

# A Tale of Big Britches



by  
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"Wake up, baby" Luis heard distantly, through a dream. The gentle pressure of a hand rubbing his groin rustled him awake.

As his eyes opened, he saw his daddy, Neel, standing over him. He was reaching through the bars of the crib and rubbing Luis's diaper through the warm, cotton onesie. Daddy's contagious smile made him feel all squirmy as his thick, warm diaper pressed into him. A trickle of pee escaped the soaked padding and traveled down the gap between his leg and balls.

"Your diapey is super full this morning, kiddo," Neel said.



The corner of Luis's mouth could be seen peeking out from around his oversized pacifier. He continued sucking on it as he sat up on his mattress, surrounded by a small army of stuffed animals. He began rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

Neel was fiddling with the latch on the crib door when Luis asked, "Change time?"

“Not yet, sweetie,” Neel said, lowering the bars and leaning in, face to face with the big baby. “We’ll get you changed after breakfast!”

Grabbing Luis around the back, Neel scooted him forward and into a hug. Luis wrapped his legs around his daddy’s back and held on around the back of Neel’s neck. The burly man then cradled his hands under Luis’s squishy butt and lifted him off the mattress.



Luis was thankful to have a daddy with such strength as to carry him around like a toddler. It was one of the many things that made him look forward to spending weekends at Neel’s house; as was the need to escape from his hectic day-job. Being babied allowed him to mentally decompress in a way nothing else had ever done.

As the two made their way down the hall, Luis rested his head on Neel's shoulder. He closed his eyes and focused on the feeling of being blindly carried wherever his daddy decided to take him. During these visits, Neel was in total control. Luis could truly

let go of all responsibility and worry while feeling totally safe and comfortable. It made him feel incredibly small, and they both loved that.

In the kitchen, Neel gently deposited Luis into the oversized highchair. Luis’s butt squished as he sat. He shifted his weight a little bit, making himself comfortable, before Neel slid the tray onto the front. Luis felt the edge of the tray press gently into his tummy before it locked into place. The strap between his legs made sure he couldn’t slip out the bottom, and the top opening was too small for him to climb up. He was trapped until daddy decided he could get out.

Neel already prepared some breakfast and carried over a plate from the counter. Luis’s eyes lit up as he peered down at the fresh

pancakes. There appeared to be around six in total, but it was difficult to tell since each one was cut into bite sized chunks and smothered with butter and syrup.

“Here you go, babe,” Neel said, placing a full baby bottle of milk next to the pancakes. “Good boys eat and drink everything they’re given, ok? We don’t want anything going to waste.”

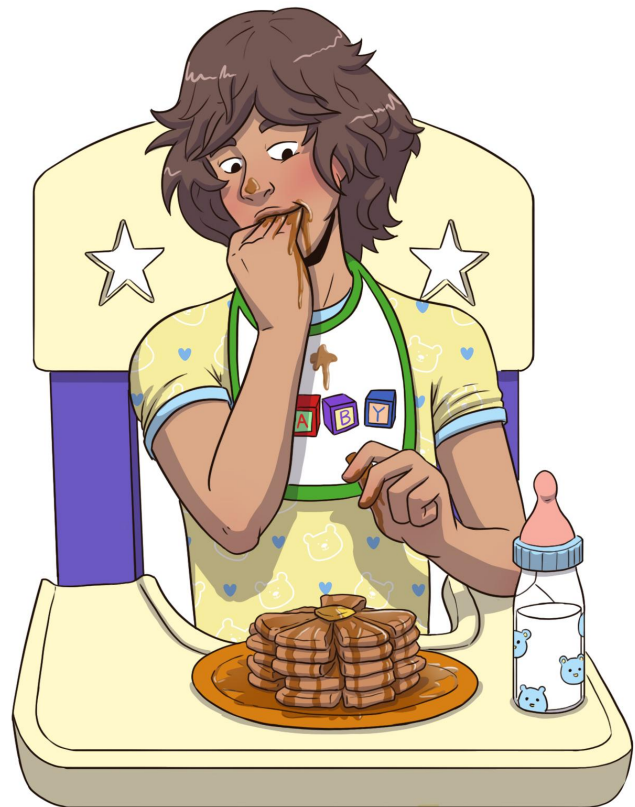
As Neel reached back to secure a bib around Luis’s neck, the baby boy asked for a fork.

