**Daily Free-Write May 17, 2021: Diaper Training my Boyfriend Pt. 13**

*Continuation of April 21, 2021: Diaper Training My Boyfriend Pt. 12*

In the morning, I dressed Tommy for work in an extra thick diaper which I managed to squeeze into his work pants. After a quick breakfast, I packed a diaper bag for him too and slung it over my shoulder. Tommy, who was still holding his hand out to accept the bag, gave me a confused look.

"W-what are you doing, Daddy?"

I smiled and took his hand, pulling him toward the door. "Carrying my baby boy's diaper bag. What does it look like, silly?"

"But I kinda need that for work..." he said, clearly trying to remind me that I had agreed to let him change himself at work without being too rude.

"I know that, little munchkin. I'll give it to you when I drop you off."

"*Drop me off?"* he asked, incredulous.

"That's what I said, little chipmunk." We were outside and I was already running to the car with the diaper bag around me. "Better hurry up, babe. You don't want a *spanking* from Nia!"

"Hey, shut up!" he said, running after me. He was blushing bright red and I loved it. "Come on, Daddy. Can't I take the bus. It's embarrassing being dropped off for work."

"Well, you can take the bus if you want to, but you won't be bringing this diaper bag with you. Would you rather text me to bring you a change again like before?"

"No," he huffed, clearly realizing he had lost. But when he put his hand on the passenger's side handle to get inside I stopped him.

"Ah, ah, ah, baby. Little ones sit in the back."

"*What?!* But that's-"

"Complaining already, are we?" I asked. "You must really be angling for that carseat back there. I can get it if you keep this uuuup," I added in a sing-song voice.

He huffed again and went to the back seat.

"Much better," I said, looking into the rearview mirror with a smug grin.

It wasn't long at all before we were pulling into the parking lot in front of his work.

"Okay, sweetie. This is your stop. Give Daddy a kiss before you go, my little chipmunk."

"Don't call me that!" he snapped, grabbing for the bag. I held it away.

"Such attitude for such a good little boy. What happened? Yesterday you were so good."

He just huffed and crossed his arms, looking away. I set the bag down and looked at my watch. Plenty of time before his next shift. I sighed, got out of the car, and joined a terrified looking Tommy in the back seat.

"Hey, it's ok. It's ok, Tommy. Come here. Sit on Daddy's lap."

"But what if somebody sees-"

"Two beautiful men in love? I don't care who sees that. I want you to come here and sit on my lap. Now."

He nodded and obeyed, his eyes cast downwards and I brought both my arms around him, holding him in a warm embrace.

"There, there, Tommy," I said, Rocking him and kissing him, as he started to sob. "Now tell me what's wrong."

"I'm... I'm scared," he said, sobbing.

"Scared of what, love?"

"...Of everything!" he said, pulling away so he could look at me. "Of becoming incontinent. Of losing control of my urine, and... and what I *wear*... of losing control of my life. It's all... changing so fast. My relationship with *you* is... changing... so fast... It's just... I..." He was gesticulating wildly and losing coherence by the second as he spoke. I stopped him.

"Tommy," I said, putting my hand on his. "Do you want this?"

He looked startled by the question, so much that he stopped crying for a second and responded with a "...Wha?"

"This power dynamic that we've had since we met... we both know the diapers aren't optional for you, sweetie. You like them and you *need* them, and that's okay. What I'm asking is do you want Daddy to be a part of that?"

"...O-of course I do... It's just... I mean *what will other people think*?" he said.

"Fuck what they think, Tommy. This isn't about them. This is about you and me. And what my beautiful boyfriend wants... and needs..." I cupped his crotch and gave it a little squeeze, filling the car with the sound of crinkles. He blushed and smiled and laughed a teary laugh as I gave him a kiss on the side of the head.

"Oh Daddy, you make it sound so *simple*... but...."

