

Sara got out of bed and dressed for the day, her mind on her two boys and how quickly they were growing up. Koda was a good boy. Even though he was rapidly approaching thirteen and adolescence, he still wore cubby underroos with superheroes and cartoon characters on them, proudly wearing his favorite pair of Lego Movie pajamas to bed most nights, taking care to kiss his mom good night. Her other son, Hunter, was the exact opposite. He saw himself as practically an adult at his “mature” age of sixteen. He played football, wore nothing but boxers to bed, and Sara could not remember the last time he had kissed her good night. All in all, he was turning into an adult and she was not sure if she was ready for that.

Sara still did not know what made the idea occur to her, but about a week ago now, she had hired a team of workers to help her redo Hunter’s side of the bedroom that her boys shared. With Koda’s help, she cornered Hunter. He was much too kind to harm his mom or little brother, so there was little Hunter could do but allow himself to be diapered. As she fed him a bottle, the first of many, she calmly explained how things would be around the house now.

She slipped into the boys’ room, both of them breathing softly as they slept. She made a beeline for the teen-sized crib, in which she could see Hunter in his soft yellow footie pajamas. She purred softly as she watched him sleep for a moment. He looked so adorable and docile in his pajamas, his diaper bulge quite evident. She gently patted his diaper. He had yet to mess in his sleep, a fact that she was somewhat grateful for. There were enough tears when he had had to mess while awake. She could not imagine how he would react the first time he did while asleep.

With practiced grace, she lowered the side of the crib and gently lifted Hunter out. When this had first begun a few days earlier, she had wondered if she could lift the sixteen year old and was pleasantly surprised that she could, as long as she did not constantly carry him. Still, it was a

useful tool to have in her arsenal to persuade her often stubborn son to sit in his high chair or get in his crib.

Hunter began to stir as she put him down on the changing table. She cooed softly to coax him back to sleep before she unzipped his pajamas, exposing his diaper. Every time that Hunter had tried to get her to let him out of his crib to use the bathroom, she had told him in a gentle, but firm fashion that he had to use his diaper. As such, his diaper was wet.

The rip of the diaper tapes woke up both of her boys. Hunter yawned loudly, but his yawns turned into grumbles as he realized what was going on. She rubbed his thigh lovingly as she started to clean him up. Removing Hunter's pubic fur had been a necessity to reduce the chances of diaper rash, but even letting him keep his mane had been little comfort for him.

Koda sat up, rubbing at his eyes. He smiled as his mom lifted Hunter's legs and started in on his butt. The sixteen year old, who Koda had looked up to for as long as he could remember, looked so helpless with his bottom up in the air, completely at the mercy of his mother.

"Getting the baby into a fresh diaper?" Koda asked as he slid out of bed and stretched. Hunter grumbled, but his mom smiled and nodded.

"Yep! Baby needs it too!" Hunter hated how casually they talked about him being the baby. He wished things could go back to normal.

Hunter looked over at Koda as his mom slipped a diaper under his butt. Koda had stripped out of his Lego movie pajamas, standing by his dresser in just his Scooby-Doo underroos. Hunter realized that he would vastly prefer to be in Koda's position than on the changing table, getting put into another diaper with Barney on it. He could hardly believe that he was jealous of Koda's little kid underwear!

“Please, mom. Can’t I go one day without this thing?” His question, which he thought was reasonable, was answered by a pacifier in his mouth.

“Hush. You know how adorable your diapers make you look.” She purred. “Your little waddle!” Hunter’s cheeks burned and he looked away. “You’re just fussy because you’re hungry.” Before he could resist, the lioness picked him up off of the changing table, leaving his footies behind. “Koda, get dressed and meet us downstairs for breakfast. The baby needs to be fed.” She began to leave the room with Hunter in her arms. “And put your pajamas in the laundry basket, not on the floor.” She patted Hunter on the butt, cooing at him in faux baby talk.

“Mom!” Hunter whined as she carried him down the stairs.

“My goodness, you’re whiny today.”

“Look what you’ve done to me!” He gestured to his puffy diaper, so unlike the boxers he had worn since he was thirteen.

“Y’know what’s really babyish? Whining about your diaper. A *real* big boy would wear whatever Mommy has her big boy wear.” She kissed his forehead as she plopped him down in his highchair, locking the tray in place over his paws. Once again, he would have no choice but to let her feed him.

