

Claire's Little Niece

"Hello, hello!" Andlat grinned as he looked at the wolf standing on the porch. Jack's sister Claire was one of the warmest and kindest furs he knew.

"Hello, Claire." Jack hugged his sister while Andlat pulled his suitcase out of the trunk of Jack's car. He still didn't quite understand why he couldn't accompany Jack on his business trip, but at least it was only for a few days. In the meantime, he had to stay with Claire and her daughters. He sighed. Their house was being fumigated or something, so this was necessary.

He joined Jack on the porch. "You can go ahead and head up to the guest room, okay?" Claire said, patting the fox on the head. Andlat nodded.

"See you, Jack!" He said with a wave. Jack smiled and came over, embracing the little fox in a big hug and lifting him up into his arms as he dropped the suitcase. With a soft whisper into the fox's ear, Jack intoned. "You'll be a good boy for your Auntie, won't you?" Andlat, embarrassed at being held like a little boy in his daddy's arms, nodded shyly, receiving a kiss on the cheek and a pat on his bottom once he was back on the ground. He blushed as his diaper crinkled. He glanced up at Claire, but she didn't seem to have noticed. After retrieving his suitcase, the fox shuffled toward the door.

"Don't worry, little guy. You'll have fun." Andlat nodded and walked inside. Jack said he would have fun, yet he could feel the ever-present pressure of the tube around his cock. What fun could he have if he wasn't even allowed to cum? He headed up the stairs, marveling at how silent the house was. Maybe Claire's daughters were at a friend's house. He passed a picture of them on the stairs and made a face. He had only met Jenny and Jessie once, but that had been enough for him. They were twelve-year-old twins who found great joy in tormenting the fox. He reached the second floor and sighed as he looked down the hallway toward the door at the

end of the hall. There was the guest room all right. As he walked down the hall he was forced to pass by the twins' rooms, the doors facing one another across the hall. To his chagrin he found both doors open, and as he passed by them he noticed both Jenny and Jessie lying on their respective beds, looking at him with broad grins half-hidden by teen magazines.

“Well, hello girls.” He said, clearing his throat and trying to sound as mature as possible. “How are you?”

Jenny abandoned the magazine with a giggle, hopping off her bed and joining Andlat in the hallway. Soon her twin was at Andlat's side, taking his bag and guiding Andlat into her room. “We’re excited to get to see our favorite little cousin.” Jessie said.

Andlat smiled at this show of hospitality, releasing his grip on his bag of big boy clothing, following Jesse into her room. “That’s very nice, but I’m more your uncle than your cousin, right?” Jenny and Jessie both giggled. It sounded like a completely cold sound to Andlat’s ears.

“Andlat’s our uncle, but Emma’s our cousin,” the twins said in unison, grinning broadly at the fox. Andlat’s ears flattened and suddenly he wished to melt into the pink shag rug he was standing on. This could be very bad.

“Well, I’m Andlat. Emma was just a one-time thing,” he said, trying to keep himself from blushing. The girls’ grins were downright predatory. The fact they were already taller than Andlat didn’t help. “And I really should go get settled in the guest room.”

“Oh, of course.” Jessie said, pulling her sister away from the door. “Sorry about that, uncle, I’ll bring your bag.” Andlat nodded and reached for the doorknob. He was on the floor the next moment as Jessie held him down. With a wicked smirk, Jenny began to undo his pants. Andlat whimpered and tried to get free, but Jessie sat on his chest as Jenny tugged down his

pants to reveal a thick, pink disposable diaper. Both girls erupted into a fit of squeals.

“Oh, good. Baby Emma’s still dry. Such a big girl.”

“I’m not a baby!” Andlat growled. “I just wore a diaper in case. It’s a long drive.” His cheeks were beet red as Jenny removed his pants and Jessie stood up, letting him get a look at his own pink puffy pants.

“Oh, of course” Jenny nodded. She stood up and grabbed Andlat’s large suitcase, laying it on her sister’s bed. “I think your suitcase will tell the truth.” Andlat smirked. He hadn’t packed even the most remotely frilly thing, so he was in the clear. Jenny opened it and smiled.

“Look at all the pretty dresses Emma brought! Far too many for only a few days!” Andlat gasped as he stared at the suitcase’s frilly contents. He growled as he realized what had happened. Jack had switched suitcases on him!

“I guess you really are a girl!” Jessie said.

Andlat blushed crimson. “Okay, fine. I’m a girl, but I’m not a baby!” The girls giggled, guiding the poor fox to a seat on Jessie’s bed, making his diaper crinkle loudly on the pink bedspread.

“Oh, okay then. Let’s see what your suitcase has to say about that.” Jenny said as she lifted an item out of the suitcase. “Baby wipes.”

Andlat thought fast. “I like to have them, just in case my paws get sticky.”

Jenny nodded. “Of course. All girls worry about that.” She reached into the suitcase for the next item, smiling. “Baby powder.”

Andlat blushed and he searched his mind for a plausible use. “I chafe easily.” He replied. Jenny and Jessie shared a knowing nod.

“How thoughtful of your daddy to include that.” Jenny said, grabbing the next item.

“Baby oil. Now what would a big girl be doing with baby oil?”

“Keeps my fur soft.” Andlat replied, squirming a bit on the bed while trying to hide his nervousness. Jessie sat beside him and gently stroked his tail. “My, my, Emma! Your fur is really soft!”

“That’s the baby oil.” Andlat said, sticking to his lie.

Jenny smiled and reached in for the next item. “A pretty pink pacifier.” She said, holding it up. “What would a big girl need a baby’s pacifier for?”

Andlat mumbled to himself as he tried to think of something. His teeth rubbed against each other and he had it. “I grind my teeth in my sleep, so that helps keep it from happening.”

Jenny nodded. “Very smart.” She handed the pacifier to Jessie. “Why don’t you show your cousins?” Jessie helpfully slipped the pacifier into Andlat’s muzzle and the fox instinctively began to suck on it. The girls awwed and smiled down at the fox, his pink diaper puffing out around his waist and matching pacifier making him look quite cubby. Jenny returned her attention to the suitcase and giggled as she saw the last item, or rather, items, as there were a lot of them.

“Well, well, look at all these diapers!” She said, turning the suitcase so both Jessie and Andlat could see. Besides dresses, nighties, and various other embarrassing items, Jack had included at least a dozen thick pink disposable diapers in the fox’s suitcase. Andlat’s ears flattened and he silently cursed the cunning wolf.

“So many!” Jessie exclaimed.

“Far more than even the soggiest vixen would need for a car trip.” Jenny said with a smile. “There are more than enough here for Emma’s entire stay.” Andlat mumbled angrily around the pacifier.

“I think she wants to say something.” Jessie said, reaching for the pacifier.

“No, no. Leave it in. Baby vixens need their pacifiers.” Jenny said, smiling down at the fox. Andlat growled and tried to stand up, but Jessie easily pulled him back down onto her bed with a loud crinkle as his bottom landed.

“Uh-oh!” Jessie said, wrapping a pair of surprisingly strong arms around the diapered fox. “Our little cousin is grumpy. She needs a nap!”

“Look! Her Daddy put her cute Little Mermaid nightie right on top!” Jenny lifted it up with a smile, the organza and satin falling majestically down. “She’ll look so pretty!” Jenny exclaimed. “Jessie, get her silly t-shirt off so we can put baby Emma down for her nap!”

Jessie whispered into his ear. “Raise your arms like a good girl, Emma.” Mumbling the beginning of a protest around his pacifier, Andlat was soon giggling uncontrollably as Jessie tickled his ribs and under his arms. Soon he gave up and raised his arms as Jessie easily tickled him into submission, removing his t-shirt and leaving him in just his girly diaper. In a flash his boyish shirt was replaced with the flowing, satiny nightgown that always made him feel like a helpless baby vixen when his Daddy put him in it.

Jessie helped him to stand up, and he whined around his pacifier as he saw his reflection in her closet mirror. The nightie did precious little to hide his thick diapers, and made him look just like a toddler. Jenny closed and locked the suitcase, taking it in her paw and heading down the hall, while Jessie led the embarrassed fox by the paw. Jenny opened the door of the guest room and, grabbing the fox’s paw, pulled him inside. Andlat gasped as he saw that what had been an unremarkable spare bedroom on his last visit had been completely redecorated as a little girl’s nursery. Where there had been a bed there was now a giant crib, complete with a mobile hanging down from the ceiling above. Where a desk had been he now saw a changing table with

a padded top, much like the one Jack changed him on at home. What had been plain white walls were now pink with little white sheep hopping over fences all around the walls.

“B-but” Andlat stammered, the pacifier tumbling out of his mouth.

“But what, Emma? Mom’s been so excited for her favorite little niece to come visit!” She pointed to the crib. “See? There’s a special dolly, just for you.” Sitting on the pillow was a fox that looked strikingly like Andlat, down to the green eyes and white mask of fur across them. She was dressed in a cute little dress with a pink diaper peeking out. The fox’s mouth hung open, until Jessie reached down and retrieved his pacifier, wiping it on the sleeve of his nightie before popping it back in his muzzle.

“Mom even bought you a dress that matches your new dolly.” Jessie said, pointing to the dress hanging by the closet door. It was pink with two white bows at the waist, each with a pink rose in the center. A third pink rose was displayed prominently on the chest between two frilly sleeves. The skirts were pink organza and quite transparent, sure to show off the diaper of any little girl wearing it. “Jenny, could you pull down the side of the crib? Emma needs to take a nappy!” She tickled the fox under his chin, making him giggle around his pacifier.

“What is going on here?” Claire asked as she walked in. “Why isn’t Emma in her crib yet?” Andlat whimpered, feeling entirely helpless.

“We were just about to, mom.” Jenny said as she lowered the side of the crib. “Hop in, Emma.” Andlat shuffled slowly toward the crib, feeling like he was going to his execution. He yelped, his pacifier again falling out of his muzzle as he was suddenly picked up from behind by Claire.

“You can’t expect such a little vixen to climb up all that way.” She said as she effortlessly plunked the fox down in the crib. Both his diaper and the mattress crinkled under his

weight, and Andlat whimpered as Claire agilely tucked him into the Care Bear sheets and pink quilt and raised the barred side of the crib.

“Mom!” Jessie said, picking up the pacifier. “Baby Emma told us that she grinds her teeth in her sleep, so she sucks on a pacifier.” Claire smiled.

“She must have wanted you to think she’s a big girl.” Claire said, retrieving the pacifier and slipping it into Andlat’s muzzle. “Babies suck on their paci because it reminds them of their momma’s nipple.” She patted the fox on the head and turned on the mobile above the crib, filling the room with a soft nursery tune. “Sweet dreams, baby Emma. Auntie will be back after your nap.” With that, the wolf shepherded her giggling daughters out of the room, flipping the light switch and leaving Andlat to his thoughts.

The fox whimpered as he stared up at the rotating mobile in the soft glow of the night light. There was no escape. He was trapped as a baby girl until Jack came back. He wiggled around slightly under the pink quilt, feeling horribly helpless, and clutched the plush fox tightly to his chest.

He did not sleep a wink, whimpering and worrying through all of his nap time. Slipping a paw under his nightie and into his diaper, the fox whined anew as he felt the tube encasing his cock. To make matters worse, his cock was quite excited by all this. With nothing to entertain himself, it felt like an eternity before Claire came in at last.

“Hello, Emma! Did you have a nice nap?” Andlat whimpered around his pacifier, but did not answer. Claire frowned slightly, her paws on her hips. “Now, now, I’m not letting you out until you answer.” She said, shaking her finger at him. “So, did you have a nice nap?”

Andlat sighed. “Yes.”

“Yes what?”

“Yes, I had a nice nap.”

“Are you a well-rested vixen?”

Andlat growled. “Yes, I’m a well-rested vixen.” Claire smiled and held up a large pink baby bottle filled with milk.

“Good, because well-rested vixens get babas.” She said, lowering the crib and slipping the nipple into the fox’s mouth. Andlat began to nurse, much to Claire’s delight. Claire sat down on the crib’s mattress and Andlat sighed as he rested his head on her lap, nursing his bottle hungrily.

“Such a good girl!” She held the bottle in place with one paw as she checked Andlat’s diaper with the other. “Still dry!” She exclaimed. “It’s a good thing I brought the twins’ old training potty down from the attic, because you may be becoming a big girl!” Andlat grumbled, horribly embarrassed by all this.

Once he had finished the bottle, Claire lifted him out of the crib with surprising ease. “Let’s get you out of your nightie and into your pretty new dress, hmm?” She sat him on the changing table and began to remove his nightgown. “Your daddy’s so nice to buy you such a pretty nightie, hmm?” She tickled Andlat’s belly playfully, leaving him in just a diaper on the changing table while she went to grab the dress. She puzzled Andlat by also heading over to a dresser, and he whimpered when she pulled out a few lengths of pink ribbon and worse, a pair of frilly plastic panties. Andlat was no stranger to the trappings of cubhood, but that did not mean he was thrilled by them. “Don’t fuss, sweetie. Auntie will have you in your pretty clothes soon enough.” Claire set the pile of clothing to one side and retrieved his pacifier from the crib, gently slipping it into Andlat’s muzzle. “Isn’t that better, princess? Any time you feel nervous or scared, you just suck on your paci, okay? Andlat whimpered, but began to suck as Claire

unfolded and readied the dress.

“Oh, my!” Claire exclaimed as she held up the dress.

“Mom!” Jenny burst in.

“What is it?” Claire said with a sigh, slipping the dress over Andlat’s head.

“Nothing, I just wanted to come see my favorite little cousin.” Andlat blushed as his arms were put through the short sleeves.

“Isn’t that nice of your big cousin Jennifer?” Claire said. “I think you should thank her for coming to see you.”

“Thank you, Jenny.” Andlat mumbled around the pacifier.

“You look so pretty, Emma! Do you feel pretty?” Jenny grinned as Andlat was lifted off the table and onto his feet, and Claire quickly zipped the dress up the fox's back.

“Yes, I feel very pretty.” Andlat’s cheeks were beet red and he felt tears of humiliation welling up in his eyes. Claire took the frilly plastic panties and held them open for Andlat to step into. “Isn’t my diaper pretty enough?” whined Andlat.

Claire chuckled. “Well, it is very pretty, baby girl, but it’s not frilly enough to truly be the diaper of an adorable little princess like you.” She tickled under Andlat’s chin. With flattened ears, the fox stepped into the crackly panties and grimaced as they were pulled up his legs and over his crinkly diapers. Claire placed her paws under his arms and again lifted him up onto the changing table, his bare paws hanging over the side.

“Mom? Can Emma wear these?” Jenny held up a pair of booties, pink except for white pawprints on the bottom and a large white heart on the top. Claire nodded. “Just go and grab her matching mittens.”

Jenny nodded enthusiastically and retrieved them in a flash. “Here you go, mom!”

“Thanks.” Claire slipped the booties over the fox’s dangling footpads, tying them around his ankles with white lacy ribbons. Soon his paws were covered by matching mittens, leaving him as helpless as a real baby.

“She looks like a doll!” Jenny exclaimed.

Claire began to tie one of the ribbons in a big bow on Andlat’s tail. With Claire occupied, Jenny came over and tickled his bootied footpaws, teasing him playfully.

“Emma’s such a pretty little girl.” She cooed. Andlat fussed and kicked his legs a bit as Jenny helped her mother tie bows around each of his ears.

Claire cooed softly at him as she picked him up, placing a paw under his padded rump. “Time to go downstairs.” she said, lifting him off of his changing table and out of the nursery.

“Can’t I walk?” Andlat grumbled.

“This’ll be quicker than letting you waddle your way down the stairs, princess.” Claire replied. Andlat clung to the wolf and rested his head on her shoulder, whimpering softly around his pacifier. Once they reached the bottom of the stairs, she put him down. “Now you can, cutie pie.” Andlat moved as quickly as he could to get away from Claire, his plastic panties rustling loudly.

“So cute!” Jessie exclaimed, coming into the entry way from the living room. She kneeled down to eye-level with the frilly fox. “Do you wanna come see my friend Sarah?” Andlat whimpered and shook his head.

“Emma’s shy.” Jenny said.

“Well, Sarah won’t bite!” Jessie grabbed Andlat’s mittened paw and gently led him into the living room. The toddling fox noticed a pretty young doe sitting on the couch. She smiled as they came in, his mittened paw held tightly in the wolf girl’s. “Who is this little princess?”

“This is my cousin Emma.” Jessie replied, leading Andlat over to the couch.

“She’s just adorable! How old are you, cutie?” Andlat whimpered. He couldn’t tell the truth! No sixteen-year-old, boy or girl, would ever dress like this!

“She’s four. Aren’t you Emma?” Andlat looked up at Jessie with a whimper and nodded shyly. Sarah smiled and leaned forward, tickling under the fox’s chin.

“What a cutie. But, isn’t four a little old for diapers?”

“She’s a late bloomer.” Jessie replied at once. Andlat blushed as the wolf lifted him up and placed him on the doe’s lap. The doe hugged him tightly.

“She’s so cute!” Sarah exclaimed. “Like a little fairy!” Jessie laughed as Andlat’s cheeks turned red.

“Yes, she is. We’re so excited that she’s going to stay with us until her Daddy comes to pick her up.” Andlat squirmed in the doe’s lap, trying to hide his face.

“How long will that be?” Sarah asked, petting the little toddler in her lap. Andlat’s ears perked, as he was wondering that himself.

“I’m not sure. He said it’d be a week at most.” Andlat gasped. That was so long! Sarah, sensing his distress, began to bounce the fox on her knee.

“That’s good! I’ll get to see her a whole bunch before she goes back home.” She kissed the fox on the top of his head. “Won’t I, baby Emma?” Andlat mumbled something around the pacifier in his muzzle.

Sarah continued to bounce the fox on her knee and he soon felt a pressure in his bladder. He whimpered and both girls immediately caught on.

“What’s wrong, Emma?” Jessie asked.

“I gotta pee.” He whispered around the pacifier.

“Baby Emma has to make tinkles?” Jessie said with a malicious grin. Andlat nodded.

“Say, ‘baby Emma has to make tinkles’.”

“Baby Emma has to make tinkles.” Andlat blushed and reluctantly whispered the words around his pacifier.

Jessie’s grin widened as Sarah giggled. “So adorable.”

Jessie helped the little fox out of Sarah's lap and onto his feet. “Does Baby Emma wanna use her diapee or try to use the potty like a big girl?” Andlat groaned as his bladder ached, desperate for release.

“The potty.”

“Like a big girl?” The fox groaned. He wouldn’t be able to hold it much longer.

“Like a big girl.” Jessie nodded and went to the hall closet, where she pulled out a pink plastic training potty. She set it in front of the doe and guided Andlat over to it, unzipping his dress and lifting it over his head. Andlat began to squirm, doing the pee-pee dance and clutching the front of his plastic panties while Jessie carefully placed his dress over the sofa.

“Don’t worry. Your big cousin Jessie will help you pull down your diapee.” Andlat whimpered as the doe watched with great interest. He tried to whisper around his pacifier, but lisped too loudly.

“I don’t want Sarah to see.” Sarah frowned.

“You don’t want me to see you make tinkles in the potty like a big girl?” Jessie scoffed.

“Emma’s just being shy. She’ll warm up to you in no time.” She pulled down the fox’s plastic panties, followed by his diaper. Andlat blushed deeply as the doe set eyes on his tubed cock and balls. The doe just smiled as Jessie placed the fox on the potty. Thanks to the tube, he thought glumly, his penis pointed right down into the plastic container. His cousin clapped her

hand enthusiastically, as if cheering on a true toddler. “Go ahead. Make tinkles for Jessie and Sarah!”