"But it *is simple* Tommy." I said, giving him a light shake. "Being my little diapered chipmunk is what you want... and need. And don't tell me it doesn't turn you on because I've seen the results in your diapers for myself..." He blushed bright red at that and I smiled, brushing his long hair behind his ears. "Listen baby boy. Let *Daddy* worry about what others think, ok? You just be your happy little self and I promise you you will charm the pants off them. *Everyone*. And if you can trust me to make sure that you are surrounded by people who love you and only have your best interests at heart... if you can believe that I will *never ever* put you in a situation that puts you in danger, or will get you hurt... then I promise you I will never ever let you down."

"Oh *Daddy*," he said, coming in for a tight and tearful hug.

"I know we had this conversation yesterday. *twice*. So I'll ask you one last time. And this is the last time I'll ask." I looked him dead in the eyes. "Do you want to continue this dynamic? Do you still want me to diaper you... and care for you..." I traced my finger around the outline of his diaper causing him to gasp and moan lightly as his head fell back and his mouth fell open. "...And do you still want to be my good obedient boy?"

"Yes," he whispered, as I rubbed a bit harder.

"What's that, baby boy? I couldn't hear you."

"Yes! Yes!" He said, moaning louder.

"Are you sure? Because this is the last time I will ask. If you say yes, you're Daddy's diapered boy for good. I won't listen to any more tears or complaints. I'll just spank you, wherever we are, because we both know this is what you want and need." I kept up rubbing him knowing he must be desperate by now, especially since he didn't get his morning milking yet. "If you want this, tell me this is what you want and need."

"Yes, this is what I want and need, Daddy."

"And what do you want and need?" I asked.

"To be kept in diapers. To be your good baby boy forever and ever. Please, Daddy. Please let me do it... unh... Daddy I need this..."

I stopped rubbing him altogether, leaving him pent up and bucking uselessly into the air. "Is that really what my baby boy *wants and needs*?"

"Yes, damnit! Yes!" he practically screamed.

I brought him into a deep kiss as I grabbed his little Dicklet through the padding. He was literally shaking from pleasure as I did so. After a few seconds, I broke off the kiss. "That's my good little pants piddler," I growled at him. "Then so be it." I set him aside, knowing my little game of questions had left him pent up and needy in his diaper and I reached over to get him his diaper bag. "Now go join your manager at the front. I do believe she's waiting for you. And I think she enjoyed the show.

"What?!" he looked over to see Nia standing in front of the door fanning herself and immediately turned bright red, making nonsensical flustered noises as I opened the door and pushed him out in front of me.

"I hope there's more where *that* came from," she called out. "I don't know about little Tommy but I'm gonna need me a freeze-a-chino to cool down when I get in there."

"You might just have to stick him in the freezer for a few minutes," I said, smacking his tush as I sent him off, in effect handing him over to the next grown-up.

Tommie glared back at me, still red, before waddling awkwardly up to Nia. His gait was clearly hindered by the stiffy he must have had in his diaper, and Nia, just snrked behind her hand and shook her head before unlocking the door and throwing an arm around Tommy to usher him in.

She looked back to me and I gave her a wink before I headed off, happy to know I had left my little Tommy in good hands. That little episode hadn't just left Tommy pent up, and I hurried off home as fast as I could to rub one out.

That day I stopped by the winery again to make sure everything was in order, and then I started a group chat with the three women in our lives who had shown so much interest in looking after Tommy's wellbeing: Melinda, Cassie, and Nia. I used Melinda's suggested name and called it the 'Mommy Bears' Chat' and we discussed what was happening between me and Tommy there, with special attention to how they fit in, well really, how they *wanted* to fit into our lives. It turned out that they really cared about Tommy too and were more than willing to share the responsibility of looking after the precious little guy, which was both surprising and exciting for me, because I was actually seeing the support network for our new life crystallize before my very eyes. The chat took on a kind of a life of its own, and every time I checked it there were about 22 new messages as they all talked back and forth. Finally I had to put the chat on mute and concede that I was no longer in control of the conversation. Surprisingly, I was okay with that.

