

Were-Baby

By ChampTehOtter (www.patreon.com/ChampTehOtter)

"Awoooooooooo!"

"What was that noise?" asked the young man in the letterman jacket, shining his flashlight over the trees at the edges of the clearing.

"Whatsa matter, Bryce? Are you scared of a little puppy dog?" laughed the young man's friend, elbowing him in the ribs.

"Shut up, Jace! I'm serious. That sounded really close."

"It's probably just someone's dog."

"Out here in the forest?"

"We're not *that* far out..."

The two were, in fact, only a few minutes from their backyards. Nevertheless, the woods were full of animals, and the forests that surrounded the city were extensive.

"Jace, bro, I don't like this. Let's just say we did it and be done with it."

"No way, man. They put us in pairs for a reason. So wimps like you don't chicken out." Bryce still looked skittish, so Jace grabbed hold of his arm and pulled a jockstrap out of his pocket, gesturing toward a lone moonlit tree in the middle of the clearing. "Look, we're here already. We just have to nail the proof of our conquests onto the virgin tree and we'll be done."

"You got that *nerd's* underwear?" asked Bryce, pulling away. "Bagging Ollie seems a little *too* easy, even for a lazy guy like you." Jace's cheeks burned red.

"Hey, whatever man. I conquered *my* virgin. Where's yours?"

Bryce blushed and brought out a jockstrap of his own.

"You didn't!"

"I did."

"Oh, you dog! You bagged Ollie too! And you were giving *me* a hard time!" Jace started tickling the blushing Bryce, and they fell to the ground, laughing. And then they froze.

At the edge of their vision, they saw a tall hairy figure silhouetted against the moonlight.

"OH, shit!" yelled Jace.

"A w-w-w-werewolf!!!" yelled Bryce.

The wolf fell upon Jace, and Bryce heard the sickening crunch of bone. He ran as fast as he could, the screams receding behind him. He had to get out of there. He had to...

Only minutes later, he heard growling by his ear. He didn't dare look. He just ran and ran. He could see the streetlights on the other side of the trees and he knew he was so close. But before he could reach the street, he felt a pair of teeth clamp down on his right calf. He screamed and fell. The creature towered above him. Scared out of his mind, he did the only thing he could think to do. Still tightly clutching the jockstrap, he threw it at the creature. It landed squarely on the wolf's nose.

The creature crossed his eyes and yelped at the smell. He looked... *embarrassed*, if that was the right word. Then he ran off, seemingly disoriented by the pungent odor of the used jockstrap.

Adrenaline pumping through his system, the young man ran back home.

"Are you okay, sweetie?" said Bryce's mom, looking in alarm at the out of breath boy coming home at that late hour. Bryce was about to tell her what happened when he stopped himself.

"Y-yeah, Mom. I just... had to use the bathroom really bad, so I ran home." He couldn't tell her he'd seen a monster. She'd think he was crazy. He hardly believed it himself. Bryce went into the bathroom and stripped off his pants to examine his wound - it was still there and it was a pretty deep bite. He cleaned and dressed the wound, squeamish at the sight of blood. Strangely, though, it didn't hurt. Adrenaline, maybe. He'd have to go to the doctor right away for a rabies shot. But first he had to clear his head... he went into his room and sat on the bed, holding his head in his hands. Jace... could that thing have eaten his best friend? Who could he tell? What would he say?

Bryce imagined all the terrible possibilities, and without even realizing it, fingers of sleep crept their way into his mind, running this way and that. As Bryce contemplated his friend's fate, his thoughts descended deeper and deeper into the realm of fantasy. In just a few minutes, he was fast asleep.

The next morning Bryce woke up in a very soaked bed.

"Wha? What the hell?!" Bryce had never been a bedwetter before, so he couldn't understand why he started now. Then again, last night was a pretty traumatic experience. Suddenly, Bryce got a sickening feeling in his stomach. *Last night!*

"Oh my god...Jace!"

Bryce quickly dialed up Jace's house hoping his friend had somehow made it home safely, though he couldn't imagine how.

"Hello? Who is it?" came the voice of Jace's mom.

"Good morning Mrs. Hofstadter. It's Bryce. I was wondering - Did Jace come home last night?"

"Yes, in fact, he did. He seemed quite tired, and he went straight to bed. Why? Do you want to talk to him?"

Bryce was both relieved and shocked. How could that be possible?

"Y-yeah. Let me talk to him please."

"One second."

"Hello?" came Jace's familiar voice.

"Jace? Is that really you? What happened? I thought you were a *goner*. How did you...?"

"Dude. Chill. I'm fine. Not even a scratch on me. In fact, I feel better than ever."

"Well, that makes one of us! I was nearly eaten! My calf..." Bryce said, pulling back the dressing to check his calf. "It's... "

"Fine?" asked Jace. Bryce was speechless for a few seconds, staring in disbelief at the unbroken skin of his calf.

"Yeah... the bites are gone. There's no way..." There wasn't even a scab. How could that be? There had definitely been a wound there last night...

"Like I said, dude. Chill. Listen, I gotta go finish breakfast before I miss the bus. See you at practice?"