“Oh my! Look at little Emma on her potty!” Claire said as she came in. “Someone’s gonna be ready for big girl panties soon enough.” Andlat whimpered, hiding his face in his knees and wishing he could disappear from this horrible experience. He looked down at his diapers bunched around his ankles as he sat on a plastic potty for everyone to see. His bladder ached and despite his audience, the tinkle of his urine hitting the plastic bowl soon sounded loud as thunder in his ears.

“She did it!” Jessie exclaimed with delight, clapping her paws. “Baby Emma made tinkles on the potty!” Andlat blushed, but held his head a bit higher from the praise. He should not be feeling as proud as he did about it, but the atmosphere just caught him up in it.

“Look how proud she is!” Sarah observed. Jessie nodded and kneeled to help Andlat up, but her mother stopped her.

“No. You always leave baby on the training potty for at least ten minutes. Maybe she’ll make messy too.” She stared down at Andlat and the fox whimpered, having received his orders. He stared up at Sarah and Jessie, his gaze moving over to Claire, who joined the two girls on the sofa. The three women began to talk about boring big girl things, ignoring the overgrown toddler fox as he squirmed on the uncomfortable potty seat. He knew all three were watching him closely, waiting to see if he would use the potty further. The fox whimpered as he sat there, still wishing he could just disappear. He was far too self-conscious to lift his tail and poop in the potty, even though he felt a pressure in his bowels.

The ten minutes elapsed and Andlat was helped up, his tailhole daintily wiped with a baby wipe by Claire and his diaper and plastic panties pulled back up. Andlat blushed as he

realized he welcomed being put back into girl's clothes, and the relative privacy it afforded him. As his dress was being slipped back over his head and zipped back up, Jenny came in, holding Andlat's plush doppelganger.

“Emma! You left your dolly in your crib!” She handed the doll to Andlat, who took it reluctantly, clutching it shyly to his chest.

“Oh! Her dolly is so cute!” Sarah exclaimed. Andlat blushed. “She looks just like Emma!” Sarah smiled at Andlat and leaned down, addressing him at eye-level. “What’s your dolly’s name?”

Andlat froze up. “Tell Sarah, sweetheart.” Jenny said, patting Andlat’s head. Andlat tried to think of a name, any name, yet he wanted some time to think about it. After all, he would be forced to call the doll by that name for the entirety of his stay.

“Her name is...” he madly searched his brain for something, anything. “Rose.” Everyone smiled.

“That’s such a pretty name for such a pretty dolly, Emma.” Sarah said, rubbing the fox’s head. Andlat blushed, hugging the doll tighter to his chest. Sarah guided Andlat back into her lap, where he examined his newly named plush more carefully, lifting her skirt to examine her diapers and prompting a giggle from the four women.

“So cute.” Claire said with a smile. “So, girls, what shall we do? It doesn’t seem right to keep our sweet little guest in the house all day.” They began to think of things to do while Andlat sat in Sarah’s lap, nervously awaiting their decision. He hugged the doll to his chest, finding slight comfort in it. He cringed as Sarah spoke up. “My little sister went to see ‘Pretty Ponies of Periwinkle Park’ and loved it. I bet Emma would too!” Jessie and Jenny gasped with glee.

“That sounds perfect!” Claire said. “You three can take her while I get some work done around the house.” The girls all smiled at each other and Andlat whimpered with fear. “Oh, but since Emma managed to make tinkles in the potty, she can wear training panties to the movie.” Andlat let out a happy gasp at his Aunt's words. At least training panties were better than a diaper!

The girls took him by his mittened paws and led him back up to the nursery. Sarah helped by slipping his plastic panties and diapers down and letting him step out of them, making him tug his skirt down to hide his tubed little boy bits. After much searching in the drawers of the changing table (and some argument between the twins over which pair was cutest) Jessie and Jenny selected an appropriate pair of training panties. Jenny stood in front of the blushing fox, holding out a pair of thick pink cotton panties with little faeries flying all over them. Andlat whined softly around his pacifier, but consoled himself that at least they were better than a diaper. From a distance, he thought hopefully as he studied the toddler pants, they might even look like big girl panties!

Jenny held the panties open as Sarah and Jessie helped him to step into the panties, holding his arms and whispering soft encouragement. As the panties were slid up his legs and over his bottom and privates, Andlat lifted up his skirt to take a closer look. They felt far thicker than any underwear he'd worn before (except diapers, of course), and they crinkled softly, betraying a layer of plastic under the outer layer of fabric. Andlat wiggled his bottom a bit and blushed as it set off a wave of giggles from the three girls. At least they didn't crinkle like a diaper would.

“You're such a big girl, Emma!” Jenny exclaimed, hugging him. Andlat smiled and let her lead him out of the room, walking proudly like a big girl with only the hint of a toddle.

“Whoops!” Jessie said. “You almost forgot Rose!” She handed the doll to Andlat, who took it but whined softly. “Do I have to take Rose to the movie?”

Sarah mock-gasped, getting in on the fun. “You don’t think Rose wants to see ‘Pretty Ponies of Periwinkle Park’?” Andlat sighed, knowing he was beaten.

“Oh, I forgot.” he said, in a soft voice.

Sarah nodded and tousled his headfur. “Silly Emma! It’s a good thing you’ve got big girls here to show you how to do things.”

“Sarah makes a good point.” Jessie said. “I think you need to thank her for helping you.” Andlat sighed and looked at his footpaws. “Thank you, Sarah.”

“Thank you for what?” Jessie asked.

“Thank you for helping me to be a good girl.” Andlat said, red-faced.

“You’re very welcome, Emma.” Sarah said, kissing his forehead. Jenny took his free paw and they all headed downstairs.

“Are we set to go?” Sarah asked once they got downstairs. Jessie shook her head.

“I think Emma should go show Auntie her training panties.” Andlat looked up at his cousin. She frowned and nodded. Andlat whimpered.

“Do I have to?”

“Yes.” Jessie and Jenny said in unison.

“Run into her office and say, ‘Auntie! Look at my pretty panties’.” Jenny instructed.

“Make sure you hold up your dress so she can see.” Jessie added, plucking the pacifier from Andlat's muzzle. Sarah helpfully took Rose from Andlat's paw, promising to keep her company while he went to talk to Auntie Claire. The fox scampered down the hall toward his Aunt's office leaving a chorus of giggles behind him. Once there, he hesitantly knocked on the

door.

“Who is it?” Claire’s voice emerged from behind the door.

“It's Emma.” Andlat shyly said, knowing that it was only a waste of time to identify himself by his actual name.

“Well, come on in, Emma!” Claire said happily. Andlat complied, closing the door behind him. Claire sat at her desk, but she had turned toward the door. “What is it, princess?” She asked with a maternal smile. Andlat took a deep breath, preparing himself mentally for this.

“Lookatmyprettytrainingpanties!” He blurted out, lifting up his dress to show her.

“Very pretty indeed! You’re so proud of being a big girl, aren’t you?” Andlat nodded, knowing it was the answer she wanted. It was not good enough, though. “Aren’t you, Emma?” The fox sighed.

“Yes, Auntie. I’m very proud of being a big girl.” Claire grinned from ear to ear, rubbing her paw against the fox’s cheek in much the same way his daddy would. He couldn’t help but let out a soft murr, even as he held the hem of his dress up. Claire reached down and gently rubbed the front of his panties with her other paw, pressing the thick cotton against the fox’s tubed weewee. “Good girl. Now, make sure you pay attention to when you have to make tinkles. Those can’t hold as much as your diapers can.”

Andlat flushed at the attention and whined a little, feeling his bits throb against the confining plastic of his chastity tube. Claire removed her paw and helped smooth out his dress, gently patting him in between the bows on his head. “You enjoy the movie, okay?” Andlat nodded again. “I expect to hear a report from you, okay?” Andlat nodded, a bit more grudgingly this time. With a light swat on his bottom he scampered from the room and returned to the girls, who had retrieved their purses. He noted that while Jenny and Sarah had little purses typical to

teenage girls, Jessie was carrying a larger one, with a rubber ducky design on the side. As he was much too little for a purse, Sarah returned Rose to his arms with a little kiss on the cheek, making the fox flush as he was led by the paw out the front door.

The walk to the bus stop was a short one, for which Andlat thanked whatever Gods might be watching. There was no one else at the bus stop and Andlat sent another prayer of thanks to the heavens.

“Now, Emma, you need to hold onto a paw at all times, okay? We don’t want you to get lost.” Jessie instructed, bopping the fox’s snout playfully. Andlat nodded, having no plans to wander off dressed like he was. He held Sarah’s paw as the bus neared the stop, its brakes squealing as it came to a halt. The tiger driving the bus opened the door and Jenny climbed on first, paying all of the group’s fare.

“Where are all you girls going?” The tiger asked jovially.

“To the movies. We’re taking my cousin Emma to see ‘Pretty Ponies of Periwinkle Park’.” Jenny explained cheerfully. The big tiger smiled at Andlat.

“She looks so excited.” He chuckled. Andlat hid behind Sarah, nibbling on the tip of his thumb nervously, which only made the tiger smile more.

“Let’s go find our seats, Emma.” Sarah said, leading him down the aisle to where Jenny was already sitting. “You can sit on my lap to make sure that everyone gets a seat.” Once he was settled in Sarah’s lap, Jessie reached over and popped the pink pacifier right back into his muzzle. After letting out a soft whine, the fox suckled on his pacifier as the doe bounced him in her lap. He felt so small that he actually whimpered and clutched Rose as the big scary bus began to move.

“The movie theater isn’t too far, so we’ll only be riding the bus for a little bit.” Jenny said

to Jessie and Sarah. They nodded and Sarah hugged Andlat to her chest.

“Make sure you hold tight to Rose. You wouldn’t want to lose her.” Andlat nodded and hugged the doll tightly to his chest.

At the very next stop, a rabbit and her toddler daughter got on the bus and sat across from Sarah and the girls. The little girl stared at Andlat, but he could not bring himself to meet her gaze.

“Wave to the nice girl, Emma. Maybe you two can be friends.” Andlat blushed, and shyly waved. The bunny girl waved back.

“My name’s Amy.” the bunny girl said. Andlat blushed, even as Sarah poked him to get him to respond.

“This is Emma.” Sarah said, patting Andlat on the head. “How old are you, Amy? Emma’s four.”

“I’m three.” Amy said, holding up three fingers proudly. Her mother smiled.

“Where are you girls going today?” She asked.

“We’re taking Emma to see ‘Pretty Ponies of Periwinkle Park’.” Sarah explained, squeezing Andlat slightly. The fox nodded shyly.

“And Amy and I are going there too!” Amy’s mom said with surprise. “Isn’t that just perfect?” Amy smiled at Andlat.

“Are you excited, Emma?” Andlat just sucked on his pacifier, but Sarah removed it.

“Talk to your new friend Amy, Emma.” Sarah ordered. Andlat blushed.

“I am excited.” He said softly. Amy smiled.

“I just love ponies! Don’t you?” Andlat nodded.

“They are really pretty, the way they run through meadows.” Andlat said, getting into the

character as best he was able. Amy nodded eagerly.

“They are so pretty!” She blushed. “So is your dress.” Andlat blushed even more deeply than Amy had.

“Thanks. I like your outfit too.” Sarah patted his head, showing how pleased she was with him.

The bus wove its way through the streets, heading more and more toward downtown. The movie theatre, however, was before downtown and Andlat was soon being led by the paw down the stairs, Amy right behind him. Andlat stared at the poster for the movie displayed prominently next to the entrance, the chatter of little girls filling the air. Andlat looked around and did not see a single boy, let alone one who was actually sixteen. He whimpered softly and turned red.

“Do you need to go potty, Amy?” Amy’s mother asked. The little bunny thought about it.

“Yes, mamma!” She said with a nod.

“Do you need to go potty too, Emma?” Jenny asked, kneeling down to Andlat’s level. The fox shook his head.

“No, Jenny.” He said softly.

“Are you sure? You’ll have to hold it until intermission. That’s a whole hour from now!” Andlat scoffed. An hour was forever for a toddler, but he was determined to prove that he was no toddler.

“I am sure, Jenny.” Jenny was not done yet. She lifted Andlat’s dress slightly, revealing his training panties. She poked them gently.

“Remember, you’re wearing big girl training panties. They can’t hold your tinkles like your diapees could.” Andlat nodded.

“I know, Jenny.” Amy was staring at him as Jessie knelt down too.

“Promise us that you’ll hold your tinkles in until intermission.” Jessie instructed. Andlat whimpered.

“Promise!” Jenny added. Andlat studied his footpaws.

“I promise I’ll hold my tinkles in until intermission.” He said softly. Jessie and Jenny grinned.

“Good girl!” Jessie said, tousling his headfur. “We wouldn’t want to have to put you in a diaper in front of your new friend Amy, would we?” Andlat blushed and shook his head, not wanting the further embarrassment of that.

“I want Amy to think I’m a big girl.” He mumbled. Jessie hugged him.

“You are a big girl, princess.”

As Amy’s mother led her to the restroom, Andlat was taken into the theater, Jenny holding one paw and Sarah holding the other. Sarah also carried Rose for the fox.

They found their seats and waited for Amy and her mother to return, as well as for the movie to begin.

“How long’s the movie?” Andlat asked. It was a genuine question, not even in the character the girls expected him to play. Sarah placed Rose in his arms before she answered.

“About two hours.” She replied. “But there’s an intermission halfway through.”

“So little Emma can make tinkles.” Jessie said with a chuckle, having gone to get everyone drinks and popcorn. Andlat took a sip of his cub-sized drink and smiled, delighting in at least a modicum of normalcy.

Amy returned and her mother sat her next to Andlat. Amy’s mother and Jenny sat next to Amy, while Jessie and Sarah were on Andlat’s other side. It was not long before the movie began.

Much as Andlat had expected, the movie was no great film and certainly not destined to be a classic. Its sole target audience was little girls and, despite Andlat's attire, he was both too old and too male to truly enjoy it. Yet, it held his attention well enough and he took cues from Amy on how to behave and react. It was an enjoyable enough experience as the ponies frolicked in meadows and danced at the Pony Ball. Andlat found himself getting more and more into it as the ponies went on a journey to Fairy Falls, a positively magical place where the water fell musically on the rocks below. The ponies swam in the water and delighted in the falls' music. For some reason, Andlat was greatly taken in, so much so that he could feel the water splashing on his fur, running down his legs.

The fox whimpered softly as he realized what had just happened. This was bad. He tried to hide it, but as fate would have it, intermission was just then. When the lights went up, the puddle at Andlat's paws was quite evident.

Jessie looked down at the floor and gasped, her grey paws flying to her muzzle as she stared down at it.

"Oh, Emma. You didn't." The concern in her voice took Andlat aback slightly. Jenny glanced down and growled.

"You naughty little vixen!" She scolded. "Why didn't you tell anyone?" Andlat whimpered, unable to come up with an explanation.

"She was just too into the movie." Amy's mother said. "Accidents happen. I'm sure Amy's a little soggy too."

"Momma!" Amy whined.

"Emma promised to be a big girl." Jenny glared down at the fox. "Are you a big girl?" Andlat was so embarrassed he could only shake his head. Jenny snatched his paw and led him to

the bathroom, the big purse with the rubber ducky design on her other shoulder. The restrooms had just come into sight when Andlat realized that the bag on her arm was no big purse. It was a diaper bag! The fox hugged Rose to his chest, terrified of the future. Jenny wasn't really going to diaper him, was she?

He was pulled into the family restroom, where several other families were also changing their little girls.

"What now?" Andlat asked softly, hesitant about whether or not he really wanted to know the answer. Jenny smiled, but the fox found no warmth in it.

"Let's get you into a diaper, little miss piddle panties." She had him lie down on the floor. "Hold up your dress with your other paw, sweetie." She instructed. Andlat obeyed, whimpering softly at how cold his wet training panties felt against his fur.

Jenny began to pull down his panties just as Amy and her mother walked in. Andlat's face was as red as a beet as his tubed cock and balls caught the older bunny's eye, her daughter remaining ignorant. The bunny just smiled and led her daughter to one of the toilets. Apparently Amy wore pull-ups.

"You got lucky." Jenny whispered with a wink. Andlat hadn't needed her to tell him that. "Good thing your auntie packed a plastic bag, just in case." Jenny said as she placed the soggy article in. "Now for your diaper." Andlat's ears flattened as she pulled out the crinkly pink garment, making a show of keeping it where he could see. She made a grand affair of unfolding it, smiling at Andlat, enjoying how he squirmed. A few mothers led their cubs by, smiling down at Andlat.

"Such a good girl, holding her dress up." One of the mothers observed with a chuckle, evolving into a scandalous laugh as she caught sight of his tubed cock. "Such a good girl

indeed.” She mused as she left.

Jenny pulled out some cubby wipes and began to meticulously clean the fox. He yelped involuntarily as the cold wipe touched his crotch, warmed by his urine.

“Don’t be such a baby.” Jenny scolded, smirking at her perceived humor. Andlat’s face turned red as she kept wiping him, even lifting his legs and cleaning around his tailhole. “Baby Emma’s still too little to wipe herself down there.” Jenny said. Andlat’s ears flattened on top of his head and he whimpered softly, looking away from the wolf. He felt his legs being lifted and when he was lowered back down, he gasped at the thickness under him.

“Two?” He said, looking at her. Jenny nodded seriously as she grabbed the cubby powder.

“Absolutely! I want everyone to know that you’re a little vixen who wets herself.” She smiles mischievously as she lifts his legs and he feels something go into his tailhole.

“What was that?” Jenny pulled out a pacifier and slipped it into Andlat’s muzzle.

“Almost done, baby girl.” She said with a warm smile, rubbing the cubby powder against his tubed cock. He whimpered as she taped the first of the diapers around his waist. “I haven’t even had to remind you to keep your dress up! Such an obedient little vixen!” Andlat blushed, having been caught in a humiliating position, but he knew that if he let go now, Jenny would just make it worse for him. The second diaper came up and over the first, taped just as snugly around Andlat’s waist. “There we go!” Jenny said, gently patting the front of his diaper. “Now you’re set for the second half of the movie.” She helped the fox up.

“Thank you, Jenny.” Andlat mumbled.

“You’re so welcome, Emma!” Jenny said with a chuckle. “Now, here’s what you can do for me. Make sure you show Amy your dress and tell her that you’re a little miss piddle panties.

Okay?” Andlat nodded shyly. Jenny smiled and took the fox’s paw. “Let’s go back.”

Andlat’s face was entirely red as he waddled next to Jenny all the way back into the theater. He had been aware of how short the dress was before, but now it felt far more obvious as his thick diapers peeked out. The walk across the lobby seemed incredibly long, but they soon reached their seats.

“Emma’s back!” Amy exclaimed happily. Andlat nodded. “What took you so long?” Andlat blushed as Jenny squeezed his paw. He lifted up his dress.

“Jenny had to put me in diapers because I’m a little miss piddle panties.” He said softly. Amy patted him on the shoulder.

“It’s okay, Emma. I still like you. Do you wanna come to my birthday party the day after tomorrow?” Andlat froze. He did not want to go to a little girl’s birthday party!

“I’m sure that’d be wonderful!” Jenny said, squeezing Andlat’s paw again. “Right, Emma?” Andlat nodded, knowing that there was no way out of this.

“That’d be so much fun, Amy!” He said, trying his best to sound genuinely excited. Amy grinned from ear to ear.

“Would she need to bring a present?” Jenny asked. Amy’s mother shook her head.

“Her presence will be gift enough.” Andlat missed the wink that passed between Amy’s mother and Jenny.

