

Chapter 3

Hunter sat on the couch, too nervous to move even an ear or finger or even the tip of his tail. He stared down at his diaper and grimaced at Barney's smiling face. The diaper was so thick, so crinkly, so babyish! They were so bulky that he did not even have a bulge. Hunter was not the most endowed lion, it was true, but he always could fill his boxer briefs. Now, there was just diaper puff. He patted the front of his diaper, just barely able to feel his cock deep down there. His nighttime diapers were even worse, he thought with a shudder.

Just two nights ago, his mom had put him in a nighttime diaper for the first time, following a humiliating bath. She turned away to find pajamas for him and he jumped off the changing table to make a break for it. He took two steps and fell to the floor with an undignified yowl.

"Oh, dear! You're not ready for the pajama parade yet, baby! Mommy has to get your jammies on!" She picked him up and set him back on the changing table. "My, my. You're going to have to practice walking in your nini diapie, aren't you?" She gently patted his thigh, shushing him until he stared docilely up at her. "Let's get you into your nice warm jammies, hmm?"

"Stop." Hunter whined, but it was no use. He tried to fight it, but he could only do so much, not wanting to hurt his mom. She soon had him into his baby blue footie pajamas with a big yellow rubber duck on the front.

"There we go! Baby's all snug as a bug in a rug!" Hunter rolled his eyes. "Now then, let's go downstairs for your Pajama Parade!" The pacifier tumbled from Hunter's mouth.

"No way! You can't let dad see me like this!"

“Your Daddy picked out these jammies for you, silly. Baby blue for my baby boy, he said.” She returned the pacifier to Hunter’s mouth and picked him up. Hunter caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He gaped at how pronounced his diaper was under his pajamas.

Down the stairs they went and found Koda and Hunter’s dad sitting at the dining room table while Koda did homework, the same place that Koda was every night.

“Time for the pajama parade!” Mommy declared grandly. She set Hunter down and patted his bottom encouragingly. “Go on, sweetie.” Hunter shyly took a couple steps and quickly stumbled. Mommy swooped in and caught him as he fell to his knees. “Maybe Mommy should help you, hmm?” Slipping her paws under Hunter’s arms, she supported him as he took wide, waddling steps, looking for all the world like he was just learning to walk. He whimpered into the pacifier, tears of embarrassment welling up in his eyes as Koda watched him get paraded around the room in his babyish pajamas.

Hunter shuddered. Thankfully, since that first night, the Pajama Parades had stopped after Mommy decreed he just got too fussy being up that late. A mixed blessing, for sure. How could he get out of this mess? His whole family seemed entirely for it and the neighbor seemed to be entirely taken with the ‘new baby’. He had even heard her suggest to his mom that they set up a playdate between him and her two year old nephew. He hoped that it was just an empty threat, but he would not put anything past his mom at this point.

Just as he thought that, she returned with his discarded clothes in her paws. He grumbled, but allowed her to dress him again, grateful for the simple fact that his diaper was hidden, even if its bulkiness was still obvious under his onesie and shortalls. Smiling, she sat down on the couch and pulled him into her lap.

“Since baby doesn’t want to sit in his bouncer, he can sit with Mommy.” She said, gently hugging him and turning on the television. To Hunter’s relief, it was not Barney, but Daniel Tiger’s Neighborhood.

“It’s a beautiful day in the neighborhood” Hunter shyly sang, his mom encouraging him. When he finished singing, she clapped his paws for him.

“Yay, baby!” She said cheerfully, kissing his cheek. “You’re so good at singing along!” Hunter blushed. “Can you say ‘baby likes singing’?”

“Baby likes singing.” Hunter said softly.

“Don’t be shy. Announce it proudly! Weren’t you just saying that you’re a big boy lion, not a meek little kitten?” Hunter looked down at the floor. “Which are you, sweetie? Mommy’s big boy or a meek little kitten?”

“I’m sixteen”

“That’s not one of the options. Mommy’s big boy or a meek little kitten?”

“Big boy.” Hunter figured it was an easy choice, but it did not make him feel any better.

“Then say ‘baby likes singing’ like a big boy.”

“Baby likes singing!”