"O-okay..." Bryce said, and hung up. He shook his head. This didn't make any sense at all. Had he dreamt it all up?

That day during soccer practice, Jace and Bryce found that they both had incredible endurance. While the others were stopping to catch their breath, they were still full of energy, right up to the end of practice, and that got the attention of their coach.

"You two are having a really good day today! Guess that extra special training is paying off, huh boys?" He winked and the boys blushed.

Coach had been on the team once himself, so he knew all about the Halloween tradition of the virgin tree. That's as far as he pushed it though. He gave them both a pat on the shoulder and went back to coaching. The teammates on the other hand all crowded around them as soon as practice was over and razzed them about their escapades.

"Guess that little frolic put some extra pep in your step, huh guys?" said one of the teammates. Ollie was there too, but he didn't say a word about it.

"Yeah, yeah..." said Bryce, waving it off and smirking. Then, he smelled it. His eyes went wide as he realized he could smell the musk of each of the men on his team, as if he'd had his nose right in their crotches. He could identify *each* and *every* one of them as distinctly as you could tell banana from strawberry, and they each smelled just as delicious to him. His eyes met Jace's and they both blushed, realizing the other was experiencing the same thing. It didn't take long for the other guys to notice the obvious effect this had on the boys, and soon their teammates were teasing them about springing a boner in the locker room.

"Musta been a hot lay!"

"Watch out, I think he's ready for another round!"

Bryce covered himself up, glancing at Ollie. Ollie blushed and looked away as his teammates unknowingly made suggestive comments about what a good lay he must have been. Meanwhile, Jace was loving the attention, and proudly showed off, placing his fists on his hips and daring them not to look. Bryce tried to laugh it off along with his friend, but he quickly got dressed and left, thankful for the fresh air as he stepped into the school hallway.

That night, when he got home, Bryce's parents had a sit-down talk with him.

"Uh, Sweetie. You, uh... you left your bed in quite a state this morning," his mom began, trying to put it as tactfully as she could.

"You ruined your mattress, son. We set it up by the space heater to dry, but we're never going to get the smell out. You'll just have to deal with it until we can get you a new one."

"S-sorry, Mom and Dad. I don't know what happened. But... I mean it's never happened before so I'm sure it will never happen again." Bryce gave his parents an apologetic smile.

"You're damn right it won't," said his father. "Because you're never going to get the chance. You're going to wear protection in bed until further notice."

"W-what do you mean?"

"What your father is trying to say is... you've got to use a plastic mattress protector from now on." Bryce nodded, seeing his parents' requirement as reasonable. "But..." said his Mom, hesitating to finish the sentence.

"But?" asked Bryce. "But what?" Bryce's mom looked to her father, then back to Bryce, placing her hand on his leg.

"But... we need you to wear diapers to bed. *Just for now!*" she added quickly, as Bryce jumped to his feet. Bryce shook his head in disgust, but he couldn't blame them. He certainly had let loose a flood last night.

"Sit down," said Bryce's father.

"But-"

"This is non-negotiable, son," said his Dad, crossing his arms and standing firm. Bryce looked up at his father for a few seconds, and finally broke his gaze and sat down.

"Fine," he said, defeated. "I'll wear the damn diapers."

"Good. They're waiting for you on your bed. Your mother or I will be up to help you into them when it's time for bed."

"Really, Dad? I can put them on myself!"

"I've had a lot more experience with them than you have, bud. I just want to make sure you've got them on correctly. After that, you can try to do it yourself if you want to."

That logic made sense so Bryce acquiesced.

"And you're going to have a bedtime as well," said his father.

"A *bed time*?! What am I, four?" Bryce practically yelled.

"I heard how late you came home last night, boy. Maybe that had something to do with your nighttime accident. Bedtime is at 9pm, no ifs ands or buts."

Bryce scoffed, but he knew it was a losing battle. This was completely humiliating. "...Can I please be excused?"

"Yes, I think we're done here," said his father. "You can work on your homework until dinner." Bryce's mother gave him a sympathetic look as he stood up from the table and left the kitchen. This day is getting weirder and weirder, he thought to himself as he trudged upstairs to his room. Then he opened the door and stopped in his tracks when he saw the big plastic package.

There they were, waiting on the bed, and there they would stay, taunting him as he tried to concentrate on doing his homework and not stare at the package that was sitting mere meters away.

Bedtime that night was very awkward for Bryce. He opted to be diapered by his father as it just felt more awkward to be seen by his mom like this.

"Do we really have to do this?" Bryce asked as his Dad pulled the thick, crinkly square of white from the freshly opened package.

His Dad simply made a motion with his finger and said, "Drop 'em."

Bryce dropped his pants and underwear to the floor, and stepped out of them at his Dad's direction.

"On your back, Bryce." Bryce hesitated. He wanted to protest, but what could he say? "Now." Bryce's Dad wasn't waiting around for him to figure it out.

Soon Bryce found himself on his bed, naked from the waist down, watching his dad unfold the diaper and fluff it. The seconds ticked by agonizingly slowly as Bryce lay there knowing it was going to go on *his* behind.