Jenny set him in his seat barely a moment before the second half of the movie began. The second part was remarkably similar to the first, but it still managed to hold his attention. Something else soon captured his attention, an ominous rumbling in his gut. He groaned softly and hugged his stomach, willing himself to get through this. He was sixteen years old! He could do this! He groaned softly, but none of the girls heard him. He groaned a slight bit louder, hoping

that someone would hear him. Jessie looked over.

“What’s wrong, baby?” She whispered. “Does your tummy hurt?” Andlat nodded meekly. “I’ll take you to the potty right after the movie’s done. It’s almost over.” Andlat whimpered, but nodded again. He was a teenager. He could hold it!

His stomach growled again and he leaned forward, hugging his stomach. He had to make it through the movie, he just had to. He glared up at the ponies on the screen. Why hadn’t they made it to Marshmallow Meadow yet? He groaned as they stopped at Fairy Forest to sing about the magic of friendship with their fairy friends. He growled grumpily as it turned into a singalong, all of the girls cheerfully singing.

“Come on, Emma! Sing along!” Jessie said encouragingly. Andlat sighed, watching the daisy bounce along, each white word changing to a cheerful yellow.

“Friends look for the best in me, they see who I am and who I’ll be. I love my friends!” Andlat sang half-heartedly. “I love my friends every day; I love my friends in every way. I love my friends!” The song seemed to repeat over and over again, endlessly. The fox groaned as his bowels ached, threatening to erupt at any moment. At last, the song ended and the ponies emerged into Marshmallow Meadow. The credits abruptly began to roll and the lights came up. It was time to go!

Jessie stood up and smiled down at Andlat, who was still trying to hold back his rebellious bowels.

“Did you enjoy it, Emma?” She asked with a grin.

“Yeah.” Andlat grunted, preferring to keep his mind on other things. Jessie smiled and patted him on the head.

“Well, it’s over, so let’s go.” She grabbed his arm and pulled him to his footpaws. This

proved to be the straw that broke the camel's back. Andlat whimpered as the back of his thick diaper bulged from his mess. It seemed to continue on and on. All he could do was stand there and whimper, on the verge of tears, as his bowels betrayed him completely. Jessie and Jenny both knew what had happened and they exchanged a smug smirk.

“Did Emma have an uh-oh?” Jessie asked, hugging Andlat.

“Did she make messy?” Andlat nodded, tears in his eyes, as Jenny grinned.

“Don't worry, baby girl. Your cousins will change your stinky diapee.” Jessie reassured him. Jenny shook her head.

“We only brought two diapers for Emma, and she's wearing both of them.” She opened the diaper bag as proof. Andlat's ears flattened atop his head as he whimpered. This day was simply getting worse and worse. “We'll just have to hurry home.” Andlat whimpered again as he saw the evil grin on Jenny's face.

“Are you sure?” Amy's mom asked. “I'm sure you could find a mother around here with a diaper that would fit your little cousin.” Jenny smiled, but shook her head.

“Oh, no. I'm sure Emma will be a good little girl and be patient.” She tousled Andlat's headfur. “After all, baby girls don't get to choose when they get changies.”

Jenny and Jessie took Andlat's paws and led him out of the movie theater. With every step, Andlat could feel his mess squelching in his diaper. How much more could he handle? He tried to walk with his legs slightly wider, his dress rustling softly.

When they got on the bus, Andlat had a new problem: he would have to sit down. He whimpered as Jessie gestured for him to climb onto her lap.

“Come on, Emma. Sit on your big cousin's lap.” She coaxed. Andlat shook his head, shifting from footpaw to footpaw. Jenny had no time to wait for Andlat to waffle about. She

scooped him up and plunked the fox down on her sister's lap. Andlat's eyes widened and he yelped as his mess spread all over his diaper. "Aunty will change you when we get home, Emma." Jessie whispered in his ear. She held him still for the duration of the ride and it was mercifully short.

"Bye-bye, Emma! See you at my birthday!" Amy said, having her mom hold her up so she could kiss the fox on the cheek. Andlat could only manage to wave goodbye as the bunny left, still quivering from the disgusting contents of his diaper.

Soon their stop came and Andlat was led by the paw down the stairs and onto the sidewalk. He silently thanked whatever Gods were listening that his journey was almost done. Yet, he feared what was still to come at the house. It was strange, wanting both to disappear off the street, but also not wanting to return to the house where his torment began.

The house was not all that far from the bus stop, so Andlat was soon toddling up the steps of the front porch. Aunty Claire was waiting in the living room as they entered.

"How was the movie, Emma?" She asked, scooping the fox up and patting his thickly diapered rump. She smirked, but did not comment.

"Good." Andlat's voice was barely above a whisper as the wolf continued to mash his mess against his fur.

"She enjoyed it so much she forgot that she was supposed to be a big girl." Jenny declared. Andlat's cheeks grew red. Claire nuzzled his cheek lovingly.

"Don't worry, baby! Aunty will get you into a nice clean diapee! Won't that be nice?" Claire carried the fox out of the room and up the stairs. Andlat would never have admitted it, but it was sort of nice to be carried around the house rather than having to walk himself.

As Claire ascended the stairs, she rubbed Andlat's back through his dress, as though she

was calming a fussy little girl.

“Such a messy little girl in her stinky diapee! With such a pretty dress, you should smell like strawberries, not messy!” Andlat sighed softly as they entered the nursery. “Baby girl’s happy to be back in her nursery, huh?” Claire set the fox onto the padded changing table, lifting his dress up so that she had clear access to his sagging diaper. She hesitated. Andlat looked up at her curiously. Claire smiled back at him. “Did I forget your paci, princess?” The wolf walked over to the crib and grabbed a pink and white pacifier, slipping it into the fox’s muzzle. Her smile widened as it began to move in and out of the fox’s mouth, his reflexive nursing taking over. She returned to her position by his footpaws. Her paws reached out and the sound of diaper tapes ripping filled the air.

Andlat whimpered softly as cool air hit his wet fur. This sensation was interrupted, however, as his snout was assaulted by the stench of his diaper’s contents. He groaned and plugged his nose.

“Silly girl! It’s really not that bad!” She chuckled. “Trust me, if you were a boy, it would be worse. Boys are just more stinky than sweet vixens.” She took several cubby wipes and set to cleaning the fox’s messy diaper area. Andlat shivered as he felt horribly violated by all this. Claire would simply maneuver his body however she wanted it, apparently not even expecting him to be able to follow even the simplest of spoken instructions. She hummed softly as she worked, smiling down at him. “Jessie and Jenny were quite a pawful when they were babies. They always needed a change at exactly the same time. It’s so nice to have one sweet little girl to have all my attention on!” She rubbed Andlat’s belly with a smile. The fox blushed, not because of her words, but from the fact that he could feel himself straining against the chastity belt cruelly keeping his cock flaccid. He knew why he was being turned on by this, but that didn’t

mean he was happy about it.

He was pulled out of his thoughts by her claw slightly penetrating his tailhole, causing him to yelp. Claire smiled and returned the pacifier to his muzzle before throwing away the wipes and diaper.

“I think we’ll only put you in a single diaper for the rest of the day. It’s a lot easier to change your tinkles and messy here.” She smiled as she slipped the new diaper under his rump. “And we’ll put some pretty plastic panties over your diapee so you feel especially like a sweet princess, hmm?” She tickled the fox’s belly again before adding a diaper doubler, just in case. “Just the cutest little vixen, aren’t you? Aren’t you? With your pretty ribbons and dressie and your thick baby diapees that cover your tiny weewee. Isn’t it nice of your daddy to keep it in such a cute pink chastity belt so you aren’t tempted to put your paws down your diapee like a naughty girl?” The wolf began to dust his crotch with baby powder as she studied the ribbons in his headfur. “You know, you’d be even cuter in a bonnet, Emma.” Andlat’s eyes widened. A bonnet! She wouldn’t dare, would she? Claire chuckled. “Someone’s excited!” Andlat moaned into the pacifier as his penis began its struggles anew.

Once she had finished rubbing the powder into his fur, it was time to tape him up. Andlat had been diapered countless times, but he still hated watching the diaper come up between his legs and over his restrained cock. Still, he smiled slightly as Claire taped the diaper snugly around his waist.

“Now for a cute pair of plastic panties, hmm?” She left the freshly diapered fox on the changing table as she went over to the dresser to choose a pair for him to wear. Andlat followed her with his eyes, terrified of what new torment a pair of plastic panties could offer. He whimpered softly as she returned with a pair of lavender plastic panties, white lace around the

waist and leg gathers. “Aren’t these pretty, baby?” Andlat could not help but murr softly as the smooth plastic slid up his sensitive legs. “Emma likes that, hmm?” Andlat blushed. Claire did not miss anything.

The wolf made sure that the plastic panties completely covered the fox’s diaper and then picked him up.

“Let’s get that pretty bonnet on your head.” Andlat whimpered, but could not argue with a pacifier in his muzzle. Claire set him on the crib’s mattress and began to remove the ribbons from his headfur. “You’re being such a good girl, sitting still for auntie!” Andlat groaned into the pacifier in his muzzle. Claire opened a dresser drawer and pulled out a pink bonnet, rows of white lace going across it. She slipped it over Andlat’s head, tying its ribbons under his chin. “So precious!” She exclaimed. Andlat blushed as red as he could as Claire fussed over every little detail of his ensemble.

She picked him up, slipping a paw under his rump and gently squeezing his diaper. She began to leave the nursery.

“We’ll go downstairs so you can see your cousins again while aunty makes you some dinner, hmm?” She smiled and rubbed the fox’s back. “Oh! And while I’ve got your attention, Jenny and Jessie were telling me that you were a big girl and walked all by yourself today. I’m really proud of you, but you’re going to tire yourself out if you do that too often. I think you should crawl for the rest of the night, okay?” Andlat sighed and nodded, knowing that arguing would just be fighting a losing battle. Claire smiled. “Good girl.”

Once they reached the bottom of the stairs, Claire set him on the floor and patted his diapered rump.

“You better go check your dolly’s diapee now that yours is all clean.” Claire said. Andlat

began to crawl, grumbling softly about how much slower his progress was now.

“There’s the princess!” Jenny exclaimed as Andlat came crawling in. “Crawling just like the baby girl she is!”

“Don’t you look cute in your pretty little bonnet?” Jessie teased, holding out Rose. Andlat crawled over and took the doll, running into a problem. How was he supposed to crawl around if he had a doll in his paws? He sat right at Jessie’s feet and checked the doll’s diaper just like Claire had ordered him to. The girls giggled and Jessie leaned forward to check the fox’s diaper.

“Now, Emma. Be sure to tell your cousins when you need to make tinkles so we can put you on your big girl potty, okay?”

“Unless you wanna use your diapee like a baby vixen?” Jenny added with a grin. “So which is it? Are you a big girl or a baby girl?”

“I’m a big girl!” Andlat said at once. The girls giggled and Jenny set the pink training potty in the center of the room. Andlat blushed furiously.

“Then be sure to tell us when you have to make tinkles, okay?” Andlat nodded, blushing further as he busied himself with changing his doll’s diaper. At least he would not have to look the girls in the eye. The girls watched with amusement as the fox changed the doll’s diaper, his own diaper clearly visible from under the hem of his dress, puffing out around him.

Just as he finished changing the diaper, Claire came in. She smiled down at the touching scene before bending and picking up the fox.

“Someone’s still dry!” She praised. Jenny and Jessie nodded in unison.

“Emma said she was going to use the potty like a big girl.” Jenny announced. Claire’s eyes widened.

“Did she? Well, let’s have her sit on her potty before dinner then.” Without warning, she pulled down Andlat’s diaper and set him on the pink plastic. Somehow, sitting on a training potty with a diaper down around his ankles made him feel even younger than simply waddling around in a diaper. “Go ahead, Emma.” Claire said gently. He sat there and closed his eyes from the shame, his lip quivering ever so slightly. He did not need to pee or anything, yet here he was, sitting on his potty.

“Look at your little weewee, Emma.” Jessie said as she kneeled down. “See how your good baby device makes it point into your potty? You could never pee like a boy with that, huh?” Andlat whimpered and nodded. “Well, if you’re not a boy, what are you?” Andlat whimpered again.

“A girl.” He whispered. Jessie nodded.

“Very good, Emma. You’re such a good girl, hmm?”

“A good girl makes tinkles and messy in her potty.” Claire observed. Andlat returned his focus to that, hoping that perhaps his torment might be made lighter by doing so.

Ten minutes elapsed without anything. Claire sighed as she lifted the fox up to her shoulder, returning the thick poofy diaper to around his waist. She carried him into the dining room, where the fox immediately saw a new instrument of torture: a candy pink highchair.

“I don’t wanna sit in a highchair!” Andlat whined, squirming. Claire ignored him, placing the fox into the chair and buckling him in, the pink straps holding his diaper up against him.

“Vixens who wear diapers sit in highchairs.” She said as she grabbed a pink bib from nearby. Andlat stared at it before she tied it around his neck. “And vixens in highchairs wear bibs.” He pouted.

“Don’t pout, princess.” Jenny said, patting him on his head. “You look cute!” Andlat frowned and his stomach rumbled with hunger. Claire came back from the kitchen just then with a pink plastic bowl, which she set on the tray in front of Andlat.

“Mashed peas for the baby.” She mused to herself. Andlat made a face at the green mush in the bowl before him. Claire noticed. “Make all the faces you want, Emma. You’re not getting out of that chair until you eat every last bit.” Andlat frowned.

“With what?” He growled, looking around for a utensil. Claire smiled and gently took one of the fox’s paws. Andlat stared at it. She wanted him to eat with his paws? He cautiously took a scoop of the lukewarm mush and brought it to his muzzle, drops falling all along the way. Claire nodded approvingly as he dumped it into his muzzle.

“Such a messy girl!” She went to the table and she and her daughters began to eat their steaks. Andlat whimpered softly as the delicious aroma floated to his snout. His stomach growled loudly, but all he had to eat was the mashed peas in front of him. He took another scoop with his paw and closed his eyes, hoping that the power of imagination might disguise the taste, at least somewhat. It did not. He sighed sadly. He ate slowly under Claire’s watchful eye.

Jessie was the first to finish and she immediately pulled her chair over to Andlat’s highchair. She walked into the kitchen, returning a moment later with a spoon.

“I’ll help you eat all your num nums, Emma.” She said cheerfully, taking a large spoonful and bringing it up to Andlat’s muzzle. He grumbled. “Open wide, Emma!” He obeyed hesitantly. She immediately slipped the spoon into his muzzle.

This continued as Claire and Jenny finished, leaving the room. Jessie just kept feeding Andlat, a wide grin on her face the entire time. At last, the bowl was empty and Jessie held it up for Andlat to see.

“Who’s that at the bottom?” She asked. Andlat frowned.

“Cinderella.” He said softly. Jessie nodded, her grin widening.

“Yep. She’s a princess.” She wiped Andlat’s face with the bib. “Just like you, for eating all your num nums.” She stood up. “I’ll be right back with your baba, princess Emma.” She disappeared.

Andlat struggled, trying to push the tray away from him, the puffy diaper around his waist crinkling with even the slightest movement. The tray refused to budge, so he tried to reach behind him for the release mechanism, but it was out of his reach. He kicked his footpaws desperately, feeling as helpless as the baby girl he was being treated as.

Jessie returned a moment later with a gigantic bottle full of apple juice. Andlat grinned in spite of himself, grateful for something to wash away the bland taste of mashed peas.

“Open up for the baba!” Andlat eagerly did so, much to Jessie’s delight. She took his paws and wrapped them around the bottle. “Now you be a big girl and hold your baba until it’s all gone, okay?” She gently tickled Andlat’s belly before leaving.

The apple juice was quite amazing, especially following the mashed peas. It soon, however, had an effect on him and the fox felt his bladder ache for release. He whimpered softly, but no one came into the room. He could hear them all in the living room, chatting and watching television while he was trapped in his highchair, his bladder about to release into his diaper. He whimpered more loudly, kicking his legs slightly.

“Quiet down, Emma!” Claire called from the next room. “You can get out of your highchair once your baba’s gone.” Andlat whimpered again. He pulled the bottle out of his muzzle to call out to Claire, but the bottle slipped out of his paws and fell, clattering to the floor. Claire was in the room in an instant.

“Naughty baby!” She scolded. “Do not throw your baba on the floor!” Andlat squeaked and tried to summon up the courage to speak, but Claire quickly picked the bottle up and returned it to his muzzle, holding it there as the fox returned to nursing, defeated.

His tail swished anxiously as his bladder ached again. What was he going to do? He needed to pee now, but there was so much left in the bottle! He tried to drink as quickly as he could, but the narrow opening of the bottle regulated it to a steady flow. Claire’s eyes were glazed. She was not paying any attention to the fox as he squirmed desperately. He just had to stay focused. There really wasn’t that much more in the bottle.

Just as he thought that, his bladder released. He whimpered softly as his seat grew wet from the urine flooding it. He whimpered as it kept going, seemingly without stop. Just as the last drops of juice disappeared from the bottle, he stopped peeing.

Claire set the bottle aside and immediately removed the tray of the highchair. Her eyes flew to Andlat’s diaper. Despite the fact Andlat knew she had known from the very beginning, she sighed dramatically.

“Emma. You were on the potty not even twenty minutes ago!” She sighed again and Andlat could not help but feel guilty. After all, he was too old to be wetting himself like this. “Well, at least I was planning on getting you into your nightie after dinner. A diaper change won’t be too much more work.” She lifted him out of the highchair, his diaper sloshing slightly. “You soaked your diapee, didn’t you?” Claire observed as she headed upstairs. Andlat’s face was as red as can be.

Claire stripped Andlat to just his diaper before setting him on the changing table, smiling to herself as she noticed just how vulnerable the fox appeared. When Jack had first told her about Andlat being his baby vixen, she had been reluctant. Even Christmas had not quite convinced

her, but seeing the fox lying there in just a soggy diaper, and a girls' diaper no less, she knew that Jack had been right.

“Such a good girl, not squirming or anything.” She mused, tickling his belly. Andlat giggled, but turned serious a moment later.

“Claire?” He asked softly.

“Sweetie, call me auntie.”

“Auntie? Do I have to be treated like a baby girl this whole time?”

“How else would I treat you, princess?” Claire said, slipping a pacifier into Andlat's muzzle before he could reply. She untaped his diaper and began to clean the fox up, smiling at how he was enclosed within his chastity belt. “Your daddy sure knows how to fight a little vixen's libido, hmm?” She said, flicking the plastic cage. Andlat's cheeks burned and he looked away, sucking harder on the pacifier. Claire lifted his legs and wiped the fox's rump. It looked remarkably like a baby girl's butt, causing Claire to smile again. She slipped the used diaper out from under him, leaving the fox naked as she worked on getting a fresh diaper.

A moment later, she unfolded the diaper and set it under Andlat's rump. She began to powder him, smiling as the fox's eyes closed as he inhaled the infantile scent.

“Tomorrow, I think we'll go shopping for a pretty dress for you to wear to your friend's birthday party. What was her name again?”

“Amy.” Andlat replied, his voice even more infantile with the pacifier in his muzzle. Claire smiled and nodded.

“That's right, it was Amy. I'm so glad you're making friends, sweetie.” She lifted the front of the diaper and taped it around Andlat's waist. “There we are!” She said cheerfully. “Now just for some plastic panties before we get your nightie on you.” She went over to the dresser and

started looking through the plastic panties, selecting a seafoam green pair that perfectly matched his Little Mermaid nightie. Despite the less than girly color, they were covered in enough lace and bows to embarrass the little fox as they slipped up his legs. “We both know how much you love this, sweetie.” Claire said. “You love how your plastic panties proclaim to the world what a prissy little vixen you are, hugging your diapers against your fur.” She rubbed his leg. “You can hide it from the girls, but not from me. I’m your Daddy’s sister, princess.” She picked him up. “Once you’re in your nightie, we’ll head downstairs for a little bit and you can say good night to the girls.” Andlat nodded, whimpering softly. How long would Jack be gone?

