

Diapered by a Dragon 1: New Year's Eve

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I had done it, and with less than 24 hours to go. I had finally gotten out of diapers *and* I managed to stay dry for a significant amount of time.

"Daddy, Daddy, look!" I yelled, running into the enormous living room. "I'm potty trained!"

I pulled down my pink shorts and waggled my little willy at Daddy.

"What's this? Is my little boy out of diapers again?" The green dragon stood up from the couch, setting his massive game controller aside. His nostrils flared. "You know Daddy's spanking hand gets itchy when he sees his little one without a diaper on..."

"N-nooo, Daddy! I've been dry for soooo long!" I hopped up and down. "And you remember when you captured me, you *said* if I can get *potty trained* by the end of the year, I'd get to be back in big boy undies!"

He rubbed his temples and closed his eyes. He took a deep breath and composed himself, finally growling out a response.

"And just *how long* have you been out of diapers, little human?"

"Since last night! And I didn't even wet the bed at *all!*"

"You went to bed without a diaper?!" he yelled loud enough to blast the roof off of the house.

"W-well, not exactly. I kinda... t-took it off when you weren't looking." I stammered, feeling considerably less bravado in the face of an angry daddy dragon. I could practically see the steam coming out of his ears.

"How... did... you..."

I held up his letter opener. "I was *gonna* return it. See? Here ya go." I set the small sword down on the table in front of him - well, to *him* it was small, anyway.

"Oh, boy, you really did it this time, little human." He said, shaking his head and staring into space as he wiped a claw over his forehead. "Come on, up we go."

Without a further word, he swooped me up under one arm and carried me off to my nursery.

"No, Daddy! Nooo!"

When I had first been captured, I had complained quite a lot, not that it did me any good. Being a dragon, Daddy didn't really get the concept of growing out of babyhood in less than several hundred years, and he would **not** be cheated out of the pleasure of raising a human youngling from infancy. A fact he repeated often in the face of my continued complaints.

Of course, the nursery was comfortable enough thanks to all the furniture, toys, and clothing he had collected over the years before my capture; I just had other ideas of how to spend my time than sitting in a playpen, playing with blocks, laying in my crib with the mobile singing sweet lullabies above my head, or watching mind numbing baby shows.

As soon as he carried me into my frustratingly familiar nursery, He ripped off my shorts and sat me down on the changing table. Hard. I was momentarily stunned at the jarring jolt as my **bare** butt hit the padded surface.

"Stay. Right. There," he growled, before turning and stomping off toward the walk-in diaper closet.

"But Daddy, I-"

"Quiet!" he called, as he dug through the shelves, which were stocked floor to ceiling with every diaper you could imagine. He muttered to himself as he dug through the extensive shelves, clearly in search of something he hadn't seen in a while, though I couldn't say what. All I could see through the doorway was his big scaly tail surrounded by stacks and stacks of thick, adorable diapers.

"You think you're potty trained, huh? Then I guess it's time to put you in training pants."

Daddy reappeared with a pair of thick white cloth pull-ups that vaguely resembled underwear, complete with red piping on the legs and waist band. However, *these* tighty whities were quite thick and soft and covered in dinosaurs. I groaned. Not another infantile garment.

"Daddy, don't make me! It's not fair!"

"You say you've been keeping dry, but I want **proof**. If you want your underwear back, you have to keep these training pants dry for the next 24 hours. No ifs ands or buts."

I crossed my arms and huffed as he forced me on my back and pulled the training pants up over my legs.

"Bum up!" he barked.

I obeyed. At this point it wasn't even his powers that were controlling my actions - this was pure muscle memory. The reflex memory from a thousand changes before on this very table. I sighed as I felt the soft cloth cup my genitals.

"Aww, aren't you adorable, little guy?" cooed Daddy, with a grin.

I shook my head. I wasn't adorable. I was strong. I was *fierce*. I was... a dragon's baby bitch. I crossed my arms and pouted as I resigned myself to his humiliating conditions.

"Alright you, I'm gonna keep my eye on you." he said, squinting at me with one eye closed. "You're coming back downstairs with me and you're gonna sit in my lap while I finish my game." He poked me in the chest as he punctuated the final sentence.

I rolled my eyes. I didn't care, there was no way I was gonna pee myself again. I had never *really* lost my potty control. No, I just **never got** a chance to *prove* I was potty trained cause Daddy never let me out of diapers! He even had *me* convinced until today. But now, things were gonna be different. I smiled to myself as Daddy carried me back downstairs and sidled up to his huge sofa.

I sat on Daddy's lap as he continued his game, excitedly yelling into his headset, occasionally getting into arguments with snotty ten year olds who didn't have any respect.

"I will burn... your... whole... village... down, youngling. You take that back!"

"No way, poopy pants! You cheated! Nyah!"

"Grrr... we'll settle this later..." he growled, before taking off his headset and slamming it onto the table in frustration.

I could only imagine the news tomorrow that some poor town had gotten razed by a stray fireworks spark or something. If the news was actually honest about the dragon problem, I might have known better than to cross his path myself. I did get one strange message just before he came, but I dismissed it as a mere story. If only I had stayed inside and away from the windows.

