

# Three Strikes and You're Out!

By Horatio Husky

## One

*I swear if he's out at the gym again for one of his 'impromptu workout sessions' I'll bite his tail off.* These musings came from the mind of a black and golden tan German Shepherd fur as he shivered, cold despite his thick fur and winter jacket at the doorstep of his friend's house.

The two had only been friends for a few months, but a lot had transpired between them during that time. Being a police officer, Rick was expected to keep his body in a state of fit physique and agility to operate at peak performance. Thus, he had found himself acquiring a gym membership after a few months at his new job when he had noticed a suspicious increase in mass around his midsection.

Not wanting his fate to end like any other stereotypical donut munching cop, he had started to frequent his local gym several times a week, usually after his shift ended. At that establishment he found himself seeing a certain, rather athletic looking arcanine, who always seemed to be in the most chipper, friendly of moods whenever he saw him.

After a few days of a few moments of eye contact and nervous smiling, he had come over to him and introduced himself as, "Anthony, but you can call me Tony!" His confidence and self-assured grin had given him a friendly glow that Richard found he liked very much, and he extended his paw to shake and replied with his name.

The following weeks turned into a blur as the two canines hit it off better than either of them had expected. Beyond exchanging their own little fitness tips and tricks their sense of humor was shared as well, and they found great excitement and amusement in exchanging their own ideas and perspectives on the world, which the two found that although they differed on many subjects they both found hearing what the other had to say about a particular argument quite interesting and engaging.

They had gone out a few times too, to a few lesser-known bars that the arcanine had said he preferred to go too since he usually wasn't recognized there. At this strange comment, Richard had raised his eyebrows, thinking that his friend was making a joke. Tony had smiled a little, the first time in fact that Richard had ever seen him look sheepish, as he explained that he was a locally well-known baseball player, and had found himself getting bothered quite a bit at some of the other establishments he had frequented previously.

Richard had done a google search, at Tony's suggestion more to humor him than anything, but found to his surprise a Wikipedia page confirming his newly made friend's claims

at athletic success. Tony had then told him something that warmed Rich's heart. He had first begun to talk to the shepherd because he felt was searching for a friend who wouldn't want to be close to him just for his fame, but someone who liked him as a person.

This warmed the cop's heart, and he had wrapped his arm around the hulky arcanine's shoulder and smiled at him conspiratorially, saying that he was more than happy to be such a person for him. Naturally, after such a warm entrance into friendship, they had gotten plastered that night and ended up somehow both falling on top of each other back at Tony's residence.

Things had progressed down a path that the two had not fully acknowledged, even to themselves, but yet both somehow knew that would traverse if things continued. Tony had leaned forward into a passionate kiss, pushing himself against the shepherd in an act of shameless passion to which the drunken shepherd could only respond in kind.

Their passions lead to the stripping of clothes and before Richard knew it the arcanine had begun to take control of him and his body in the most loving fashion he had experienced to date. Being straddled by the muscled beast he had whined and howled in pain and ecstasy, the arcanine leaning down to his ears and whispered sweet nothings into it, even going as far as gently biting the nape of his neck and embracing him around the chest as he thrust himself into him.

The lovemaking had lasted a decent while, Richard remembered how he had marveled as just how well Tony had paced himself, most likely due to his athletic training and discipline. By the time Tony finished, at last, the shepherd found himself able to do little but pant and gasp for air in an orgasmic trance, having climaxed himself several minutes ago while Tony had still been going strong.

The arcanine had grasped him under the chin and brought him up to his face. They kissed more, the arcanine rubbing his back and humming soothingly to the receptive canine, thanking him for a wonderful time. Richard could only smile goofily back, completely and utterly entranced by the wonderful being before him who he had so perfectly made love to.

Richard stamped his feet, trying to keep warm even as his cheeks flushed with red standing in the cold at Tony's doorstep, remembering how they had then fallen asleep spooning, Tony being the big spoon naturally, and how the shepherd had woken up to Tony cooking him breakfast, wrapped up in a snuggly blanket on his couch.

They had spent the morning chatting about the previous night, now almost completely unabashedly speaking about their own preferences and even delving into fetishes. They had been surprised just how well they had meshed together in lovemaking last night, Tony causing Richard to blush when he told him how he wasn't surprised at all how to find that the shepherd was so subordinate.

“I mean come on, anybody looking at you even from a mile away could see that you totally scream bottom!”

Richard had almost coughed his coffee out of his maw at this comment, causing Tony to only laugh louder between fork-fuls of syrupy pancake. The canine had blushed in response to the arcanine but smiled good-naturedly.

Although normally his tough, police officer persona was the one he operated on most of the time, he found that he felt comfortable letting his guard down around the arcanine, even to the point of expressing his submissiveness to him. After his normally uncharacteristic blush, the arcanine had gently inquired about the shepherd’s preferences, whether he had considered himself a sub for long.

The two spent the rest of the morning discussing their own sexual experiences, preferences, and even fantasies. Throughout their dialogue the arcanine seemed to work magic onto Richard, gently but firmly inquiring as to what he would enjoy and wouldn’t, as well as what thinks he would enjoy not enjoying. The shepherd’s heart rate rose up multiple times during their exchanges, excitement filling his body that not even his job offered him during moments of pursuing justice and chasing after criminals.

“Wait here, Richie, I think I have something that you might enjoy.”

The arcanine winked before rising to his full height and softly strolling out of the room, a devilish expression on his muzzle. Richard could only lean forward off of the couch and look after him, wondering what his attractive friend was wanting to retrieve.

“Close your eyes, Richard.”

The canine obeyed and heard Tony shuffle towards him before stopping in front of him.

“You can open them now.”

Richard opened his eyes and gazed up at Tony before looking down to see that the arcanine was holding something in front of the shepherd’s nose. Richard took a sharp breath and quickly realized what the object that lay in the arcanine’s outstretched paw was. A small, white chastity cage was being presented to him, complete with a steel, heart-shaped lock adorning the bottom.

The German Shepherd’s heart pounded in his chest, and he looked up wide-eyed into Tony’s own well-knowing eyes, understanding what he was being offered.