Claire wasted no time in dressing Andlat in his Little Mermaid nightgown and then carried him out of the room and down the stairs. Jenny and Jessie were both sitting in the living room, still in their dayclothes.

“Emma’s all set for beddy bye!” Jessie observed, grinning from ear to ear.

“It is almost eight o’clock.” Jenny added, reaching out to take Andlat from her mother. The fox whimpered and wiggled around as Jenny cradled him in her arms. “Aren’t you just the cutest little girl?” She teased, tickling his belly. Andlat tried to get out of her arms, to no avail. He was trapped, his thick diaper visible beneath his short nightgown.

Claire returned a moment later with a bottle of milk and Jessie set Andlat down on the couch.

“Is Emma ready for her bottle?” Claire asked sweetly. Andlat at last saw his chance and growled, leaping off the couch and standing there, his paws on his hips.

“No! I’ve had enough of this! I am not a baby girl! I am a grown-up boy!” Jessie and Jenny laughed at how silly he looked, but Claire frowned as she set the bottle down.

“Oh? Is that so?” She said softly. Andlat nodded, too angry to back down now, standing there, his legs pushed slightly apart by his thick diaper. “Emma, I will give you until the count of five to apologize like a good girl and I will simply consider this to be a grumpy little vixen who needs to get to bed.”

“No!” Andlat growled, his fists clenched.

“One, two.” She held up a finger for each number as she counted, staring down at the fox. Andlat tried his best to hide his concern, Claire being every bit as formidable as Jack was. “Three. Four.” He squeezed his fists as tightly as he could, trying to remain tough. “Five.” With surprising agility, Claire grabbed him and threw the startled fox over her lap. “How many spankings do you deserve, Emma?” She asked, gently sliding down the fox’s plastic panties.

“None.” Andlat said, having already lost some of his nerve.

“Sorry, princess. You need a spanking.”

“B-but I’ll be good.” The fox whimpered.

“I know you will, but sometimes little girls need a reminder.” She tugged down the fox’s diaper, revealing his rump. “We’ll start with ten.” Andlat fidgeted slightly, but knew not to try to get away, Claire’s arm held firmly against his back to keep him still. Just like that, Claire raised her paw into the air, letting it hover for a moment before she brought it down on Andlat’s rump with a loud whap! Andlat gritted his teeth as the sting spread through his behind, a very juvenile whine escaping from him.

With the first spank down, Claire began the spanking in earnest, spank after spank landing on the vulpine rump on her lap. Andlat’s whine grew more high-pitched and feminine with each strike until he sounded like a little vixen as Claire landed the last one. The fox chewed on his lower lip as the wolf rubbed his back, her other paw resting gently on his sore bottom.

“There, there, sweetie.” She cooed. Andlat wriggled around, but the wolf held him still. “I’m not sure if you’ve quite learned your lesson yet, Emma. I wouldn’t want to have to spank you again tomorrow.” Andlat whimpered and wriggled more.

“Please, aunty. Don’t.” He whined, but a firm whack to his rump cut off his protests.

“Shush. I want to make sure that you are a perfect little vixen and it’s going to take ten more to ensure that.” Claire said, her paw rising into the air. Andlat whimpered, his rump already quite sore and pink. He closed his eyes to prepare for the second wave.

No amount of mental preparation could have readied him for the strike and a loud infantile squeal burst out from the fox’s muzzle, his footpaws kicking wildly with each strike. By the time Claire had finished, he was bawling like a baby, tears streaming down his face.

“Shh, shh. It’s okay, princess. Auntie just wanted to be sure you’d be a good little girl. Can you do that for auntie?”

“Yeah.” Andlat mumbled as he wiped his eyes with his paws. Claire smiled and rubbed his back.

“Good girl. No more of this silly nonsense about being a big boy, because we both know that that’s not true. Hmm?” She slowly pulled up his diaper and panties as the fox kept sniffing. She slowly turned him over and cradled him in her arms, grabbing the bottle. She smiled as Andlat willingly took the nipple into his muzzle and began to nurse slowly. “Such a pretty little vixen. No more tears, sweetheart Emma.”

Andlat was entirely within an infantile frame of mind, but deep within, he was grumbling about how Claire had dominated him so completely. He stared up into Claire’s eyes as she sweetly smiled down at him, holding the bottle at the perfect angle, a skill she had gained from

years of babysitting and two cubs of her own. The formula was warm and sweet, but not overly either.

“Isn’t it so much nicer just to be a good baby girl?” Claire whispered softly. Andlat nodded slowly, feeling more and more content by the minute. The bottle slowly emptied until it was completely gone. Claire removed the bottle, smiling as Andlat’s mouth kept moving in the nursing motions. She slipped a pacifier into his muzzle. “Just a perfect little vixen.” She mused, lifting the fox up and burping him. “And such a dainty little burper!” She remarked. “And you claimed to be a boy!” Andlat just kept sucking on the pacifier, not wanting to risk another spanking tonight.

Claire rose and started heading upstairs, the fox held against her shoulder. They entered the nursery and Claire headed straight for the crib.

“I don’t wanna go to bed.” Andlat mumbled. Claire suddenly turned and stood in front of the mirror. Her paws were under the fox’s armpits as she held him out, causing him to hang there, his nightie lifted and his diaper visible. He stared at the little vixen in the mirror, a pink pacifier hanging slightly out of her muzzle. He whimpered and wiggled, the vixen in the mirror doing the same thing. “Stop!” He whined.

“Will you go to bed like a good girl?” She asked. Andlat nodded, defeated. He did not make a sound as she lay him down in the crib, tucking him snugly under the pink blanket with a white lace frill. “Sweet dreams, princess.” Claire said as she turned on the baby monitor. Andlat sighed and closed his eyes, willing just to go to sleep, regardless of being in a girly crib. He was soon fast asleep.

Andlat became aware of being lifted and he started to protest softly, wiggling and mumbling.

“Shh, shh. Auntie’s just changing your diaper.” Andlat’s eyes opened slowly and he stared up at the wolf.

“Wha?” She lifted his nightie and pointed to his soaked diaper.

“Someone’s a soggy vixen.” She lifted the nightgown up to his armpits before setting the fox on the changing table.

“What time is it?”

“Time for Emma to get a fresh diapee.” She began to remove the diaper tapes. Andlat looked out the window and saw that the sun was up.

“No. What’s the actual time?”

“Baby girls only worry about changing time and feeding time.” Claire replied, starting to wipe the fox. Andlat grumbled as the wolf quickly changed his diaper. She picked him up and fixed his nightie. He whimpered as she returned him to the crib. He wiggled as she tried to tuck him back in, but a short slap to the thigh fixed that. “You need a bit more sleep, grumpy miss.” Claire declared, leaving the room. Andlat tried to tell himself that he was not tired, but he soon yawned and fell back asleep.

He was woken up by being lifted out of the crib again. He opened his eyes in time to see a paw come down and remove his pacifier, replacing it with the fat nipple of a bottle. He began to nurse, still puzzled and feeling very much like a baby in his confusion. Claire smiled.

“Such a cute little niece I’ve got.” She rocked him slowly in her arms. “And she’s going to be even cuter when Auntie gets her dressed for the day after breakfast. Yes, she is!” She began to head downstairs, keeping the bottle firmly in Andlat’s mouth, the fox continuing to nurse.

When they emerged onto the ground floor, Jenny and Jessie were already seated at the table, both grinning as they saw Andlat in Claire’s arms. Had it only been a day since Andlat had

walked upstairs and first begun this torment? The moment he finished the bottle, Claire removed it and plunked him down in the highchair. Jenny and Jessie giggled as Andlat's diaper was clearly visible, further emphasizing his sissy state.

Jessie and Jenny whispered to each other, giggling all the more and glancing periodically at Andlat. He blushed but tried to ignore them. Their giggles grew louder and Andlat rolled his eyes, trying his best to ignore them. The giggles continued.

"Stop it!" Andlat whined, his pacifier tumbling to the floor as he wiggled and kicked his legs futilely.

"Is baby still a little fussy?" Claire asked as she came in, carrying a bowl of mashed peas. "Is her tummy upset?" Andlat crossed his arms and pouted. "She's just a hungry little vixen, isn't she?" Claire took a large spoonful and brought it up to his muzzle. "Open wide." She coaxed. Andlat shook his head and kept his mouth shut. "Open wide, princess Emma. Don't you want food?" Andlat shook his head again, grumbling. "Open up, little missy." Andlat shook his head a third time, refusing to cooperate. Claire sighed. "Alright then." She set the bowl on the table. "You just tell Auntie when you're ready to behave." She left him there in the highchair and headed into the living room. Andlat wiggled in the highchair, trying to get free. If she wasn't going to feed him, why should he stay there? He was quite firmly locked in, though.

He kicked his legs desperately, trying to get Claire's attention. This was so stupid! Why was she being so difficult? He whined. She did not come into the room. He whined a little louder. She still did not come. He sighed.

"Auntie?" He called out. She came into the dining room.

"Yes, princess?"

"I'm ready to behave." He said softly. She picked up the bowl.

“Promise?” She asked. He nodded, smelling the foul smell of the mashed peas in the bowl. She took a big spoonful and brought it to his muzzle. He opened and let the spoon slide inside. It tasted horrendous, but he forced it down.

Claire grinned and kept forcing spoonful after spoonful into his muzzle until the bowl was empty. She set the bowl aside and picked up a bottle of formula before using the bib to wipe the fox’s messy face. She slipped the nipple into the fox’s muzzle and let him nurse.

“Drink it all up, cutie.” She said, watching the fox’s cheeks nurse. Andlat shifted slightly in the highchair, still thankful of the formula’s ability to wash away the taste of the peas. He grunted softly as he sucked it down and Claire smiled at him.

As he reached the end, he felt a familiar pressing in his bladder. He had to pee. Hopefully, Claire would declare it potty time immediately following breakfast. He hated having to rely so much on her!

The bottle empty, Claire removed the tray and lifted the fox out of the highchair. She began to head for the stairs.

“I need to pee.” Andlat whimpered.

“Did Aunty forget to burp the baby?” Claire said, rubbing his back and eliciting a burp from him. She then started up the stairs, having no trouble holding onto the squirming fox in her arms.

She entered the nursery and set Andlat on the changing table, wasting no time in starting to remove his nightgown. She tickled the fox’s chubby belly and smiled.

“You’re going to look like a little doll in your outfit, sweetie pie. Aunty’s got a very special dress in mind for you.”

“Why?” Andlat whined.

“So we can go buy you a pretty dress for the birthday party tomorrow.” She kissed his forehead.

“Aunty. Claire. I’m too old for this. You and I both know that.” Andlat said as diplomatically as he could manage. She stared at him for a moment before speaking.

“Sweetie, if you had said something yesterday, I might have considered it. But you’ve been my baby niece for a day now, so you must really be a baby vixen.” She tickled his belly again. “So, that’s how you’ll be treated until your Daddy comes to pick up his sweet little girl.” She walked over to the closet, smiling to herself. By the time Jack came back, Andlat would be much more of a baby girl, she hoped.

Andlat watched her return, her arms full of a pile of white fabric and lace. His tail swayed nervously as it dawned on him that every scrap of that was going on him. He looked around, wondering if there was some way to escape this.

“Let’s start with your plastic panties.” Claire declared, extracting a white frilly pair from the pile. “They’re specially padded for even more protection for soggy kits like my little Emma vixen.” She gently pushed him onto his back and began to slide the plastic panties up over his legs, fitting snugly around his thick diapers. She then lifted him into a sitting position and grabbed the dress. She slipped it over his body and zipped it up the back. Before he could even react to the beautiful dress that he now wore, she added a few ribbons in his headfur and a bow on his tail.”Last but not least, baby’s paci.” She slipped it into his muzzle. Andlat frowned around the pacifier, feeling absolutely horrible in this latest outfit. He was running out of patience. He whimpered as she slipped her paws under his armpits and lifted him up, his legs dangling helplessly in the air. “Whoopsie! Silly auntie forgot the vixen’s cute little socks.” She set him back down to find socks. He sighed in relief, letting the pacifier tumble from his muzzle.

He looked over at his reflection and grimaced as he felt a twinge in his diaper. No matter how much he kept up appearances, he knew it was only a matter of time before Claire or one of the girls found out.

Claire returned and slipped socks onto his footpaws, the lace around the ankles just one more piece of evidence that the fox was not meant to be a baby boy. She smiled and picked him up, setting him against her shoulder. "Let's go downstairs and get you into your stroller, hmm?" She patted his thickly diapered rear. "See? Now that you're all nicely dressed, you're being such a good girl." She cooed as she headed downstairs. Andlat grumbled, but did not respond.

Jenny and Jessie sat on the couch in the living room as Claire and Andlat entered. Claire smiled as she saw that one of them had already unfolded the stroller.

"Thank you, girls. Emma's a little fussy, so this'll make it easier." She plunked the fox right down in the stroller and buckled him in.

"Look at your pretty ribbons!" Jenny said, smiling at Andlat. The fox growled softly as he realized that she was not even teasing. She was simply talking to him as though he were a little girl.

"That's not very nice, princess." Claire scolded. "Thank your cousin."

"Thank you." Andlat mumbled, his words muffled by the pacifier to make them sound even more cubby. Claire nodded approvingly.

"Wave good-bye. We have to go." Claire instructed. Andlat obeyed, yelping softly as Claire began to push the stroller forward, causing him to wet himself.

He was momentarily blinded as they emerged into the sunny day. It was warm, but not overly hot, especially with the breeze blowing up his dress. Claire whistled gently as she pushed him along down the sidewalk, nodding kindly to any furs that they passed. Andlat sucked

nervously on his pacifier, staring at all of the legs that passed by. The only faces that he could actually see were those of small cubs as they walked by, holding the paws of their parents. He blushed as one of the little girls walking past was wearing a dress identical to his. He hid his face in his paws, hoping to spare himself some humiliation.

Andlat only uncovered his face as they turned onto a busy city street. He whimpered as large trucks whizzed by, causing him to wet a bit more. Why was this happening? He had only been a little frightened by semis before, but now they made him wet himself. He sighed, realizing just how much of an effect this treatment was having on him.

They came to a small store and entered. Andlat groaned as the entire shop was filled from wall to wall with the frilly clothing of little princesses. It was the perfect place for Claire to buy a party dress for her baby niece.

“My, my! What a pretty little doll!” The saleswoman said, hurrying forward, her own petticoats rustling softly. She was an elegant otter who wore the most splendid dress Andlat had ever seen. She came over and scooped Andlat out without warning. “It’s like she’s wrapped in a cloud of lace!” Andlat whined and wiggled in the strange fur’s arms. “Uh-oh! Someone’s a little fussy!”

“Yeah, she’s been fussing at me all day.” Claire said. “But, we need a dress for tomorrow, so I’m just learning to deal with it.”

“Are you sick of being little? Do you wanna make decisions like a big girl?” The otter teased, tickling under Andlat’s chin. “It’s tough being a baby, isn’t it?” She rocked Andlat gently in her arms and looked up at Claire. “Is she adopted?”

“Technically, yes. She’s my brother’s. She’s staying with us while he’s on business.”

“Isn’t it nice of Auntie to buy you a pretty new dress?” The saleswoman said, beaming down at the fox. Without warning, she lifted the hem of his dress and slipped a finger into his diaper. With his cock tucked between his legs by his chastity belt, there was no risk of her discovering that he was male. “Ah, wet.” She remarked as though she had expected it. “But that’s not why you’re fussy. Little girls are used to being wet.” She set him back down in the stroller. “Now then, what are you looking for in terms of a dress?”

“I’m not sure. She looks adorable in pretty much anything.” The saleswoman smiled as she gazed down at Andlat.

“Let’s see. She’ll need a dress, matching plastic panties, some ribbons. What sort of engagement is it?”

“A birthday party.” Claire replied. The saleswoman gasped happily.

“A little party dress for sweet princess Emma!” She smiled down at Andlat, who looked away. “How active is she?”

“She can walk, but she prefers to crawl or be carried.” Claire replied as she lifted Andlat out of the stroller. “Show the nice lady that you can walk, baby.” Andlat frowned and started to waddle around, embarrassed by all this.

“What a big girl!” The saleswoman praised. “Aren’t they just so cute when they have to waddle with their thick diapers?”

“Oh, absolutely.” Claire said, going over and scooping up Andlat. The saleswoman smiled at Andlat.

“How about a nice baby blue for her?” The otter suggested. Claire considered it.

“She really likes pink.” She said cautiously. Andlat frowned.

“I want blue!” He declared. The saleswoman chuckled.

“The princess has spoken. I’ll go get it for you.” She smiled and hurried away. Claire patted Andlat’s rump as she walked around with him in her arms, looking at various outfits.

“My, that’s cute.” She remarked every now and again, causing Andlat to fear that his sissy wardrobe was going to double before they left. She gasped suddenly and Andlat looked up at her in a panic. “I think we’ve found a present for my little niece.” She held up a cute pink tutu. “You’ll be a ballerina!” Andlat’s eyes widened.

“Ballet? I’m not sure.” He stammered. Claire smiled and ignored him.

“Oh, my! Does little Emma want to be a ballerina?” The saleswoman walked up just then, holding a dress in her paws.

“She was just begging me for it.” Claire said with a smile, kissing Andlat’s forehead.

“But of course.” The saleswoman said. “As a bonus, we do offer DVDs that will teach her the basics. Most of the ballet studios don’t accept ballerinas who are still in diapers, so it’ll be good for her to get the basics first.” She explained.

“Let’s take a look at her dress.” Claire suggested.

“Naturally. I don’t know how she knew, but the blue dress is our frilliest that we offer without special orders.” The otter held it up and Andlat’s jaw dropped. It was a light baby blue and had the most petticoats Andlat had ever seen. It had a two-tiered skirt just below a large dark blue sash that went about the waist. The bodice was decorated with a large dark blue bow right in the center, flanked by two smaller bows of the same color. The bubble sleeves were hemmed with blue lace and had blue bows on them as well. “All of the mothers at the party will love this dress.” The saleswoman said with a smile.

“It looks darling. I can’t wait to see her in it.” Claire said with a grin. Andlat looked around for the dressing room, but Claire immediately began to remove his dress right there in the middle of the store.

“But” he whimpered.

“Oh, shush. Auntie’s only gonna undress you to your diaper. It’s not like the nice saleslady hasn’t ever seen a naked little girl before.” Claire said, setting his dress aside. She took the new dress from the saleswoman and easily slipped it over Andlat’s head. Before he knew it, he was tied and buttoned into the dress and set down on the floor. He blushed as he realized that his diaper was clearly visible, but no matter how much he tried to push down the hem of his dress, the layers of petticoats held it too far up.

“She looks like a princess.” The saleswoman said sweetly. Claire nodded in agreement.

“That she does.”

“And her petticoats keep her dress high up so that it’s simple to check her diaper. Plus it’ll give all of the mothers something to coo about.” The saleswoman chuckled. Claire nodded as she kneeled down and began to undress Andlat again. Andlat wanted to push her away, but he was too embarrassed to do much of anything at the moment, his diaper, sealed within a frilly pair of plastic panties, sagging as he wet it some more. He sniffled, feeling on the verge of tears as Claire dressed him in his white dress again. Then he was set back in the stroller as Claire paid for the dress, tutu and ballet DVD. He sucked on his pacifier, feeling horribly trapped by Claire.

“Be sure to get lots of practice with your new DVD, Emma.” The saleswoman said by way of farewell.

“I’ll be sending it home with her when her daddy comes to get her.” Claire said before saying good-bye to the otter.