“Very good.” She purred, hugging him close as the show continued. “Look! Daniel Tiger wants to teach you a dance!” She stood Hunter up. “Dance along with Daniel!” Hunter knew all too well that she would simply rewind the show until he danced to her satisfaction, so he figured he might as well just play along the first time through. He waved his arms and stomped his feet, diaper crinkling even under his clothes. Once the dance ended, Hunter found himself back in his mom’s lap for the second part of the episode. She made no effort to hide undoing the snaps in the

crotch of his shortalls and squeezing his diaper to determine how soggy his diaper was. Satisfied, she rebuttoned his shortalls and encouraged him to sing along.

Much to Hunter's dismay, at the end of the episode, he had to get up and dance again. Worse yet, they watched two more episodes full of singing and dancing. Once the third episode ended, Sara allowed Hunter to get off her lap.

"Mommy's going to go make you some lunchies." She said, kissing the lion's forehead. "Do you want to come help Mommy or stay here and watch some more tv?" Hunter did not like what either of those options probably meant. Sensing his indecisiveness, she made an executive decision. "You just stay here and watch some more television. Mommy won't be long." Hunter nodded and turned back toward the couch, but he soon found the floor falling away as Mommy picked him up to put him in his bouncer. "Oh, come on, Hunter. It's not for that long." She kissed his cheek and left him with Daniel Tiger.

Hunter growled as the bouncing motion caused him to wet his diaper again. How had he gotten to this point so quickly? He had only been in diapers for three days! He tried to block out the sounds of the television, but it proved easier said than done. He closed his eyes and hoped that lunch would be done soon. On the plus side, at least it was not Barney.

Almost the instant that the episode ended, his mom reappeared and lifted him from the bouncer. She kissed his cheek as she carried him toward the highchair. Hunter sighed, but allowed her to get him situated.

"Do I really need a bib?" Hunter asked, as she tied an orange bib with a football on it around his neck.

"Boys in highchairs wear bibs."

"Do I need to sit in a highchair?"

“Boys in Huggies sit in highchairs.” Hunter sighed. He knew that this would not get him anywhere.

“What’s for lunch?”

“Peanut butter and jelly.” She set the sandwich, cut into quarters on the tray in front of him. “Eat up your num-nums!” She said. Hunter was not a fan of peanut butter and jelly, but he knew that he would end up eating it, whether he fed himself or not. At least it tasted better than the oatmeal that he had had for breakfast. He ate it quickly, wincing at the taste of the grape jelly. His mom smiled proudly, glad to see him eating so eagerly, with peanut butter and jelly sticking to the fur around his mouth. She resisted the urge to wipe his face, reminding herself that the time for that would come later.

Hunter finished, frowning down at Barney’s smiling face on the plate. He looked to his mom, unsure of what would be coming next.

“All gone?” She asked. Hunter did not respond, so she repeated herself. “All gone, baby? All gone?”

“All gone.” Hunter reluctantly said. She smiled and picked up a bowl of apple sauce that Hunter had not noticed until just now. She took a big spoonful and leaned in close.

“Here comes the choo choo! Where’s the tunnel?” She cooed. Hunter frowned. She had just let him feed himself?

“Can’t I feed myself?” He asked. His open mouth meant that the spoon went in, but he kept talking, sending a big glob of apple sauce tumbling down onto his bib. Without missing a beat, she scraped it off of his bib and returned it to his mouth. Spoonful after spoonful found its way into his mouth and Hunter did not have any time to ask any further questions until she put the empty bowl down.

“I know there’s a baby boy under all this mess.” She said, taking his bib and wiping his face, despite his protests. “There’s the baby! And he’s a cutie patootie too!” Hunter grumbled. “Cutie patootie with a diapered booty!” She kissed his cheek. “Love you, baby.”

“Love you.” Hunter said. “Mommy.” He added shyly, stammering a bit. She smiled and kissed him again.

She slid the tray of the highchair away and took Hunter in her arms. She smiled and kissed him again and again, alternating cheeks. She took him into the kitchen, setting him on the counter while she heated a bottle in the microwave. As it warmed up, she undid Hunter’s shortalls and removed them, leaving him in just his Winnie the Pooh onesie, his Huggies poking out slightly. He squirmed as she checked him.