Neel grinned, “Forks are for big kids, sweetie. Are you a big kid?”

“Yes?” Luis whined.

“Nice try, kiddo,” Neel said, swiping up a bit of syrup with his finger and tapping Luis on the nose. “You’ve got ten perfectly good utensils right there,” he said, pointing to Luis’s hands. “Use ‘em.”

Luis whined again while secretly fighting back a smile. He reached into his plate and grabbed a bite of syrupy goodness. The soft dough squished between his finger tips.



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A short while later, Neel returned to find Luis drinking the remains of his bottle, syrup covering his hands and face. When the bottle was sucked dry, Luis struggled to put it down as the stickiness practically glued it to his hand.

“Messy mess!” Neel said with a smirk, taking the corner of Luis’s bib and trying to dab the tremendous amount of dried syrup off his face. “We’ll have to wipe you down while you’re getting your soggy bottom changed.”



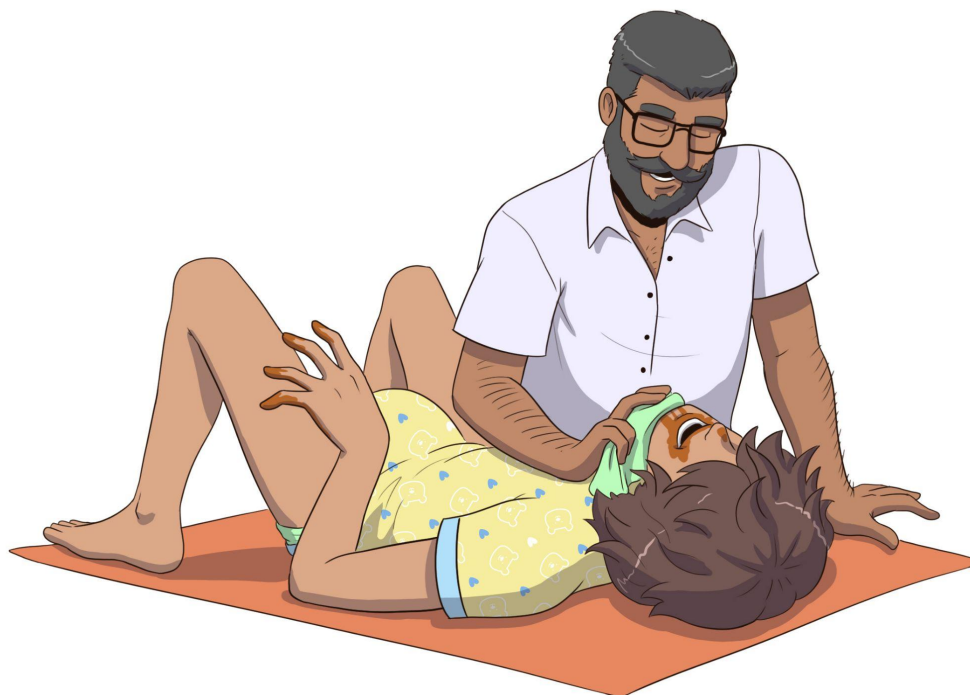
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In the living room, Neel had a changing mat rolled out on the floor. Luis waddled into the room with his droopy diaper sagging between his legs. He kept his hands slightly raised to make sure not to get syrup anywhere else.

“Right over here, squirt,” Neel smiled, motioning Luis to the mat.

He laid down as Neel popped open a container of baby wipes. A slight perfume smell wafted from the box as Neel pulled out a wipe out and began cleaning Luis’s face and cheeks. Luis giggled as Neel wiped away little bits at a time.