“He can’t come soon enough.” Andlat muttered as Claire pushed him out of the store. She pushed him along, the stroller’s wheels rolling smoothly on the sidewalk.

“We’ll go straight home so that little Emma can start her practice, hmm?”

“Do I have to?” Andlat wondered softly. He yelped as the stroller stopped.

“Yes, you do. I can’t entertain you all day, every day. You will do ballet until lunchtime, once I’ve changed your diaper.” She returned to pushing the stroller and Andlat grumbled, sucking on his pacifier. “Honestly. You’ve been fussing all day.” Claire murmured as she went along.

They soon arrived back at the house and Claire parked Andlat right by the door. She smiled and grabbed the bag, fishing out the ballerina outfit and DVD and setting them on the floor where Andlat could see them from the stroller.

“You be good while Auntie goes to hang up your new dressie in the nursery, okay?” Claire smiled down at the fox, letting him get a good look at the frilly gown that he would be wearing tomorrow. As she headed upstairs, she chuckled to herself. Andlat had unknowingly trapped himself into getting an even more girly dress than the one she would have picked out for him. This favor that she was doing for Jack kept paying off in such unexpectedly wonderful ways.

Andlat looked away from the tutu laid out before him, trying not to think about the fact that he would soon be wearing it. He knew that Claire would force him to wear it and follow along with the DVD’s instructions, but that could easily look like willingness to be a baby girl, which he was trying to avoid at all costs. He felt a twinge from his cock, however, at the thought of all of this. He frowned and held his breath until his traitorous genitals settled down.

Claire suddenly appeared and began to undo the straps that held him in.

“I bet someone’s all ready for a nice dry diaper, hmm?” Claire mused as she lifted him out of the stroller and set him on the floor. “They’d stay dry if you weren’t such a soggykit, you know.” She said, lifting up his dress and kissing his chubby belly. Andlat tried to ignore her, sucking on his pacifier.

She gently moved him around as she undressed him, treating him as she would any other cub. Soon, Andlat was free from all of the girly clothing, only lying there in his soggy diaper. The sound of the diaper tapes ripping was common for him, but he still was not ready for the cold burst of air on his wet fur as Claire pulled back the diaper.

“Auntie will have you in a nice, warm diaper soon, sweetie.” She said with a smile. She set to work with wipes to clean him up. “You know, if I wasn’t so afraid of you leaking all over the place and you weren’t such a baby girl, I would treat you like a little boy just out of diapers. Maybe five at the oldest.”

“Why?” Andlat asked, muffled by the pacifier.

“You have the frame of a little boy. Chubby belly and everything. You just have the habit of getting a bit pokey.” Her claw clicked as she flicked the hard plastic tube around Andlat’s cock. She soon returned her attention to getting him into a new diaper. Andlat’s mind raced as he tried to figure out some way to delay Claire. The frilly tutu was nearby and he knew that Claire wanted to waste no time in dressing him in it. There had to be some way.

“Auntie?” Andlat said softly, trying to sound as infantile and girly as he could.

“Yes, sweetie?”

“I’m hungry.” He whined. Claire smiled as she rubbed powder into his fur, not even trying to restrict it to just his diaper area.

“Well, auntie was going to make you some lunch while you were dancing ballet.” She said. “Here’s how I was thinking. Auntie leaves you alone with the DVD for half an hour and then when she comes back, you’ll do that half an hour again and show auntie how good you are. We’ll just keep doing that until baby Emma’s a perfect ballerina!”

“I don’t wanna do ballet!” Andlat whined, crossing his arms.

“Would you prefer a spanking?” Claire scooped him off of the diaper that still lay open and placed the nude fox over her lap, her paw resting on his rump.

“No.” Andlat said, his voice small.

“What do you have to say to Auntie?” Claire rubbed his rump threateningly. From his position across her lap, the tutu was right in his line of sight, so he knew what she wanted.

“I wanna do ballet.” He tried to get up, but she held him down.

“What else?” She asked. His mind raced as he tried to think of what else she wanted.

“Don’t you want to thank me for something?”

“Oh. Thank you for buying me such a pretty tutu.”

“That’s a good girl. Jessie and Jenny never wanted to do ballet, so I’m glad my niece is so eager to do it.” She smiled as she set Andlat back down on the diaper and taped him up.

“Alright.” She said, picking up the tutu. “This is a magic tutu, Emma. It was made by the fairies and unicorns to give baby girls the power to stand up all by themselves.” She smiled at Andlat’s glower. “When you’re wearing it, you can walk around just like a big girl. Just remember that once Auntie takes it off you, you have to crawl like a good baby again. Okay?” She waited for Andlat to nod before continuing.

“Yes, auntie.” He said, utterly defeated. He watched as she picked up the pink tights, his eyes widening as they neared his footpaws. He began to suck on the pacifier wildly, trying to

keep himself from murring as Claire slipped the tights up his legs, his cock struggling against its bonds. As the tights compressed his thick diapers, a thought occurred to him. “Where are Jessie and Jenny?”

“The big girls are at the mall.” Claire replied as she grabbed the leotard. “But they’ll see your ballet when they get home. I promise.” She skillfully dressed Andlat in it, the fox feeling completely girly with the tutu sticking out around his waist. Andlat looked down at the frilly skirt that stuck straight out in all directions. He felt like it drew even more attention to his diapered state.

Claire slipped her paws under his arms and lifted the fox onto his footpaws, smiling at how much Andlat looked like the little toddlers she had seen at the ballet studio, albeit more thickly padded.

“Can you walk over to the TV with auntie?” Claire asked gently. Andlat nodded. Of course he could walk! She smiled and grabbed the DVD, slowly walking along with Andlat, her free paw out as though she might need to catch him at any moment. The fox waddled, but had no trouble walking along, blushing as Claire praised him when they reached the TV at the other side of the room.

His diaper crinkled as Andlat shifted from footpaw to footpaw, watching Claire put the DVD into the player. The DVD began to play and Andlat’s ears dropped as the title screen came up, as girly as could be. A small group of little girls, their tutus identical to Andlat’s, danced around as Claire started the actual disc.

“Won’t this be fun? You work really hard and when auntie comes back, we’ll see how well you’re learning, okay?” Andlat nodded shyly, beet red. Claire kissed his forehead and left him to the DVD.

Andlat whimpered again as the DVD began. It was a ballet studio where a teacher and her students stood. Andlat immediately noticed that they were all wearing black leotards and white tights. As he stood there in his pink tutu, undeniably girly, he felt a sharp twinge in his cock.

He sighed as the lesson began with teaching him the proper ballet positions. Even though he had felt girly before, it was nothing with how he felt as he danced with the small group of little girls who were learning along with him. He tried to hold his breath to stop the painful twinges in his diaper, but nothing would work. He was loving every minute of this, like it or not.

The DVD moved past positions and began Andlat on a few simple ballet moves. The fox followed along, knowing full well that Claire would return to test him on his skills. He did not even want to think about what she would do if he did not perform to her standards. Just as he finished learning how to spin properly, Claire came into the room.

“My, my! Look at my little ballerina!” She said with a smile. “Are you ready to show Auntie what you learned?” Andlat nodded. “Now, now. Emma. It is impolite for you not to answer your auntie. Use your words.”

“Yes, auntie.” Andlat said softly.

“Now. Ask me if I would like to see your ballet.”

“Auntie, would you like to see my ballet?”

“Why, of course, Emma!” She restarted the DVD and sat down on the couch to watch. She smiled at the serious look on Andlat’s face as he followed the DVD word for word, his thick diaper clearly visible under his pretty tutu. Jack would be so pleased with Andlat’s new outfit, she was sure.

The moment that the fox had finished, Claire scooped him up, hugging him close. He whimpered and wiggled, embarrassed, as she removed his tutu and tights.

“I want my baby niece back.” Claire said with a smile. “Even though you’re such a good little ballerina.” She kissed his forehead. Andlat wondered for a moment if he was going to be allowed to stay in just a diaper, as he felt that that was slightly less embarrassing than being covered in the frilly clothing he had worn since his arrival. Was that only yesterday? He sighed as Claire bent over, managing to keep him in her arms as she picked up his discarded dress.

“Do I have to wear a dress?” Andlat asked grumpily.

“Little Emma’s a fussy little girl, isn’t she? She must be a hungry cub.” Claire had dealt with fussy cubs before and had no trouble getting the fox dressed again. She then calmly carried him over to the dining room and plopped him down in the waiting highchair, his diaper crinkling as he landed on it. With loving care, Claire tied a bib around his neck.

As Andlat sat there completely pacified, Claire opened the jar and began to feed him. The motion of opening and closing his mouth was more or less automatic, but he could not space out as Claire kept up a constant stream of praise for her little niece.

“Such a wonderful little ballerina! Emma’s a hungry girl, isn’t she? Look at how she eats up all her numnums!” Claire kept it up as Andlat smiled weakly, rolling his eyes at the wolf. If she did notice, she showed no signs of it as she used the spoon to scrape the jar clean, slipping the last morsels into the fox’s muzzle. “All gone!” She exclaimed, even as she reached for the waiting bottle of apple juice. The nipple was soon slipped into Andlat’s mouth and he began to nurse. He knew that naptime would likely follow the bottle, but he was genuinely thirsty and could not keep himself from nursing quickly.

“Burpies for Emma!” Claire lifted him out of the highchair and set the fox against her shoulder. He whimpered as she burped him. “Such a good girl!” She said as she rubbed his rump. She stood there for a moment, just holding Andlat and humming softly.

She began to walk, heading upstairs with Andlat in her arms. Just as he had feared, it must be naptime. He made a face as they entered the nursery, Claire setting him on the changing table. He did not struggle as she stripped him to his diaper. He had yet to use it since his last change and he had no plans of using it in the near future.

“That Ariel nightie is cute, but I think baby Emma needs something prettier.” Claire mused as she went to the closet. She returned with a pink nightgown that looked almost more like a dress than a nightie. Andlat stared at it and crossed his arms.

“No.” He said grumpily.

“Uh-oh! Someone’s a grumpy wumpy!” Claire did not stop though as she tugged and pulled gently on the fox’s arms to get him into the nightgown. “But I think she’s forgetting that auntie has dealt with grumpy girls in the past!” She scooped him up and showed him his reflection, just to drive home the point that he was her baby. She then set him gently down in the crib and kissed his forehead. “Some sweet dreams of unicorns and fairies should get rid of my grumpy niece, hmm?” She slipped a pacifier into his muzzle and tucked him in under the girly bedspread. “Have a good nap, baby.” She said, closing the door behind her.

Andlat stared up at the ceiling and grumbled. This was becoming unbearable. He sat up and looked around the room. The bars of the crib were too high for him to climb over, but even if that were the case, how could he hope to get out of the house? Plus, where could he go, dressed as he was? He sighed. Claire had him trapped as a baby girl.

“Stop it.” He muttered as he felt the twinge in his diaper. His cock relented, but only to wet his diaper. He groaned and flopped back onto the mattress. “Might as well sleep.” He said with a sigh.

He woke up again with his nightie around his armpits as Claire busied herself with changing his soggy diaper. Claire looked up as the rhythmic sucking of the pacifier in his muzzle changed.

“Looks like someone’s finally awake.” She said with a smile. “Did you have a good nappy wappy?” Andlat’s glare shot daggers at her. “On second thought, maybe you need a bit more crib time, hmm?” Before Andlat could protest, Claire deposited the freshly diapered fox into the crib again. She raised the side and frowned at the little fox. “Auntie will be back in a little while, once Emma is a bit more cheerful.” With that, she turned and left the room.

Andlat sat on top of the pink quilt and Care Bear sheets, sucking on the pacifier. This was so unfair! He did not want to be trapped in a crib all day! He looked around the nursery, grimacing at the feminine design of the entire room. He looked down at himself, his red legs poking out from the pink diaper around his waist. He tried to adjust his nightie, but the diaper always made its presence known. There was no doubt about it. He was a baby girl. No one would even give it a second thought if they saw the little fox sitting in that pink and white crib. He sighed and lay down again. How much longer would he have to endure all this?

At long last, Claire came in, that ever-present smile still sitting on her face. He had to wait for her to come over and reach down to slip a finger into his diaper.

“Still dry.” He heard her muse to herself. She leaned on the side of the crib and smiled down at him. “Is baby Emma all nice and rested?” She asked. He nodded, unable to look her in

the eye as he sat there in his nightie. “Well, if she wants out, she has to say ‘Baby Emma want up’.” Andlat looked up at her. Was she kidding?

“Baby Emma want up.” He said monotonously. Claire shook her head.

“C’mon princess. Auntie wants to hear it done right.” Andlat grumbled, but he knew from experience that she would show a saint’s patience in getting him to say it the way she wanted him to.

“Baby Emma wants up! Up!” He said loudly, bouncing slightly for good measure. Claire grinned and picked him up with her paws under his armpits.

“Good girl.” She carried him over to the changing table. “Now let’s get you back into your dress so we can go on a nice walk.” Andlat sighed, but allowed the wolf to remove his nightgown and return him to the white cloud of lace and frills he had been wearing all morning. To make matters worse, however, she added a bonnet to his outfit. “That’ll help keep the sun out of your eyes, sugar pea.” Claire said with a smile. She made sure the pacifier was still in his muzzle before returning him to her arms and heading downstairs.

Jenny and Jessie were still absent, for which Andlat was quite grateful. Being treated like a baby girl by girls who were younger than him was even worse than anything else. He saw the stroller in the entryway, but was surprised when Claire turned and carried him into the kitchen instead.

“Auntie’s just going to add some babas to your diaper bag.” She explained. Andlat nodded in understanding, watching as she put two bottles of milk in the pink bag. He kept watching as she filled a third bottle with milk, amazed by what she could accomplish with just one paw. He yipped in surprise as she suddenly shifted him in her arms into a reclined position and slipped the pacifier out from between his lips. He knew what was coming only an instant

before the nipple of the bottle was put in his muzzle. He had not noticed before, but the milk that he was fed was thicker than he was used to. He recalled that mothers often fed their cubs whole milk as it was closer to breast milk.

Claire moved through the house, getting things ready for their walk and undeterred by the fox in her arms. This was by no means the first cub she had to take care of. Her path through the house returned to the kitchen just as Andlat was finishing the bottle.

“Burp for auntie.” She coaxed as she rubbed the fox’s back. He burped and she smiled. It was so easy to forget that the fox in her arms was anything but a little baby vixen. “You’re being so well-behaved!” She exclaimed as she plopped him down in the stroller. The straps went over his shoulders before meeting between his legs. They held his dress up so that his diapers were clearly visible. “It seems that the prettier your outfit, the better you are.” She observed. Andlat opened his mouth to argue and she popped the pacifier right in. “Baby’s such a good girl, opening her muzzle for her paci.”

Andlat whimpered and whined as he emerged into the outside world via stroller for the second time that day. He sucked nervously on the pacifier as Claire pushed him along. It was a beautiful afternoon, he noticed, but that only meant that there were more furs out to see him in all his baby girl glory.

Despite his fears, the walk to the park was largely uneventful, most furs ignoring the wolf pushing the baby vixen in a stroller. After all, Andlat was by no means the only cub in a stroller, although it certainly felt that way to him.

As they entered the park, Claire slowed her pace to an amble, enjoying the sunshine and the cool breeze of the early summer day. Andlat sat in the stroller, silently glad that he could just sit instead of having to waddle around.

Claire soon came to a bench, where she sat, idly pushing Andlat back and forth in his stroller. He looked around as his world moved back and forth. The park was busy today, as everyone was enjoying the gorgeous summer day.

“Push me higher, Hunter!” Andlat turned and looked over at a nearby swing set. A lion, probably somewhere around the fox’s real age, was pushing a cub in a swing. The cub was laughing happily, kicking his legs as he swung back and forth. Andlat shuddered as he had always been terrified by swings, but the lion and cub were clearly having a good time. He turned his attention away and looked around some more.

He watched the world go by for a while before he became aware that Claire had stopped pushing the stroller. He yelped in surprise as she suddenly appeared and started undoing his straps. She lifted him out of the stroller, his legs dangling uselessly as she sat down again, cradling him in her arms.

“Time for num nums!” She removed his pacifier and slipped the nipple of a bottle in with practiced grace. His eyes widened and he began to nurse, drinking the sweet formula quickly. Claire smiled down at the fox, cooing gently as her paw rubbed his rump. Her grin changed from that of a mother to that of a dominator as she felt his diaper seat warm. “Wet just like a vixen.” She moved her paw up to between the fox’s legs and patted his tubed cock through the thick padding. Even if he were allowed to use the toilet, he would have to sit down like a demure vixen. Her mind returned to the feeling of maternal warmth a moment later as she cooed down again at the baby vixen in her arms.

It was not long before Andlat finished the bottle and Claire lifted him to her shoulder, just as she had done countless times with many cubs. She was shortly rewarded by Andlat burping.

She smiled warmly, returning him to the stroller before slipping the pacifier gently between his lips.`

“Let’s head back.” She mused softly, seeing the fox’s eyelids slowly shutting. Andlat felt the stroller begin to move as he fell asleep.

When Andlat woke up, he had no clue of how much time had passed. The sun did not look as though it had moved at all, so he figured that it could not have been too long. He looked around and saw that they were still in the park.

“Oh! Looks like someone’s awake!” Claire stopped for a moment and kissed his cheek. The fox blushed and gently pushed her away. “Now we really can go home.” She smiled and pushed the fox out of the park. Andlat sighed and lay back, feeling his diaper squelch as he moved. He glared down at the diaper, his view blocked by the layers of frilly petticoats. He sighed again and just watched the world go by.

They soon reached Claire’s house and the wolf lifted him out of the stroller, leaving it on the front porch as she carried him inside. To his distress, Jenny and Jessie were watching television.

“There’s our cousin!” Jessie rose and took the fox from her mother, smiling down at the fox in her arms as Claire quickly removed his bonnet. “And she’s wet!” Andlat whimpered as he felt the teenage wolf’s paw squeeze his seat. “Did you have a nice walk with auntie? Hmm?” Andlat hoped that the wolf would treat it as a rhetorical question, but her sister joined her, removing the fox’s pacifier.

“Did baby Emma have fun?” Jenny tickled his belly.

“Yes.”

“Did baby Emma make tinkles in her diaper?”

“Yes.” Andlat blushed deeply, wishing for the torment to end. Jenny and Jessie shared a grin before Jenny continued.

“Did baby Emma make tinkles in the front of her diaper like a baby boy?” She patted the mostly dry front of his diaper just to drive her point home.

“No.” Andlat’s voice was barely above a whisper. The fox was completely unable to even look at the girls as they giggled.

“Nope. She wet in her seat like a” Jenny gestured for him to finish the sentence. Andlat sighed.

“Baby girl.” His face was burning with embarrassment as the two girls giggled.

“Good girl.” Jessie’s voice was smooth and rich. Andlat feared what she was planning next. Both of the teenagers smiled down at Andlat and he tried to look away from them, still nervous. They keep him there for a moment, but then lose interest, setting him down on the floor near his doll before returning to the couch. Andlat picked up Rose right away and hugged the doll, finding comfort in the vixen’s soft fur. He ignored the girls’ coos and stared up at the television. It was some show aimed at teenage girls. A lion in just a pair of board shorts was talking to a bikini-clad rabbit about the party that night. Andlat rolled his eyes as the rabbit jumped up and down.

“Of course, Mason! I’d love to go with you!” She bounced up and down, again and again, forcing Andlat to turn away from the television.

He spent quite a while there on the floor, silently hugging and fussing over the doll in his arms. He did not care what Jessie and Jenny were whispering about, no matter how much they giggled.

He felt his stomach flip as he was suddenly lifted into the air. "Oh, did I scare baby?" Claire kissed his cheek as she cradled him in her arms. "Auntie's sorry." Andlat grumbled as she slipped a finger into his diaper. He had not wet it anymore since she had last checked. "Alright, pumpkin. It's numnum time."