“What do you think buckeroo, wanna have some fun? I think I could go for dating a cutie like you. After all, I think after last night you’ve proven that you might be needing this. You made a mess all over my couch after all!”

Richard’s cheeks reddened at the playful admonishment, but his eyes looked back down onto the cage in front of him. He opened his lips as if to speak, but found it difficult to articulate what he felt. Picking up on his apparent speechlessness, Tony squatted in front of him and looked up into the blushing shepherd’s eyes, his voice softening now but retaining the same firm assuredness that proliferated his entire being.

“How about I help you put it on, would that help, pup?”

The shepherd could only nod shakily in response, his breaths still coming in heavy and deep as his entire being seemed to grow warm and vibrate in excision and stimulation. The arcanine gently pushed on the shepherd’s shoulders and repositioned him onto his back.

Scooching over onto the couch he unbuckled the shepherd’s jeans and slid them down, following with his underwear. Richard’s member had begun to grow slowly after he had been approached by the arcanine’s offer but had not yet reached full erection.

Tsk-tsking at the apparent excitement the canine was displaying, Tony worked efficiently and quickly at sliding the tube over the shepherd’s not yet fully excited head and looping the support ring underneath his testicles. Richard felt a firm pressure on his jewels, which increased to a more distinct pressing feeling as he heard a soft click, and then a louder one as the cage was locked firmly into place.

His member now strained against his confines, but to no relief as the plastic prison kept his erotic excitement firmly and securely in check. Tony grinned, and almost cooed as he said.

“Looks like our little friend here is having a hard time containing himself! It’s a good thing I was around to make sure that he doesn’t get himself into trouble now, no?”

Tony’s words washed over him like a stimulating wave of air, causing a shiver to run through him as both tone and context of what the arcanine said turned him on immensely. The amateur baseball player had a charm and confidence that the shepherd could find almost irresistible. He couldn’t help but blushing slightly, as he gazed into the arcanine’s eyes, feelings of attraction and yearning coursing through his veins as he strained against the cage around his member.

Tony offered a paw to him and helped Richard up to his feet before helping him redress, surprising him by delivering an impassioned and deliberate kiss on the shepherd’s cheek, causing him to his great embarrassment to stammer a little bit in response.

Tony's eyes glistened as he let out a loud laugh, grinning broadly and looking directly into Richard's eyes and winking confidently.

"Oh Rick, this is going to be more fun than I could have possibly imagined, I figured you were a total sub but to this extent? I think this is going to be a luxurious time."

## Two

The following week, Rick was bombarded with more work than he had expected. As he clocked in overtime and sorted through more paperwork than he thought he'd ever seen in his life, his mind kept incessantly wandering to the cage snugly yet firmly grasping his cock and balls, limiting the stimulation of his member to almost nothing.

Although a bit uncomfortable at first, the dog soon learned to get used to the device's constrictive nature, although the thoughts of who put it on him and what it prevented him from weighed on his mind almost without ceasing.

Every movement of his legs, adjustment of his body, and of course erotic thought reminded him again of the helpless situation he was in. Tony had kept the keys, of course, informing the canine with a wink that if he was a good 'puppy' this week, he might consider letting him out of his predicament to relieve himself.

They had met at the gym during their regular times, but the arcanine seemed intent on talking about everything except sex. He had admonished Richard when he attempted to broach the subject, stating that they would resume their lovemaking this Friday when he got off work to ensure that they would have plenty of time to enjoy each other's company.

With little choice but to comply, seeing how the arcanine seemed to, quite literally, have him by the balls, he had gotten through the week with some trouble.

When Friday arrived and he was once again standing outside the Arcanine's humble residence, he found that he had to catch himself multiple times to keep from whining out loud. Thoughts of the Arcanine teasing and using him had been practically torturing him all week, and he was quite eager to resume their passionate touching, with the assumption that his cage would be removed.

His *friend* opened the door after a minute, beaming and embraced him closely, giving the sheepish shepherd a flirtatious squeeze on the buttocks. A small, uncharacteristic yip escaped Rick, and he jumped slightly at the noise that came from his muzzle, bringing up a hand paw to cover up his muzzle.

"Oh? Are we regressing to being subordinate already? Hell, I knew those cages could do a number of behaviors but I didn't know they were *this* effective!"

Blushing slightly, Rick allowed himself to be led by the paw over to the couch in the living room, where Tony left him to sit for a few minutes as he went to shut the door and presumably fetch them something to drink and nibble on.

Rick nervously ran a paw through his tail, which had curled itself around his upper right thigh. *I'm not usually so fidgety like this, I guess Tony was right that this cage has some serious effects on my behavior... I guess controlling my libido to some degree must carry with it some pretty primeval button-pushing...*

Rick looked up, grinning reflexively as the arcanine walked in with two glasses of wine and a tray of crackers and cheese.

“Quite the romantic snack Tony, if I were any wiser I’d think you were coming onto me.” Rick joked, glad that despite his desperation for release he was still able to keep up a respectable level of flirtatious banter.

“Oh you know, I thought after such a hard week of work you were telling me about yesterday you deserved a little bit of a treat,” Tony replied with a hint of bemusement in his tone, as he knelt to place the platter on the coffee table, turning to surprise the shepherd a kiss on the muzzle that lasted several seconds, eyes closed as he did so.

Rick’s hunched up shoulders dropped and allowed himself to lean back into the kiss. Tony brought up a paw and cupped Rick’s cheek, turned his head and made direct eye contact. Rick’s maw was slightly agape, and Tony smiled at him, admiring the shepherd’s facial features.

Speaking quietly, he intoned, “I bet some little pup is probably all worked up from a week without relief huh? Are we all pent up down there?”

Rick whined in spite of himself, and nodded slightly, feeling his pent up sexual frustration rise once again as his member throbbed in his cage, wanting to get out of its restrictions.

Food seemingly forgotten, Tony allowed the paw run down from Rick’s cheek down his chest and torso, before stopping on the crotch of his pants.

Raising a coy eyebrow, he squeezed while still maintaining eye contact with the shepherd, who could just barely feel the arcanine’s paw on his incomplete erection.