“Soggy woggy baby.” She cooed, retrieving the bottle from the microwave. Looking to score some points, Hunter opened his mouth, but she simply picked him up again and headed toward the stairs. Hunter realized where they were going and he sighed in resignation as they went into his bedroom. Whether he liked it or not, it was clear that he was getting put down for a nap.

Hunter would have thought that he would have been glad to have his shortalls taken off, but being set in his crib in a onesie still felt quite babyish, especially the way that his diaper pressed against the onesie, his thighs sticking out freely.

“Here comes the baba!” Mommy said. Hunter began to nurse as his mom softly sang his night-night song. “In the nursery, I can see, Mommy lion and her sweet baby, all snuggled up, ready to sleep. How many toes do you have, baby?” Hunter could not answer with the bottle in his mouth, blushing as his mom counted them. “Let’s count the baby’s toes! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten toes! Mommy’s baby has ten toes!” Hunter whimpered as

she jumped into the next verse. “In the nursery, I can see, Mommy lion and her cute baby, all snuggled up, ready to sleep. How many fingers do you have, baby?”

“Mom.” Hunter whined around the bottle.

“One, two, three” She counted sweetly, expertly keeping the bottle in Hunter’s mouth. “Ten fingers! Mommy’s baby has ten fingers!” Hunter found little solace in the fact that the end of the song was near as Mommy removed the empty bottle from his muzzle, replacing it with a pacifier. “Mommy’s sleepy baby, all snuggled up, ready to sleep. Mommy’s sleepy baby. Oh, so sweet. Oh, so sweet.” She kissed his forehead and left him to his nap, taking care to turn on the baby monitor.

Hunter stared up at the mobile overhead, sucking on the pacifier. He quickly spat it out, feeling a little better.

“Damn it.” Hunter muttered as he wet his diaper again. With a powerful yawn, he realized that he actually felt fairly sleepy. A nap just might not hurt.

Hunter stirred as he heard the door open and the sound of soft paws on the floor. His nose twitched as a scent cut through the smell of baby powder and wet diaper that was his own. That was not Mommy.

“Daddy?” He mumbled softly. The pacifier had somehow found its way back into his mouth.

“Just me.” Koda said with a chuckle. Embarrassed, Hunter pretended to fall back asleep as Koda turned off the lullaby that had been softly playing.

He opened his eyes slightly to check what Koda was up to. Koda stood by his dresser, completely naked and freshly showered. Hunter quickly closed them when he got an eyeful of

Koda's lionhood. So big! How had he never realized? He sucked on the pacifier shyly as he thought about it.

Hunter shifted slightly, wondering how long it would be before he got to get out of his crib. He mumbled in confusion as he realized that something was amiss about his diaper. He reached a paw back and felt a bulge against his butt. His eyes widened as he realized just what he had done.

"Koda?" He asked softly, spitting the pacifier out. "Can you get mom?" Koda, now wearing his Scooby-Doo underroos came over.

"What for?"

"I need a change." Hunter mumbled. Koda leaned in close and his nose twitched as the stench cut through the smell of baby powder. He recoiled.

"Mommy! The baby crapped himself!" He shouted, turning toward the open door. Hunter's face burned with embarrassment as he tried not to put any pressure on his puffy backside.

His mom wasted little time before she appeared in the doorway, but she hardly gave Hunter a glance before her gaze settled on Koda.

"Dakoda Lion, what did I tell you about using that language? Especially around the baby!" Koda backed away, knowing that he was doomed now.

"Mommy, c'mon. He's heard that word before!" She grabbed his wrist and tugged him over to his bed. She sat down and put him over her lap. Hunter watched from the crib as his mom spanked Koda, the cub yowling with each strike. Hunter felt some small vindication watching Koda's punishment, but wearing a messy, saggy diaper dulled his enjoyment somewhat.

“I think we’re done.” Mommy said as she let Koda get off of her lap, wiping a few tears from his eyes.

“I’m sorry, mommy.” Koda mumbled.

“I know you are, sweetie. How about you make it up to me and the baby by changing him?”

“But he’s stinky!”

“Yeah, and it’s up to his big brother to get him into a nice fresh diaper.”

“Mommy!” Koda and Hunter said in unison.

“C’mon, Koda.” Mommy said. “He’ll get a rash and then we’ll have an even fussier baby on our paws.” She rose and lifted Hunter out of his crib.