“Hold still, you little rascal,” Neel said as the tickly feeling of the wipes made Luis squirm. Neel grabbed his arm and began wiping at his fingers. “This may be the last time we do pancakes for a while... Sheesh!”



After a handful of wipes, Neel was satisfied. He mocked wiping sweat from his brow, which made Luis laugh.

“Alright. Change time,” Neel said as he began slowly rubbing Luis’s sodden diaper once more. This made Luis wriggle even more as his penis squished up against the padding and started to throb.

“Can we maybe make stickies before changies?” Luis pleaded softly.

“Hmm, not this morning, honey,” Neel told him. “We’ve gotta get dressed so we can go.”

“Where are we going?”

“We’re going to the mall today,” Neel said with a smile.

This got Luis excited. A trip to the mall most certainly meant a new toy if he played his cards right. Not to mention mall food!

“If you’re a good boy, we’ll make lots of stickies later tonight. Sound good?” Neel asked. Luis nodded, trying to tame his excited groin. However, Neel continued to squeeze and rub Luis through the thick, squishy padding.

Eventually, Neel quit edging him and moved his attention to the snaps at the bottom of Luis’s onesie. He popped them open, one by one. As the flap flipped upward, Luis’s adorable (yet slightly



mangled) diaper was fully exposed. The cute characters depicted on the front were now faded and wrinkly. Neel made sure to get a few extra squeezes in before pulling the onesie up and targeting the tapes.

With a rip, the diaper tapes were pulled off one after another. Luis could feel the snug waistband loosen with each tear. Soon, the front of the diaper was pulled down, fully exposing him to the living room air. The feeling was compounded by the fact Neel had shaved him the night before.

There was no hair to block the breeze from sweeping across Luis’s baby smooth skin. The feeling made him vibrate with excitement.

Neel pulled out another baby wipe and began to slowly wipe away the area around his groin and legs. The touch caused Luis’s penis to

stiffen further. It twitched slightly, which Neel noticed, and he silently smiled as he continued his work.

Once he was clean, Neel grabbed a soft white cloth and began drying the area. Luis was a bit confused by this. Typically the new diaper would just absorb any extra moisture. Especially if baby powder was applied. However, when Neel turned back once more, things became clear.

He was holding a pair of adorable cotton briefs. They were stark white, littered with a pattern of colorful cartoon animals, and adorned with bright red bands along the waist and legs.



“Are those for me!?” Luis exclaimed.

Neel laughed, “That depends. Are you a big boy, today?”

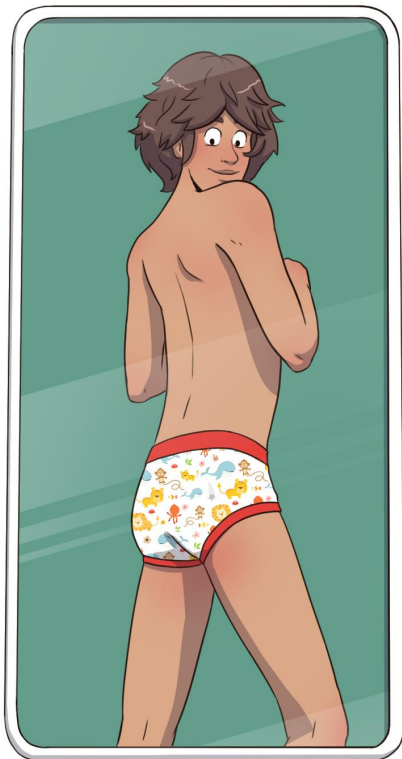
“Yes!” Luis said, almost immediately.

“Then I suppose they are yours.”

Neel grabbed one of the leg holes and looped it over Luis’s foot, followed by the second. Luis felt the fabric slide up his legs. After lifting his butt, Neel pulled the shorts in place. They landed snugly between his legs, hugging his parts and squeezing him ever so gently.

“There you go, big boy,” Neel said as he began to pick up all of the used baby wipes.

