**Daily Free-Write April 21, 2021: Diaper Training My Boyfriend Pt. 12**

*Continuation of April 19, 2021, “Diaper Training My Boyfriend Pt. 11”*

I had worked up quite an appetite ravishing my boy, so I decided to get cooking opting for a simple outfit of an apron and my boxers. I told Tommy he could wear whatever he wanted now that I was home, and smiled to myself when I heard his explanation from the kitchen. I set down the pepper grinder and turned around to see Tommy storming into the room in just his diaper and a dragonsphere T-shirt.

"Where are they, Daddy?"

"Where are what?" I asked, playing innocent.

"My pants? My shirts?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," I lied. "All the clothes you need are up in our bedroom."

"Then why aren't there any *pants?*" he asked, getting huffy.

"Because you don't need them." I said. "You're been stressing out too much about what you look like and trying to hide your diapers, and that's not healthy so I've decided in this house little pamper piddlers don't get pants."

The truth was, I had thrown out his non-work related adult clothes days ago and he hadn't noticed because I kept laying his outfits out on the bed every morning. I relished his reaction as I let the hammer drop and revealed to him the latest change to his lifestyle.

Tommy's cheeks got bright red. "But you can't… I-I mean I… It.." He huffed. "Daddy, that's not *fair*!"

"What's not fair is you being allowed to talk to me like you have any *say* over what you wear. I get that you're hung over, but you've been all over the place today and fighting me on every little thing. It doesn't feel *good* when Daddy tries to help you and you fight him. If you can be a good boy for Cassie, you can be a good boy for Daddy, the man who takes care of you. Don't you think?"

He looked slightly abashed when I laid it out like that. Y-yeah…but..."

I took his hands in mine and looked him in the eyes as I spoke.

"Tommy, I know you're going through a lot of changes right now, including losing your ability to control your pee-pee. That must be really hard to accept, but that doesn't make it okay for you to yell at me and make demands." I paused a moment to let that sink in. "I *care* about you and I do the things I do because I know what's best. Now what I need from you is I need you to start giving me a little more trust, and I want you to start being more appreciative of the things I do for you."

"But Daddy, you keep embarrassing me, and I don't like it…" he said, pouting adorably.

"Tommy, the only person who has had a problem with the fact that you need diapers is you. No, don't look away, think about it," I said, giving his hands a shake to emphasize my point. "In all your time with me, has anyone ever gotten upset or embarrassed at you for anything I've asked you to do?"

"Well…" He thought hard about this one. I could see the gears turning in his head and nothing coming up, so I pressed on.

"Have they?"

"No…" he said, sounding unsure.

"Has anything bad happened to you for listening to what I told you to do?"

"...No…"

"Did I not tell you the truth a year ago when I told you that coming away with me would be the best decision of your life? Think carefully about your answer, love. We've been together for a year, and that's the make or break point for most couples. I think you should be able to tell by now whether or not you can trust me. Did I lie to you when I made that promise, baby boy?"

"No, Daddy," he said, quietly, looking down on the floor.

I put my finger under his chin and pulled it up so he looked right at me. "And I never judged you for anything that made you you, including that fact that you wet the bed. Including the fact that you are so adorable I have to fight the boys and girls off with a stick wherever we go. Including the fact that you *love* and *need* your *diapers*. I've supported you this whole time, haven't I? And doesn't that deserve a little more trust?"

He nodded, blushing.

"That's right, sweetheart, so no more whining or you're going over my lap and getting strained peas for dinner. Am I understood?"

Tommy giggled a bit as I shifted to a more firm but playful tone with him and he stuck out his tongue at the prospect of eating strained peas for dinner. "Yes, Daddy."

He smiled and rolled his eyes at me.

"What's that? Are you rolling your eyes at me?" I said, picking up a wooden spoon and giving him a playful smack on the butt.

"Oww! Okay! Hey! I'm sorry, I'm sorry," he said, laughing.

"Good. Now tell me that rule one more time so I know you got it, *little boy*. And then… if you promise to be a good boy, *maybe* I'll let you make poo-poos in the potty again."

I figured a little temporary incentive would sweeten the deal for him and it had the desired effect. His face went red as he stood there like a little boy called to attention for doing something naughty.

"N-no more pants in the house…"

"For *whom*?" I asked.

"For little pants piddlers…" he squeaked, looking completely embarrassed.

"That's right Tommy. No more pants in the house for little pants piddlers. And who does that include?"

"...Me…" he said, in a mere whisper as he covered his face in his hands. I could see that he had another raging 2-inch erection in his diaper. Where he got the energy, I had no idea.

"Good little boy," I cooed. Then I reached for my keys and tossed him my magnetic fob.

"There you go Tommy. You can have your potty privileges back. But remember what we agreed to. You step one toe out of line and start to whine or disobey an adult, and your butt is going right back into pampers for everything, got it?"

He nodded and ran off to the potty.

"And no making stickies without permission!" I yelled after him, knowing that that last rule might be too much to hope for, at least for now.

I smiled to myself as I set about preparing a delicious chicken cacciatore. Little Tommy had been so excited about getting the potty back, he hadn't even thought about what that new rule meant for game night. I couldn't wait until tomorrow.

Tommy returned a couple minutes later holding his untaped diaper up between his legs. It was adorable but also a little worrisome since I didn't know what it meant.

