

“Mom!” He called. He would plead his case and get her to see his side; that he did not want to use his diapers. He was certain that he could persuade her to forget about all this.

“Mom!” He ignored Barney while he called her. “Mom!” He knew she could hear him. The sounds from the kitchen had stopped. Why had she not come yet? “Mom!” An explanation came to mind, but he did not want to believe it. He had to test it to know for sure. “Mom!” Still no response. He frowned and sighed. “Mommy?” She immediately poked her head in.

“Is something wrong, sweetie?”

“I need to go to the bathroom.”

“That’s what your diaper’s for, silly.”

“I don’t want to use it. I want to use the bathroom!”

“Hunter, it’s okay. Mommy wants you to use your diaper. Mommy has you wear your diapers for a reason.”

“But I don’t want to!” Hunter insisted.

“You’ve made peepees and poopies in your diapers before, baby.”

“I’m not a baby!”

“Says the kitten.” His mom put his pacifier in his mouth. “Use your inside voice.”

“But mom!”

“But nothing. Now, you’ve missed a lot of Barney. Mommy will rewind it back to the beginning.” Hunter sighed in defeat and sang along with the theme. His mom smiled, glad that he had done it without needing to be reminded.

Watching Barney was more of a challenge than one might expect. Hunter had no desire to watch the show, but he had to make it look like he was whenever his mom checked on him. What was even more difficult was the fact that there was nothing else to do while he was in the

oversized bouncer, parked directly in front of the television. He wanted so badly to go to the bathroom. His bladder ached incessantly, but he knew that there was no chance that he could convince his mom to let him go to the bathroom.

He bounced up and down, chewing on the pacifier in his mouth as he thought. He yelped as he suddenly squirted a little bit into the diaper. That had been happening more and more since his mom had put him in diapers. It worried him terribly. He whimpered into the pacifier as his bladder fully released into the puffy padding of his diaper. The warmth pressed against his fur, the onesie holding the diaper up against his body. He hated to admit it even to himself, but if he had not known the source of the warmth, it would not have been a terrible feeling.

His mom came back just as the show reached the end. Hunter dutifully sang along, grateful that the dumb song was all that separated him from getting out of the bouncer.

“Mom, I’m uh” Hunter fell into a mumble as he tried to think of a way to explain what was going on. “I need a change.” He stared down at the floor. His mom smiled and started another episode of Barney. “But mom!” Hunter protested. His mom returned his dangling pacifier to his mouth.

“Hush. You’re not going to get diaper rash just because I don’t change you this second, baby.” She kissed his forehead. “Mommy’s taken care of babies before.” She tousled his mane. “Now, watch your show.” She could not help but smile at how adorable he looked bouncing up and down, all blushing and embarrassed. It was such a change from the lion who had been so sure of himself and his maturity, strutting around the house. Now he would waddle around the house, whimpering about his droopy diaper.

By the time the episode ended, Hunter had wet his diaper again, much to his dismay. He missed wearing boxers, being able to walk around the house and do what he wanted. Diaper

changes were horribly embarrassing, bath time was even worse, and he did not even want to think about being fed Gerber's.

"I hate diapers." Hunter muttered into the pacifier. He realized then that it was still in his mouth, so he spat it out, feeling a swell of delight in even that small act of defiance.

His mom returned just in time to hear Hunter sing "I Love You". She clapped her paws. It was so wonderful to hear the teenager sing along with Barney that she had to actually stop herself from rewinding the show just to hear him do it again.

"Did you enjoy Barney?" She asked, lifting Hunter out of his bouncer. He did not answer. "Baby's fussy, hmm? You must be hungry." She carried him into the kitchen and started heating up a bottle of formula. Hunter grumbled. "Listen to my ferocious baby growl and grumble." Mommy cooed, giving him an Eskimo kiss. "I know just what my little snugglybug wants." She brought him back to the living room and began to feed him his bottle.

Despite his mane, she had no trouble seeing him as a toddler. She wondered if she should send the seamstresses who made Hunter's new wardrobe some photos of him in them so they could see that they got the proportions just right. His outfit was not overly tight, but his diaper made itself known. She slipped a finger up the leg of his shortalls and checked his diaper.

"What would baby like to do now?" She asked. Hunter was unable to answer as he nursed from the bottle, but the lioness kept up her monologue. "Baby could play with his cars or Mommy could take Baby to the park. Coloring would be nice, hmm?" Hunter drank from the bottle, grumbling. He was used to doing things like going to the mall, but he certainly did not want to do that dressed like he was. "I know just the thing!"

Once the bottle was empty, Hunter had to endure being rubbed and patted until he burped, his mind racing as he tried to figure out what his mom had planned. She purred softly,

holding Hunter still against her, gently tracing the contours of his diaper, sniffing her baby boy's clean scent.

She gave his bottom one last pat before standing up, shifting him slightly. She smiled and popped his pacifier into his mouth.

"Should Mommy carry you or does Baby want to walk?" Hunter spat out the pacifier to answer. "Ah, ah, ah. Keep your pacifier in your mouth, baby." She returned it to his mouth.