“Maybe if somebody is a good little puppy I’ll let him out to play, but only if he behaves.”

The shepherd’s heart was now pounding with excitement as Tony stood up and took off his shirt, the rippling muscles of the canine further exciting Rick’s libido.

He began to undress too, joining the arcanine and stripping himself down until he sat on the couch with his pants between his ankles, the only clothing still attached to him being the cage holding his jewels firmly beneath his constrained member.

“My my, there’s really not much going down there is there, are you sure you’re excited to see me?” Tony teased him with a devilish grin, causing the dog to blush profusely, his member now pulsing almost painfully in the cage.

Tony sat himself down next to him, his member now fully erect and glistening with precum, and wrapped his arms around the shepherd.

They made out for several minutes, Tony shifting his body around Rick until he found himself being spooned, feeling the stiff erection brushing against his buttocks and thighs.

Tony was beginning to breathe heavily, his excitement barely contained but the tone of voice still stable and commanding as he whispered in the shepherd's ear, “Now now, be a good little chaste puppy while daddy makes himself a little bit more comfortable. You wouldn’t want to be a naughty puppy now, would you?”

Breathing hard Rick shook his head and gasped slightly as he felt the arcanine wrap his arms around his midsection, before entering inside of him with a thrust of his hips.

It was a strange sensation, bottoming while unable to express or experience any pleasure of one’s own. No matter how hard his member strained he was denied a proper erection or expression of the pleasure he felt being used by Tony for his pleasure.

Rick had never experienced such strong feelings of submissiveness in his life as he continued to engage in their lovemaking, Tony continuing his way with Rick as he gently bit him on the neck.

Rick was pulled towards the arcanine as he felt the knot pop inside of him, a whimper escaping his muzzle as it did so.

Feeling as if he might burst inside his cage, Tony let out a loud orgasmic groan as he finished inside of Rick, filling him with his love and pulling him into an even tighter embrace from behind.

Rick, feeling incredibly turned on, had greatly enjoyed the ordeal while at the same time never felt more frustrated and bashful in his life. Self-consciously, he moved a hand down to his cage and grasped his restrained genitals, a movement that Tony quickly picked up on.

“Ah ah ah! No touching now, good puppies don’t touch their cages.”

The arcanine gently swept away his paws, but not before moving his paw against the front of the cage, feeling that it was wet with precum that had escaped the shepherd.

Tsk-tsking, he removed himself from the shepherd amidst whimpering and gasps from the canine and stood up beside the couch.

“Stay here for a moment, I think I have a solution to our little “wet” problem.

Rick turned from his position of lying stomach down on the couch quickly enough to just barely see the arcanine stride out of the room.

*Wet? Was he talking about my pre? How on earth is he going to possibly control that?*

From outside of the living room, Tony called out once again, “Close your eyes pup! More surprises!”

Still feeling very confused, Rick complied and shut his eyes, his ears perking up instinctively to listen to Tony’s movement.

The steps of him moving forward were occupied with a curious crinkling noise, one that Rick was unable to identify.

“Alright puppy, open your eyes now and lie back down, time to make sure you stay dry and don’t get my furniture wet when my seed comes out of your little tush!”

Rick opened his eyes, now coming to the realization that Tony had been talking to him like he was an actual little puppy that entire day since he had arrived. His eyes opened wide as the thought came to him that perhaps he wasn’t only being talked to like he was little, but Tony was going to treat him like he was.

The arcanine clutched a large, adult-sized diaper in one paw, and a bottle of baby powder and diaper rash cream in the other with a large smile on his face.

“You’re joking...” Rick looked up at the arcanine in slight amusement but found that he was faltering quickly as Tony shook his head, his smile turned into a large smirk.

“I most definitely am not! This is all part of the deal, sweetie. You will get out of your cage once you prove to me that you’re a good puppy, and good puppies don’t leak all over my furniture. Now lean back and put your legs up!”

Rick might have protested under different circumstances, but he imagined that if the arcanine wanted to have fun humiliating him for the day, it would be worth it for the potential of getting uncaged that day for further, more enjoyable sex.

Rolling his eyes, he obliged and leaned back, crossing his arms in and shaking his head whilst rolling his eyes.

“You really have a thing for this kind of roleplay, huh?”

Tony replied smoothly, “Oh, I’m just very much interested in the business of keeping good pups like you in line, that’s all. After all, somebody as subby as you wouldn’t want to displease now, would you?”

Cheeks flaring up Rick’s ears flattened against his head, and he looked away. He found it quite difficult to deny what the arcanine had just said.

He found his bottom being gently lowered onto the soft, interior absorbent material of the inside of the diaper.

He looked up at Tony, who smiled reassuringly and patted the front of his exposed stomach gently.

The arcanine massaged and rubbed the cream into the fur around his buttocks and cage before administering a generous amount of powder.

Humming gently he finished off by raising the front of the diaper over the shepherd’s crotch and expertly taping up the sides, bottom tapes first followed by the top too. Patting Rick’s now crinkly bottom he moved on top of him again, kissing him in a prolonged smooch on the front of his muzzle.

Rick’s heart fluttered as a pool of emotions once again bubbled up inside of him, he felt that the diaper was a little ridiculous, but at the same time, the passion that he felt for the arcanine gave it a different sort of symbolic meaning than he expected.

He felt cared for, under his supervision, even little under the authoritative gaze of Tony.

Not only had he gotten him quite literally by the balls, but he’d subjected him to a level of humiliation and domination that he was not even trusted to keep his furniture clean from their sexual exchange.

As Tony laid himself on top of his stomach, he felt the pressure in his bowels give way and some of the cum ooze out of his behind, only to be immediately caught by the diaper snuggling hugging him around his waist.

*I just hope this cooperation will be enough for him to let me out of this cage...* was the last thought Rick came up with before he once again let himself go to make love with his partner.

## Three

“Wow look at you, you little thing! You really soaked through these diapers I put you in! You’d be standing in a puddle or making a little baby stain on my couch if I hadn’t put you in these thick puppy pampers, huh kiddo?”