"Butt up," said his Dad, gruffly, as Bryce's face burned bright red. He looked everywhere but between down as he heard the crinkle of the diaper sliding underneath him, and felt his butt come down on something soft. Next came the cool feel of baby powder hitting his skin and invading his nose. His dad's hands quickly rubbed the powder in, and he made an involuntary whimper of embarrassment.

"Get used to it, kid. We're gonna do this every bedtime." Alex looked down at his dad, who was already bringing the diaper up nice and snug between his legs and over his waist.

"But I thought you said I would get to do it myself!"

"We'll get you used to 'em first, and then take it from there," said his dad. It was a frustratingly noncommittal answer.

"I'm not going to wet the bed again," Bryce said, looking away and crossing his arms.

"We'll see," said his father, as Bryce pouted. And sure enough, Bryce did wet the bed that night. And the night after that. And the night after that.

A few weeks passed, and the next full moon was fast approaching. The closer it got to the full moon, the more Bryce noticed his strength increasing. He felt like he had a boost of testosterone in his system. He had more endurance at soccer practice, and even his chest looked hairier. However, he also began to hear strange voices in his head. Words, familiar yet foreign. Feral and deep almost like a growl, they lingered at the edges of his conscious awareness. And then there were the howls that seemed to increase in number and urgency every night. He would spend all night with his head wrapped in the pillow trying to drown them out before finally passing out and waking up the next morning in a very soaked diaper.

Oh yes, the diapers. Despite his best efforts, Bryce couldn't seem to stay dry at night. Having been proven right, Bryce's parents had already invested in more diapers to keep their boy well protected throughout the night. Every time he opened the closet to take out some clothes, he came face to face with a wall of diapers stacked neatly for easy retrieval at bedtime. And every night either his mother or father would come in, grab another diaper from the closet, and diaper him up despite his protests that he could do it himself. Even after a month it was no less embarrassing for Bryce.

Then on the night of the full moon, something strange happened. Bryce woke up and let out a wild howl before covering his mouth. Instinctively, he opened the window and looked out. There was the moon. He suppressed another howl. Then he felt it. His body changing. His bones shifting. His hair growing denser. It was happening. Now it all made sense. The strange creature in the woods. The sounds at night. The superhuman endurance. And his incredible sense of smell. The transformation was happening. And he wanted it.

"Yes! Yess!!" he said, as his body shifted into the form of a man-wolf. He grinned wildly as he felt the power coursing through his body, but then he frowned. Why did everything around him seem to be getting... bigger?

No. It wasn't getting bigger. He was shrinking! In minutes, he was nothing more than a cute werepuppy. He yipped and scampered around, scared and confused. Soon, the window to his bedroom opened and in slipped a larger wolf figure.

"Come, little one. Come with me. You have a lot to learn..."

The large werewolf shucked a diaper bag off of his shoulder and opened it, kneeling down to the confused pup with a gentle smile.

"But first, we've got to get you into some better fitting protection."

The poor pup could do nothing but lay there as the diaper hanging off his butt was removed and he was diapered up in a smaller one with a special tape in back that went over his newly grown tail. Then, he was lifted by the scruff of his neck and carried out into the night.

"Don't worry," said the werewolf. "We'll get you back home and back into your regular padding before dawn."

Bryce tried to speak, and after a few wolf noises, something resembling speech came from his muzzle, though it was not any language he had spoken before.

"Rrr rrowwooo... I'm... a puppy?"

"Gooood," said the werewolf, smiling down at the puppy as he skulked across the street headed straight for the forest. "You learn quickly, pup."

"But... but... I thought I was going to be a big bad werewolf!"

"You will, young one, you will. In another 20 years or so. Until then, just listen to your elders and everything will be fine."

Bryce looked up at the wolvern face as his new caretaker carried him off toward the dark forest. He recognized this creature, though he seemed less terrifying... more... human than before.

"You're the creature that bit me, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am."