He waited for his stomach to calm down as Claire carried him into the dining room, his stomach finally settling as he was slid into the highchair. Claire moved his arms around as she buckled him in, smiling warmly.

"Now then. Baby needs her bib." Andlat watched apprehensively as the wolf dug through a nearby drawer. He breathed a silent sigh of relief as the bib that she selected was rather plain, even if it was pink. Having tied it around his neck, the wolf sat down and began to feed him.

Andlat knew that he was hungry, so he accepted every spoonful that she brought to his mouth, trying to ignore the bland taste of the baby food. The way Claire's eyes were lit up made it seem as though she were feeding him only the sweetest ambrosia and he could not help but cheer up a bit. Claire smiled as the fox began to relax somewhat.

"Such a good little one." She kept feeding him, smiling as the fox grinned back at her. Jack had told her that he would eventually loosen up and it appeared that her brother was right.

Andlat kept eating but his mouth suddenly formed into an o as he felt a twisting sensation deep within himself. He whimpered softly as he realized what was about to happen. He gagged as the plastic spoon slipped into his muzzle despite his distraction.

"Almost done, baby. You're being such a good girl." Andlat whimpered loudly, trying to signal to the wolf of what he needed to do, but she showed no signs of recognition. She just kept feeding him.

"Auntie!" He finally found a moment, but the wolf just smiled.

“That’s right, Emma. Now finish your numnums.” He squealed and squirmed, kicking his legs futilely. He did not care how infantile he looked. He was not going to use his diaper this time. Claire kept feeding the fussy fox, ignoring his protests. “There. We’re done.” She set the empty jar aside. “Now for baby’s baba.”

Andlat sighed with relief as the spasms in his gut ceased. He watched Claire leave the room, shifting slightly in the highchair. His ears perked up as he heard the sound of Claire’s footpaws as she returned with a bottle in her paw. She unceremoniously sat down and slipped the nipple into his muzzle. Andlat drank slowly, not wanting to gulp it down as it would distract from his efforts to prevent himself from using his diaper. He felt the warm milk slowly flow into his belly, filling him with a cozy sensation. He relaxed.

His eyes suddenly flew open as he realized what was happening barely an instant before it did. The diaper around his waist crinkled as it expanded to make room for his mess. His cheeks burned as he filled his diaper with a thick, mushy mess. That proved the breaking point for the fox and he began to bawl, tears rushing down his cheeks.

Jessie and Jenny came running as Claire quickly set the bottle aside, the fox sobbing and kicking his legs.

“What’s wrong?” Jenny and Jessie were both greatly concerned.

“I think little Emma’s got a messy diaper.” Claire removed the tray from the highchair and scooped Andlat up. The way his diaper sagged in the back left no doubts that he was messy. “It’s okay, sweetie.” Claire patted him on the back, her arm pushing his messy seat against his fur. “Auntie will get you all cleaned up.” She began to take him upstairs, humming and cooing softly. The fox mellowed somewhat as they entered the nursery, but he still sniffled as the wolf

began to undress him. The soft plush covering of the changing table hardly pressed his mess into his seat, for which he was silently grateful.

Even though Claire treated each delicate article of clothing with the utmost care, Andlat soon sat before her in nothing but a diaper. The top of the diaper flirted with the fox's navel, which was odd, given that most adult diapers were designed for discretion. Claire smiled and scooped the fox up again.

“Where are we going?”

“To the bath. Baby Emma's a dirty kit.” Claire rubbed his bare back as she entered the bathroom. It was the first time during this visit that Andlat had been in this room, he realized as Claire sat down by the large tub and started to fill it up. He whimpered as she added Strawberry Shortcake brand bubble bath to it, but the wolf smiled at him. “Won't that be nice? You'll smell so nice afterward.” Andlat grumbled, watching from his captive position as the bathtub filled up, the bubbles pink and aromatic. He was hardly even aware of Claire removing the soiled diaper, but he was soon lying on his belly as she wiped his rump, his tubed penis poking out between his legs. Before he knew it, he was lifted up and plopped down into the bath.

He tried to stand up almost immediately, but Claire pushed him back down as she wet a washcloth and started to wash him. She did not speak as she did this, simply lifting his arm and washing it before moving on to the next one. Andlat sat there in the warm water, although the bath was fairly low, the water barely above his belly button. This only made him feel more exposed as Claire dipped the washcloth and washed his bare chest. Andlat could hardly do anything but sit there as the wolf quietly worked, moving him into whatever position she wanted him in. The worst was having her lift him up so that she could clean his rump. She held him in one arm, his butt up high in the air as she thoroughly washed it. He was only a few inches above

the bath, but he still whimpered as though he were stories above it. What made it ever worse was how exposed his tubed cock was in that position, held between his legs so that it pointed toward his rump.

“Baby Emma’s getting so clean!” Claire moved lower, working on his legs, which allowed him to sit in the bath again. He grumbled and pouted. He sniffed and realized that his fur smelled strongly of strawberries. By this point, Claire was just finishing up his footpaws. She made sure to get between each and every one of his toes before she stopped. “What did Auntie forget, Emma? She cleaned your head and your tummy and your arms and your footpaws and even your little tushie. What’d she forget?” She reached down and tickled the fox. “What did silly Auntie forget?” The fox shrugged. She had been very thorough. She chuckled. “Baby Emma doesn’t know?” He shook his head. “She’s sure?” Andlat cringed. Her voice had started out sickly sweet and had only gotten worse. “Silly Auntie forgot baby Emma’s fluffy tail!” With that, she began to wash his tail, taking care not to tug on it. Andlat was glad of this, as he had always had a sensitive tail, but he refused to show any of his gratitude.

It did not take Claire long to finish washing his tail. She lifted him out of the tub. He shivered in the air conditioned air before she wrapped the fox in a fluffy pink towel that seemed to manifest out of nowhere. He could not help but giggle as Claire rubbed him all over, drying him and turning him into a fluffball. Setting the towel aside, she carried the nude fox out of the bathroom and down the hall to the nursery. “Baby girl’s all nice and clean.” She repeated as she set him down on the soft pink covering of the changing table. In a jiffy, she had a fresh diaper under his rump and was already powdering the fox. With the practiced skill of a mother, she taped the diaper around his waist. Andlat blushed as he knew what would surely be coming next, but she surprised him by picking him up and setting him on his legs in front of the open closet.

He stood there, his legs spread wide due to the thickness of his puffy diapers and wondered what she was planning. She knelt down and gently touched his shoulders.

“Which nightie does baby Emma want to wear tonight?” Her voice was soft and sweet, her breath tickling his ear. “Which one?” Andlat whimpered and pointed at the first one he saw. Claire tsked. “Polite little girls never point, Emma.”

“Can I wear the blue one, auntie?”

“Auntie knows that you’re just a baby, but even babies need proper manners. It is may, not can.” Andlat sighed and grumbled.

“Auntie. May I wear the blue one?” Claire paused before selecting a satin pink nightgown.

“This one is much prettier.” She announced, slipping it over his head. He frowned as his head popped out. “I know you wanted the blue one, sugar, but babies can’t dress themselves. Besides, your dress for Amy’s birthday party is blue.” She kissed his forehead before slipping a pacifier into his muzzle. “I love my little niece.” She hugged him and started walking downstairs, still cuddling the little fox.

Andlat was amazed by the warmth of the gesture. He had thought that she was only doing this to embarrass him, but she seemed to genuinely care for him as a baby girl.

Jenny and Jessie were nowhere to be found when Claire carried him into the living room. He looked around, genuinely confused. Claire did not seem to notice as she sat down in a rocking chair in the corner and began to slowly rock back and forth, back and forth. The chair creaked, but it was a reassuring sound. Out of nowhere, Claire brought the bottle that Andlat had been nursing earlier to his muzzle. He took it and began to drink. She smiled and continued rocking back and forth as she began to rock him in her arms. Andlat kept nursing and a smile

formed around the bottle as Claire began to softly hum a lullaby. The warmth of her body wrapped around him like a soft blanket, aided by the warm milk that each sucking motion brought into his body. He was exhausted from his tantrum earlier, now struggling to even keep his eyes open. He fell asleep

The next thing Andlat remembered was waking up in the crib. The room was dark, lit only by the nightlight. A pacifier was in his muzzle and he was comfortably tucked into the crib. He had always had a bit of an oral fixation, so the pacifier was not unwelcome. Even though he was in such a feminine and infantile room, he was warm under the blankets, so that was all that mattered. He yawned loudly as he closed his eyes and fell back asleep.

The next time he woke up, it was still dark. He sat up and rubbed at his eyes with his paws. He looked down at his soggy diaper, dim in the dark room, and sighed. There was not even the slightest bulge in the pastel plastic. If he were not aware of his cock between his legs, he would have been hard-pressed to believe that that diaper was taped around a boy's waist.

He looked up and spied the dress that he would be wearing for the birthday party in just a few hours. Its layers upon layers of petticoats and ruffles more than made up for its vaguely boyish color. He would never be mistaken for a boy in that, but there was still no way he could ever let anyone even suspect that he was. He silently resolved to behave as best he was able all day tomorrow. He nodded in affirmation before falling back asleep.

"She looks so peaceful." Andlat was dimly aware of the voices as he slowly stirred. He felt warmth all around him. Was he still in his crib?

"I think she's waking up." That was Claire's voice. He slowly opened his eyes, stretching his arms above him as he yawned. "Aww! So cute!" Andlat looked around. He was being held by Claire with Jenny and Jessie sitting on both sides of their mother, gazing down at the fox. He

whimpered, feeling so small in this situation. Jessie reached out and took Andlat from her mother, tickling his belly.

“Who’s a cutie pie? You are! You are!” Andlat looked away as the girl, who was really younger than him, talked to him like a baby. Claire smiled and stood up.

“Alright, girls. Keep an eye on Emma. I have to do something real quick.” Jenny and Jessie nodded eagerly as Claire left the room. Jenny held Andlat in her arms, rocking him slowly while she played with the hem of his nightgown.

“Auntie told us you picked out this nightie.” She said sweetly.

“I wanted the blue one!” Andlat grumbled. Jenny and Jessie both laughed.

“Once you’re older, you’ll get to dress yourself, pumpkin.” Jessie said, bopping his nose playfully.

“I’m older than you are!” They both laughed.

“That’s why you wear such puffy pants.” Jenny said, lifting up his nightie to show off his diapers. He yelped as they flipped him over to read the decal on the back.

“Infant vixen.” Jessie read aloud. “That settles it. Emma is just a little baby girl.” They flipped him back over.

“What do you say to that, sweetie?” Jenny asked, grinning from ear to ear. The fox opened his mouth to argue, but it was filled by a pacifier, reducing him to infantile mumbles. Both of the girls laughed at the baby fox. He growled and was about to spit out the pacifier when Claire returned.

“Alrighty! Let’s get Emma all nice and ready for the birthday party, hmm?” She picked Andlat up and cradled him in her arms as she headed upstairs. Andlat whimpered as Claire set

him down on the changing table and started taking off his nightgown. “What’s wrong, angel?” Claire asked, concerned.

“Jenny and Jessie said that I’m just a baby girl.” Andlat explained around the pacifier. Claire ohed and hugged the fox.

“If you ask me, you’re not a baby. Some little girls just have trouble keeping their tinkles in.” Andlat looked away, embarrassed. “You’ll be in panties by next summer, don’t worry.” Claire said cheerfully, easing the fox back onto the changing table so she could change him.

Before long, Andlat was sitting there in a fresh diaper as Claire grabbed the dress. She smiled as she carried it over, the light petticoats floating majestically. Andlat blushed as he stared at it.

“Why’s it so short?” He asked shyly, worried that his diapers would be on full display at what was a big girl party.

“Does Emma like her pretty dressie?” Claire ignored his question, asking one of her own. Andlat whimpered. “It’s blue! Just like whose dress?” The fox stared at her in confusion. “Which princess wears a pretty blue dress?”

“Cinderella.” Andlat realized. The wolf nodded.

“That’s right! You’ll be auntie’s little Cinderemma, won’t you?” Andlat rolled his eyes at the pun, giving the motherly wolf the opportunity she needed to pounce and start dressing him. The dress had a two-tiered skirt just below a large dark blue sash that went about the waist. The bodice was decorated with a large dark blue bow right in the center, flanked by two smaller bows of the same color. The bubble sleeves were hemmed with blue lace and had blue bows on them as well. Andlat made a face as he saw himself in the mirror, but Claire was not done yet.

She took out a few lengths of blue ribbon and tied a big bow on his tail before putting his headfur into pigtails with ribbons too.

“Emma asked auntie why her dressie was so short, right?” Andlat nodded, blushing. “This is why.” The wolf set him down on the floor. “So it doesn’t get under baby’s knees when she’s crawling around. She smiled at his thick diapered butt. A moment later, she gasped. “Auntie forgot baby’s plastic panties, didn’t she?” While the little fox sat there, completely still, she went over and found the frilly pair of matching plastic panties. She had planned to coerce the fox into this dress anyway, not actually imagining that he would choose it himself, so the name “Emma” was embroidered on the front of the plastic panties. She found no trouble in grabbing the fox and slipping the panties over his legs and thick diaper. “Who’s a pretty princess?” Claire said sweetly, scooping the fox up. “Your cousins will think you’re so adorable! And so will everyone else!”

Sure enough, Jessie and Jenny cooed at him the moment they saw his pretty dress. Andlat was made to curtsy repeatedly until they were happy. Jenny smiled at the little fox and handed him Rose.

“Wouldn’t want to forget her, now would you, Emma?” She asked sweetly. Andlat shook his head silently, blushing. “Does she have a soggy diapee?” He sighed and kneeled down carefully, changing the doll as his frilly butt was clearly visible to all three wolves. Once he had finished changing the doll, Claire picked him up again.

“Emma and I will be back in a few hours.” Claire announced, nuzzling the fox’s cheek lovingly.

“Have fun, baby Emma!” Jessie and Jenny said in unison, grinning. Andlat blushed and whined, but Claire calmly put a pacifier in his mouth and headed outside, a diaper bag on her shoulder as she carried the oversized kit.

The bus trip was largely uneventful, but Andlat still did not meet the eyes of any of the other passengers, for fear that one would peg him as a big boy dressed as a baby girl. Before he knew it, though, Claire carried him off the bus.

Claire walked right into the house and Andlat’s ears were immediately assaulted by the sounds of little girls talking to each other. He shyly looked around as Claire set him down. All of the other partygoers were also in dresses, each as feminine as his own. As far as he could tell, the only boy was a toddler in the playpen. He was also the only other in diapers, but his were plain white, not frilly and pink like Andlat’s.

Amy came skipping over, her dress’s skirt bouncing with each hop, revealing her Barbie panties. Andlat tugged down on his dress, trying to hide his crinkly diapers.

“Emma!” She squealed. “Thanks so much for coming!” She kissed his cheek.

“Happy birthday, Amy.” Andlat said shyly. The bunny hugged him and took his paw, leading him over to the other girls. Before he knew it, he was sitting down in their circle, playing with Rose. His puffy panties were quite obvious to the other girls and soon it was no secret that the late-coming vixen was diapered, despite her large size.

They played with their dolls for a little while before Amy’s mother came in and clapped her paws to get their attention.

“It’s time to play musical chairs, girls.” Andlat tried to hide off to one side as all of the girls giggled excitedly, but one of the girls grabbed his paw.

“C’mon, Emma!” She said gently. Andlat could not believe that a toddler was talking to him as though he were a baby. A ring of pink chairs were set up in the center and the girls stood around them, chattering away. Andlat stayed silent, trying to form a plan that would let him lose in the first round. The soundtrack to “Pretty Ponies of Periwinkle Park” began to play and the girls moved around in a clockwise fashion, taking Andlat along with them. The music stopped and Andlat, thinking quickly, pretended to be a confused baby girl, moving slowly toward the chair as the other girls giggled and dashed. Yet, there was an open chair. The only other girl was busy fixing her sock. Andlat sighed and plopped down. The left-out girl sighed, but shrugged and sat down on the couch to watch the game.

The second round began and again, Andlat tried his hardest to be eliminated. This time, however, one of the girls dashed off to use the bathroom, so again, Andlat was left in the game. As more and more girls were eliminated, Andlat became aware of how much they enjoyed watching him waddle around. He realized the truth. They were letting him win to keep him in the game!

“Two can play at that game.” Andlat muttered. When the music stopped, he sat down on the floor and crossed his arms, sticking out his bottom lip. All of the girls whispered to each other. One of the adults came hurrying over and lifted him up.

“What’s wrong, baby Emma?” She asked.

“This game is dumb.” Andlat muttered.

“Does baby need her diapee changed?” He yelped as the strange husky slipped her finger into his diaper. “Oh! Yes, she does!” Andlat whimpered. When had he wet? All of the girls cooed up at him, saying comforting things they had heard their mommas say to babies. The husky smiled and stood there for a minute, letting Andlat absorb their words. “Wave bye-bye,

Emma! We'll get you back to the game in just a minute." Andlat sighed and waved as the husky carried him into the dining room, where most of the adults were. Claire looked up as the husky headed toward her. "Tell your auntie what happened, Emma." The husky instructed.

"Oh, Emma! Did you meet Nancy? Isn't she nice?" Andlat whimpered in the husky's arms. "Does Emma have something to tell me?"

"I need a new diaper." Andlat said, ashamed. Claire smiled and nodded.

"I have her diaper bag right here." She said to Nancy, handing the husky the small pink bag. "Are you willing to change her?" Nancy nodded with a smile.

"Of course. I changed my three girls for years. Emma's a polite little lady. She won't be any fuss." Claire smiled and thanked the husky.

"You can just head upstairs and change her in the bedroom." Amy's mother said, poking her head in from the living room, where she was leading the girls in another game.

"Wave bye-bye, baby Emma." Nancy instructed as she patted the fox's diaper and headed upstairs. Andlat whimpered. How would this stranger react to the secret in his diapers?

She entered the large bedroom and set the diaper bag down at the foot of the bed. She smiled at the blushing fox cub.

"How old are you, Emma?" She asked gently as her agile fingers began to undo the fox's dress. He thought about it. He had been told to answer four at one point, but that was too old.

"Two." He said softly. Nancy smiled and nodded, although the cub seemed far too big to be only two. She removed his dress and set it aside, laying the fox, clad only in his diaper and plastic panties. She smiled and traced the fox's embroidered name.

"These are so pretty. I'll have to ask your auntie where she got them, hmm?" Andlat nodded absent-mindedly as the husky slowly eased the plastic panties down his legs. She left

them around his ankles before moving up his body and starting to undo his diaper. He closed his eyes and tried to wake up from this nightmare. His ears twitched as he heard the diaper crinkle as she pulled it away. “Oh, my!” Something about her tone made Andlat suspect that she had expected what she found in his diaper. He looked up at her sheepishly as the husky smiled warmly. “Emma, you’re really a little boy, aren’t you?” Andlat sniffled, feeling like he was going to cry.

“Yes.” He managed.

“How old are you? Really?” She reached down and rubbed his thigh comfortingly.

“Sixteen.” Her eyes widened.

“Now, now. No need to lie, pumpkin. Auntie Nancy knows you aren’t that old.” Andlat wanted to argue, but he was too embarrassed as it was.

“Ten?” He said softly. She nodded.

“That sounds right. Now why is a ten year old boy in diapers and a dress, Emma?” He whimpered as she kept calling him Emma.

“I don’t know.” He said shyly as she busied herself with wiping his groin.

“Oh? I think you do, sweetie.” She tickled his belly playfully. “Don’t be embarrassed.” Andlat sighed and took a deep breath.

