

“What kind of ice cream are you going to get, *Emma*?” Jessie said with a smirk.

“That’s not my name!” Andlat said for what felt like the thousandth time, tugging up his baggy shorts for what also felt like the thousandth time. Jenny and Jessie were clever though, always calling him Emma too softly for anyone else to hear, so he could not prove to either Jack or Claire that they were even doing it. Of course, he would not even tattle on them anyway. He was older than them, so he had to remain mature and make a point not to stoop to their level. Andlat sped up a bit to get closer to Jack and Claire, who were lost in their own conversation. He took care to make sure that it did not look like he was running to his daddy to get away from the mean girls.

What’s the Scoop? stood on the corner just a few blocks away from Claire’s house, so they had all decided that it was well worth a trip for a nice dessert following. Andlat had somehow managed to avoid having Jack, Claire, or anyone wipe his face after lunch or hold his paw crossing the road or anything. He felt pretty confident that he was in the clear, even when the kind cat behind the counter saccharinely asked him how old he was. When he told her his honest age, she blushed and quickly apologized. Andlat shrugged it off though. He was used to people assuming that he was a child, not an adult. When people he knew treated him like one though, that was a different story.

The group ordered their ice cream and sat down. Jack set a fair number of napkins in front of Andlat, giving him a knowing look. Andlat rolled his eyes and set into eating his fudge ripple sundae.

“Should we get Emma a bib?” Jenny whispered to Jessie. Since Andlat had somehow ended up sitting in between them, he heard it all too well. He silently reminded himself that if he reacted, it would only encourage the twelve year old twins.

“So, Claire. How is your job going?” Andlat asked. “Jack tells me that you’ve taken on a few interesting cases?” In truth, Andlat was not entirely sure what Claire did or even what Jack did, for that matter. Every time Jack tried to explain, there was so much technical jargon that it made the fox’s head spin. Claire met Jack’s gaze for a moment, then shrugged.

“I don’t want to bore everyone talking about work.” She said simply. “How about we make plans for the rest of the day?”

“Well, it looks like it might rain in just a little bit.” Jack said, looking at his phone. “We might have to plan some indoor activities for the rest of the day.” Claire sighed.

“Darn! I was going to suggest the park. Didn’t it rain enough this morning?”

“Well, if the storm moves north of us, we might just be able to.” Jack said with a smile. “Andlat. Finish your ice cream. We’re all waiting on you.” Andlat looked around. Sure enough, everyone else had finished their ice cream and he still had quite a bit. He ate as quickly as he could, giving him quite the headache. Jack took his opportunity to swoop in and wipe Andlat’s face as Jenny and Jessie barely stifled their giggles.

“We should get going, just in case the storm rushes in.” Claire said, gathering up the paper bowls and used napkins. Andlat quickly tugged his shorts up as he slide out of the booth.

“Do you need to use the bathroom, Andlat?” Jack asked a bit too loudly for the fox’s liking. He shook his head bashfully. It was like three blocks to Claire’s house.

Andlat did what he could to avoid walking back with Jenny and Jessie, but they had other plans. They hung close to him, making sure that he could not escape their quiet teasing.

“Did Emma enjoy her ice cream?” Jenny asked.

“Shuddup.” Andlat mumbled.

“Did you see her daddy wipe little Emma’s face all nice and clean?” Jessie added. Andlat rolled his eyes. How could it be possible that Jack and Claire did not hear a word of this? He tugged up his shorts out of reflex, feeling them try once again to slip down his legs.

“I see Paris, I see France, I saw Emma’s underpants!”

“Is she wearing Barbie or princess or pony panties today?” Jessie teased. Andlat stared straight ahead, trying his hardest to ignore them.

“None of the above. I think I saw dinosaurs.” Jenny replied. Andlat tried to keep his tail from tucking from embarrassment. He was indeed wearing dinosaur underwear today. He had to be more careful.

Andlat focused so much on ignoring the girls and keeping his shorts pulled up that he did not notice the mud puddle until he had almost hit it. He yelped as it splashed all over his khaki shorts and his Blue Lantern Flash t-shirt.

“Andlat! Are you okay?” Jenny asked innocently. He realized then that either Jenny or Jessie had tripped him. He knew it was true. He growled and stood up, but quickly found his feet leaving the sidewalk as Jack’s paternal instincts took over and he scooped up the diminutive fox.