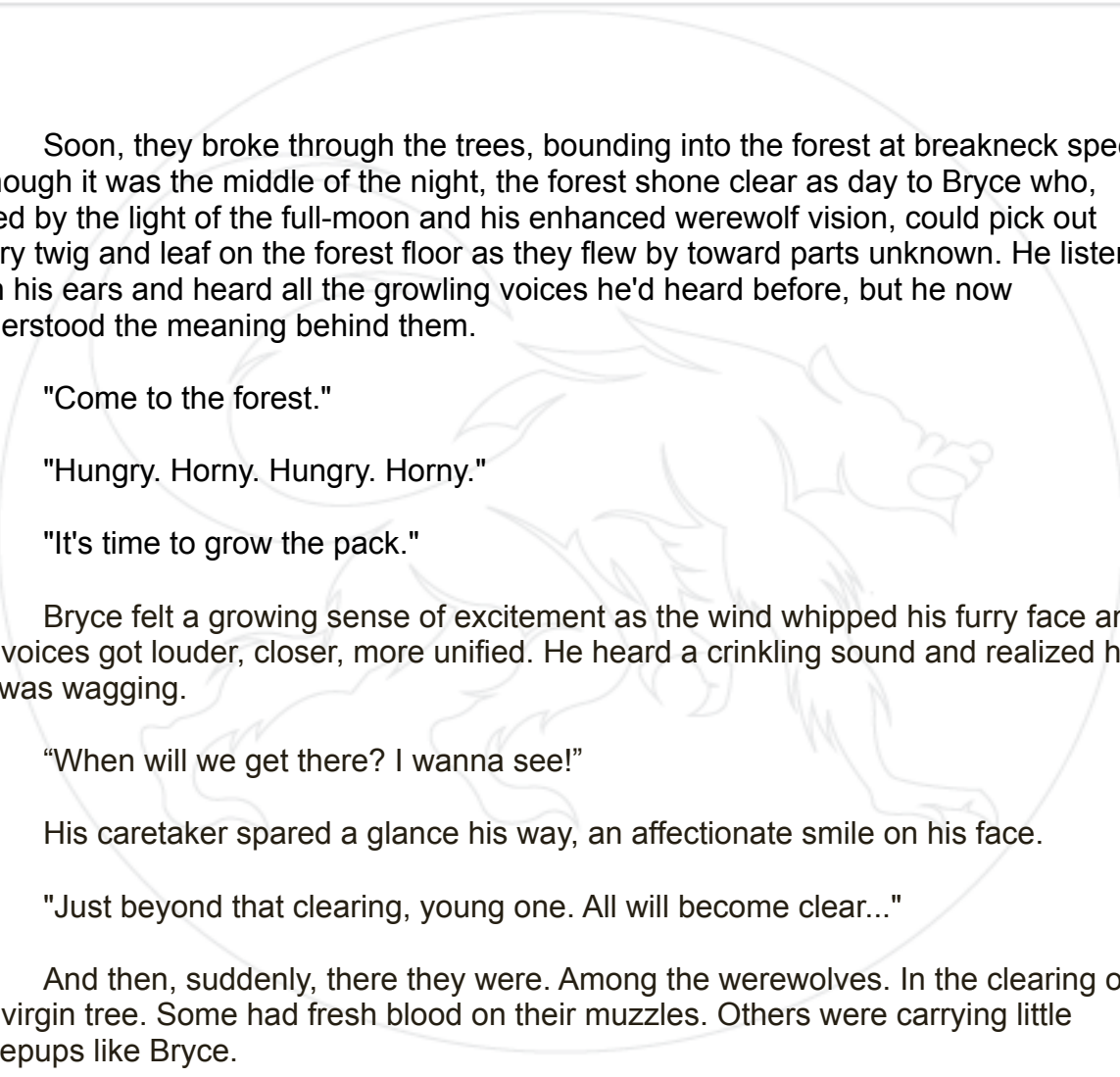
"Where are you taking me?"

The tall figure didn't respond. Only loped forward, running full speed toward the woods.

"Am I in danger? Awoo!"

"Hey, now," snapped the older wolf in a gruff voice. "None of that, young pup. You want to get us poached?" Bryce quickly found his mouth silenced with a puppy pacifier. "If you don't settle down, I've got a muzzle in this diaper bag with your name on it."

Bryce blushed as he looked at the bag slung over the big Weredaddy's shoulder. Why the hell did it have to be diapers?



Soon, they broke through the trees, bounding into the forest at breakneck speed. Although it was the middle of the night, the forest shone clear as day to Bryce who, aided by the light of the full-moon and his enhanced werewolf vision, could pick out every twig and leaf on the forest floor as they flew by toward parts unknown. He listened with his ears and heard all the growling voices he'd heard before, but he now understood the meaning behind them.

"Come to the forest."

"Hungry. Horny. Hungry. Horny."

"It's time to grow the pack."

Bryce felt a growing sense of excitement as the wind whipped his furry face and the voices got louder, closer, more unified. He heard a crinkling sound and realized his tail was wagging.

"When will we get there? I wanna see!"

His caretaker spared a glance his way, an affectionate smile on his face.

"Just beyond that clearing, young one. All will become clear..."

And then, suddenly, there they were. Among the werewolves. In the clearing of the virgin tree. Some had fresh blood on their muzzles. Others were carrying little werepups like Bryce.

"Greedy," said Bryce's caretaker, spotting the bloody werewolves. "They ate too much. The humans they attacked will surely be dead by morning, if they aren't already. They will not increase our numbers."

Soon after, Bryce saw a few younger looking werewolves wrestling playfully outside a nearby cave before being scolded, folding their ears back, and slinking inside. That cave seemed to be where everyone was headed.

It was at this point that Bryce became aware of something strange. A crinkling sound that wasn't coming from *him*. Who could it be? And come to think of it, why was everyone so white and poofy around their hind legs? Now that he looked more closely, he could see it on all the wolves. Were all these other werewolves... wearing *diapers*?

Bryce and his guardian filed into the cave, which split off into smaller chambers once they got inside. Bryce was carried into one of the first chamber and dropped off along with his diaper bag.

"Hey, wait!" He barked. "Where are you going?"

"Wolf, stuff," grunted his caretaker. "You'll see when you're older."

"I *am* older," yapped Bryce, but all that earned him was a shushing and the pressing of the paci. He felt strong jaws enclose on his neck and lay there softly, instinctively tucking his tail between his legs and soaking his diaper. His caretaker stalked off, crinkling, into the cave.

