February 18, 2021 Diaper Training My Boyfriend pt. 4

*Continued from January 21, 2021 “Diaper Training My Boyfriend pt. 3”*

I may have failed to mention that I inherited the family winery some years ago. It mostly took care of itself, thanks to the excellent management we had hired over the years, but I still went in once a week to check in. Today was one of those days. As I went about my day’s work, talking to the store manager and the field manager, testing the latest batch and reviewing the month’s shipments and orders, I couldn’t keep my mind off the diaper bag that was waiting in the back of my car. I kept checking my phone to see if Tommy had left me a message. No such luck.

Shortly following my afternoon meal, the text came.

“Daddy, did you really change your name in my phone to ‘Daddy?’”

“Yes, I did. And don’t you dare think of changing it back.”

“Come on, what if someone sees it?”

“If you’re worried about that then just wait til they hear the ringtone I added.”

“OMG What did you put?”

“Be good and you won’t find out at work. Aren’t you supposed to be working?”

“Yeah but I need to use the potty,” he said.

“Good boy. Thank you for asking. Daddy’s proud of you.”

“Aw geez. Can I please go?”

I smiled. This was the fun part.

“You’re gonna need a change after. Wait til I get there, I’ll bring you a change.”

“Can’t I just go now? I don’t know if I can hold it.”

“Try it and you’ll be going to work in short-shorts and a bright red bottom. Understood?”

“Yes, Daddy,” he replied. “Please hurry!”

“On my way, baby boy.”

I was excited. He hadn’t asked me to come by his work since we’d started dating. He was worried it would be ‘unprofessional’. Now he was begging me to come. Yet another reason why things were just better with him as my baby boy.

“Okay, Mel, Carter,” I said to my heads of operations as I stood up from the table and shucked on my coat. “I’m wrapping up for the day. You got it from here. See you next week?”

“Sure thing Boss,” said Melinda. “Tell the boyfriend I said hi.”

“I will,” I said.

Carter chimed in. “You should bring him up sometime. When’s the last time he sat down to a flight of Cyrus’s finest?”

“Too long,” I said, smiling at the thought. “He’s a nice kid but he’s shy. Doesn’t want to be the center of attention when he comes up.”

“Aww, I mean, come on,” said Melinda, putting her fists on either side of her hunter-green apron. “He’s prettier than *my* girlfriend, plus he’s the boss’s main squeeze. Of course he’s gonna be the center of attention.”

“Hey, nothing like a little wine to loosen you up,” said Carter, with a lopsided grin. “I’m saving a case of the best just for him. You bring him on by.”

I waved goodbye as I strode out the door and threw my suitcase in the back seat of my red Aston Martin DB5. I hopped in the front and drove off with the top down. It was a beautiful day and I was about to get better. I hadn’t stopped by his work since we started dating. It would be fun to see my little barista on the job again.

I parked right in front of the shop, and stepped out, going around to the trunk to grab his diaper bag. Nothing fancy, really, just a tote with some changing supplies and a couple diapers.

I saw him behind the counter as soon as I entered and I stepped of to the side, giving him a wave and a wink. His co-worker, a heavy-set woman with dreads tied back and cute plastic rimmed glasses looked from me back to him and back to me with her eyebrows up. Apparently, my appearance had drawn a lot of attention from the staff, most of whom were either staring at me or the car I rode in on.

“Who is *that*,” I saw her mouth to him. He said something in reply but I couldn’t hear it over the music and the chatter of the shop. Tommy tried to help another customer but the lady brushed him aside and shooed him over to me, smiling as she watched him hustle off to see me, before quickly turning her attention to the next customer in line.

“Hey, Daddy,” he said, in a meek voice. “I may have had one too many coffees.”

I caught a whiff of urine when he approached and my underwear instantly became two sizes too tight. Much like the coffee he sold, the scent of his diaper was toe-curlingly bold. I had heard that coffee makes your pee smell stronger, I had no idea *how* strong.

“I can see that, baby boy,” I said, doing my best not to reach out and check his diaper right then and there. “How are you holding up?”

“I have to go so bad, Daddy,” he whined.

“I don’t suppose they’ll let me back there to help you?” I asked, hopefully.

The color drained from his face. “God no,” he said, looking positively terror-stricken that I might actually do it.