“Are you hurt?”

“Only my pride.” Andlat replied, but no one seemed to hear that.

“Poor little guy’s all soaked.” Claire said with concern. “You’ll have to take him back home and give him a bath.”

“I guess so.” Jack said.

“Can I walk again?” Andlat squirmed in Jack’s arms.

“No, no.” Jack said. “Wouldn’t want you finding any other mud puddles to play in. Besides, it’s only like a block.”

“Jessie tripped me.”

“Did not!” She protested.

“Enough. Accidents happen, kiddo.” Jack rubbed Andlat’s back as he resumed the walk back to Claire’s house. He seemed unperturbed by the fact that Andlat’s overly large shorts had drooped enough that by rubbing his back, he lifted the fox’s shirt more than enough to show off his dinosaur undies-clad bottom. Jessie and Jenny practically skipped with delight, their grins stretching practically from ear to ear, giddy about the fox being treated like a little kit.

As soon as they reached Claire’s house, Jack whisked the fox upstairs and into the bathroom. Jenny and Jessie tried to follow, but Jack calmly explained that Andlat needed his privacy for the time being. Dejected, they shuffled back to their bedrooms.

“Goodness!” Jack said as Andlat removed his shirt and shorts, the tub filling with water and soap. “Even your undies are soaked.” Andlat nodded shyly, used to standing in front of the wolf in just his underwear.

“I brought a towel.” Claire said, entering the bathroom without even a knock. “For after his bath.” Andlat blushed and hid behind Jack, which made Claire smile. “I’ll leave you boys alone.”

“Wait, Claire. How about you get Andlat’s things into the wash?” Jack suggested. He looked at the fox. “Go ahead and take your undies off so auntie can get them all nice and clean.” Andlat whimpered, knowing all too well that asking Claire to turn around would only result in laughter from her and Jack. She had changed his diapers quite a bit, after all. He bit his lower lip as he yanked his underwear down. Claire smiled, pretending not to notice the fox’s typical pink chastity tube over his penis. Jack nodded in approval as the fox handed him his briefs and scurried to the tub, practically jumping into the sudsy water.

Jack chuckled and turned, wetting a washcloth and setting in to bathing the fox. Andlat squirmed, but a quick swat to his bottom told him to stay still and let the wolf work. To his surprise, Jack made short work of his bath and he soon lifted the fox out of the tub, wrapping him with the big fluffy towel. He dried Andlat off as Claire slipped back in.

“Well, I found some clothes for Andlat. It was pretty slim pickings, but they’ll do until his clothes are clean.” Jack nodded, taking them from his sister. “I didn’t keep much of the girls’ old clothes. We’ve had a few garage sales since then.” Andlat’s ears perked up.

“What? I’m wearing their stuff?” He asked nervously.

“Yes” Claire said slowly. “But it’s a lot more mature than what you wore last time.” She winked at him. Andlat yelped.

“It’ll be fine, Andlat. It’s just a shirt, shorts, and undies. Just like what you were wearing before.” Jack said calmly.

“But it’s all pink!”

“So is your towel.” Jack said, nuzzling Andlat’s cheek.

“And you’re not staying in that for the rest of the afternoon.” Claire said with a chuckle. Andlat frowned and nibbled his bottom lip. He could not, would not wear the girls’ old clothes, even if it was just a few hours. Jack grabbed the Barbie panties from the pile and held them out for Andlat.

“No...” He whined.

“C’mon, Andlat. You can’t spend the whole day in the bathroom.”

“But Jenny and Jessie will tease me!”

“Now why would they do that?”

“Yes!” Andlat insisted. “They always tease me!”

“It’s only because you respond so much.” Claire said. “If you just ignore them, they won’t tease you.” Andlat pouted.

“I’m not wearing that stuff!” He remained firm, looking back and forth between Jack and Claire. Jack sighed and knew that the fox could not be reasoned with.

“Andlat, you’re being very rude to auntie Claire.”

“But”

“But nothing. You’ve got until the count of five to cooperate.”

“Or what?”

“That doesn’t matter, mister fussy.” Andlat’s eyes darted toward Claire, who tried her best to hide a smile as she feigned ignoring the exchange between the wolf and the little fox.

“One. Two.” Andlat yelped and whined.

“Fine.” He stepped into the held-out panties.