"That's better," came the deep smooth voice of the werewolf who had subdued him. "Little pups need to learn their place in the pack."

Bryce looked over once he was released to see a brilliant white-coated wolf with gleaming red eyes. It was harder to see in the dim light that trickled in from the main passage, but Bryce didn't need his eyes to know what was around him. His other senses told him everything he needed to know.

Bryce was aware, for example, that this particular chamber housed a handful of other juvenile werecubs, and as he looked around, he quickly sniffed out Jace, who looked as confused as he was. The white wolf's voice cut through the confusing chatter.

"Welcome to werepup preschool, whelps. You've all got a lot to learn, and not long to learn it, so no more wasting time."

"But why am I a puppy?" whined another werecub, who crossed his arms and huffed. That one soon found himself in a muzzle, and held up, tail between his legs, with his belly and yellowed diaper exposed for all to see. All the pups fell in line after that.

"You've all been getting stronger," said the elder wolf, who went by White Wolf among his kind. "Some of you have probably been getting pretty cocky as well." A few snickers could be heard, confirming this assessment. "That's a habit you need to break," he said, sharply. "This pack hasn't survived into the modern age by being reckless. Your abilities are going to surpass those of normal humans, as are your... appetites. You need to be aware of the responsibilities if we are to survive the century."

"I don't want to eat my friends," murmured Bryce, cowing his head. He shuddered as he imagined himself chowing down on his classmates.

"You're the little rascal who threw the jockstrap on Blacktail's nose, aren't you?"

Bryce's ears perked up and he picked up his head as he remembered his confused caretaker-to-be running off into the night clutching his musk-filled snout. He heard a chuffing sound coming from the white wolf and realized it was laughter.

"Heh heh. Well, you won't have to worry about eating anyone, cub, at least not in the way you're thinking. But I'm sure you've noticed certain... smells... your peers give off..."

Bryce felt the heat rise in his cheeks as he thought back to the locker room and his teammates' alluring musk.

"All of you have probably noticed it... and had certain... unexpected urges?" The assembled pups looked around, none daring to meet the others' gaze. It was true. They had all smelled the musk of other humans, and their bodies had responded.

"You're going to want to act on those urges, and I'm sure some of you have. My job is to make sure you do so safely and ethically so our pack is not hunted to extinction like so many of our brethren."

There followed a discussion about monthly changes they could expect. About hiding their condition of lycanthropy. About when it was safe to have sex and when they must abstain to avoid accidentally turning their peers or tipping them off to their true nature with the unmistakable signs their bodies might exhibit. And of course, they had to practice some werewolf self-control techniques for when their carnal urges took hold.

"The more time passes, the more your powers will grow," said White Wolf, "so you will have to practice controlling your libidos. Luckily you are just pups now, and you have time to learn. When you hit *werepuberty*..." White Wolf paused and looked around, "you could become uncontrollably horny. So, you need to learn to control yourselves. Tonight's lesson will be all about self-control... and we will begin... with crotch sniffing."

The white wolf oversaw the class as the whelps paired up and got down to business. Soon, Bryce and Jace had their faces buried in the fronts of each others' diapers, snooing like there was no tomorrow as White Wolf spoke over the snuffing, chuffing noise of the room.

"Get used to the scent, pups. Embrace it. But don't let it control you," said the werewolf. "And you'd better get used to taking care of your 'needs' in your diapers as well. You pups will be seeing a lot more of them as you mature."

"Huh?" asked a dazed Bryce, breaking contact from the diaper in front of him to look at his teacher. "Come again?"

"That's right. All adult werewolves are fully incontinent." The pups all stopped snooing and stared at White Wolf in shock, mouth agape. White Wolf shrugged. "It's the price we pay for our incredible powers."

As if to punctuate this point, the sound and smell of a great big wolf pissing his diapers filled the cave chamber, and White Wolf's diaper began to sag. Most of the pups hadn't even noticed that White Wolf was wearing a diaper yet and were shocked when this was brought to their attention.

"B-but how come the *legends* never spoke of werewolves in diapers?" asked a little white wolf cub wearing wire-rimmed glasses.

"Think about it," said White Wolf. "Did *you* notice the diaper when *you* were bitten?"

"No, I... I guess not..." said the nerdy looking wolf cub. "I was too busy looking at those huge fangs..."

"Exactly," said White Wolf. "Nobody notices because they're too busy being freaked out. If they *are* close enough to notice the diaper, they're probably about to be turned into werewolves themselves."

The pups nodded, seeing the sense in this explanation. White wolf continued.

"Of course, some may clock it for a half second and read it as regular underwear, which is probably why we have quite a few of those nice pin-ups I keep in my office..." White Wolf paused for a minute and looked pensive. "Ah... bara werewolves in underwear... what a time to be alive..."

"Uh... sir?" asked the nerdy pup, prompting White Wolf to snap out of it and resume his lecture.

"Huh? Oh... oh yeah... Uh, where was I? Yes, the point is, don't get seen as a werewolf. And if you are, you'd damn well better be turning them."

Practice time was clearly over and the pups all rolled off each other and sat around the bigger wolf to listen intently.

"Ooh! Ooh! I have a question," said Jace, waving his paw in the air. "How come there are no *girl* werewolves?"