"Baby loves his paci!"

"I want to walk." Hunter mumbled into the pacifier. Mommy nodded and carried him out of the living room. Hunter grumbled. He should have known that he would not get his way as she carried him through the kitchen, taking the opportunity to deposit the empty bottle by the sink. She took him straight out the back door and into the yard, setting him down on the sidewalk near some toy cars. He immediately tugged at his shorts, but nothing he did could act length that they did not have.

"You can play with your cars for a while, baby." She said, kissing his forehead. She stood there and waited for him to drop down to all fours to play. Nodding to herself, she disappeared inside, at least for the moment. Hunter could hardly get up to much mischief out here. Hunter hated playing on his paws and knees because it made his diapered bottom all that much more prominent. Sitting did not help either. Nothing he did hid the puffiness around his waist, not one bit. The fact that it was wet only made it more puffy and embarrassed him in more than one way.

He remembered playing with cars out in the backyard, but he certainly had not been diapered in those days. Even Koda, who had resisted potty training as Hunter recalled, had been out of diapers when they played with their cars. He blushed and bashfully sat down as he looked

back at his puffy rump, grateful for the high fences all around the backyard. There had to be some way to convince his mom to change her mind, but he did not know what it could be. He had no idea where she had put his clothes.

He pushed the cars around the sidewalk for a while, more for something to do than anything else. The pacifier fell from Hunter's lips. He realized that he had been making car noises as he pushed the yellow plastic Playskool car along the pavement. He blushed, grateful that his mom had disappeared inside, albeit only for the moment.

A wicked idea came to mind. If no one was watching, who was keeping him in his diaper? No one, that's who! He looked down at his Winnie the Pooh onesie and shortalls with a frown. The way baby clothes were set up made things so much easier, as he had learned a few days ago with his last attempt. He grumbled at how the diaper made itself known even with the shortalls and onesie over it. His stomach did flips as he started to undress, but he scolded himself. He was far too old for this stuff. If his mom was mad, he would confront her and stay firm.

He undressed quickly, his diaper seeming even more puffy now that it was entirely unrestrained. Barney's smile seemed mocking as he tossed his removed onesie aside. He frowned.

"We'll see how much you smile once this dumb thing is off." He said, not even caring that he was talking to a purple dinosaur on his diaper. He gasped as a spasm, nearly painful in its abruptness, shot through him. He whimpered, knowing just what it meant. He waddled toward the door as quickly as he could, but it was no use. He felt his tail lift and he went a little bow-legged as he filled the seat of his diaper.

He stood there for a moment in shock. Once his senses returned to him, he knew what he had to do: this diaper was coming off. He savagely tore at the diaper, letting it fall down. Before it even hit the ground, the back door opened and his mom gasped as she saw her naked son, a clearly messy diaper at his feet.

“Did baby go poopies?” Hunter sniffled as embarrassed tears filled his eyes. His mom walked over and hugged him.

“I’m not a baby.” She nodded, tenderly kissing his cheek.

“Prove that to Mommy and don’t start crying. Big boys don’t cry!” She said, rolling up his discarded diaper. “Let’s get you cleaned up.” She took him by the paw and led him into the house. She threw the diaper away. “You stay right here and wait for Mommy, okay? And remember. No tears for Mommy’s big boy!” Hunter nodded and waited in the kitchen for her to come back, entirely naked. He was grateful that Koda had gone to a friend’s house, so the chances of someone seeing him were pretty minimal.

Sara was pleased when she returned to see that Hunter had not moved a muscle. His paws covered his groin, but that was hardly a concern of hers. His adolescent bashfulness would disappear with time, she hoped. She spread out the changing pad on the linoleum floor and gestured for Hunter to lay down on its brightly colored surface. He complied, trying to ignore the diaper that she set down next to the changing pad.

“No crying.” Sara coaxed gently. Hunter nodded, still too embarrassed to speak. “Your paci is outside, so why don’t you suck your thumb, sweetie?” She gently brought his right paw to his muzzle. Hunter could not avoid sucking his thumb as his mom began to clean him up, thoroughly getting every inch of Hunter’s bottom. “Won’t you feel better once you’re all

squeaky clean?” She cooed. Hunter looked away as she also thoroughly cleaned his balls and cock, moving them around as needed as though it were the most natural thing in the world.

Once he was clean, she set the dirty wipes aside; now for the not so fun part. She lifted his legs again and began to spank his bottom a few times in rapid succession. Hunter whined and stared between his legs at her.

“Mommy doesn’t like doing that, but you need to learn to keep your diaper on.” She said. “You claim that you’re a big boy, but a big boy listens to Mommy. Little babies don’t know better and they disobey. So, are you a big boy or a baby?”

“Big boy.” Hunter mumbled. She nodded.

“Do you promise to listen to Mommy and keep your diaper on?” Hunter nodded again, but that was not enough for her.

“If you’re a big boy, use your big boy words.”

“I promise.” Hunter mumbled.