“There we go.” Jack said with a smile. “Is that so bad?” He pulled them up Andlat’s legs, the blushing fox looking away. “Now for your shorts.” Andlat quickly stepped into the pink shorts, grateful to have something to cover up the Barbie panties, even if they had a few flowers on the legs. He watched as Jack zipped and buttoned them for him. “Last, but not least. Your shirt.” He held up the t-shirt, with Nala on it and the phrase ‘Princess of the Pridelands’. “You loved *Lion King*, didn’t you?”

“Yeah.” Andlat mumbled shyly. Jack nodded and pulled the shirt over his head. “I don’t like this.” Andlat mumbled as he looked at his reflection.

“It’s only for like two hours, Andlat.” Claire reassured him. “The time will fly by while you play with Jenny and Jessie.” Before Andlat could argue, Jack scooped him up and carried him out of the bathroom.

“Jenny? Jessie?” He called. “Andlat’s ready to play.” Andlat shuddered as the girls stuck their heads out of their rooms and big grins grew on their faces as they saw what the freshly-bathed fox wore. Andlat resisted the urge to hide his face, knowing all too well how immature that would look. “Now girls, be nice to your little cousin. He’s still a little shy about his outfit.” Andlat looked up at Jack, feeling terribly betrayed. He was not the girls’ little cousin! He was their uncle, more or less.

“You look very nice.” Jessie said as Jack set Andlat down on the floor.

“You three play nicely, okay?” Claire said.

“Don’t worry. We already know the game we’re going to play.” Jenny grinned. “Truth or Dare.”

“That does sound nice.” Claire said as she and Jack headed downstairs.

“Don’t you feel better now that you’re in girl clothes, Emma?” Jessie asked as they took him by the paws and yanked him into her room, closing the door so that the adults would not disturb them.

“Why so pouty?” Jenny asked. “We think it’s great that you’re a big girl now. I bet you’re even six years old!”

“You’re probably even wearing panties like a big girl, aren’t you?” The blushing fox did not say a word.

“Maybe she’s still in diapers. She does have accidents. Don’t you, Emma?”

“No!” The fox protested, feeling horribly embarrassed by all this talk.

“Well, are you wearing panties like a big girl then?” Jenny and Jessie sat down on Jenny’s bed with the bashful fox between them.

“Yes.” The fox whispered.

“And you don’t make puddles? You use the potty like a big girl?”

“I guess.” The fox mumbled. The girls giggled in unison.

“You can show us that later.” Jessie said, patting the fox’s shoulder reassuringly. “For now, how about we play Truth or Dare?”

“It’s a big girl game, Emma. Do you know how to play?” Jenny asked.

“Yes!”

“Alright.” Jessie said. “I’ll go first. Emma, truth or dare?” Andlat had no clue which to pick. He knew that either would be a trap.

“Truth.” Weighing his options, he figured that truth would be the lesser of two evils.

“What kinda big girl panties are you wearing?” Jessie asked. Andlat grumbled.

“C’mon. That’s an easy one, Emma.” Jenny chided.

“Barbie.” The fox muttered darkly.

“Cute!”

“Of course she’s wearing those, Jenny.” Jessie said. “Take one look at our little cousin and you know that Emma’s a Barbie girl!” Andlat rolled his eyes. Why was he stuck with these two instead of downstairs where he should be?

“My turn!” Jenny said. “Emma, truth or dare?”

“You’re asking me again?”

“Of course! The rules are that the person whose turn it is asks whoever she wants. Every big girl knows the rules to Truth or Dare.”

“Truth.” Andlat still felt too nervous about this whole thing to say dare.

“How many Barbies do you have at home?” Andlat knew that they would refuse to believe him if he said zero, so what was he to do?

“Five?”

“No fibs, Emma!” Jenny said. “It’s Truth or Dare! Truth!”

“I guess Emma loses her turn, so it’s mine.” Jessie grinned. Andlat sighed. He knew she was going to ask him. “Truth or Dare, Emma?”

“Dare.” Andlat replied at once. Jenny and Jessie exchanged a look and he wondered for a moment if they had not been expecting that.

“I dare you to show us your big girl Barbie panties.” Jessie said after a moment’s thought. Andlat whimpered. He did not want to do that. He shyly lifted his shirt just a bit and tugged down his shorts a bit, giving just the tiniest peek of his pink panties. “Not good enough.”