"Of course there are girl werewolves," said White Wolf. "Maybe you just couldn't tell under all that fur, but there are wolves of all types. And before you ask, no not all of us are gay. I happen to be pan, myself."

"How did you know that was going to be my next question?" muttered Jace, lowering his head in embarrassment.

"Because you and the whole rest of the soccer team seem to be playing on one side of the field, if you catch my drift." There was an awkward pause and confusion before Jace, and Bryce's eyebrows shot up in recognition.

"Coach?!"

"The one and only. And I have a feeling we're going to have a great season. Just don't play *too* well, you three, or you'll blow our cover." Three? The pups again looked surprised as they looked at each other again, then to the wolf-cub wearing glasses.

"Ollie?!"

"Bryce?! Jace?!"

The three werepups went through a series of emotions from being surprised, to being embarrassed and trying to cover up their diapers, to being kind of excited.

"Calm down, pups. Let's go ahead and wrap-up so you can catch up before it's time to go home. But first, I know you're all going to be breeding like rabbits pretty soon, so let's go over safe sex one more time..."

After the lesson was finished, the three friends were full of questions for Coach.

Yeah. I knew about the little tradition of the virgin tree," he said, shrugging. "I was on the team myself once, you know."

"What?! You mean you set us up?!" asked Jace, sitting back on his padded butt as if the wind had been knocked out of him.

"Let's just say I helped things along last moon. The virgin tree has always been near our den, but it's not every year that a full-moon falls on Halloween. Lucky us, huh?"

"You mean you were turned too?"

"Me and my tree-partner."

Bryce and Jace gasped and looked at each other.

"Sorry I couldn't be there in person, but I had a special assignment I needed to take care of..." Coach ruffled the bespectacled pup's headfur, and the others could practically see the heat of Ollie's blush rising off the pup's snout.

"Coach is your caretaker?!"

"You know, now that I look, I can see the resemblance..."

Once Bryce and Jace were finished barraging Coach with questions, Ollie, Jace and Bryce huddled up. The conversation went something like this:

"How did *you* two get turned?"

"We were going to the virgin tree..."

"To nail our virgin underwear up. You know how we do..."

"So *that's* where my jockstraps went..."

"Wait... so which one of us took your virginity?"

The last question drew a sly grin from the little white wolf.

"I'll never tell..." said Ollie, who had, in fact, been with half the team as their 'virgin conquest' that year. Jace looked visibly disappointed that he wouldn't get to find out, but Bryce noticed and quickly changed the subject.

"So you got turned by Coach? How did that happen?" asked Bryce.

"Well," said the little white wolf, pushing up his glasses. "I *made* it happen. It didn't take me long to figure out what he was." Bryce and Jace were in awe at Ollie's cleverness as he explained his discovery like it was nothing. "...so I cornered him in his office one day and made him agree to turn me."

"But why?"

"Are you kidding? Werewolves are *cool as heck!* And hot, too."

"You have a *thing* for Coach, don't you?" asked Jace, nudging Ollie in the ribs with his paw.

"Do *not!*" said Ollie, face glowing like a furnace in the dim cave.

"Do too! Do too!"

Before long, the murmurings and growls at the back of the three pups' minds began to hint at the end of the gathering. Dawn was on its way and everyone had to be in bed before too long. The three werepups promised to talk more at school, and they all felt a little closer having this secret to share. Before they knew it, they were all in their beds wearing their regular nighttime diapers, and dreaming of wolf-things. And perhaps dreaming of more than a few sexy werewolves in their special crinkly underwear.

"*Mooooom! Stop!* I can do it myself," whined Bryce as his mother woke him once again with a diaper check.

"Hush, now," she said as she untaped the diaper, and hefted it up with one hand. This was Bryce's morning routine. Wake up to his mom checking his diaper and finding it soaked - again. Getting it taken off. Getting a little smack on the butt as Mom pointed toward the bathroom.

"Up and at 'em, mister. Get in the shower now or you'll be late for the bus!"

"Ugh, fine," said Bryce. As an eighteen year-old, and a high school senior, he sure felt too old for this sort of treatment, but ever since his bedwetting problem started, his parents had gotten a bit more... parent-y. It was embarrassing.

Yet, as he stood under the shower, felt the soap wash away any remaining residue of last night, and thought about his awesome new powers, Bryce couldn't help but smile. He couldn't wait to see his friends at school, and Coach too. It was like they were in a secret club, and that was exciting.

"At least I don't have to wear diapers during the *day*," Bryce muttered, as he eyed the stack of diapers in his closet. Bryce failed to notice a few drops of wetness appear on the front of his boxer-briefs as he got dressed that morning.

At school, the three wereboys met up and talked in hushed voices about what an awesome night they had, and what powers they might gain next. They had to be careful not to speak too loudly when anyone was nearby, but their enhanced hearing made that exceedingly easy to do.

"I hope she goes away already," came Ollie's voice as one of the girls from the soccer team came up to chat. "I wanna talk about more werestuff."

The other two shot him a look, and as soon as she was gone, they berated their smaller teammate.

"Dude, what the heck. You want to blow our cover?" asked Jace.

"Yeah man, not cool," said Bryce.