Then came the texts from Tommy:

11:01 a.m. Chipmunk: Did you change your name to Papa bear in my phone?

11:01 p.m. Papa Bear: Don't you dare change it, little one.

1:15 p.m. Chipmunk: Great, now my nickname is chipmunk at work. Why is everybody calling me chipmunk?

1:20 p.m. Papa Bear: No idea. I just told one person that Papa Bear was there to pick up his little Chipmunk. That's all...

4:00 p.m. Chipmunk: Seriously? Safari Soakers and Hippo Paddimupses? I thought we were packing \*adult diapers\*

4:05 p.m. Papa Bear: I hope that's not complaining I hear or next time I'll give the diaper bag to Nia and \*she\* can change the bratty baby.

It was fun to see Tommy discover the little changes throughout the day and then to put him in his place. And it necessitated many more bathroom breaks than normal as I was constantly having to spank it to keep my libido in check. Nia ended up getting back with Tommy before me, and she used the key I had left in his diaper bag to let them both in. By the time I got there, Nia and Cassie were already feeding Tommy his second bottle while Melinda and her wife sipped wine and commented, and, Tommy was, as per the rules, pantsless.

"Hello ladies, nice to see you all got here early like we planned. Hi Claudette," I said, shaking hands with Melinda's wife and completely ignoring the big infant in the room, as if it were a normal everyday occurrence that he'd be on the couch being bottle fed by his mommies. Only after introductions were complete did I turn my attention to my overgrown baby of a boyfriend.

"Whoa there Tommy boy, better slow down there. You're gonna be leaking before game night even gets started!"

Tommy wrested his head away from the nipple which was in Nia's strong grip and yelled at me. "I can't believe you told them the no pants rule!"

"I told them all your rules Tommy," I said with a smile. "You didn't think you were going to get out of it just because it was game night, did you?"

He squirmed and whined, obviously embarrassed about being out in the open like this, bottle fed in just a diaper.

"Cyrus! I need to talk to you! Privately!" he said.

"Ooh!" said Nia. "He used the C word."

"I think the little one's getting *serious*," said Melinda. "He means *business*."

The two of them looked at each other.

"You mean besides the business he did in his *diapers* earlier?" added Cassie.

That just cracked them up harder.

While they were busy laughing, Tommy got up and grabbed my hand pulling me toward the bedroom as he stormed off. I just shrugged and said, "Be just a minute," before I was pulled to the bedroom and the door was slammed shut behind us.

Tommie was breathing hard. He looked angry, but he took a second to compose himself. He rubbed his temples. Then he got onto his knees and begged.

"*Please please please* let me have pants, Daddy! I can't be seen like this when everyone comes!"

As attractive as he looked that way, I pulled him up from his kneeling position, and led him over to the bed, with a concerned look on my face. "But you love your diapers, Tommy," I said, rubbing the front of his diapers and making him moan.

"Please," he begged.

"Tommy. Remember what you agreed to. You said you would trust me and listen to what I said. And I said no pants for little pamper piddlers in the house, didn't I?"

He gave me a forlorn look.

"*Didn't I?*" I asked, more loudly this time.

He stuck his lower lip out and nodded. "Yes, Daddy,"

"If you can't keep your promise, then I'm taking back the potty lock key and you're going out there in diapers anyway without any potty privileges. Is that what you want?"

"*N-no*!" he said. "I don't."

"Then trust me. It's going to be just fine. Everyone already knows you wear diapers after last week, and you have three mama bears on your side if anyone gives you a hard time, okay?"

He looked down at the floor and sniffled. "Okay…" he nodded. I smiled. This was going to be fun.

"Hey ladies! Get up here!" I called. I heard footsteps come up as Cassie, Nia, and Melinda appeared. "It's time for Tommy's spanking. Tommy, why don't you tell the ladies why you deserve to be spanked."

"What?!"