“Worth a try,” I said, shrugging. “Here are your changing supplies. I’ll wait here while you go potty and put on your next diaper. You bring me back the bag with whatever you don’t use *and* the used diaper. Just make sure you diaper thickly enough to last you the rest of the day. If that means double diapering or extra stuffers than use them. You’re not getting another change until after you get home from work, got it?”

“Yes, Daddy,” he said. His cheeks had gradually turned darker and darker red as I spoke, going from pink to scarlet as I hammered home the fact that I was completely in charge of his bathroom habits. He turned to leave once he had the bag in hand and I stopped him.

“Hey, what about my kiss?”

“Right here?” he said through his teeth as he looked around.

“Don’t make me ask twice, baby boy. You know how itchy my hand gets when you don’t listen.”

“Ahh okay okay,” he said, quickly bending forward to give me a peck on the lips. He looked around to see if anyone had seen that. A couple of customers were smiling, as well as just about everyone behind the counter, but for the most part, the spectacle he thought we’d created was all in his head. Most people, it turned out, didn’t give a shit about what everyone else around them was doing. They were too lost in their own little worlds, checking their watches, thinking about the next thing they had to do, or just glued to their phones.

He quickly shuffled off, crinkling audibly, and I moseyed on over to the side of the counter where I could watch the other baristas do their magic. The co-worker from before sidled up to me, having pulled a returning co-worker to work the counter.

“Hey there, handsome,” she said, giving me a sidelong glance. “What brings a guy like you to a place like this?”

“My boyfriend,” I said, grinning.

“Damn,” she said, snapping her fingers. “every damn time.” I laughed. I could tell she wasn’t really trying to hit on me, but I never minded the compliment.

“So you’re my little Tommy’s sugar daddy, are you?”

“The name’s Cyrus,” I said holding up a fist.

“Nia,” she said, bumping it with her own. “You know, your Tommy is pretty popular. He’s had to disappoint a lot of regular customers because of you.”

“Tell me about it,” I said.

“Oh, I will but first you better tell me all about you and Tommy. That boy is harder to crack than a walnut.”

“Oh, not that hard,” I said, with a sly grin, “if you know what buttons to press.”

“Oh really?” she asked. “There’s buttons now, are there?”

I smiled. “Lady, you have no idea. Say, do you like board games?”

About 10 minutes later, Tommy waddled out brushing a few loose strands of hair over his forehead.

“You okay, there champ? I thought you had fallen in.”

“No,” he said in a hushed voice, coming in close to speak and surreptitiously handing me the bag. “You just never let me do it myself so I wasn’t used to it. Here take it.”

“Boy,” I said, snatching the bag from his hand. “This isn’t a *drug* deal. You don’t have to whisper. I’m just bringing you a change. Did you use enough layers?” I asked, grabbing his shoulder and trying to turn him to get a good look at his butt.

His eyes went wide and he tried to cover my mouth. “No, no no no, shhh. It’s… haha, nothing. Nothing.” He said, looking around before looking back to me and hissing through is teeth. “Are you *crazy*? You’re going to get me fired.”

“I don’t think so,” I said, smirking. “I met your manager, Nia. Really nice lady. Had a lot of interesting things to say about *you*, Mr. Popular.”

He turned to look at Nia with his hands on his hips. She shrugged from behind the counter and went about pretending to check the grounds in the machine for the third time, staying within earshot as much as possible.

Unfortunately for her, our interesting conversation was interrupted by one of Tommy’s other coworkers who had been mopping a spill off the floor nearby.

“Dude! Is that an Aston Martin?” he asked, leaning on the mop.

“Jay Jay!” yelled Nia, “Get your ass in the back and leave the poor man alone. Sorry, guys, sometimes I feel like I’m running a *daycare.*”

Tommy shot me a look, and I tried to look as innocent as I could. Meanwhile, Jay-Jay shuffled off looking disappointed. I nudged Tommy. “You think we should give him a ride home after work?” “Stop trying to corrupt my co-workers,” said Tommy, pushing me toward the door. “You’re such a mischief-maker.”

“Alright, alright. I’ll go,” I said. “But you better give me a goodbye kiss, little boy.”

His cheeks burned red as I stood there, pointing to my cheek.

*-Written by Champ*