"What? I didn't say anything."

"Didn't say anything?" asked Jace. "What part of werestuff sounds subtle to you?"

"W-wait, I didn't say... how did you know what I was thinking?"

"Huh?"

"Hold on hold on..." said Ollie. He screwed up his face and concentrated. *Jace is a total hot head and Bryce needs to learn not to sprinkle when he tinkles.*

Jace and Bryce looked at each other, and then down at Bryce's pants. Jace put his fist up to his mouth, biting it softly to calm his excitement.

"Yo, what the heck?! This is awesome! No, wait wait," He concentrated for a second. *Can you hear me, guys?*

Yeah, came Ollie's response, *we can hear you*. The three of them were practically jumping for joy. Now they wouldn't have to worry about anyone listening in on them ever again.

Hey, quit goofing off, you three. This is an open channel! Also, you're gonna be late for practice if you don't get a move on.

Coach?! came the surprised voices of the three boys.

The one and only. Not move your keisters. The trio hurried off to practice, knowing now that Coach would keep tabs on them and make sure they were on the straight and narrow. They hadn't learned to shield their thoughts in werewolf school. At least not yet.

Bryce gave a concerned glance to his pants as they got undressed in the locker rooms and changed into their outfits for soccer practice. The wet spot on his underwear was worse than it had been that morning, and it was hard to miss.

"Aw geez," he muttered, looking down at the soggy undies. "I hope this doesn't keep up at practice... I'll only have this jockstrap."

"Not to worry," came Coach's voice, as he walked up and clapped Bryce on the shoulder. He locked eyes with Bryce and added silently. *I have spare pads and diapers in my office, so if you ever need a change, just go in there.*

"Thanks, Coach," muttered Bryce, looking down at his pants.

"Hey, it's not so bad, Bryce. You'll see. It's easier to deal with than you think and it's a fair trade. More than fair. We're gonna have a great season. Just you wait."

Coach was, of course, right. The three boys soon became a clique, always chatting amongst themselves whenever they could, and the team as a whole began performing better and better. Nobody questioned the trio's insular behavior. Everyone just assumed it was a 'star player' thing, since the three were far and away the best on the team. They could have been even better, but Coach reminded them to take it down a notch at times so as not to draw suspicion. This was especially apparent when Jace fell on his leg and broke it. He was laughing it off, saying it would heal in a day or two when he got glares and serious warning signals from Coach and his two werewolf teammates. In a flash, his expression turned to one of pain and he had to be carried off the field.

"Guess the endorphins wore off," said Ollie, and everyone just wrote it off as a freak occurrence. Jace had to sit out for a whole month and endure many lectures from Coach about what happens to werewolves who get caught, and how they are usually

taken out by their own closest packmates to avoid any suspicion that they were in cahoots.

But by and large, the three friends agreed that the risks and trade-offs were well worth the rewards of their condition. Best of all, their powers of smell always told them when one of their teammates was horny, and they took full advantage of that fact, making it a competition amongst themselves of who could fuck the most guys that season - double points for the 'straight' ones.

Still, there was one sticking point, because as fast as their stars were rising, Bryce Jace, and Ollie's bladder control was going downhill, and soon the three were all wearing pads in their jockstraps and pull-ups to class to stay dry. Every moon, they seemed to grow a little more powerful, and step a little further back to thicker protection. How soon would it be until they were thickly diapered all day?

Bryce tried to hide his continence issues from his parents as long as he could, but of course they soon found out. It all came out when his mom surprised him in the living room with an unscheduled pants check only to find that his pull-ups had leaked.

"Oh, honey, you're *soaked*."

"Oh my god, Mom!" said Bryce, pulling away. "You can't *do* that!"

"I can and I am. And you clearly need it. I think we're done with pull-ups. Now, get that tushy upstairs, little man. You are going into your night diapers right away."

"Get *off*, Mom, whined Bryce as his mom pulled him up to his room by the arm. "I can change my *own* pants." Of course, this was a futile argument. Bryce's parents had never allowed him to try, not since this whole bedwetting thing started.

As he was laid out on his new changing table, Bryce silently wondered if the other two had this problem. His open question was immediately met by snickers from Jace, and Bryce mentally slapped himself for thinking out loud.

Ollie, on the other hand, remained silent on the matter, not wanting to disclose that he was having the same problem with his mom and Coach. Since being turned, Ollie was spending a lot more time helping out on the field, and in the gym where Coach could keep an eye on him.

Ollie's mom often came out to support him and she and Coach soon hit it off. Before Ollie knew it, he had a new stepdad and he couldn't be more happy and bashful about it if he tried.

"That's my boy," Coach would say whenever Ollie made a goal, and he was not shy about showing his fatherly love - or discipline - on or off the field.

"Daaad! Not in front of the guys!" Ollie would say when Coach would smack his bottom for acting out, or ask him how his diaper was doing. But of course it was all done in love and Ollie knew that.

The Mom and Coach pair kept as close an eye on Ollie as Bryce's parents did on him, and that was saying something, because after Bryce went back into diapers full time, his parents' babying behavior got even worse. Bryce wasn't even allowed out of his parents' sight unless he was at school or soccer practice, and it seemed like things were going the same way for Ollie as Coach got bolder in his paternal practices.