“My daddy put some diapers in my suitcase and Jenny and Jessie found them and they made me into a baby and then took me to a movie”

“Whoa! That’s a lot of excitement, isn’t it?” Nancy slipped a fresh diaper under the fox’s rump. She grabbed the baby powder and heavily powdered him. “Why did your daddy put diapers in your suitcase, Emma?”

“I have trouble holding it sometimes.” Andlat whispered.

“Well, that’s practical of him. And such pretty diapers too.” Nancy said, taping him up. “Now then, let’s get this dress back on you, hmm?”

“But why? You know I’m a boy!” Andlat whined. Nancy smiled.

“How about I give the big boy a choice?” Andlat frowned at how she mockingly said ‘big boy’, but nodded. “You can go downstairs as sweet baby Emma in a pretty dress and diaper. Or you can go downstairs as a big boy, completely naked.”

“I’ll wear the dress.” Andlat grumbled, rolling his eyes. She smiled sweetly.

“That’s a good girl.” She gently coaxed him back into the dress and picked him up. “Who’s a little cutie pie? You are, you are!” Andlat frowned and the husky slipped a pacifier into his muzzle. “Cute little baby girl.”

“Am not.” He whispered into the pacifier, too quiet for the husky to hear as she took him back downstairs. He sighed as they neared the living room where the girls were still playing, mentally preparing himself for the rest of the party. Nancy surprised him, however, by setting him down within the confines of the playpen.

“You can watch the big girls play from in here, dumpling.” She explained with a maternal smile. Andlat pouted as she left. He stood up, but even at his big size, the playpen was too high to climb over. None of the other partygoers seemed to notice or care that Andlat was trapped, playing happily together without a care in the world. He sighed and looked over at the baby boy who shared the playpen with him.

Amy’s baby brother was clearly curious about the vixen who had been a big girl not too long before, but he remained distant from Andlat. The fox paid the boy no mind as he sat there and sulked. His ears perked up as he heard Claire come into the room.

“Ms. Claire?” Amy said sweetly. “I think Emma’s grumpy.” The girls all watched as the wolf walked over and checked Andlat’s diaper.

“She’s still dry.” Claire mused. “Maybe she just needs to go home and take a nap, hmm?” She smiled down at Andlat. “Is that what you need, baby?” Andlat looked up at her. Was she serious? He nodded, just in case. “Alright then. Wave bye-bye to the nice girls.” Andlat did as they left Amy’s house, all of the girls waving back to him.

“What was the point of that?”

“It’s good for you to spend time with other little girls.” Claire explained simply as she held the fox in her arms. She handed him Rose, although Andlat was not sure where she had gotten the doll from. He held the doll as they headed back to Claire’s house.

Jenny and Jessie were bustling about as they entered, both teenagers in bikinis. Andlat felt overdressed even more so in his party gown and such.

“Back already?” Jessie said with a smile, coming over and tickling under Andlat’s chin. The fox grumbled, and pushed her paw away.

“Emma got a little grumpy when she was put in the playpen.” Claire explained. Andlat squirmed, but Claire held him tight in her arms.

“You know what’s the perfect cure for hot-headed little vixens? She can come swimming with us!” Jenny exclaimed. Claire hummed.

“I’m not too sure about that. We don’t have a baby pool and she’s too little for our big pool.”

“But mom!” Jenny whined. “She can just stay in the shallows and you can watch her yourself.”

“Do we even have a swimsuit that can fit her?” Jenny and Jessie exchanged a look which made Andlat’s stomach drop.

“We thought of that.” Jenny said. “I went up to the attic and found our old swimsuits.”

“Plus there were water wings up there too!” Jessie added. Claire grinned.

“You girls are perfect.” She said proudly. She handed Jenny Andlat, making the fox whimper. “You two get her ready while I go put my swimsuit on. We don’t have any swim diapers, so she’ll just have to hold it.” As Claire left the room, Andlat was left to the mercy of the two teenage wolves.

They set him down on the floor before they began undressing him, taking care not to damage his delicate dress. He fell onto his back as they tugged off his plastic panties and lay there in just his diaper, which soon came off. Andlat whimpered and covered his tubed cock as the girls giggled. Jenny immediately slapped his paws away.

“Naughty girl! Good girls don’t touch themselves down there.” She pulled his paws up to his head and held them there as the Jessie played with his tubed cock. Andlat looked away, sucking rapidly on the pacifier that remained in his muzzle.

“Where did you put her swimsuit, Jenny?” Jessie asked. Jenny thought about it.

“I can’t remember.” She smiled and helped Andlat up. The fox wrapped his tail around his waist. It felt weird to be completely naked. He stared up at the girls as they each took one of his paws. “Let’s go find it, Emma!” Jenny said cheerfully. Andlat sighed, but had no choice but to go along with them.

The girls seemed in no hurry to find the swimsuit, taking the little fox all over the house, giggling at how he continued to blush about his visible cock and balls. He sighed as they returned to the living room for the third time. He was growing tired of their games. He grumbled

as Jenny pulled a swimsuit out from under one of the pillows on the couch. It had been there this whole time!

The garment in question was fairly typical of a little girls' swimsuit, one piece, purple with a cute pink skirt. Jenny turned it around in her paws and Andlat saw that it had three rows of ruffles on the seat as well. He felt his cock twinge in its tube, but did not speak.

Working together, the girls made short work of putting the little fox in the girly swimsuit. They urged him over to a mirror where he could see himself fully. Somehow, he felt even more feminine in the swimsuit than he had in all of his other outfits. The swimsuit clung to him, drawing attention to the feminine curves of his body. He held his paws behind his back and blushed, tail wrapping around his leg.

"I think she likes how she looks!" Jessie giggled happily. They stepped into the view of the mirror and Andlat immediately noticed just how different the two teenage wolves looked to him in his little girl swimsuit.

"Is everyone all set?" Claire asked, entering the room.

"We're just going to the backyard, mom." Jenny rolled her eyes good-naturedly. Claire smiled down at Andlat.

"But your uncle Jack wouldn't be too happy if anything happened to his precious little girl." Claire kneeled down and pulled Andlat close to her. With agile paws, she split his hair into two bunches, making pigtails. Seemingly from nowhere, she produced lengths of white ribbon and tied them into bows at the end of each pigtail. Andlat's eyes widened as he stared at his reflection. His hair was a little too short for proper pigtails, but the feminine hairstyle still added to his sissy appearance.

“I look ridiculous.” He mumbled, too soft for anyone to hear. Claire took his paw and led him out the door to the backyard, where the pool waited.

Andlat genuinely enjoyed swimming, but he was sure that Claire and her girls would figure out some way to ruin this for him. Jessie and Jenny jumped right in at the deep end, but Claire held firmly to Andlat’s paw, slowly walking the sissy fox to the shallows. She stopped at the top of the steps that descended smoothly into the water.

“Is little Emma all set to swim?” She asked, her voice sugar sweet. Andlat sighed as he glanced over at Jessie and Jenny, who were practicing their swimming with considerable skill. He nodded.

“Yes, auntie.” He said as eagerly as he could muster. She smiled and stepped down one step, grabbing one of his paws in each of hers and easing him down. Andlat was tall enough that the first step was not too far up his body. He rolled his eyes at how careful she was being. They slowly moved down another step and the water got up higher on Andlat’s body, reaching the bottom of his swimsuit. He mumbled slightly at the cool temperature of the water, but tried to keep a happy expression on his face. Claire sat down on the second step and held his arms, smiling at the sissy fox.

“How am I supposed to swim?” He asked softly. Claire smiled at him.

“Just splash around.” She said cheerfully. Andlat sighed and hopped from footpaw to footpaw, the water splashing around him. “Good girl!” Claire praised as Jenny and Jessie watched from the deep end. She let go of Andlat’s paws, but kept a close eye on him, grabbing him just before he could get out of reach and returning him to right in front of her. Andlat whimpered and tried to get away from her, but the wolf kept him in place.

“Let me go!” He growled.

“You can play right in front of auntie, sweetie.” Claire replied, gently playing with his pigtails.

“I don’t wanna!” Andlat whined. Claire frowned.

“Does baby Emma need a spanking?”

“No.” Andlat said with a sigh, crossing his arms.

“Then be a good baby girl. Can you do that for Auntie?” She slipped her finger under his chin and gently lifted it up, smiling at how feminine he looked with the pigtails and little girl swimsuit. She silently resolved to pack the swimsuit with his things so that Jack would have it to put him in. Andlat nodded, but he knew that she would make him say it.

“Yes, auntie. I’ll be a good baby girl.” She smiled and scooped him up into her lap. Andlat sighed and let her hold him between her legs, petting his head. She took one of his paws and stuck his thumb in his muzzle. He blushed as he heard Jenny and Jessie giggle.

“Look at baby Emma sucking her thumb!” They swam over with surprising speed, surrounding Andlat. He could not help but feel very small surrounding by the three wolves, his thumb in his muzzle and his hair in pigtails.

“Now, now, girls. Be nice to your little cousin. She’s been very good about holding her tinkles. It’s strange that her daddy didn’t pack any swim diapers for her.” Claire remarked, ignoring the squirming fox. Jessie and Jenny nodded and Andlat knew that they both were remembering the trip to the movies. “Oh!” All three of them looked at Claire as her eyes widened. “Jessie. Could you please run inside and check the time?” Jessie nodded and got out of the pool, her fur dripping. She hurried inside, returning a few seconds later.

“It’s 11:30, mom.” Claire nodded.

“Thank you, dear. C’mon Emma! Let’s go inside and make some lunch for your cousins. You can be auntie’s little helper!” Andlat grumbled as Claire lifted him out of the pool, but she let him walk inside. It was only once they were inside that he realized that he was still sucking his thumb. He pulled it out shyly as Claire picked him up and headed upstairs to the nursery.

Before long, Andlat was diapered again and Claire put him in a plain white sundress. He grumbled at this.

“You know, other babies get to wear t-shirts.”

“You’re too pretty for that, Emmakins. Besides, a nice white sundress goes so well with your pigtail ribbons. Plus it’ll keep you cool since you didn’t want to stay in the pool.”

“You’re a historical revisionist.” Andlat grumbled. Claire ignored his “big cub” words and put a pacifier in his muzzle. Claire studied him, clearly thinking. Andlat stayed still, nervous about what the wolf was thinking. She picked him up and set him down in front of the mirror.

“Stand up, Emma.” He obeyed, confused by the wolf’s actions. He blushed at the vixen in the mirror with her pigtails and sundress, her legs bowed from the diaper underneath. “Now turn your back to the mirror and bend over.” Andlat grew more perplexed, but obeyed, the wolf lifting his dress slightly so he could see his face between his legs, his pigtails hanging down.

“What do you see?”

“Me.” He lisped around the pacifier.

“Be more specific.”

“My butt.”

“That’s a naughty word, princess. It’s your tushie.” Claire explained calmly. “What color is your diaper?”

“Pink.” The fox replied dutifully.

“That’s right! But there’s a problem. Your dress and pigtail ribbons are white. Don’t you want to match?” Andlat’s puzzlement grew even worse. What was she getting at?

“But all the diapers are pink.” He said slowly. Claire smiled and nodded.

“Yes, so we’ll have to find some panties to go over Emma’s diaper. Would you like that?” Andlat stayed silent, fully aware that the wolf would not like his answer. “Of course you would.” She said with a smile, going to the dresser and grabbing a white pair of plastic panties, all frilly and lacey. Claire soon had him lying down on the floor as she slipped them up his scrawny legs. “Doesn’t that look better?”

They headed downstairs, making a stop in the living room, where Claire picked up Rose, handing the doll to Andlat. She then headed to the kitchen.

“You can play with your dolly while auntie makes lunch.” She kissed Andlat’s forehead lovingly. She set him down in the middle of the kitchen floor and got to work making sandwiches. Andlat fussed with the doll for a bit, but grew bored quickly. Being in the kitchen did not provide much entertainment. He put Rose down and stood up, planning to leave the room. He waddled quickly, diaper crinkling. Surprisingly, Claire simply watched him go, making no effort to stop him. She reached for the phone as he left earshot.

Andlat looked around the living room, wondering what he could do. Escape was impossible, both because of how he was dressed and because of how far away home was from here. He sighed sadly. When was daddy coming to get him? His ears perked up as he heard the back door open. Jessie and Jenny were coming inside! Thinking quickly, he hid behind the couch. He tried to listen in to Jessie and Jenny talking to their mom, but they were talking too softly. He wanted to sneak closer, but he did not want to be caught by the girls, so he stayed

hidden. They left the kitchen and headed upstairs. He sighed with relief. He watched Claire come out of the kitchen and go to the foot of the stairs.

“Change quickly, girls. It’s lunchtime.” Andlat quickly ducked down as Claire turned around to look for him. “Hmm.” She said, stepping into the living room. “I wonder where Emma is.” She smiled to herself, knowing just how to get the fox to come out from wherever he was hiding. “A big girl who comes out right away gets to eat sandwiches. Only a baby girl who still needs to eat baby food would stay hiding.” Claire smiled as she saw the fox come out from behind the couch. “That’s a good girl.” She kneeled down and checked his puffy diaper, nodding before picking him up and carrying him into the dining room.

“I thought I got to eat sandwiches.” Andlat whined as she set him in the highchair and grabbed a bib.

“You do, sweetie. But you’re still a baby, so I’ll put a bib on you, just in case.” She tied the bib around the fox’s neck. Andlat glared down at the bib, ‘Princess Emma’ embroidered on it. “Now we’re just waiting on your cousins, pumpkin.”

Andlat tapped his claws on the tray of the highchair. Where were Jessie and Jenny? He whimpered as he felt his bladder twinge. He just let it go into his crinkly diaper, as had become the norm. Claire smiled, but he was not sure if it was because of him wetting or some unknown reason.

His ears twitched and he turned to look at the foot of the stairs as the two teenage wolves came down. They were both wearing jeans and tops, making him feel even more feminine in his sundress and pigtails.

“There you two are! Emma’s a hungry girl and she’s not too happy about waiting.” Claire said cheerfully.

“Sorry, Emma!” Jessie and Jenny said in unison, kissing Andlat on both cheeks. He grumbled and pushed them away. They giggled and sat down at the table as Claire disappeared into the kitchen to get lunch. She returned with three plates, setting two of them in front of Jessie and Jenny.

“Roast beef for Jessie and Jenny.” Claire said cheerfully. “And peanut butter and jelly for Emma.”

“What kind of jelly?” Andlat asked nervously. He had a deep dislike of grape jelly.

“Grape.” Claire said, setting it down on the tray. “Eat up and become a big girl, Emmakins.” Andlat made a face, but Claire ignored it, sitting down on the opposite side of the table, across from the fox in his highchair. She gave him a good, hard look and Andlat looked down at the sandwich. The crusts had been cut off and the sandwich was cut into four small squares. He could smell the grape jelly and saw it oozing out of the wheat bread. He whimpered softly, unsure of what to do.

After a moment, he resolved to at least try it. He picked a square up slowly and took a nibble. It tasted as though Claire had saturated the sandwich with grape jelly. He quickly returned the small sandwich square to his plate and pushed it as far away from him as the tray of the highchair would allow.

“Eat up, Emma.” Claire said softly, more a reminder of what she wanted him to do than a command. Andlat frowned and shook his head.

“I don’t like grape jelly.”

“No picky eaters in this house, sweetie.” Claire said gently. “Eat it up or you’ll get nothing.” Andlat’s stomach grumbled, but he remained firm.

“I don’t like grape jelly.” He repeated. Claire sighed and stood up.

“Fine. Auntie will go make her baby niece something else to eat.” Andlat grinned. Had he really won for once? She picked up the plate and disappeared into the kitchen. Andlat practically beamed. Things were finally going his way! He heard the sound of the blender, but thought nothing of it until Claire returned with a bowl of mush. His nose twitched as Claire sat down in front of him. “Since you can’t be a good big girl, Auntie’s going to feed you like a baby.” Claire explained, getting a spoonful of the mush and bringing it to his muzzle. Andlat sighed and let the spoon go into his mouth.

“Ew!” He whined as he forced the spoonful down. Claire had simply blended the sandwich down to mush!

“We will sit here all day, missy.” Claire threatened as Andlat closed his muzzle and tried his best to keep it shut. Andlat turned his head away.

“No.” He said through clenched teeth.

“Emma. Now.” Claire said forcefully.

“That’s not my name.”

“What did baby Emma say?” Claire asked, her tone implying that she had not understood the fox through his clenched teeth.

“That’s not my name.” Andlat enunciated more. Claire took the opportunity to sneak the spoon into his mouth.

“Good girl!” She praised. “We’ll be done in no time if you just behave.” She prepared another spoonful and Andlat reached up to hold his nose to at least dull the taste. Claire gently took his paw from his nose. “Keep them on the tray, princess.” She coaxed. Before Andlat could protest, another spoonful plunged into his mouth.

The mush slowly disappeared from the bowl, but the more that went into his mouth, the sicker Andlat felt. As Andlat's stomach grumbled, he forced the last bits down. Claire let him out of the highchair, but only to hold him in her lap as she fed him a bottle of milk. He did not care how babyish he looked as he sucked down the milk, desperate to get the taste of grape jelly out of his mouth.

"My, oh my! Emma's a thirsty girl!" Claire said, eyes wide. Andlat ignored her, sucking on the bottle. Once it was empty, Claire set it aside and placed the fox against her shoulder, burping him. She set Andlat down and smiled at him. "Show auntie how fast you can crawl, pumpkin!" She watched the frills of his diaper cover as he crawled toward the living room, his legs moving quickly, evidence of how much time he had spent crawling. As the fox moved from the wood floor of the dining room onto the carpet of the living room, Claire dropped to her paws and knees and gave chase. She kept it slow, but Andlat soon became aware of her catching up. He eeped and sped up.

Claire could not help but laugh at how the fox's diapered bottom wiggled as he crawled away from her as fast as he could. With a playful growl, Claire pounced. Andlat yelped loudly as the wolf flipped him onto his back and lifted up his dress to expose his belly.

"Baby vixen tummy! My favorite!" Claire growled, leaning down and blowing raspberries on it. Andlat squealed uncontrollably.

"Stop it!" He yelled between his girlish giggles. "Auntie!"

"I'm not auntie! I'm the tickle monster!" She switched her attack to the bottoms of his footpaws, a well-known ticklish place for all cubs. Andlat squealed and laughed loudly, unable to control himself. He kicked at Claire, but the wolf was too quick to get hit, not that his little paws would hurt her much. "Tickle, tickle, tickle!" She teased. Andlat eeped as he wet himself

again. She did not let up, continuing to tickle him until they were both out of breath. Andlat stifled a yawn, exhausted by the exertion. “Looks like baby’s ready for her nap.”

Once upstairs, Claire took off the fox’s dress. She squeezed his chest playfully, but soon grabbed a plain white nightie with a lacy collar and dressed him in it. She slipped a finger into Andlat’s diaper and nodded to herself before setting him in the crib and tucking him in with a pacifier in his muzzle.

After she left, Andlat spent a little while thinking. How long had it been? Only a few days, but being dropped off here felt like it was a lifetime ago and even longer since he had worn boy’s underwear.

He had been woken up the morning they were to leave for Claire’s by Jack picking him up out of bed, the fox in nothing but his white and blue briefs. The wolf was powerfully built and looked even more so in his green boxer briefs that showed off his cock. He held on to Jack’s forearm as he was carried out of the bedroom and over to the nursery nearby.

“Jack! You told me I’d go to Claire’s as a boy!” Andlat whined. Jack smiled and kissed his forehead.

“You will, hon. But it’s a long trip and Daddy doesn’t want to stop every time his foxy needs to go potty.”