"I grow weary of this video game," said Daddy, shutting off the console and slamming his controller down into a crumpled heap beside his headset. Daddy had a six

foot deep drawer under the huge Dragon Plasma TV fully stocked with replacements. **Ragequitting** was so routine **for him**, I almost wondered if he *enjoyed* getting egged on by brats, but I didn't dare ask.

"Well, little one, let's see if you're wet." He said, pulling up my shirt and feeling the front of my training pants with his free claw. I was used to this treatment and I knew better to protest or make any attempt to impede his inspection. He ran his talons along the leg holes, then pressed me forward so he could get a good look down the back of my diaper as he pulled out the waistband. I eeped as he tilted me onto my back so he could get a close look between my thighs, causing me to laugh as his talons tickled my sensitive regions.

"Daddy, stop... I have to go potty!"

"Oh, so the little one has to go *potty* now, hmm?" he said with a smirk. "Okay, let's take you to the potty."

I cheered as he picked me up, but was confused when I was set down in the nursery again. Once more, daddy dug around for some long forgotten relic in the diaper drawer and came up with a bright blue plastic elephant that looked like a riding toy. He lifted the lid off the top and I realized what I was looking at.

"A P-P-POTTTY CHAIR?!" My hair stood on end and my cheeks burned bright red.

"This *is* part of potty training. You *do* know how to use one, don't you?"

"Of *course* I know how to use one!" I spluttered. I didn't want to get caught in some clever word trap, so I was careful with my next words. "I just... expected to use the one you use."

"Haha, no" said the Dragon, licks of flame bursting from his open mouth before he closed his maw and snuffed it out, puffing a jet of smoke from his nostrils. "You will use this '*potty chair*' or nothing."

He pulled down my training pants to my ankles and stood back, arms folded.

I awkwardly walked to the potty chair with my underpants around my legs. I was abashed to be forced to sit on such an infantile contraption, but I would have to swallow my pride. Anything to get out of diapers once and for all. I bent down, pulled my underpants up snug, and sat right on the potty. And not a second too soon as my bowels and bladder cried out for relief.

"There. I'm sitting on the pott- no wait!"

Too late, I realized my mistake as I unleashed the full contents of my bowels and bladder right into the seat of my training pants. The smiling face of the elephant seemed to laugh at me as he gaily held his trunk up in the air while urine and liquid poop splattered against the padded material between my legs, leaving my training pants absolutely drenched and sagging.

"Oh nooo... eyyyyuuck!" I made a disgusted face. This was ten times worse than wearing a messy diaper. I could feel every bit of dampness as the cloth did nothing to wick away the wetness between my legs. I looked up at Daddy, feeling ready to cry.

"Tsk Tsk, little one. Looks like you weren't ready after all. Are you all done now?"

I nodded, tearfully.

"Okay, then. Let's get you out of these yucky pants and into a nice clean diaper."

I just cried and whimpered as he picked me up with one hand and pulled my soiled training pants off of me with the other, letting them plop into the potty below.

"That's the last time we deal with *that* contraption," he muttered, carrying me over to the changing table, where a wet washcloth and an extra thick diaper awaited me.

"No, Daddy! Don't put me in a diaper! I can stay dry! It was an accident! Daddyyyyy! Mmmf!"

Daddy grabbed a pacifier and plugged my mouth.

"Hush, noisy human," he said matter-of-factly. "Into diapers you go."

I thrashed as I felt the changing table strap get pulled across my chest. I knew from experience that a diaper was coming next. After a complete and thorough wipedown, my legs were lifted, held aloft by his powerful hands. My next diaper was placed under my bum, alerting me of its presence with a soft *paff* as it hit the table beneath me. My bum followed, sinking into the cushy padding which was brought up over my baby bits, which so amused Daddy as they were permanently outside of my body.

"You humans give everything away having your genitals hanging out like that. I could read you like a book, youngling." The Dragon grinned mirthfully as he pulled the diaper up snug for the tapes. I hated how soft it all felt, how comfortable. Everything always felt warm and fuzzy and lulled me into a sense of comfort and cuddliness. I didn't want to be cuddly, damnit. I was a man!

"I can't understand all those noises you're making with your pacifier in, youngling. But let me guess, is it something about being a man and not needing diapers?"

My eyes went wide. He was making fun of me! How rude.

He sighed. "I've really had enough of this, you know. I've had you a whole year and you're still claiming that you're a full grown man. This is *not* how I want to celebrate our one year anniversary!"

My eyes widened. Yes, it had been exactly a year ago that he had grabbed me. What I had mistaken for fireworks was, in fact, the warning sign that I should have been running away. Sadly, by the time I realized my mistake, he was upon me. The rest was history.

"Okay, little one, let's make a deal. You know us Dragons don't take our bargains lightly, so you won't get this chance again. Keep this diaper dry until bedtime and we can start your potty training in earnest. If you can't, you will wait until I say you're ready and you will wear your diapers without complaint. Now I'm going to take your pacifier out and I want a cogent response from you. Okay? Okay." He popped out my pacifier so I could speak. Of course, I wasn't born yesterday. I knew better than to take a deal with a dragon at face value.