Even though those lines had been spoken to him several days ago, Rick’s cheeks were still flushed with blood as he thought about how Tony had behaved around him after they had, at last, ceased their passionate love-making.

Tony had been an excellent host, and Rick found himself pleasantly surprised to see just how much he had spoiled the German Shepherd.

The athletic arcanine had affectionately fed him bits of food, held glasses and cups to his lips for him to drink, and pulled him close to him while they had watched Netflix together, a paw resting gently on his padded rear squeezing gently and patting it from time to time.

Rick found himself unable and unwilling to resist the charm and paternal relation he was slowly starting to feel with Tony. The attractive fur had been nothing but a gentleman and a loving friend to him the whole weekend.

He grinned to himself sheepishly, as he pushed himself up from the bench on which he had been laying on top of. Rick fetched another pair of 25-pound weights, and added them to the bench bar he was currently working with.

Tony, who had been spotting him nodded approvingly and moved into position behind the bar once more.

Rick took in a deep breath and braced himself, before pushing his furry, bulky arms up once more and lifting the bar before lowering it to his chest, exhaling as he did so.

Tony leaned against one of the poles holding up the bench, and in a teasing tone he asked softly, “So buddy, keep your pants dry lately?”

Rick almost dropped the bar in surprise, but managed to right himself and push the heavy metal object up once more and set it into position on its hook with a grunt of effort.

Panting, he pushed himself up into a sitting position and turned around to glare pointedly at his workout partner and recent-turned lover.

He snapped back pointedly, breaking eye contact as he spoke, "Yes, actually I've been having quite an okay time keeping it together thank you very much."

"I'm sure you have Daddy's cage making sure that his little pup doesn't make any unwanted stickies in his big boy pants."

Rick, who had been gulping from his water bottle almost choked on the liquid in his mouth. Spluttering, he coughed and dropped the water bottle, bringing a paw to his chest as the water that went down the wrong pipe made him feel temporarily ill.

He looked around anxiously, checking to see if anybody else had heard the conversation the two were having in the almost empty gym but found to his relief that at this late hour there were few furs within earshot of the two of them.

He glared at Tony, his ears flattened against his head and tail creeping around his left thigh, almost curling around it.

Through closed teeth he muttered, "Could you please refrain from public teasing? One of these days somebody I know is going to overhear and then I'll get no end of it!"

Tony strode out from behind the bench bar and passed by him to fetch his water, his voluptuous tail passing over and caressing Rick's muzzle gently as he did so.

The tensy in his face and upper body relaxed almost immediately upon contact, and Rick found himself feeling almost as ill and dizzy as he had when he had choked on his water earlier. His member strained in its confines at the touch as well, reminding him of just how attractive he found the arcanine in front of him to be.

Tony turned around and poured some of the water in his mouth before he began to pour it over his shoulders and upper body, rubbing the water around and causing his shirt to stick more tightly to his body, outlining his refined muscular torso as he did so.

"Alright, alright. I'll ease up on the public teasing if it bothers you so much, but only on one condition."

The tone of authority and quiet, unwavering dominance was not something that was lost on the ears of the shepherd, and he strained only harder against his cage as he listened to his partner speak to him.

"I'll give you a choice, pup. Either I lock you into a collar that you can't take off, or I put you into diapers that I, and I only I, can change you out of. I'd be able to swing by your place in

the mornings and evenings of course, so I'd ensure that you get two changes a day. I can let up on the public teasing if you choose one of these two options."

Rick's heart pounded as the arcanine sauntered closer to him, the bulge in the canine's pants growing slightly larger and closer to the shepherd's face as Tony spoke.

"So... what will it be? A collar that'll tell everyone you're my good little boy? Or some puppy pants that'll keep my baby safe from his little accidents... hmm?"

Rick wasn't sure if he was sweating heavily from the workout or the situation that he now found himself in. He found himself gulping for air, almost choking as his breath caught in his throat.

Tony grinned only wider at this and leaned down until his eyes were level with his partner. In a whisper, he added, "Decide quickly, little one. Or do you want Daddy to give you a spanking and a time out right here and now?"

Rick's mind raced. If he wore a locked collar, hiding it would almost be impossible and no doubt he'd be bombarded with questions at his work and from all the people that he interacted with.

Being put in diapers posed a different threat. Sure he was pretty confident that they would be well hidden under his work clothes and wouldn't even inhibit his movement too much he hoped, but the inability to change and the threat of smell weighed down on his mind.

Almost panicking, Rick quickly made up his mind and responded in a tense, hasty tone, "D-diapers... I-I'll take the diapers... please..."

Tony cupped the shepherd's chin in his paw, raising his face to gaze into him, in a silky whisper that made Rick's heart skip a beat, he spoke, "Good boy."

Twenty minutes later Rick was having second thoughts about his choice as he took out his gym bag from the trunk of Tony's car. They had arrived at the Arcanine's residence to place Rick in his new form of underwear, and Rick had been a little bit more than nervous during the ride over.

Suddenly, a pressure appeared on his hip and he turned to see the arcanine leaning in. With a surprised meep, Rick turned into receiving a deep, impassioned kiss from the baseball player as he pulled him closer with the arm around the shepherd's hip.

The anxiety of the situation melted away as he allowed himself to be smooched, wrapping his arms around the shoulders of the arcanine.

With a yelp of surprise, he found himself being lifted off of his feet and slowly carried into the house. Cheeks flushed he felt Tony place an arm on his back and pat it gently as they entered the house.

Dropping their bags in the front hallway Tony pushed the door shut with his foot and strode over to the stairs, ascended them while rocking Rick from side to side and shushing him quietly, and walked over to his bedroom.

“This won’t take a minute cutie, Daddy Tony will have you all pampered up and snuggled in no time. Try not to squirm too much though so you won’t have to get punished.”

Sprawled out on the bed still clad in his gym shorts and sweated-through t-shirt, Rick gulped but nodded obediently, his race beat almost as fast as during the cardio exercise he had been doing only an hour earlier.

Tony strode over to the closet and opened it, revealing several packages of diapers much to Rick’s surprise.

