

Trevor slung his grey and white backpack over his shoulder, glad to be done with class for the weekend. It was still early in the semester, so he did not have much in the way of homework. Just some reading for his history class, and he figured he could probably slack on that until sometime Sunday afternoon.

He walked down the halls, trying to remember just how to get out of this building. This was the first semester that he had a class in this building and it seemed distressingly labyrinthine. He felt fairly certain that he needed to take a right up ahead. He wondered if there was a map anywhere online. He pulled out his phone and silently swore. Its battery was so close to dead that data could not even be on. To make matters worse, the notoriously untrustworthy campus Wi-Fi refused to cooperate with his phone. With a sigh, he returned his phone to the pocket of his loose-fitting worn jeans, his paw brushing against his new leather belt. It looked like he was on his own.

Trevor passed a restroom, one which he was fairly certain he had passed several times already. Was he going in circles? He stood outside it, pondering this. In fact, now that he gave it some thought, this very same bathroom with its chip in the upper right hand side of the wooden door stood not far from the classroom that he had left. The only problem was, that classroom was upstairs from where he was. He shrugged it off. It was probably his imagination. This was one of the older buildings on campus. All of the doors probably had some wear and tear. Besides, he was fairly sure that the bathroom upstairs had a chip out of the upper left side, not the upper right. He nodded to himself before resolving to go in. He had to pee, so he might as well take the opportunity.

He was startled to discover a lioness washing her paws inside. He had forgotten that the university had begun to offer gender neutral bathrooms in various locations. She barely even looked up as he headed for the stall to do what needed doing, a musty smell filling his nose.

Emerging, he saw that the lioness was still washing her paws. He shrugged and went to a sink that placed an unused one between him and her, noticing just how tall she was. She had to be nearly six foot, which made Trevor feel a bit self-conscious, being rather slender and only about five-five. The lioness shut off the faucet and set to drying her paws as Trevor focused on washing his, his tail twitching self-consciously. He reached up and brushed a bit of mane out of his face.

He turned to dry his paws. The world began to spin. He stared up at the ceiling, his head against a soft, padded surface. What had happened? Underneath his back was not the cool linoleum of the floor, but a strange hard plastic. His nose twitched as a floral scent invaded just before the lioness came into view, a warm smile dominating her face. She cooed as he looked down his body and realized that he was on the changing table that came out of the wall. He tried to sit up, but she gently returned him to his back with another coo, running the strap across his chest and locking it into place. This pinned his arms to his sides in just such a way that he proved unable to undo the buckle, try as he might.

“What’s going on?” Trevor exclaimed. The lioness responded by shoving something into his mouth. Trevor could not figure out what it was, but it was rubber and seemed to fill most of his mouth.

“You just sit still and I’ll take care of you.” She cooed, rubbing his belly. The lion shuddered, not liking what he thought she might mean by taking care of him. His eyes widened as she began to undo the fly of his jeans. He squirmed all the more as he recalled that he had run

out of clean boxer briefs that morning. In his desperation, he had just grabbed a pair of his eight year old brother's underroos and squeezed into them. Sure enough, Simba cavorted around on his crotch and butt. It had been dark and he had not even realized that he had grabbed what had to be TJ's most childish pair of underwear, from the lion cub on them down to the stains. The lioness hummed to herself as she tugged his pants down and off of his legs, leaving him in just his shirt and cubby underwear. She did not seem to react in the slightest to his unorthodox underwear. If his paws had been free, he would have covered his face. He stared up at the lioness with wide-eyed fear in his eyes. What was going on? What was she planning to do with him? She rubbed his belly again and reached into the purse that she carried. It was more of a messenger bag than a purse and Trevor saw why when she pulled a diaper out of it. Despite its size, it looked everything like what Trevor thought of when he thought 'diaper', cutesy Sesame Street design and all. He squirmed wildly, but the strap across his torso held firm, reducing him to simply kicking his legs.

The lioness paid him little mind, musing softly to herself about 'cubs wanting to go play'. She smacked his thigh to get him to stop kicking and tugged his underwear down over his legs. Trevor reflexively tried to cover himself, but the straps made it impossible. The lioness smiled down at him, seemingly not even noticing the college student's discomfort at being nude in front of her.

She set the diaper down on the changing table between Trevor's legs and reached into her purse, or rather a diaper bag, Trevor realized with some dismay. He watched as she pulled out a small package of disposable wipes with a smiling lion cub clad in just a diaper and baby blue bonnet on it. He felt his cheeks grow warm as he avoided the lioness's eyes.

“Just like you, sweetie.” She said, pointing to the cub as if Trevor had not noticed him. Trevor growled. This had gone on far enough! He spat out whatever it was that she had put in his mouth. He immediately recognized it as a pacifier and glared up at her. She paid him no mind as she picked the pacifier up. “No, no. Mommy’s munchkin needs to keep his pacifier in his mouth.” She returned it to his mouth. She knew that Trevor would try again, so she kept a paw over it as she tugged his shirt up over the strap to grant her better access. She giggled. “I see baby’s belly!” She said, patting his abdomen. Trevor rolled his eyes, still unsure if this was some sort of nightmare. Had he fallen and hit his head? Was this all some sort of feverish hallucination? It did not feel like one, but the reality was too difficult to face.