“Mom.” Hunter said as diplomatically as he could. “Why are you treating me like a baby?”

“I’m not.” The lioness replied as she dug through the drawer for a bib. “Does this look like the sort of bib a baby would wear? It says ‘Momma’s Big Boy’ on it!” Sure enough, the baby blue bib had those very words embroidered in red on it.

“You never make Koda wear a bib.” The lioness nodded and made sure that Koda was still out of the room. She leaned in to whisper conspiratorially in Hunter’s ear.

“Between you and me, Koda’s not really a big boy.” She stroked his maned head a bit, still very close to him. “Don’t you want to be a big boy?”

“Big boys don’t wear diapers.” Hunter insisted, but there seemed to be the slightest hesitation in his voice. She smiled, but wondered if she had just imagined the hesitation. Granted, during his afternoon naps, Hunter was listening to hypnosis tapes that were helping to ease him into his new life as the baby, but it had only been three days. These things took time. Patience would pay off. Hunter would become a diaper-dependent kitten who was afraid of the potty and wanted to please his Mommy. He would want nothing more than to fit her special definition of a big boy.

She looked up as she heard the sound of Koda bounding down the stairs with all the subtlety of a twelve year old boy. He giggled behind a paw as he saw Hunter already sitting in his highchair. He went into the kitchen to make himself some cereal.

“Mommy’s going to the kitchen to make her big boy his brekkie numnums!” She kissed his cheek and went into the kitchen. Hunter watched as she prepared a bowl of Gerber’s Single Grain Oatmeal, the same breakfast he had had every day since he had been diapered. She added a few sprinkles of brown sugar and brought it over to him. His bowl of oatmeal was larger than the bowl Koda had for his Captain Crunch. “Remember, sweetie.” The lioness said as she pulled up a chair. “Babies fuss over their oatmeal. Big boys eat it all up without whining. You’re a big boy, right?” Hunter knew all too well that she was tricking him, but he nodded all the same. He dutifully opened his mouth for the first spoonful of oatmeal. “Look at my big boy!” His mom praised with each mouthful that he accepted. “Who’s a big boy, eating all his numnums?” Koda watched with utter delight as Hunter bashfully ate the oatmeal, his diaper clearly visible in the custom made baby blue highchair.

Every time that Hunter thought that the bowl must be nearly empty, he looked down and saw the miniscule dent that had been made in it. Before this all began, he had usually just had a bowl of cereal or some toast for breakfast, so the large bowl of fairly dense oatmeal took some getting used to.

“Don’t forget to rinse your bowl.” His mom said as Koda tried to sneak away, having finished his Captain Crunch.

“Okay.” The twelve year old moaned, stomping into the kitchen with the bowl.

“Oh, and heat up a bottle for Hunter.”

“Fine!” Koda yelled. Hunter tried to explain that he did not want a bottle today, but his mouth ended up full of oatmeal. All he could do was his best to explain around the mouthful, but every time he opened his mouth, his mom thought that was a signal for the next spoon. Koda returned with the bottle before Hunter could even get a word in.

As soon as the bowl was empty, Hunter found the nipple of the bottle in his mouth. He grumbled, but began to suckle. His mom smiled, tilting the bottle just a little bit to increase the flow. Hunter had no choice but to drink it all, his legs dangling. The thing about diapers was that they always made their presence known. Hunter could forget about his boxers, but the padding of the diaper always pressed against his thighs, reminding him that it was there. The few times that he had used the things, he had especially disliked how they expanded and made him feel even more embarrassed. Yet, every time he asked his mom why he had to wear them, her answer was always the same; that he was a baby and babies wear diapers.

Once Hunter had finished the bottle, his mom reached under the tray of the highchair and checked his diaper.

“I’m still dry.” Hunter’s outburst only earned him a pacifier. She moved to rub his back until he felt the gas move up his body, finally escaping through his mouth.

“There we go.” She wiped a bit of dribble from his chin with the removed bib before sliding the tray out of position and helping him out of it. She kissed his cheek. “Head upstairs and ask Koda to help you get dressed.”