*Has he been planning this all along? Where did he even get adult diapers with babyish prints on them? How many did he get? Was this his intention from the beginning?*

Tony turned around, arms full of various diapering supplies and a wicked grin on his face.

“Lay down pup, Daddy will take care of everything.”

Before the shepherd could let out any protests the arcanine had quickly and efficiently stripped him of his clothing, leaving him clad in nothing but his cock cage on the bed.

His cheeks now on fire, Rick watched as Tony took extra care and effort in lotioning and powdering his diaper area, before sliding the diaper itself beneath his bottom.

The prints on the diaper display little various fur cubs and kittens, all clad in diapers and sporting pacifiers and stuffed animals.

*This is almost over the top... who sells this stuff anyway?*

Rick’s musings were cut short as after the diaper had been snugly taped up over his still trapped penis, Tony began sliding some sort of plastic shorts over and up his legs.

“What’s that fo- MMPF!”

Before he could finish his sentence, the arcanine had moved with lightning speed and popped a rubber bulb into the shepherd's mouth.

Rick crossed his eyes, trying to look at the thing that had just been inserted in his mouth. He moved his tongue over it experimentally, and quickly he put two and two together.

"A... pasheefiew?"

The pacifier placed in his muzzle caused him to lisp, much like a toddler trying to speak up to his parents.

Tony only tsk-tsked in response, commenting, "Little ones don't speak up to their bigs about their diapers now, don't push your luck, mister! That pacifier should make you feel a little bit more relaxed, however, suckle on it like a good, little baby pup now."

As he spoke, he brought up the plastic pants up to the diaper taped snugly around Rick's waist and pulled on a band the shepherd felt it tighten and then heard a click.

"There we go, nice and snug. That'll ensure no naughty puppies meddle with their diapers. Now stand up for me and walk around, show me that little waddle."

Apprehensively Rick obeyed, walked a few steps around the bedroom and feeling the bulky underpants slightly inhibit his movement. He could still run and chase if he needed to, but he had to consciously make an effort to walk in a manner that didn't cause him to sway from side to side.

"Those plastic pants I put on you lock by the way, and I've got the key here at home. I'll bring it with me when I come and change my little pup."

Tony let out a small laugh, bringing a paw up to his muzzle to hide his smile, "You know Rick, you look really cute in those diapers. I'm surprised no other guy has put you in before me, you make an absolutely adorable looking adult babyfur."

Rick whined, and reflexively suckled on the pacifier in his muzzle as he brought his paws to the front of his diapers, vainly trying to hide them behind them.

Tony strode forward, clucking his tongue in amusement as he brought his arms around the back of the shepherd, grasping one of Rick's padded buttocks as he did so and thrusting his muzzle into his ear.

Gasping, Rick shuddered with a combination of fear and excitement as he felt the arcanine's close presence. An incredible sense of vulnerability and subordination washed over him, and he leaned into the embrace slightly, allowing the arcanine to support him.

“Don’t worry you little thing, Daddy’s got you right where he wants you to be. You wouldn’t want anything else now, would you? You’re Daddy’s ditsy, little baby who needs to be put in a cage and diaper to keep him from making a mess everywhere! You know that well, don’t you?”

The whispered words danced around in the mind of the shepherd and his penis strained hard against his cage, he wondered if he had ever been so turned on before yet so utterly helpless to alleviate his sexual frustration.

He whimpered, beside himself with emotion and sexual lust as he felt the arcanine’s excitement growing in his crotch, pressed up firmly against the plastic pants and diaper-clad around the shepherd’s waste.

“That’s right baby, Daddy’s awfully happy to have you right where he wants him...”

Before he knew it, Tony had stripped off his gym shorts and underpants and stood wearing nothing but his t-shirt, wicked grin on his face, and obvious erection pressed up against Rick’s diapered front.

“Come on puppy, show Daddy just how much you love him.”

# Four

Rick grimaced as he felt the diaper squelch around his cage, his inner thighs and buttocks were now a little bit more than damp from the soaked padding he was wearing around his waist.

Tony had been true to his word, and he had appeared at Rick's front doorstep each morning and evening to help change the canine out of his well-used diapers.

Still, Rick was finding the ordeal to be almost more annoying than it was worth when Tony wasn't there. It was as if he had some sort of effect on the shepherd that lulled him into a trance, taking away his inhibitions.

It was bad enough being caged and unable to take care of his libido, but unable to use the bathroom like a civilized adult? Rick felt like he was losing a significant amount of control in his life. And the worse part of it all...

He loved it.

Work was a bit of an ordeal at times, especially with the hotter months coming in. Although in the mornings the police canine showed up feeling very refreshed and ready to take the workday on, which he realized must be partially attributed to the feeling of being put in a clean diaper.

It caused him a fair degree of embarrassment thinking about how he very much enjoyed being changed and cleaned up by the arcanine, who was now very much in his life.

His coworkers had even commented on how now he seemed to have developed a skip in his step and a reportedly better attitude about sitting on boring patrols.

He had been relieved that they had noticed a skip and not a waddle in his step. During the first few days of wearing diapers and locking plastic pants, he found that he had to consciously adjust himself in order, not the waddle and to press his thighs as close as he could together to be able to appear to be walking and running normally.

He had completed four arrests that week, which was uncommon for so many to be highly concentrated. He realized, as he was writing the reports for them, it'd been his career record.

Each time he couldn't help but smile a little bit to himself at the ridiculousness of the situation. A cage, diapered, and plastic panty locked up a cop arresting criminals who probably would never guess what the cop was wearing underneath his pants.

He was finding the arcanine's control over his life to be quite enjoyable, and had even allowed himself to pose in front of the mirror in the morning after Tony had left after changing him, imagining him caressing his body and commenting on how infantile and vulnerable he looked in his diapers knowing full well his bathroom and sticky-making privileges were things that Tony decided from now on.

The shepherd took out his phone and began to idly message the arcanine in question as he sat at his desk, waiting for an intern to bring him some paperwork.

His eyebrows raised slightly, as he saw that Tony had sent him a message.

Tony: Hey slugger, how's being a good little diaper puppy at your big boy police job treating you today?