“It’s only a few hours.” Andlat’s protests fell on deaf ears as Jack tugged off the fox’s underwear and made them disappear from sight. “I don’t have to ride in the carseat, do I?” Andlat asked softly. Jack smiled and shook his head as he played with the fox’s tubed cock. He had pawed the fox off last night and locked it on while Andlat was still in post-orgasmic bliss.

“That’s a baby girl carseat, not a big boy one.” He unfolded the pink diaper and slipped it under Andlat’s rump. “You are a big boy, aren’t you?”

“Yes.” Andlat said at once. Jack smiled and nodded approvingly as he put a little powder in the fox’s diaper before taping it up. He patted the front of the fox’s diaper.

“There we are. It would be embarrassing to show up to Claire’s in wet pants, wouldn’t it? Jessie and Jenny would tease you, would’t they?” Jack said softly. Andlat nodded, whimpering frightfully. “By now, they might even be taller than you, won’t they? You’d just feel more like a little boy in your wet pants, embarrassed and fighting back tears.”

“Yes.” Andlat whispered.

“Then it’s a good thing daddy put you in a diaper, isn’t it? A wet diaper’s easier to hide than soaked pants, hmm?”

“Yes.”

“You’d better thank daddy, hmm?”

“Thank you, daddy.” Andlat said. Jack smiled and hugged the fox.

“Now go get dressed. We need to get going.”

Lost in his thoughts, the fox soon fell asleep, sucking the pacifier in his mouth. His sleep was dreamless.

“Princess, time to wake up.” The warm male voice sounded instantly familiar to the fox, but his groggy state prevented him from properly processing it.

“I don’t wanna, daddy.” He grumbled, rolling over so that his back was to the wolf who had interrupted his sleep.

“Is a certain little vixen a grumpy panties?” Jack teased.

“No.” Andlat huffed. Suddenly, his eyes widened and he flipped over. “Daddy!” The powerfully built black wolf looked so ordinary in his shorts and t-shirt, but Andlat was

overjoyed. At long last, things would return to normal. He tugged the blankets off of himself and grinned at the wolf. “I missed you.” He said sheepishly.

“I missed you too, sweetheart.” Jack said, picking the fox up and checking his diaper. He wordlessly carried the fox over to the changing table and began to change him. “Auntie was telling me that you’ve been a very good girl.” The fox muttered and just looked away. Jack smiled and continued. “She told me you even wore panties your first day, but I see that didn’t last.” Andlat blushed. “What happened, Emma?”

“I had an accident.” He mumbled.

“And your training panties leaked, didn’t they?” The red-faced fox could only nod. “That’s why daddy sent so many diapers along with his little precious.”

“I wanted boy clothes.” Andlat grumbled.

“Well, you had boy clothes last time we came to visit Auntie and do you remember what happened?” Andlat nodded shyly. He had been tricked by Jenny and Jessie into a dress and made to wear it all night by Jack. “So, I figured why waste time by sending a whole suitcase of clothes you weren’t going to wear? Auntie provided so many pretty dresses that I knew that little Emma would come out and play soon enough.” He smiled as he slipped a new diaper under Andlat’s rump. The fox whimpered, feeling his eyes fill with tears. Jack noticed the fox’s change in mood and quickly taped up his diaper before picking him up and cradling the little fox.

“Daddy.” The fox whimpered, snuggling the wolf’s chest. All of the emotional turmoil of the last few days came pouring out all at once and he began to cry.

“Sweetie.” Jack said softly. “Daddy’s here.” He kissed the fox’s forehead. “You’ve been so good these past few days. Daddy’s so proud of you.” He tickled his belly gently. “Daddy loves you, cutie pie.”

“I love you too, daddy.” Andlat said, sniffing. Jack smiled and rocked the fox gently.

“I love my baby fox.” He sang softly, gently rubbing the fox’s soft belly.

They sat in silence for a few minutes, Jack cradling his fox in his arms. Andlat’s tears soon dried and he stopped sniffing.

“All better?” Jack asked sweetly. Andlat nodded and Jack gently took of the fox’s nightie before putting him back in the sundress he had been wearing before his nap.

“Do I have to?” Andlat asked, slipping even more into a cubby frame of mind due to the presence of the wolf.

“Daddy forgot to bring your boy clothes, so you’ll just have to be daddy’s princess until we get home.” Andlat knew that he had not really forgotten, but did not want to risk a spanking. The wolf smiled and carried Andlat down the stairs to where Claire was sitting, reading a magazine.

“Look at how happy Emma is to see her daddy!” Claire exclaimed cheerfully. Andlat nodded and nuzzled Jack.

“Daddy loves me.” He said grumpily.

“Princess.” Jack said in warning. “Be polite.” Andlat huffed. Jack sat down in an armchair, setting Andlat in his lap. The fox squirmed, but Jack held him tight.

“Are you in any hurry?” Claire asked Jack.

“Not really. Why? Did you have something in mind?”

“The girls are off with their friends, so I figured that we could go to this new restaurant at the mall for a little dinner before you head off.”

“That sounds wonderful.” Jack said with a smile. Andlat squirmed on the wolf’s lap again, but the wolf kept him still, slipping a pacifier into his muzzle. “Oh, before I forget,

Claire.” He looked at his sister. “I believe it’s time I take back the item I lent to you.” Claire ohed and pulled a keychain out of her pocket. Andlat looked at it, eyes wide. He recognized the Beauty and the Beast keychain immediately, along with the silver key hanging from it. Had Claire had it all this time? “Since my sweet little kit has been such a good girl all this time, I think she can have her tubie taken off.” Jack said, flipping the fox onto his back and lowering the front of his diaper.

Andlat could already feel his cock stiffening in the tube even before Jack unlocked it. He looked up at Jack pleadingly as his free cock stuck out, rock hard. Jack simply smiled and tugged the fox’s diaper back up. Claire smiled and stood up.

“Where are you going?” Jack asked curiously.

“I’ll be right back.” She said with a knowing smile as she left the living room. Jack shrugged and played with Andlat’s pigtails, smiling at how the fox squirmed. Andlat wanted so desperately to rub his diaper. His cock was so frustratingly hard!

Claire returned a few minutes later with Andlat’s doll in her paws. She handed her to Andlat as Jack looked on curiously.

“Who’s this?” He asked gently. Andlat blushed as both wolves waited for him to reply.

“This is my friend.”

“She’s a baby too, isn’t she?” Jack said, kissing the fox on top of his head. The blushing fox nodded.

“Tell daddy her name, Emma.” Claire coaxed.

“Her name’s Rose.” Andlat mumbled.

“Did you name her that?” Jack asked, grinning. Andlat nodded. “Does auntie know that Rose is your middle name, Emma?” Andlat yelped.

“Aww! I didn’t know that! Emma Rose is such a pretty name!” Andlat’s tail curled self-consciously.

“You know, you two could practically be sisters.” Jack said thoughtfully. “Except Emma’s diaper is puffier, isn’t it?” Andlat tried to ignore the adults by busying himself with making sure Rose’s dress was straight. “Of course, Emma’s really a boy, isn’t she? He wants to leave Rose here when we leave.” He smiled down at the fox. “Isn’t that right, Andlat?” The fox stared up at him, wondering what the right answer would be.

“She’s a present and you’re supposed to appreciate presents no matter what.” He said after a moment. Claire and Jack both smiled.

“That’s very grown-up of you.” Jack said, reaching under the fox’s dress to pat his diapered bum. He turned to Claire. “When were you thinking about leaving for the restaurant?”

“Pretty soon. It’s at the mall and there’s an errand or two I’d like to run before we eat.” Jack nodded thoughtfully as he bounced Andlat slightly on his knee. The fox cradled Rose in his arms, not even wasting a second thought on Claire’s errands. Daddy would protect him from anything too embarrassing.

The time came soon to leave. Claire had assembled a diaper bag and Jack held it in his paw as he kissed Andlat’s head.

“Are we walking?” Claire asked. “It is a beautiful day.” Jack thought about this.

“It would be easier just to put Emma in a stroller now. We can take it right into the mall and everything.”

“But daddy!” Andlat whined immediately.

“Shush, princess. Daddy doesn’t want his little vixen to get all tired and grumpy from having to walk.” He said sternly as Claire got the stroller out. Andlat pouted, which made it easy

for Jack to put the little fox into the stroller and buckle him in. In a jiffy, they were off to the mall.

Andlat held Rose close as they rolled along. He was grateful that he could just sit there as everything went by, but it was still embarrassing to be out in a diaper and dress like a baby girl. Claire and Jack were talking about Jack's drive here, which was a positively boring conversation to listen to, so Andlat blocked it out.

It was the middle of the week, so the mall was not all that busy. A tiger security guard smiled and waved at Andlat as he was pushed inside. He shyly waved back as they headed further into the mall.

"Where to first?" He heard Jack ask.

"Emma's been such a good girl. I know just the place." Claire replied. Andlat looked around. He had never been to this mall before, so there was no indication of where they might be heading. Men's clothes, toys, beauty products, a photography studio and a lawn care store all went by as they moved along. He looked up ahead and spotted the one store that he desperately wanted to stop at.

"Candy!" He exclaimed, pointing ahead. There was an enormous candy store there. Claire chuckled.

"I think she figured it out." Andlat's eyes widened. They were really going to the candy store like he wanted to?

"Hello there!" The man in the candy store was an elderly panda with a big smile on his face. He came over and knelt in front of Andlat. "And what's your name?"

"Andlat." The fox replied out of reflex. The panda frowned. The fox's pacifier had muffled him too much.

“I didn’t catch that, sweetie.”

“Her name’s Emma.” Jack said helpfully.

“Such a pretty name! You know, Emma. I have a special today for princesses. Do you know any princesses who might want some candy?” Andlat shook his head. The panda smiled. “Here’s a hint. They wear white dresses and they have a dolly. A princess is a cute little baby vixen in a stroller. You are a princess.” He tickled the fox’s belly, making Andlat giggle. He stood and looked at Jack and Claire. “What kind of candy for my new friend Emma today?”

“Something hard.” Claire said helpfully. He nodded thoughtfully.

“How about a nice strawberry candy?” He suggested, handing it to Andlat. The blushing fox popped it into his mouth and smiled automatically. The panda grinned. “There’s your pretty smile!” He stood up and rang Jack and Claire up for a big bag of the candies while Andlat contently sucked on it. His paws slowly slid down his body and under his dress. His cock was throbbing again and he wanted nothing more to rub himself. As though he could sense it, Jack was there instantaneously.

“That’s naughty, princess.” He whispered, taking care not to let the panda overhear so to save Andlat at least some pride.

“But daddy.” The fox whined. Jack smiled.

“Soon, princess.” He cooed. Andlat huffed and looked away.

“Well, we’d better get going. We have an appointment to make.” Claire said to the panda.

“It was so nice to meet you, Emma! Enjoy your candy!” The panda waved as they left.

“What kind of an appointment is it?” Andlat asked, but neither wolf heard him. He sat in the stroller, rolling along. He looked around as they moved along, realizing that they were

heading back the way they came. Where were they off to? He gave up trying to guess and stared down at Rose on his lap.

“Here it is.” Claire said at last. Andlat looked up and his jaw dropped. The marquee of the store told it all: A Thousand Words Photography Studio. They stepped inside and a nice-looking buck, only a year or two older than Jack, stood behind the counter, his nametag saying that his name was Robert.

“Hello! How can I help you?”

“Hi. My name is Claire. I made an appointment.” The deer looked at his computer and nodded.

“Here you are. Ah, yes! Your daughters stopped by earlier with all the outfits.” He smiled over the desk. “That must be our star!” Andlat tried to hide his face, but Jack quickly unbuckled him and lifted him up onto the counter.

“Say hello to the nice deer, baby.” Jack instructed.

“Hi.” Andlat said softly.

“Hello, Emma! My name’s Bobby.” From his high place on the counter, Andlat could get a better look at the buck and he liked what he saw. The buck was slightly toned, his perky butt pushing against his khakis. His puffy white tail only drew the eye even more as he bent over to grab some paperwork. “Claire, if you would be so kind as to real quick fill this out, Jack can go get his little girl into her first outfit.” He pointed to a side door and Jack took the fox through it into a large dressing room.

“Dare I ask what the first outfit is?” Andlat asked as he sat in Jack’s embrace. The wolf smiled.

“I know you’re enjoying this, mister.”

“Only since you got involved.”

“That’s silly. I’ve been involved since I dropped you off.” The fox blushed.

“You know what I mean.” He said grumpily as the wolf began to undress him. The first outfit turned out to be the ballet costume that Claire had bought him. He blushed shyly as he was led out by the paw to the studio, where the attractive buck was waiting. Andlat watched nervously as the buck practically melted from how adorable the “little girl” looked. Jack smiled.

“Listen to the nice photographer, Emma.” He instructed before joining Claire behind the camera. Bobby chuckled and began to tell the fox many different poses to do. Andlat’s cock throbbed as he was forced into pose after embarrassing pose. This went for a small eternity and the fox was quite flushed after it.

“I think we’re ready for the next outfit.” Bobby declared. Jack scooped up Andlat and carried him back to the side room.

“Daddy. I’m pokey.” Andlat whined cubbishly, hoping that it would earn him some relief. The wolf just smiled at the little fox in a pink diaper.

“Then we’ll leave your diaper on under your cute swimsuit.” He decided, slipping the feminine one-piece over the fox’s slender frame. Jack grinned and added a familiar pair of white sandals with a pink rose on each one that he liked to make the fox wear. The last touch was a pair of heart-shaped sunglasses with pink plastic frames.

“There’s our puffy-bottomed swimsuit model!” Bobby said cheerfully as Jack led the fox out. Andlat whimpered as Jack chuckled. Bobby had Andlat do another variety of poses: paws over his head, bending over, all sorts. Before he knew it, it was back to the side room for the next outfit.

The next outfit was a yellow sundress with his white sandals and a wide-brimmed hat. Jack smiled as he slipped a pacifier into the fox's muzzle.

"Pretty as a picture." Jack kissed the fox's cheek. "Daddy's little girl." Andlat pouted as he was led out for the next group of pictures. He was getting sick of how Bobby cooed and awed every time he emerged.

"Daddy's little gardening helper." Bobby declared as Andlat posed. He figured that there could not be too many more outfits left. This set seemed to take particularly long before Jack came to take him back to the dressing room.

"What's next?" Andlat asked nervously.

"My personal favorite." Jack said with a grin. "And the last one." Andlat breathed a sigh of relief, but that changed to a gasp when he set eyes on just what the outfit was. The final outfit was truly a piece de resistance. Booties, mittens, a baby bonnet, frilly plastic panties, and a puffy party gown. The only saving grace was that they were all white.

"Do I have to?" Andlat asked, already fully aware of what Jack's answer would be. The wolf did not even answer as he undressed the fox only to dress him in the disgustingly girly outfit.

"I might just faint from the cuteness!" Bobby squealed as Jack carried the fox out into the studio. Andlat sucked on the pacifier in his mouth, blushing deeply as he was set into a bassinette that was just the right size for him. It was also done up in white, with pretty bows and lace frills around the edges. "This is an easy one, princess." The buck explained. "Just lie still and let me do all the work!"

"She looks like a newborn." Claire said to Jack, who nodded.

“Like a little doll.” Claire nodded and Andlat watched as a smile grew on her face. She whispered something to Jack, who chuckled. “Perfect.” He walked over and whispered to Bobby, who stopped taking pictures.

“Go ahead. Gods know I’m being paid enough.” Jack chuckled and walked up to Andlat, who stared up in utter confusion. Jack reached under the fox’s dress and tugged off both his plastic panties and diaper.

“Daddy!” Andlat whined, glancing over at the attractive buck, who only smiled as he watched. Andlat covered his groin with his mittened paws, but Jack slapped them away.

“That’s naughty, Emma. Little girls don’t play with their doodles in public.” Andlat whimpered as the wolf replaced the pacifier in the fox’s mouth. He had no choice but to lie there as Bobby returned to taking pictures, the fox’s aroused cock clearly visible among the lace and frills of his clothes and the bassinette.

He closed his eyes and wished that it would all stop. He wished as hard as he could, whimpering and squirming in the bassinette. He could feel the soft fabric of the bassinette on his girlish rump, which only made him more aroused. That was the worst part. He was humiliated, but it only turned him on.

“Alright. We’re done here.” Bobby said at last. Andlat breathed a sigh of relief, opening his eyes as Jack lifted him up and rediapered him. To his surprise, however, the wolf began to undress him right there until he was left in nothing but his pink diaper, white bonnet and a big white ribbon on his fluffy brush.

“Didn’t Bobby say we’re done?” Andlat asked softly. Jack smiled and nodded.

“Yes, princess. Daddy’s just giving his baby girl her reward.”

“Reward?” Andlat asked as Jack carried him over to a large pink teddy bear sitting in the corner.

“This is Daddy’s friend Teddy. Wave hi to the nice bear, Emma.” The fox felt foolish as he waved. “You know what Teddy really really likes?”

“No. What?” The fox asked.

“He loves it when little sissy vixens rub their diapees on him. Do you think you could do that?” Andlat whimpered shyly, fully aware that Claire and Bobby were both coming over too.

“Okay.” He said softly.

“Good girl. Daddy would hate to lock your doodle up again without you getting a chance to make sissies.” Andlat whimpered again as he was set down. He crawled over to the bear and looked back at the buck and two wolves, who were all watching him intently. A quick glance told him that both Jack and Bobby were clearly aroused. “Go ahead, Emma! Make your diaper humpies.” Andlat took a deep breath and began to rub the front of his diaper all over the bear.

A loud murr escaped the fox’s lips as he humped the bear, his diaper crinkling all the while. His manly murr quickly transformed into cubby squeaks as he began to hump more and more quickly. The bonnet flopped back and forth. His tail swayed back and forth. The fox rubbed his diaper over the bear again and again, squeaking like the baby kit he had been the past few days. With one last squeak, he erupted into the padding of his diaper, collapsing in a heap of pants and squeaks. Jack swooped in and scooped him up, taking the exhausted little fox into the dressing room.

“Daddy’s baby girl did so well!” He cooed, kissing the fox’s forehead. Andlat whimpered, feeling his eyes well up with tears.

“Daddy!” He moaned before starting to sob. Jack sighed and hugged him tight before dressing the crying fox in the dress he had arrived in.

“Oh, no! Does someone have a case of the crabbies?” Claire asked as they emerged. Jack nodded.

“Unfortunately, it looks like we’ll have to pass on dinner. She just needs a nap, so we’ll head home.” Claire nodded.

“That sounds good. It was nice to see you, Emma. You’ll have to come visit again soon.” Andlat hid his face in Jack’s shoulder. The nightmare was nearly over. “Auntie will mail your daddy all your pretty photographs, okay?”

“I don’t want them.” Andlat grumbled, but the adults all just laughed.

It was only a short while before they were in the driveway in front of Claire’s house and Andlat was safely locked into his carseat, Rose sitting on his lap. He had stopped crying, but he still felt quite grumpy about the day’s events. He just wanted to get home so he could dress like a boy again. He watched Jack hug Claire and then the wolf got behind the wheel.

“Are we all set, sweetie?” Jack asked, looking back at him.

“Yes, please.” Andlat said. Jack smiled. He knew the fox was excited to dress like a boy again, but he was not sure if he was ready to let his little girl go. He pulled the car out of the driveway and they were on their way.

“Daddy?” Andlat asked softly after a few moments of silence.

“Yes, pumpkin?”

“Can I come with you on the next business trip?” Jack looked at the little fox in the rearview mirror.

“Daddy was planning on keeping this as a surprise, but” he grinned at Andlat. “I’m going to a conference in a few weeks and you’re going to come along.”

“Where’s it at?” Andlat asked excitedly.

“Hawaii.”

The End