“But”

“No buts. You have five minutes or I’ll do it myself.” Hunter grumbled and waddled toward the stairs. Try as he might, he could not minimize his waddle from the thick diaper. He knew that his mom was beside herself with delight with how adorable she thought he looked.

He felt his bladder twinge as he headed up the stairs, having to focus on his ascent due to the difficulties of walking normally. He wondered if there was any way that he could sneak to the bathroom without anyone catching him in the act. He knew without a doubt that Koda would tattle on him, so he would have to be covert. At the top of the stairs would be the bathroom, his one chance to make this plan work.

His hopes deflated somewhat when he saw that the door was closed, but he quickly raised them again when he reasoned that the door might just be closed in an attempt to dissuade him from trying to use it. He waddled over to the door, but gasped in surprise. Koda emerged just then from the bathroom and smiled.

“Looking for me?” He chuckled and took Hunter’s paw. “Let’s get you dressed.” Hunter whimpered in defeat as Koda led him away from the bathroom and toward their bedroom. Koda had been busy and had already set out an outfit for Hunter. The older lion growled as he saw the Winnie the Pooh shortalls with snaps in the crotch and the red onesie with yellow collar and cuffs.

“I am not wearing that!” Hunter yelled, pacifier tumbling from his mouth and hitting the floor. Koda frowned.

“Oh, but you are.” He said. “You see, I know why you were really standing outside of the bathroom. Imagine how Mommy would feel if she learned that her perfect little angel was trying to be naughty and use the potty like a big boy?” Hunter grumbled.

“Shut up, Koda.”

“So, if you don’t want me to tell Mommy, you’re going to let me get you dressed.”

“This is blackmail!” Hunter protested, but Koda did not seem to care. “I can’t believe you’re enjoying this.”

“Why wouldn’t I be?” Koda asked as he lowered the onesie over Hunter’s head and raised arms. “I get to help Mommy take care of you.”

“Koda, I’m your big brother! Don’t you think it’s weird?” Koda shrugged as he buttoned the onesie around Hunter’s diaper, perfectly fitting the contours of it. Onesies were probably Hunter’s least favorite article of clothing because they left his thighs completely exposed and seemed to emphasize his diaper even more than his footies did.

“I think,” He said slowly. “It would be weirder if you didn’t look so natural in a diaper.” Hunter gaped. “They just fit you. I dunno.” Koda shrugged. “It’s hard to explain, I guess.” He held up the shortalls. “Lie down on the floor so that I can get these on you. Mommy’s waiting.” Hunter growled and muttered darkly as he complied. “What was that?”

“Nothing.” Hunter rolled his eyes. How had Koda become so authoritative? He had beat him at wrestling just last week! What could have possibly changed?

Kneeling, Koda slid the shortalls over his legs, but he stopped when he reached Hunter’s knees.

“Don’t these seem too big for you, Hunter?”

“No.” Hunter said curtly.

“But look at all the room they have in the seat. Why is that?”

“You know why.”

“What was that? Tell me why, Hunter.”

“My diaper.” Hunter whispered.

“Your diaper? Do you have a diaper on?” Koda teased, rubbing Hunter’s thigh as he had seen his mom do countless times over the past few days. He resumed sliding the shorts up Hunter’s legs, nodding to himself as they snugly fit around Hunter’s diaper. He brought the straps of the overalls around Hunter’s shoulders and set them in place before helping Hunter to his feet.

Hunter was used to athletic shorts that fell to about knee length. These shortalls were short, in a word. So short, in fact, that he thought that his boxers, were he wearing any, would have peeked out the bottom. Their cuffs fell practically even with the bottom of his thick diaper, exceeding it by barely an inch. They seemed almost like Daisy Dukes. Hunter could not believe how much like a giant toddler he looked now with the Winnie the Pooh motif and the bright colors. Koda smiled as he added the finishing touch, a pacifier clip to the top of the bib of Hunter’s shortalls, the baby blue ribbon leading to the pacifier that Koda popped in his mouth.

Hunter stared at his reflection, almost in disbelief at what he saw there. He had a fairly typical body for a sixteen year old lion. He was not overly muscular, but he wasn’t out of shape by any means. He personally felt like his body barely resembled that of his childhood body, except for a few cursory similarities that showed that he was still the same person, just aged. Yet, there was something unsettling about how natural the toddler outfit that he wore looked on him.