Rick: Haha, very funny. I can't help myself but find myself in a lot of awkward situations that I can't get out of...

Tony: Oh? Such as?

Rick: Well... I went 'number 2' after my morning coffee today. I found myself in desperate need to relieve myself and I just... went to my desk.

Rick: And well, now I'm afraid the smell might escape the plastic pants and the fact that my backside is getting coated and rubbed around in it every time I sit down is... Well, uncomfortable.

Tony: Hmm... I might have a solution to that, but it will involve going easy on the coffee in the morning so you can avoid pain... I'll see you tonight for your changing since it seems like you've fudged your Huggies as you have.~

***Ugh... Gross...*** Rick thought to himself, as he shifted in his seat, attempting to find a position that would press into the mess in the seat of his diapers the least amount possible.

To his dismay, he found that it might be too late for any hope of alleviating the damage. He was probably going to have to scrub it out that night.

~

That evening Rick arrived feeling as if the day could not have ended sooner. He was beginning to feel almost desperate by the last hour of his shift and had gone to the bathroom not once, but twice to attempt to see if he could take the locking plastic panties off.

To his dismay, he was not able to and all he succeeded in doing was raising the suspicion of his partner, who asked him if he had digestive issues that day.

His mood changed slightly when he saw Tony waiting for him on his front porch, his suave smile plastered across his face alongside a large duffel bag, his diaper bag as Rick had found out a few days ago.

“Hey stinker, have a good day at work today?”

“Haha, yes very funny. Now could you please change me out of this thing? I’m afraid I’m going to develop a rash…”

Tony got up and grasped Rick by the hand, catching him by surprise. Tony leaned in and deposited a long, passionate kiss on the side of his muzzle, and moved it up to his ear as he whispered.

“Sure thing baby, now be a good boy and come along now for your fresh change.”

Suddenly the stress of the day seemed to melt away, and the shepherd allowed himself to be guided inside of the house by the arcanine, shutting and locking the door behind them.

The two ascended the stairs to his bedroom, a diaper bag slung over Tony’s shoulder as they entered the cop’s bedroom.

“Let’s get you changed right up little thing, hop up on the bed for me!”

Rick laid himself down, taking care not to put any more pressure than necessary on his behind.

Tony set to work quickly stripping him of his clothes. Rick undid his belt and placed his firearm and handcuffs on the bedside table, which Tony eyed with mischief in his eyes.

“My my… Wonder what fun we could get up to with those handcuffs.”

Rick rolled his eyes, laying back down on the bed again.

“Please Tony don’t start, you know I’m not allowed to use them for anything other than actual arrests. I don’t want to have to sneak into work tomorrow to fetch a key just because we behaved foolishly.”

Tony chuckled and took out his key to unlock the plastic panties, “Alright then, no harm in asking. Let’s take a peek at what you’ve done to this diaper then.”

Feeling his cheeks flush with red, the shepherd observed with bated breath as the panties were pulled off of him.

The smell wasn't as bad as he had expected, but it still stung his nose slightly and he found himself feeling incredibly self-conscious in front of the arcanine. Sure, the arcanine had changed him out of messy diapers before, but this time it felt different, more vulnerable.

He had spent a long-time wearing the messy diapers, and he felt that this change was much more babyish than the previous changes.

Tony ripped off the tapes on the diaper front, one by one and began to work at wiping up and around Rick's cage, taking special care to ensure that any and all dampness or mess was taken out of his fur.

"Hmm... We might need a deeper clean... Why don't I help you take a shower, huh pup?"

Rick's heartbeat increased as he realized what Tony meant by his suggestion. The two had only allowed themselves sexual activity on Fridays and weekends, but they were finding each other's attraction to one another only increasing each time they met.

After wiping down a few more spots, Tony gingerly helped Rick to his feet and guided him with a held paw over to the adjacent bathroom in his bedroom.

Within a few seconds, the arcanine had the water running and was stripping his clothes off, Rick stood there shivering slightly, the wet wipes leaving his fur and skin slightly colder than the temperature of the room.

In addition to that, he was straining against his cage more than ever as he saw Tony slowly reveal his naked body.

With a flourish, Tony took off his underwear and looked up expectantly at the shepherd.

"Well don't stand there admiring the artwork we've got work to do, hop in that shower so I can properly clean that messy butt of yours."

Rick obeyed and stepped into the shower, feeling relieved as the warm water enveloped him and relaxed his muscles from the strenuous day.

His breath caught short in his throat as Tony followed shortly afterward and, after grabbing a generous amount of shampoo, began to scrub the German Shepherd from head to toe, kneading the shampoo into him and massaging his tired muscles.

Within a minute he found himself leaning against the arcanine, mumbling something about really enjoying this and being thankful that he was taking care of him. Tony's reply came with amusement.

"Yeah yeah I get it you're grateful to have such a wonderful loving daddy like me but *please* don't lean on me I have to be able to get to all of your little spots! Stand up straight like a good boy for me."

Rick did his best to comply but still found himself yearning to lean into Tony and pay him back the kiss that he'd been given at his front door.

Tony arrived at his waist area, and spent several minutes scrubbing and rinsing, lifting Rick's cage here and there to get the water stream underneath the hidden spots.

After a few more minutes Tony seemed to have finished shampooing and rinsed him up and down several times.

Rick had awakened a little bit at this point from his heat-induced stupor and looked down to see the arcanine was rock hard and fully erect.

He reached forward and grasped the tip of Tony's member, causing him to gasp out loud slightly in surprise and pleasure, and their eyes linked.

Rick felt his instincts take over as he crouched down in the shower, and gently positioned his lips around the tip of the arcanine's penis.

Tony moaned with pleasure, and as he put the showerhead above them again in its slot he used his other hand to cup Rick's cheek, cradling it.

"Good boy, that's right. Show daddy how much you love him."

But Rick was already hard at work as he worked his muzzle up and down the arcanine's shaft, and felt the member pulse in his mouth.

Rick experimented with several rhythms, all of which seemed to take the arcanine by pleasant surprise. He licked the tip with his tongue repeatedly, eliciting moans of pleasure and love-making from the arcanine above.