Luis sat up and looked down at his special undies. Moments later he was standing at a mirror and admiring himself as the cartoon creatures stretched to match the contours of his body.



“I laid out some clothes on the couch, bud. Finish getting dressed and we’ll go hop in the car.”

Luis glanced over and smiled.

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At the mall, Neel and Luis are walking down the hallway hand in hand. Luis, now clad in a striped t-shirt under a pair of short overalls, smiled as he squeezed his daddy’s hand. Neel, carrying a handful of shopping bags, looked over at the little tyke and smiled at his pleased expression.



“Since you’ve been so good today, kiddo, we can head over to the toy store,” Neel said.

“Yay!” Luis exclaimed, complete with a little hop. “What can I get??”

“I was thinking maybe a fun board game? One we can play together before movies tonight.”

“Oh ya!” Luis said, liking the sound of those plans. However, the excitement, mixed with the jostling of hopping up and down, reminded him of the growing pressure on his bladder. “That sounds great. I’m just going to run to the potty real quick.”



Luis looked around and spotted a bathroom sign in the distance. He began to head toward it when he was suddenly stopped. Neel, who hadn't let go of his hand, was pulling back, stopping him from taking another step. Luis turned to see a loving smirk on Neel's face.

"Hey there, big boy. Just because you're wearing undies today doesn't mean you have potty privileges," Neel told him.

Luis's heart dropped into the pit of his stomach. His eyes widened at the realization of his situation. The pressure of his bladder grew exponentially now as his thighs squeezed together. The big gulp he guzzled at lunch flashed through his mind.

"I can't just pee my pants," Luis said, looking around at the dozens of people walking around them. No one was visibly looking at him, but it felt like a thousand eyes were burning through his overalls and staring directly at his soon-to-be soaked underwear.

"Sweetie, I know it's fun to wear big kid clothes, but what you do in them is none of your concern," Neel explained. "Daddy's in charge of taking care of you and that includes any accidents that may happen. If my little guy has to pee, you just gotta pee, no matter where or when."

Luis continued to fidget. He heard everything Neel said, but his brain felt trapped in a fog. His eyes frantically scanned back and forth at the crowd of people nearby. He didn't even notice Neel had stopped talking and was calmly smiling and watching as he squirmed; his hand still clenching him tightly.

A bead of sweat ran down Luis's temple as his ears got warm. "Can I at least go stand in a bathroom stall?" he eventually asked.

Neel, still smiling, sighed and said, "Of course. If that's what you want."



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The couple stood huddled in an over-sized bathroom stall. Neel stood with one hand on his hips, still holding shopping bags in the other. His posture seemed almost impatient, but his face was peaceful. Luis stood in the opposite corner, looking defeated. But at the very least, he was out of the public eye, so his nervousness depleted.

“Here we are. Let’s get to it,” Neel gently commanded.

Luis gave an awkward smirk, looking up at him watching intently. He pushed his bladder muscles and waited, but nothing came. He knew he had to go, but for some reason it wasn’t working.

“You ok?” Neel asked.

“Yeah, hold on,” Luis stammered, his face hot and red.

He pushed again, harder this time. Finally he felt a small trickle release. It quickly absorbed into his underwear, which were hugging him pretty tightly. It also didn’t help that he was starting to get hard again. The added pressure was causing further blockage.

“It’s ok. Just relax, honey,” Neel coached. “Breath.”

Luis closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Instead of pushing, he focused on relaxing his muscles. He hugged himself as he let a handful of breaths in and out.

Soon, another trickle released. Then another. Luis continued to breathe as the trickle became a small stream. His undies began to absorb more and more as the warm pee was soon flowing. The front

of his undies thickened under the weight of the liquid and soon, small drops were escaping, running down his leg.

Fully relaxed, Luis opened his eyes to see Neel watching his legs. Luis peered down at the dark spot on his shorts growing larger and larger. The stream in his pants was growing more powerful as his bladder fully emptied. His undies and pants were now clinging to his skin.