He would never admit it, but it seemed to fit his body perfectly, despite being undeniably juvenile, even infantile.

“Let’s go show Mommy!” It proved to not be a suggestion, as he wasted no time in grabbing Hunter’s paw and leading the very obviously waddling lion out of their bedroom, taking joy in the fact that the faster he walked, the more Hunter waddled in his attempts to keep up.

As they passed the bathroom, Hunter remembered his aching bladder. He sucked on the pacifier to try and get his mind off of it. A moment later, he realized what he was doing. He refused to accept that he needed the pacifier for anything. He spit it out, forgetting about the clip attached to his onesie. Koda smiled as it dangled at Hunter’s midriff. He picked it up and returned it to Hunter’s mouth as they descended the stairs.

“There you two are!” Sara said as they came into the living room, Koda having to nudge Hunter along a bit. She came over and touched Hunter’s butt, clearly checking his diaper’s status. Thankfully, she did not make a comment about it still being dry. “Koda, did you pick this outfit?”

“Hunter did.” Koda said with a smirk.

“Nuh-uh!”

“Hush, sweetie. I think it’s a very nice outfit.” She kissed his cheek. “Keep your paci in.” She said, putting it in his mouth. Hunter looked past her and saw that the bouncer had been set up in front of the television, a sure indication of what the rest of his morning would be.

“Barney.” He mumbled into the pacifier. Granted, Hunter had gone through a phase when he had really been a toddler where he lived for Barney. Naturally, that meant that his mom inundated his new toddler status with all the Barney paraphernalia she could find. His diapers

had Barney. He had Barney bibs, Barney pacifiers, Barney shirts, even a purple and green pair of Barney footies.

“That’s right, baby! It’s time for Barney!” His mom cooed, taking his paw and leading the waddling lion toward the bouncer.

“Can I watch it outside that thing?”

“No, no, sweetie. Remember what happened when Mommy tried that a couple days ago? She found you with your diaper off, not even paying attention to Barney and trying to get to the big boy potty.” Hunter grumbled. It had been his first attempt at rebellion, but it had not ended well. She had returned him to his diaper and then made him watch Barney from her lap, making sure he kept the pacifier in his mouth the entire time.

“Mom! I’m not a baby! Stop this!” His mom smiled and kissed the top of his head.

“Should we take a vote? Whoever thinks Hunter’s a baby, raise your paw.” Hunter rolled his eyes as his mom and Koda both raised their paws. “Whoever thinks Hunter is a big boy, raise your paw.” Hunter sullenly did so. His mom smiled. “Well, you’ve been outvoted, sweetie. Besides, what kind of big boy has a puffy butt? Koda’s a big boy, he doesn’t have a puffy butt.” Koda turned around with a giggle to demonstrate. “You do though.” She stroked Hunter’s head. “You have a puffy butt, just like the baby in the Pampers ad.” She held up a nearby magazine, conveniently opened to just the page she needed to demonstrate her point. It was an ad for Pampers Cruisers with a baby bear toddling along, his bottom just as puffy as Hunter’s. Hunter looked away bashfully. “Now, enough of this nonsense. Barney’s waiting for you, baby.”

She led him over to the bouncer and lifted him in. He squirmed as he felt his bladder ache again and wondered just how long he was going to spend in the bouncer. He asked his mom, who just kissed his forehead.

“Make sure you sing along with Barney, baby.” She said. Hunter grumbled, but he knew how serious she was. He shifted as his mom changed the channel to Barney.

“Barney is a dinosaur” Hunter mumbled his way through the song. His mom shook her head.

“No, no, Hunter. Come on now. Sing louder!”

“But mom!”

“You did it so well yesterday, sweetie.” Hunter grumbled as his mom rewound to the beginning of the show. “Let’s try again.”

“Barney is a dinosaur from our imagination.” Hunter certainly did not sound like the cubs singing the song, but his mom seemed happy.

“Very good! You just bounce and watch Barney.” Hunter sighed as his mom and Koda left him to his bouncing and baby show. Somehow, the bouncer seemed to bounce him even when he did not try, so he kept going up and down, up and down. He was constantly aware of the diaper between his legs and around his waist, as well as the growing pressure in his bladder. He did not know how much longer he would last before he had to use his diaper.