"That's not good enough!" I said, putting my hands on my crinkly hips. "If I can keep it dry, I want my underwear back."

"Oh really?" Daddy said, eyes flashing. "Well, then, if you raise your demands, I raise mine. If you wet your diapers tonight, I'll take your mind. You will be regressed mentally to a *real* infant's capacity. Yes, I know the difference between an infant and an adult, you silly human. Do you think I'm stupid? I just enjoy keeping you like this. It's more fun to keep your intelligence - such as it is - but the game wears thin with you complaining all the time. So are you really going to challenge me on this? It's up to you."

I gulped. The stakes were indeed high, and I wasn't so sure I *was* able to keep my diaper dry. Nevertheless I had to try.

"I'll take your challenge, Dragon." I spoke with more bravado than I felt, and Daddy just chuckled and patted my back.

"I'm sorry for you, human. Let's go, then. Downstairs to your playpen while Daddy looks over his inventory."

Counting his hoard again. Typical Dragon.

I lay in my playpen for what felt like hours, bored out of my mind. I couldn't stand the baby toys Daddy offered me, and only played with them when I was made to on threat of punishment. Eventually I started to roll a few toy cars around on the mat, inventing some silly story or other. Daddy came back some hours later to check my progress.

"Alright, little one. It's been four hours. Are you still dry?"

"Of course I'm dry!" I said, as he picked me up, poking his finger into the leg hole of my diaper. "Come on, do you really think-"

"Uh, oh," Daddy said, pulling his finger free. "Looks like someone's a soggy little boy."

My mouth fell open in shock. "H-how..."

Daddy carried me up to the nursery, holding me in an embrace, and rubbing my back as I tried to make sense of it.

"There, there, little one. It's alright. Soon enough you'll be *happy* to be in diapers, living like a baby." My mind couldn't accept it. It just kept going over the same thoughts over and over.

"N-no... it's not possible... I didn't wet... I didn't!" That was all I could think or say.

"Oh really, little one? Then how do you explain *this*?"

I was set on my back on the changing table and given the squish test by the large creature. I could feel his fingers sinking into the damp padding around my penis, the warm wetness pressing around my malehood leaving no mystery as to what it contained.

"Silly little boy, you never had a chance. You lost control of your bodily functions the moment you entered my realm. I just let you *think* you had control for a while."

"What? What do you mean?" I asked, suddenly scared and unsure of anything I knew.

He walked over to the hamper and held up a set of stained sheets. "Last night's bedclothes. Look familiar?"

There were the sleeping baby sheep bed sheets I went to sleep on - totally soaked through. He pulled out my shorts from this morning.

"And these?" Also wet and soaked."

"N-no! This is a trick! It was the diapers! The diapers made me do it!" I yelled.

"Haha, yes, youngling, the diapers *are* cursed. They took many things from you, that doesn't mean you get them back once the diapers come off. You'll never be able to mate, or control your bodily functions no matter how much you train. But I don't mind. I think it's cute! You're daddy's cute little human, and you will live a long long time thanks to the seed I've been putting in your bottles. You're already part dragon. In a few hundred years, the effects of my seed will become apparent. Of course there are more direct ways of implanting the seed," I followed his gaze indicating his maleness, which I had not seen much of since he had captured me. "It acts much faster, but it's not for younglings like you."

I blushed as he brushed his claw against my cheek, both embarrassed at the thought of it and humiliated at the implication that I was too young.

"Little one, you've lost fair and square. Now it's time for me to take your adulthood. Goodbye, human man. It was fun playing with you."

Pain shot through my mind and I held my head. The pain grew and grew, colors growing unbearably bright, images fuzzy. I cried out, something terrible had happened. I didn't understand what it was, I just knew I wanted it to end as soon as possible. And then, everything was calm. There was something in my mouth - I found myself sucking on it, and was rewarded by a sweet burst of something wonderful. I finally felt at peace. Soft cooing noises came from above, but I couldn't understand them.

"There, there little one, drink it all up. You'll feel right as rain once you've got a full tummy and a fresh diaper. Yes, that's the way..."

I opened my eyes to see a large figure above me. It was Daddy! I smiled and reached up to him. He smiled down bringing his nose close enough for me to touch. I was amazed at his size. My eyes went wide as my hands - yes those were my hands - touched the flat scales of his nose. I felt the furnace hot breath from his nose gently warming my body and my whole body tingled. That felt nice. I felt warmth between my legs and a wonderful feeling of relief and pleasure.

"I think somebody likes his diapers. And he likes Daddy too! Aren't you precious, sweetie?"

I smiled and clapped when he pulled the empty bottle free with a POP and kissed me on the nose.

"My little youngling. I was just going to keep you like this for a little while as a punishment, but you're making it hard to go back." He chuckled and cuddled me close. "Well, let's get you changed. It's time for little ones to go to bed."

Now I love my life as Daddy's little human. If I could talk, that's what I'd say, but I think he understands. Don't worry, you'll love it too. That's why he sent you this little story - I certainly couldn't. See you soon, little sibling.

Happy new year, and keep your eyes on the fireworks!

Signed, Your New Brother