Drips and drops could be heard splashing down to the floor as they accumulated in a puddle at Luis's feet. The fluorescent lights of the bathroom could be seen shimmering in the golden pool.



Luis was initially worried about stepping in the pee and getting it all over his shoes before he realized the streams going down his legs were already soaking up into his socks. He fidgeted slightly and felt the gentle squish of the warm liquid around his feet.

“Make sure to get it all out,” Neel reminded him. “Don’t hold anything back.”

Luis made sure to push every last drop out into his pants and let out a sigh of relief at the end. He smiled as it was a little fun to be standing in a puddle of his own pee. It definitely made him feel small and bashful.

“Good boy, sweetie,” Neel said as he reached over and pulled Luis's head in for a kiss. “We should probably head home, ya?”

Luis stopped. “You’re not going to change me before we go?”

“Honey, you’re wearing big boy pants, so I didn’t bring the diaper bag.”

Luis’s heart dropped again.

“If you want changed, we’ll have to go out to the car.”

The sweat started dripping again as Luis's face got warm all over again. His mind raced, thinking about what he would soon have to do.

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Neel and Luis were once again making their way through the mall. They were still holding hands, but Luis's free hand clutched their collection of shopping bags, which he used to try and shield himself from view.

The bags were quite effective at covering up his front, but Luis could tell there were still visible signs, especially from behind. Most notably was the audible squish of his shoes with every step. He tried not to look back as he was almost certainly leaving a small trail of drops along the floor behind him.

Another dead give-away was the strong pee smell wafting around him. Luis hoped maybe it would be masked by the surrounding popcorn and pretzel stands, but he couldn't be sure.

Speculation soon turned real when he overheard a comment from behind him. "The floor is kinda wet," a voice said.

"I think something in that guy's bag is leaking," said another.

"Is it the bag or his shoes?"

"Can we walk a little faster?" Luis whispered to Neel. "People are starting to notice!"





Neel smiled without diverting his gaze, “Then I guess they’ll know what a little boy looks like when he’s not ready to be out of diapers.”

Luis’s face flushed deep red after that comment. He wanted to look back at the people talking, but didn’t want them to see his blushing cheeks. Instead, he squeezed his daddy’s hand harder and tried to ignore the situation.

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After an eternity, they made it out to the parking lot. Neel tossed the shopping bags into the back seat of their hatchback as Luis stood close by, nervously holding his arm and looking back over his shoulder.

“That was so embarrassing,” Luis said.

“Well now you know better than to go out without diapers before you’re ready,” his daddy explained. “Hop on up in the trunk and we’ll get you changed.”

Neel patted the floor of the car but Luis appeared concerned. “Right here? But the whole parking lot will see!”



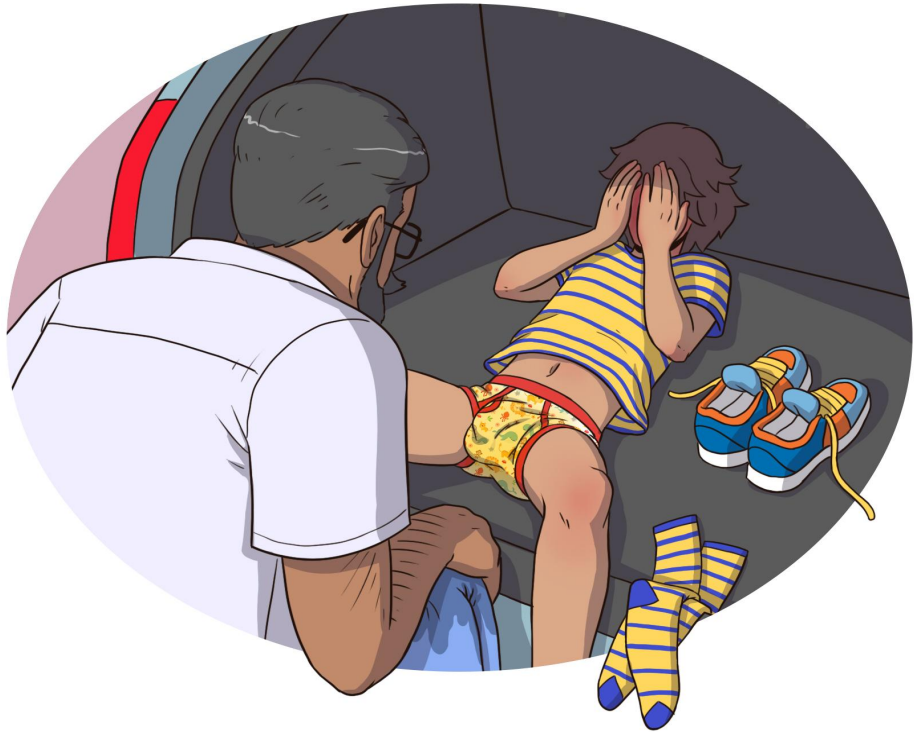
“Babe, this is once again none of your concern. Part of being a daddy is knowing when and where to change his little boy. And I’m saying you’re in dire need,” Neel said. “Crawl up here and we’ll get you out of those wet clothes.”