As Rick could feel the arcanine getting close to climaxing he felt his hair being grabbed and his head being pushed into the other's crotch. Tony's member was pretty sizable, but Rick managed to keep himself from choking as he continued to suck and serve the arcanine as best he could.

A few moments later, Rick found himself swallowing Tony's love, and a second later being raised by his armpits into a standing position.

Tony embraced the canine, murmuring, "I love yous" into his ear gently as he did so. Rick returned the gesture, and the two stood so in the shower.

Even though Rick felt his member still straining against the cage, he found himself realizing that he enjoyed the sensation. True, he was at the arcanine's mercy and will, but now that he considered how much pleasure and fun he had been having with the scenarios the arcanine thought up, he found that he was genuinely enjoying the chastity and restricted privileges, and even the dependency.

Rick, a policeman and an independent I-can-do-it-myself kind of guy, was genuinely enjoying being subordinate and subservient to Tony.

After Tony had rediapered Rick with plenty of cooing and teasing Tony knew would make the canine blush, they spent an hour cooking dinner together, the product of which they enjoyed whilst watching Netflix on the couch. Rick must have fallen asleep during one of the episodes because he found himself waking up the next morning earlier than he'd expected.

And to his surprise, in his muzzle, there seemed to be a rubber bulb of some sort. *Is this... Is this a pacifier?* He thought to himself, as he moved his tongue around the alien objective experimentally. When he went to remove it, he found something soft yet restrictive was attached to his paws.

Rick tore off the blanket, looked down, and gulped. He was clad in nothing but his diapers, and an oversized sleeper with two mittens where the holes for hands to be. And hanging off of those mittens were two padlocks that looked very, very robust.

He glanced over to the coffee table and noticed a note placed in the middle, replacing the messy dinner plates that had been left there the previous evening.

*Tony must have cleaned up before he put me in these... clothes... Where did he even get these? Did he smuggle them in the diaper bag he brought with him last night?* Rick thought to himself feeling genuinely confused as he tentatively flipped over the note, having to attempt to do so several times with the mittens on his paws.

*Hi there Rick!*

*I bet you're wondering why you're all dressed up like this huh? Well don't worry kiddo, Daddy's got you all taken care of. I called in your work today to say that you're not coming in, and*

*they told me they were going to give you the day off anyway since they're going to be giving some interns a shot at some of your responsibilities. You've got the rest of the week off including the weekend with paid leave! And it won't cut into any of your sick days. I'll be back in a few hours, for now, be a good baby boy for me and don't get into trouble!*

*Signed,*

*Daddy~*

*A few hours? Rick thought to himself, oh great...*

## Five

*What am I supposed to even do with myself... I can't use my hands, and I can't even use my mouth or teeth or anything because of this pacifier gag thing...*

He took a closer look at the garments he was clad in. He marveled at the fact that his arcanine companion had managed to get them on him without him waking up.

*Then again... he mused to himself, and a smile appeared behind his paci-gagged muzzle, we did have a drink or two with dinner.*

He yawned, finding to his surprise that the paci-gag included straps that wrapped around his muzzle, preventing from fully opening his jaws.

*Whoever made this stuff knew what they were doing... or are probably into it themselves.*

The sleeper he was clad in was a pastel blue, baby blue he realized. The mittens formed semi-circles at the ends of his arms, completely rendering his fingers useless, and the padlocks had both tiny combinations on them and two keyholes.

He looked down at his front and realized there was no zipper or line of buttons. He reached back with a mittened paw and felt the zipper that was on the back with yet another padlock locking him in.

Flannel in composition and pretty thick, he felt snuggled by his more infantile clothing, his diaper and cage further imposing a feeling of helplessness and vulnerability on him, even a degree of self-consciousness.

Rick decided that if he was going to have to wait on Tony coming over, he might as well enjoy his day off and relax.

He got up, swaying slightly as he tried to find his balance before realizing that for some reason he couldn't, and he flopped back down on the couch.

*What on earth... What's wrong with my feet?*

He pulled one of his feet up for closer inspection and noticed that a part of the sleeper included thick, rounded boots which seemed to be the source of his troubles.

*This thing won't even let me walk around... am I... going to have to crawl?*

Heaving a sigh of resignation muffled partially by his pacifier, he tentatively lowered himself from the couch and, feeling sheepish, crawled over to the coffee table and grabbed the TV remote with both of his mittened paws.

After fumbling with it for a few seconds, he used the ring on his pacifier to push the large 'On' button.

His television flicked to life, and immediately a cartoon character began to speak as if directly to him.

"Hi there, kiddos big and small! My name is Blue! And I'm looking for clues today! Can you help me find my paw prints over clues and figure out today's mystery?"

*What is this guy a con artist or something? How does Tony think of every detail like this?*

After a few minutes of attempting to change the channel, he realized why the television was cooperating.

*The bastard put parental locks on the TV! I can't believe this...*

Sighing once again, he was about to resign himself to a morning of children's cartoons when suddenly his parched lips and tongue voices themselves loudly in his brain.

Getting up and lowering himself to the ground, he crawled over to the kitchen, hoping to figure out a way to quench his thirst.

He almost suspected that Tony would have thought of that too.

Two baby bottles, one filled with what he presumed was milk and the other with a clear liquid were placed on the floor of the kitchen, easily accessible by the now grounded shepherd.

*Probably not lucky enough to be moonshine...*

Another note was left by the bottles, which he flipped over to read.

*Hey pillow butt,*

*I thought you might be parched and feeling a little peckish after our little celebrations last night. If you want me to change you today, you will have drunk BOTH of these bottles by the time I arrive. Be a good boy and nuk-nuk these bottles now! Tip: they should fit in your paci-gagged muzzle if you insert the nipple from the side. I tested that on you last night so I know it works.*

*Signed,*

*Daddy~*

*Right... baby bottles...*

Grabbing them and putting them in the crook of his arm, he crawled back to his place on the couch, trying not to imagine how ridiculous his waddling padded behind must look to anyone that could have seen it.