“I’m beginning to think that this game’s too hard for little Emma.”

“Can’t I have a different one?” Andlat asked.

“That’s not how it works, Emma.” Jenny said.

“She’s just not big enough to play big girl games.”

“I guess we’ll have to play a little girl game with our sweet little Emma.” Before Andlat could even register what Jenny had just said, they grabbed him, Jenny’s paw covering his mouth so that he could not yell. With practiced skill, they carried him out of Jessie’s room and down the hall to a far too familiar door. It technically was the guest room, but as soon as the door opened, Andlat saw that it had not changed since his last visit.

“Little Emma’s so fussy. She must want a nap, hmm?” Jessie teased as they set the fox down on the changing table. Jenny replaced her paw with a pacifier, which Andlat immediately spat out. Jenny returned it to his mouth, but Andlat again spat it on the floor. With a frustrated growl, Jessie lifted the fox’s legs as though she were changing him and, yanking off his shorts, spanked his pantied bottom. Andlat howled, but it ended too quickly for him to start to cry.

“There will be more of that if you don’t cooperate.” Jenny said as she retrieved the pacifier and cleaned it off on her shirt. “Now, promise us that you’ll be a good girl and keep your pacifier in your mouth.” When Andlat did not respond quickly enough, Jessie gave his bottom a few more smacks.

“I promise!”

“What do you promise?” Jessie asked, her paw hovering over the fox’s raised bottom.

“To be a good girl and keep my pacifier in my mouth.” The fox said dutifully. He only hoped that Jack or Claire had heard his howls and would come investigate shortly. Jenny popped the pacifier into the fox’s mouth and Andlat watched as the girls pulled off his panties and got a diaper ready for him.

“Won’t this be so much nicer than having to pretend to be a big girl?” Jenny cooed. “No more worrying about making puddles. You’ll just get to be the perfect baby girl that we know you are.” Andlat whimpered, gnawing on the pacifier’s bulb. Where were Jack and Claire? Surely they heard him being spanked!

“Jenny.” Jessie said as she powdered the fox’s privates. “How about you pick out some nice plastic panties for our little cousin?”

“Nu!” Andlat whined around the pacifier.

“That pacifier better be staying in your mouth, missy.” Jessie said as Jenny practically skipped over to where the plastic panties were kept. “Emma says she wants a pink, frilly pair.” Andlat desperately shook his head, but Jessie simply resumed taping the thick diaper around his waist.

“Found them!” Jenny exclaimed, waving a pair of plastic panties up above her head.

“Shh!” Jessie admonished. “Do you want Uncle Jack and mom to hear us?”

“Sorry.” Jenny came over, holding up the plastic panties so that Andlat could see just how frilly they were. “Recognize them, Emma? You wore them last time you were here.” Andlat nodded, unhappily remembering just how crinkly they were, announcing to the whole world that he was a baby.

“Baby boys don’t wear these.” Jessie said, taking them from her sister and working them up Andlat’s legs and over his puffy diaper.

“We didn’t even wear them when we were babies.” Jenny said. “Except for maybe special occasions.”

“Emma must feel like a princess then, hmm? Always getting to wear such pretty things.”

“Shuddup.” Andlat muttered. The girls merely giggled.

“Fuss, fuss, fuss, says baby Emma.” Jessie cooed, tickling his belly. Andlat growled as viciously as he could, but the girls simply burst into laughter.

“We’d better hurry and get little miss fussy down for her nap.” Andlat’s eyes widened even more than they could as he growled and snarled. Even with him fighting every step of the way, the girls found little trouble with one of them holding his leg while the other slipped a frilly pink bootie onto his foot. They soon did the same with his arms, covering his paws in matching mittens.

“And then her bonnet!” Jessie exclaimed, yanking it none too gently over the fox’s head. He growled viciously as the girls added photos of his new ensemble to their Snap stories.

“She’s all set for her nappy wappy.” Jenny cooed as she carried the struggling fox toward the crib. “So fussy.” Try as he might, Andlat ended up in the crib, where Jenny and Jessie took picture after picture of him in his frillies.

“Alright,” Jessie said. “Let’s leave sweet baby Emma to her nap.” She gestured toward the door as Jenny took a few more photos, just for good measure.

“Sweet dreams, princess!” Jenny said. They both blew kisses at him as they backed out of the nursery.