“What do you promise?” Hunter barely stifled a groan. She was determined!

“Dunno.” He muttered. She rubbed his thigh.

“How about Mommy helps you? Say ‘I promise to listen to Mommy and keep my diaper on’.” She listened as Hunter parroted her, nodding with approval. “What a big boy Mommy has!” She placed the unfolded diaper under Hunter’s bottom as the teenager blushed, annoyed that there seemed to be no way for him to win. He stared up at the kitchen ceiling as she powdered him and taped the diaper around his waist.

The diaper came up to just under his belly button, but its puffiness drooped lower than a form-fitting pair of underwear would. The worst part was that, no matter how little he moved, the

diaper's crinkle announced it. His mom quickly checked to make sure it was on him right and then helped him sit up, eliciting more crinkles from the bulky diaper.

Hunter remembered teasing Koda for bedwetting five years ago, calling his GoodNites diapers. Koda's GoodNites were unimaginably mature next to the baby Huggies that Hunter wore now. Why did they need to be so puffy?

"Isn't that better?" Mommy asked as she finished inspecting him. "Now, since you were such a big boy for Mommy, how about a cookie?" She did not wait for an answer, going over and grabbing him a big chocolate chip one. "What do you say, baby?"

"Thank you?"

"For what?"

"For the cookie?"

"No, no." She said with a laugh. "What else did Mommy do?"

"Clean me up?"

"And why did Mommy clean you up?"

"I went in my diaper." Hunter muttered darkly.

"You were a stinky baby, weren't you?" She crouched down. "But Mommy's big boy didn't cry about being a stinky baby, did he?" She kissed his cheek and handed him the cookie. Hunter appreciatively ate it. To his annoyance, his mom wiped his face with a washcloth, taking care to get each and every crumb.

Hunter remained on the floor of the kitchen while his mom finished the dishes, closing the dishwasher. Every time he so much as shifted, his mom looked down at him, her look clearly telling him to stay. He felt so exposed sitting in the kitchen in just his Huggies, although he was thankful that they were still dry and clean.

He would only admit to himself that the diapers were not all that terrible. They were different from his boxers, but they were not uncomfortable, per se. The attention from Mommy was nice too. Koda's attention though, he could do without. He squirmed from just the thought. His mom smiled down at him.

"Mommy's little helper." She cooed. Hunter could not imagine how exactly he was helping.

Once the dishes were finished, Sara smiled down at Hunter. He stared up at her, wondering what she was thinking about while quite apprehensive. After all, her thoughts had landed him exactly where he sat. On the plus side, his diaper was still dry. At least, he was fairly certain that it was. He resisted the urge to look down, fearful of just what conclusion she would jump to if she saw him do it.

"I know! How about baby race Mommy to the living room?"

"Huh?"

"It'll be fun! If baby wins, baby gets to pick what we do next. But if Mommy wins, she gets to pick."

"Alright." Hunter said hesitantly. He stood up, trying to ignore his mom's giggle as he held his arms out to balance himself as he compensated for the puffiness.

"Just let me know when baby's ready!" Hunter took a deep breath and wondered if he should ask for a head start. He decided against it.

"Ready."

"Alright! Ready, set..." She took the opportunity to give the lion one more kiss on his cheek. "Go, baby, go!" She did not want Hunter to think that she was letting him win, but at the same time, she found it so adorable to watch him waddle as quickly as he could, crinkling with

every step. She put on a burst of speed, smiling as Hunter noticed and tried to speed up as well. She worried that he might actually fall over, but they soon reached the living room and the race ended.

“I won!” Hunter declared excitedly.

“Yes, you did, baby! Baby’s the winner!” She hugged him close, rubbing his butt. “Now then, what does Baby want to do as his reward?”

“What are my choices?” Hunter asked. His mom made a big show about thinking about it, when in fact she had some ideas already.

“Well, you can either play in your playpen or watch Barney.” Hunter frowned, not really liking either of his options.

“Can I watch TV on the couch?”

“But you love your bouncer!”

“I like the couch more.” Hunter said, trying his best not to grumble. The lioness seemed reluctant as she considered it.

“Well, alright. I guess Mommy can let you sit on the couch just this once.” She kissed his cheek and lifted him up onto the couch. “Now you sit right here while Mommy grabs something. If you move even a muscle, Mommy will put baby back in his bouncer. Understand?”

“Yes.”

“Yes what?”

“Yes, Mommy.” She smiled.

“Give Mommy a kiss.” She pulled out his pacifier and smiled as the teenager kissed her cheek. She returned the pacifier to his mouth and headed toward the backyard to retrieve his clothes. Whether he realized it or not, Koda had picked out an adorable outfit for Hunter and she

wanted to see him in it again. She picked the garments up off of the ground, contemplating for a moment if she should scold Hunter for taking them off without permission. She shrugged and figured that there was nothing wrong with him being in just a diaper around the house. During potty training, she had mandated that he be in just his Pull-ups around the house because he lied so often about accidents. She smiled to herself. She had not thought about that in years. It was just so wonderful to have a baby again.