His eyes and ears now fixed and tuned in to Blue's Clues, which had coincidentally been his favorite television show as a child, he stuck in the bottle of milk into the side of his muzzle first, awkwardly slipping the nipple between his teeth while still having the bulb of the paci-gag lodged snugly in as well.

He tentatively sucked on the nipple and found that the milky liquid had a sweet, coconut-like taste.

*This is delicious!* He thought to himself as he eagerly suckled at his bottle, feeling his cheeks flare as he realized how ridiculous he looked, a small line of milk dribbling down out of the corner of his mouth.

He almost regretted the water washing away the after taste of the first bottle as he topped off his first breakfast bottle with the second.

After he felt satisfied, thirst and hunger taken care of to some degree, he settled down more comfortably onto his couch and snuggled into the blanket that had been laid over him the previous night.

He found that he was losing himself in children's television programming. Although still a little wary of the infantilization that Tony seemed to be having too much fun imposing on him, he admitted to himself that he was kind of enjoying the roleplay and subordination.

Sure it wasn't necessarily what he would go for, but he was so attracted to Tony that he did not mind too much, it was even growing on him slightly.

Something else too was growing rapidly, Rick could feel a distinct pressure in his lower stomach, right in the space where his bowels and bladder occupied.

*That son of a bitch spiked my drinks! That little- "Erf!"*

This time he exclaimed out loud as he felt the first wave of cramps hit him, he curled up in a ball on the couch, panting and feeling as if he had to go to the bathroom more than he ever had before in his life.

With only a few seconds to realize what was going to happen, the shepherd let out a loud emission of gas into his diapers as his tail rose up. Before he felt his bowels convulse once more and he began to helplessly push his load into the back seat of his diapers, causing it to swell and push back against him.

Simultaneously his bladder let loose, and he felt the front of his diapers grow warm and tighter against his caged cock, the heat of his urine radiating back against him.

For a whole minute, he continued to push, feeling a need to empty himself out and as one would have it right into his diaper.

Feeling exhausted from the ordeal along with a mixture of hangovers that he hadn't noticed he still had before, he collapsed onto his back into the couch. Big mistake.

With a muffled squelching noise, he felt his mess push against him even more and spread through the back seat of his diaper and slightly to the front, pushing slightly against the back of his jewels.

*That... was not... pleasant...*

It was at that exact moment that Tony decided to make his appearance.

Rick heard the front door open and close as Tony called into the house, "Good morning sport! I hope you understand that I took one of your house keys with me since I figured opening the door for me would be a little bit difficult for you. Say, what's the smell?"

The arcanine entered the living room and stopped to take in the expression of embarrassment and discomfort painted across the shepherd's paci-gagged muzzle.

“Looks like somebody has a full diaper! Food sure does go right through you doesn’t it, baby? And goodness me, it’s a good thing I put you in those diapers! Couldn’t make it to the potty huh?”

The combination of both babyish cooing and the fact that the current state of the mess in his diapers did nothing to disprove the words coming out of his lover’s mouth had an effect that he hadn’t experienced before.

He found himself agreeing for some reason, that he was just a baby and that he hadn’t been able to make it to the potty. *I need my diapers...* frowning, he shook his head. Wondering why he had such thoughts and why his cock was now straining furiously against his cage.

He nodded, his cheeks now feeling as if they were at full blush capacity. He allowed himself to be lifted by the arcanine, wrapping his arms around his shoulders instinctively.

The arcanine held him up underneath his diapered bottom, causing him to cringe slightly as his mess was further pressed against him.

Diaper already slung over his shoulder, the two made their all too familiar journey back up to Rick’s bedroom.

The arcanine turned his head and stuck his muzzle into Rick’s large, fluffy ear.

“Hey Mr. K9 cop, did you enjoy being totally helpless and using your diapers uncontrollably like a real baby?”

His alluring whisper caused goosebumps to make his hair on his hands stand up slightly, and he took a few seconds before he responded, tentatively, through his pacifier gag.

“Mm... mhmm...”

Tony chuckled to himself and removed his muzzle from so close to Rick’s ear.

“Haha, I totally figured. I had a feeling that you had some little inside you. You were so readily subordinate to me I had a feeling I could coax this part out of you. Much like breakfast seemed to coax stinkies out of your tush into your puppy pants!”

The teasing caused Rick to be at a loss for words, he had no idea how to respond. Not that his response would have been anything impressive, as the bulb of the paci-gag pressing down on his tongue still rendered him completely mute.

As Rick was still trying to figure out any possible way of denying anything that the arcanine was saying to him, he found himself being laid down on his bed again.

He allowed Tony to get to work and unlocked him out of the sleeper, reveling in the contact as he helped out of the various locking components of the infantile bondage suit.

“Goodness I think the neighbors can smell you from here,” the arcanine explained, which once again only caused the shepherd to splutter and blush.

Tony worked expertly at cleaning up the canine, and within a few minutes, Rick was feeling much better after having his fur cleaned.

A sly expression crossed the muzzle of his companion, and the arcanine gently groped the caged member and jewels of the shepherd.

“Hmmm, you’ve been locked up for a while now, huh? Probably pining to be free and allowed to make stickies right?”

Rick let out a whine, beside himself as he felt his cock beginning to stiffen and push against the cage. Lying there, utterly naked and vulnerable caused him no end of erotic feelings and emotions from flooding into his brain.

He couldn’t help it, he found the entire situation of being mid diaper change to be incredibly and undeniably hot.

“I don’t think somebody’s shown me just how much of a good diaper puppy one can be yet though. Maybe at the end of your leave of work, I’ll let you out for that sticky treat?”

Frustration and libido pulsed in Rick’s mind and body as he realized what Tony was doing to him.

“In the meantime though,” said Tony, as he began to unbuckle his pants, revealing his growing and free erection, “I think daddy might have some stickies of his own to take care of.”

Setting aside the wet wipes and messy diaper balled up together, the arcanine grabbed the canine by one of his legs and pulled him closer, pushing each leg to the side gently with his hands as he eased his pulsing cock towards Richard’s awaiting and freshly cleaned hole.

“Time for some fun, puppy.”