Luis begrudgingly marched over to the trunk. He did one more sweep of the area before crawling into the back of the hatchback and laying down. Thankfully, the only people around were pretty far away and heading in the opposite direction.

Neel began by slipping off Luis's shoes. He shook them out a little and sat them nearby. Then he peeled the socks off of Luis's feet and rung them out. A decent stream of liquid squished out and splattered on the concrete below.

Luis squirmed at the thought of someone watching his daddy openly ringing pee from his clothes.

His overalls were then unbuttoned and after lifting his butt, Neel pulled the heavy denim down his legs. He folded the wet pants and stacked them next to his shoes. The wind from the open parking lot blew into the car and brushed past Luis's tight, wet undies.



Suddenly a car drove past, right behind Neel's back. Luis filled with terror

as he assumed the driver would be staring directly at him. Of course, he had no actual idea of the driver's vision as they were obscured by tinted windows. Neel paid the car no mind and continued his work. Luis, on the other hand, opted to cover his face with both hands and pretended he was somewhere else.

Neel peeled the soaked undies down his body. Luis could feel them slide all the way to his ankles as they were heavily soaked. He was now fully exposed to the elements. Laying bare for all the world to see; hairless and wet. He continued pretending he wasn't present for any of this. If someone did happen to witness this, he didn't want to be aware of it.

After reaching deeper into the trunk, Neel pulled out a diaper bag he'd stashed and started wiping Luis down. The wipes felt nice against his skin, especially as Neel made sure to run them all the way

down his legs (even his feet!). He could feel his penis starting to stiffen again; though the reminder of being in public caused it to flomp over once more.

Soon, Neel opened a thick diaper and flattened it out. Luis lifted again, allowing his daddy to slide the padding under his butt. He pulled out a couple stuffers and slid them into place. With a twist, Neel opened a bottle of powder, which he generously shook over the boy's groin. Luis could feel the cloud gently tickle his skin as he smelled the sweet aroma creeping toward him. Neel rubbed the powder in, taking special care to entirely cover Luis's parts. He then grabbed the front of the diaper and pulled so it fit snugly between his legs. Daddy adjusted Luis's penis before folding the diaper down over



top, concealing it once more. With gentle pressure, he held the landing strip onto Luis's lower tummy.

At this point, Luis wasn't even thinking about being in a parking lot. His mind escaped to little-space as he focused all of his senses on the incredible feeling of being diapered by his daddy. It wasn't until after the tapes

were on that he snapped back to reality, sat up, and realized he was sitting in the trunk of their car, out in the middle of an open parking lot, wearing only a t-shirt and diaper. Dread crept in. Luis wanted to get into the car as fast as possible.