He looked to the door, hoping that someone would come into the bathroom, but it was Friday afternoon, so the chances of that were slim.

“Why are you doing this?” He asked. The lioness responded by blowing a raspberry into his belly. A burst of laughter exploded from Trevor’s mouth before he knew what was happening. He had forgotten how ticklish he was, having just assumed that he had grown out of it at some point. The lioness clearly felt encouraged by this and blew another into his belly. Trevor squirmed under the strap, his legs kicking and the pacifier tumbling from his mouth. The lioness smiled.

“Mommy’s happy little boy.” She cooed. She pulled out a few wipes and set to work cleaning Trevor’s groin. He whimpered as the cold wipes touched his most sensitive areas. It only became worse, however, when she lifted his legs and started in on his bottom. There was something intrinsically wrong with feeling the wipe move around his butt, his legs helplessly in the air.

It had been quite some time since Trevor had last been in a situation like this. He had never really wet the bed growing up. The only situation he could think of that really rivaled the abject humiliation that he was feeling was the few times his cousins had dressed him up in dresses or tutus as part of their games as cubs. It had been probably a decade since that had last happened though. He wondered why he was thinking about that when the lioness pulled him out of his thoughts by lowering his legs. He felt a softness underneath his bottom that had not been there before, a thick, puffy layer between him and the plastic of the changing table. His face paled as he realized that it could only be the diaper. He looked up at the lioness pleadingly, but she simply pulled powder out of the diaper bag and rubbed it into his orange and black fur, lightening it considerably.

The sweet smell wafted up to Trevor's nose and he shuddered as he realized just how babyish it smelled, how babyish *he* smelled. He squirmed, trying to figure out some way to dissuade the lioness as she rubbed powder into his groin.

"My little boy loves his powder, doesn't he?" She murmured as she set the powder aside. In one smooth motion, her paws went from the powder to the diaper, which she lifted up between Trevor's legs. Trevor's eyes widened as he watched the diaper come up and settle at his waist, the lioness taping it snugly around him. He realized that the Lion King underroos would be infinitely preferable to the Sesame Street diaper, but it seemed like he had no say in the situation.

The lioness took a moment to make sure that the diaper sat perfectly on Trevor's body before she undid the strap. Trevor saw his opportunity and he took it, leaping away from the lioness and heading toward the door. He moved a lot more slowly than he was used to, thanks to the thick bulk of the diaper between his legs and that proved to be his undoing. The lioness

grabbed his wrist and pulled him back toward the changing table in a surprising show of strength.

“Wait for mommy.” She said, shifting the diaper bag on her shoulder. She made no effort to pick up his discarded jeans or underwear, just leaving them on the floor with his backpack as she gathered the wipes and powder. “Now I’m ready to go.” Keeping a grip on Trevor’s paw, she led the blushing lion out of the bathroom. He was grateful that the hall was deserted as he tried to use his free paw to cover the diaper taped around his waist. He wondered if he could just rip the diaper off, but what would he do then? He could dash back into the bathroom, but how would he escape the lioness? She clearly could overpower him.

The lioness held his paw as she confidently led him out of the building, Trevor trying as hard as he could not to waddle. Growling as he realized that there was no way anyone could ever see him like this, Trevor stopped walking and tugged, hoping that the lioness would not react quickly enough to keep hold of his paw.

“Stop your fussing or mommy will give you a spanking right here and now, sweetie.” She said. “We’re almost to the car.”

“The car?” Trevor exclaimed, pacifier tumbling from his mouth. The lioness sighed and reached into the diaper bag, pulling out a colorful Care Bears pacifier clip. As she bent down to pick up the pacifier, Trevor tried again to pull free, but her iron grip seemed not to budge in the slightest.

“Just be patient for one minute, baby.” After wiping the pacifier on her clothes, she attached the pacifier to the clip and clipped it to his shirt. “And here’s your pacifier again, cutie.” Trevor clamped his mouth shut. “Uh-oh! Someone’s got a big old case of the grouchies, doesn’t he?” She brushed his lips with the pacifier’s bulb and he batted it away. “Grouchy little kitten,

hmm?” She cooed. “Okay, little mister fussy britches.” She let go of the pacifier, letting it dangle from his shirt. “It’s there when you want it. Let’s get to the car.” Trevor growled as she resumed leading him along.

Once they were out of the building, she made a beeline for a blue luxury car that Trevor had to admit was pretty nice. She opened the back door and Trevor sighed as he saw the car seat already placed in the back. She turned and looked at him for a brief second before summarily scooping him up and setting him down in the car seat.

“You’re literally kidnapping me now.” Trevor observed, but that only earned him a pacifier. She brought the strap over his body and buckled it between his legs.

“You’ll be getting a nap when we get home, baby boo.” She said with a smile, brushing his mane out of his eyes. Trevor fought against the strap of the car seat as she closed the door and got behind the driver’s wheel. “Try all you want, pumpkin.” She said. “I designed that myself. There’s no way for you to get out of it.” Trevor smirked and pushed the button on the buckle. Nothing happened. The lioness simply chuckled to herself and began to drive.