"What's the matter Tommy? Do you need Daddy to help you put it back on?"

"Um... I think I have a diaper rash…" he whispered, as if afraid someone might overhear.

My eyebrows went up. "Aww, sweetie! Let Daddy see."

I washed my hands and brought him over to the living room carpet to lie down and I opened the diaper up.

"Ooh, yes, it does look a little red. Not a rash yet, but I'll bet it stings a bit, huh?"

He nodded and pouted.

"Aww, it musta been all that rubbing, little guy. We need to get you more powder and cream. Tell you what. Let's give you some time out of the diaper tonight. You can air out 'til 8 o' clock diaper time. How does that sound?"

He nodded and smiled, clearly happy for the chance to take a break from being padded 24/7.

"Okay, love, you just wait right I'll be right back."

I left the slightly confused looking Tommy waiting on the living room carpet while I rushed off to get wipes, changing supplies, a few diapers, and some pup pads. I came back and set everything on the entertainment center except the wipes, and laid out a pup pad right next to Tommy.

"Alright, Tommy, legs up."

He obeyed without complaint, allowing me to open the diaper and wipe him clean of pee and semen residue.

"That's better. Now you sit on that pad and stay there while Daddy finishes prepping dinner. I'll put a little something for you to watch on T.V."

He looked at the pad and was about to say something but thought better of it and just sat on it.

"Good boy," I said, turning on the 'little junior's' channel.

"*Pride Defender? Really?*" he asked, as a baby lion and his friends ran around on screen.

"That sounds suspiciously like a complaint to me," I warned.

"Eep!" he said, covering his mouth and blushing.

"You watch your shows, sweetie. And **stay on that pad**. It's there to catch all your piddles, leaky boy."

He opened his mouth but all that came out was an adorable squeak, and I left him there to watch his baby shows with the warning that if a single drop got on the carpet I'd tie him down for his next air-out time.

I went back to the kitchen bringing the remote with me. Once I finished the first steps, I set it to simmer and went out to join Tommy, setting my apron on one of the dining table chairs. I sat behind him on the floor and pulled him into my lap, hugging him from behind.

"So who are the characters in the show you're watching?" I asked him.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, "I don't watch this."

"If you can't tell me then I guess that just means you haven't watched it enough. Maybe I should make you watch this channel all the time…"

"The main character is called Kondo...," he began.

"Can you point him out to me?" I asked.

He pointed and said "That one. He's the leader and he's a fierce warrior. And then there's his friend Nya…"

I smiled as my adorable boyfriend spoke. He must have liked the show better than he let on because he was able to explain everything to me, laughing at silly Daddy as I played dumb with some of my questions. This was what I wanted more of from him. More time just like this, though of course seeing him all blushy was fun too. But knowing that I was successfully turning my boyfriend bit by bit into an adorable diaper dependent little boy with no self-awareness about his childish behavior whatsoever was the hottest thing I could imagine. This was the proof.

After about 50 minutes, the timer went off and we had an excellent meal at the table.

"Do you like it?" I asked, staring as he inhaled his meal.

"This sure beats bottle feeding," he told me, laughing.

"I hope that's not a complaint about your babysitter, young man,"

"No, no, not at all," he said, rolling his eyes. "I'm just… she *really* wanted to treat me like a baby," he said.

Her and everyone else, I thought to myself.

"Hey, Daddy? That reminds me. Can I make one teensy tiny request? Please?"

I looked at him. "Okay, but be careful, kiddo. You're treading on thin ice."

"C-can I at least have *some* of my plain shirts back?" he asked. "All I have are these cartoon ones…"

"Is that a *demand*?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

His eyes went wide and he shook his head. "N-no… not a demand! Just a request…? Please?"

I sighed in mock resignation. "I'll order you some new clothes that fit better with your diapers, I said, including pants and plain colored shirts…"

"Yesss!" he said, pumping his fist.

"But if I *do*," I added in a serious tone, "you must promise to *wear* them without complaint when they get here. Sound fair?"

He nodded. I smiled. I had been planning on buying him baby clothes sooner or later anyway.

"Good boy. I'm proud of you, little one. How about Daddy gives you some special rubbies as a treat for trusting Daddy and obeying."

His eyes lit up.

"Out of my diaper?"

I chuckled and shook my head. "No, little one. It's just about diaper time so I think we'd best get you padded first."

He looked down in disappointment and nodded.

"Ah ah ah, none of that, now. What do we say, Tommy?" I asked.

"Thank you," he said, blushing at being made to thank me for forcing him to cum in diapers once again.

 "And smile, Tommy. Show Daddy how happy you are that you get a special treat."

He gave me a smile, and I kissed him until the smile became genuine, then I smacked his ass drawing a yelp of surprise from him.

"Ooh, bet that wouldn't sting so much if you were wearing a *diaper*, little one. Now over to the bedroom with you."

Tommy slept well that night, and once again, I stayed up just to watch him fall asleep. I made sure he was well hydrated for bed as always, and I stayed up til I felt the front of his diaper grow warm beneath my hand. It always helped me get to sleep too, knowing the evidence of his diaper dependence was safely stored in his diaper should he ever object to their necessity again. Of course, feeling his diaper grow warm usually gave me one more thing to take care of first. I jacked myself off to another satisfying climax before falling asleep next to my beautiful baby boyfriend.

*-Written by ChampTehOtter*