Neel turned, holding up Luis's pair of dripping underwear for him to see. The white color was stained yellow. The characters were glistening in the sun. "I guess we won't be needing these again," Neel said before letting them drop to the ground. They landed with a splat on the concrete below. Luis stared at them, mouth agape. There were his pee-covered undies. Not hidden away or in a garbage bag; but laying in the middle of the parking lot for the world to see. Anyone who notices them will immediately know someone peed their pants like a little kid.

“Come on, babe! Let’s get buckled in,” Neel said from the back passenger seat door.

Luis snapped out of his trance “I don’t have any pants!” he exclaimed.

“I didn’t pack any extra. You’ll have to ride in just your diaper,” his daddy told him. “Close the trunk and let’s get going.”

Eyes wide, Luis hopped down from the trunk; his bare feet slapping against the road. He took one last look around before shutting the hatch and glanced at his wet briefs lying discarded on the ground. Neel waved him over and Luis hastily jumped into the back seat.

Neel leaned in to buckle Luis’s seatbelt. In doing so, Neel gave him a big kiss. “You know,” he

said. “You may not be great at being a big boy, but you’re the best *little* boy I could ask for.”

Luis blushed again, but in a good way. He gently grabbed Neel’s head and pulled him in for another kiss. Neel’s hand found its way to Luis’s cheek as they both embraced.

Neel, pulling back, looked into Luis’s eyes. They both smiled. Luis’s diaper area got a little tighter.





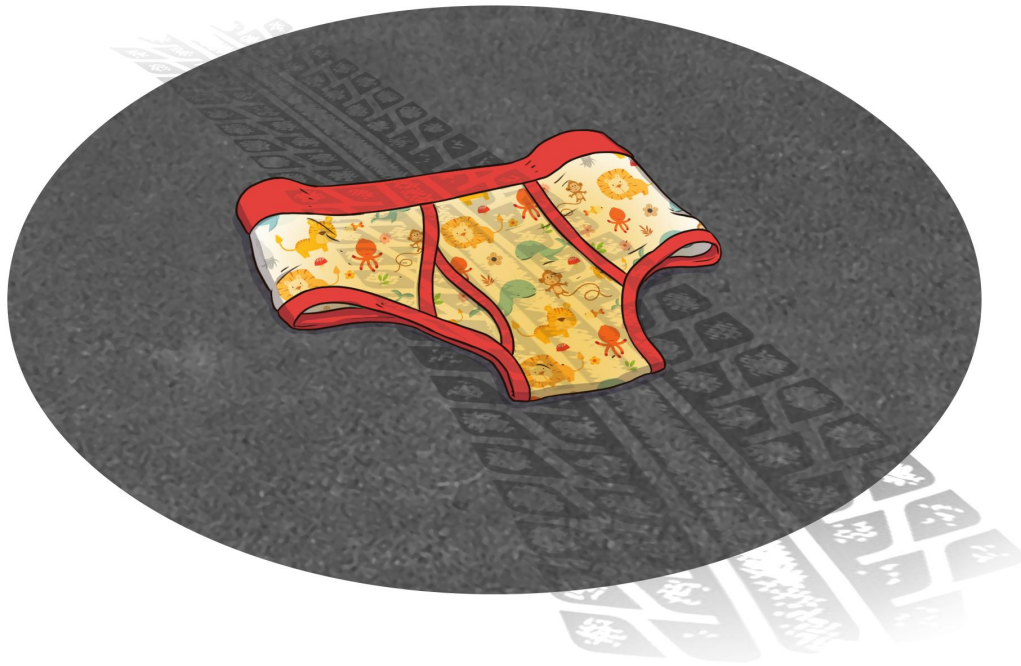
“What do you say we get some ice cream and then head to the park?” Neel asked.

Luis was immediately excited by the idea, but paused. “I still don’t have any pants though.”

“Not for you to worry about!” Neel quickly exclaimed while swiftly exiting the car and closing the door.

Luis smiled crookedly, processing this information.

Neel jumped into the driver's seat, started the engine, and peered back through the rearview mirror at Luis’s blank expression; lost in thought. Neel chuckled and backed the car out before driving off to their next adventure.



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