large television. Each push making you bounce up and down, masturbating your crotch even as you huff and moan, legs dangling and footpaws never even coming close to the ground. As Daddy turns on the television, bathing your ears and eyes in a cartoon called 'Pride Rawk' about a lion pride that all wears diapers, you feel your mind startnig to melt. Each time you bounce, you suck your pacifier. Each time you suck your pacifier, you dribble more precum into your diaper. Each time you dribble, the bounces start to feel a bit more good...

Bounce... suck... dribble... murr.

Bounce... suck... dribble... murr.

Bounce... suck... dribble... murr.

The sensation is almost mind-melting. Before long you're huffing and puffing as you nurse your binky, face flush and body sweaty. Watching the cartoon is almost impossible with how stimulating the bouncer is. You just stare at the screen, the plot and characters soaking into your subconscious to pervert your thoughts as they crinkle and play and soak and hump with each other. You're too focused on how needy you are. Your balls churning, the bounces enough to get you worked up and horny but never close enough to an orgasm to properly clear your mind. You feel yourself whimpering, shuddering and whining. Has it been just a minute or hours upon hours? You've lost the ability to keep track of it.

And then Daddy springs the surprise. "If you like it now, wait until I flip the switch!" The big burly lion just laughed, a claw hitting a switch on one side of the baby bouncer you've just decided is yours.

Suddenly the crotch and seat begin to buzz.

Your diaper was already damp and soggy with precum. And maybe a little puppy pee, it was hard to tell. But now, the moist, squishy, swollen padding is BUZZING against your cock. Against your hole. For the first time since you got it in, you stop sucking. "Dah-Dadeeeee!" You hear yourself whimpering around the pacifier, whimpering and squirming, trying to thrust your crotch forward into the buzzing. All it does is make you bounce forward as well as up and down. The buzzing, infuriatingly, STILL isn't intense enough to make you cu- make stickies. It just pushes you to a brink, letting you huff and whimper as you endure brain-melting edging, the toy bouncer making your balls churn as you squirm.

"I'll just leave you like that for a few hours while Daddy goes to check on his other babies." The big burly lion dusts his paws off with each other, before turning to saunter off. "When you've learned how to be a baby puppy, I'll come back to help you make stickies!"

Leaving you in front of the television, endlessly kept on the brink of bliss.

To be programmed to be a Good Boy and learn your lessons well so you can finally squirt!