Soon, Bryce was getting diaper checks from Mommy and Daddy throughout the day whenever he was home, and Ollie was regularly getting his gym shorts pulled back by Coach who seemed to be having a little too much fun, verifying that he was clean and patting his crinkly butt with a grin.

"You're not gonna complain, are you Ollie? After all, you *asked* for this."

"N-no s-s-sir," said Ollie, going red from head to toe. The truth was, he loved being an incontinent werewolf with a hot weredad, and all the cool powers he could hope for. He was also happy at his newfound ability to sniff out a horny jock a mile away. When he sniffed out a prospect, Ollie was unstoppable, and he wasn't going to let a few soggy diapers get in the way of the hunt.

Bryce and Ollie were getting their share of hot gay diaper sex, but given their increasingly restrictive lifestyle, they had to sneak it in before or after practice, or during lunch. Sometimes, their diapered state led to some embarrassing events, like when Ollie was making out with one of his teammates in the locker room after practice and the guy pulled out Ollie's cock only to get sprayed immediately by a stream of hot piss.

"Oh, g-geez. Fuck. I'm sorry... I'm sorry!" said Ollie, desperately scrambling to resheathe his sword as it continued to leak urine all over.

"Hey, man... it's okay," said the guy, laughing and shaking off his hands. "Guess that's on me. I guess it's a good thing you're a bottom, right?"

Ollie just whimpered and looked down, his face red and his cock rock hard, poking above his diaper and refusing to go down. Ollie's teammate picked up on the signals right away and grinned, taking Ollie by the hand.

"You know what? I'm into it! Let's hit the showers. You could use a good rinse, and I've always wanted to try watersports..."

Meanwhile, Jace seemed to be getting off scot free. Sure, he was gradually going into thicker and thicker protection to manage his incontinence, but his parents were pretty hands-off about it. He kept his bathroom problems behind closed doors and that was just fine by them. Jace would often tease Bryce and Ollie with pics of his bone buried deep in some guy's ass on a school night while they were stuck at home, doing homework or having 'family' time. *Lame.*

But if Bryce didn't like his parents babying him, he *really* didn't like it when they got him a babysitter.

"What?! A babysitter? Seriously? I'm 18!"

"Your mother and I just want to have a night out and we need to know that our baby boy is being looked after."

"Ugh... you're the *worst*," said Bryce, crossing his arms and pouting. Then when they opened the front door, his jaw dropped.

There was Jace, smiling a million dollar smile as his parents shook his hand and told him where all of the diaper supplies were.

"You've got to be kidding me."

"No joke, bro. Your buddy is here to look after you. You're gonna be a good widdle boy for me, right?"

"He tends to get pretty resistant to diaper checks so you can just take away his pants if that makes things easier - it's what we do."

"*Mommmmmm!*" cried Bryce, face burning red-hot."

"Oh hush, little boy. The grownups are talking. Oh, don't forget he needs an extra soaker for bedtime - which is at 8. We'll be back around 10 and we expect him to be in bed when we get back, so don't let him tell you any nonsense about getting to stay up later because it's a Friday."

"You got it Ms. Schneiderman," said Jace, his huge grin never leaving his face. He was almost crying from the effort not to burst out laughing as he saw them off. "You two have a nice night, I've got it from here."

Bryce glared at Jace as his two parents left, shutting the door behind them. Then he broke into a big grin.

"Thank goodness, man. I thought they'd gotten me a *real* babysitter."

"Oh, ho ho. And what makes you think I'm *not*? I'm one of the only people at school who's strong enough to put you down, and believe me I will if you're not a good baby for me." Jace moved forward, reaching for Bryce's pants, saying without speaking that Mommy and Daddy's no pants rule was going into effect immediately.

"Oh, come on, man. Buddy. Pal. Don't be that way." said Bryce, laughing, but also starting to sweat.

"Now, now. I'm being *paid* for this. I have to do a good job! This is about integrity. I mean, what kind of babysitter would I *be* if I just... let little ones get away with whatever they want?"

Bryce sighed. "How much is this gonna cost me?" Jace just smirked and cracked his knuckles.

"More than you can afford, bucko. Now drop 'em or I take 'em off."

Bryce covered his face as his friend eased down his shorts and made him step out of them.

"Don't worry, buddy. You won't be alone in this. Your little friend Ollie is getting dropped off by his Daddy in a bit, and you two can have a playdate in your didees til bedtime. In fact, I think I hear them coming now." *Be right there guys!* Jace said as he heard the thoughts of his approaching conspirators.

I'll get you for this, said Bryce, crossing his arms and sulking in his diaper.

Their last year of school had its ups and downs, and plenty of 'educational' sessions in the wolf's den. The three of boys graduated with honors thanks to both their outstanding achievement in sports and academics with the loving guidance of their parents and Coach.

And after? The three boys ended up going with Coach to the big boy leagues. Boy would they be surprised at what they found when they got there.

"Uh, Coach? Why do all my teammates have tails?"

"You've got a lot to learn about the big leagues, kiddo. Let's start with the other werewolves. We'll move on to the other cryptids from there.