“Mommy!” Hunter whined. “I don’t Koda to see my” He nodded down at his diaper.

“Your what? Your weewee?” Hunter bashfully nodded, which made Mommy chuckle as she set him down on the changing table with a muffled squish. “Koda has a penis, sweetie. Shouldn’t you be more worried about Mommy seeing your itty bitty weewee than your brother?”

“But Mommy!” A sharp smack to his thigh silenced him. Noticing Koda standing back, Mommy gestured for him to come over.

“C’mon Koda. It’s time for you to change the baby.” Koda shuffled over, but a smack to the rump got him to hurry. He positioned himself at Hunter’s feet. “It’s okay. I’ll talk you through it.” She stepped to the side and blew a raspberry into Hunter’s belly, pulling his onesie up to his armpits.

“I don’t want Koda to change me!” Hunter whined.

“Hush. Koda’s being a good big brother and changing your stinky diapie.”

“I’ve seen baby’s weewee before.” Koda said. Hunter could not be sure if Koda was teasing or trying to be helpful.

“Rip open baby’s diapie. It’s going to be stinky, but you’ll get used to it.” Koda complied, groaning as the stench rolled out. “Hold your breath if you have to.” Mommy rolled her eyes. “Use the cleaner parts of his diapie to wipe his tushie before you get the wipes.”

“Hurry up!” Hunter whined, feeling terribly exposed with his hairless cock and balls hanging out in the air.

“Hush.” Mommy smacked his thigh. “How about you sing a song for Mommy?”

“What song?” Hunter asked, almost grateful for the distraction from Koda wiping his butt.

“How about a Barney song?” Hunter grumbled. He should have known.

“Which one?”

“Koda, make sure you’re good and thorough on his bottom.” The lioness smiled. “How about that one about brothers?” Hunter groaned. “None of that, sweetie. Sing your song for Koda.” Hunter rolled his eyes and began to quietly sing.

“My big brother, he's number one.”

“Can you hear baby’s song, Koda?”

“Barely.” The lion replied. She nodded and rubbed Hunter’s thigh.

“Start over, sweetie. Sing loud for mommy and Koda.” Hunter groaned, but complied.

“My big brother, he’s number one.” Koda grinned as he listened to Hunter’s song. “When we're together, we have lots of fun. Sometimes he makes me mad. But I'm glad he's my brother. My brother, my brother. I’m glad I have a brother.”

“I think he’s clean, mommy.” Koda said, barely able to stifle his giggles as Hunter moved onto the next verse. Hunter tried his best to ignore his mom and brother examining his most private areas.

“My big brother, he's my best friend. I love when we're together playing pretend. Sometimes he makes me mad. But I'm glad he's my brother. My brother, my brother. I'm glad I have a brother.”

Mommy inspected Hunter’s butt, nodding approvingly. She rolled up his messy diaper and held it over the Diaper Genie, clearly labeled as his.

“Say bye-bye to your icky diapie!” She said.

“Bye-bye, icky diapie.” Hunter shyly waved to it, hoping for some brownie points. Mommy smiled and dropped it in.

“Now grab a diaper.” She instructed Koda. “He wears Barney Huggies during the day and those Pampers at night.”

“Say hi to your fresh diapie!” Koda exclaimed, opening it up.

“Hi, fresh diapie.” Hunter mumbled, rolling his eyes.

“How much powder should I use?” Koda asked.

“There’s no way to use too much.” Mommy said. “The more you use, the less chance there is for baby to get a rash on his tushie.” Koda nodded, slipping the diaper under Hunter’s bottom.

“He has a girl’s butt, mommy.”

“Do not!” Hunter protested. Mommy retrieved his pacifier from the crib and popped it into his mouth.

“He totally does.” Koda insisted. Mommy smiled and did not say anything, but Hunter suspected that she agreed. “Is the baby excited for his new diapie?”

“Are you, baby?” Mommy said. Hunter nodded shyly. “Tell us how excited you are, snuggle bug.”

“I’m excited.”

“For what?” Mommy asked. She leaned in and whispered what he should say in his ear.

“I’m excited for big brother to put me in a fresh diapie.” Hunter said softly. Koda grinned from ear to ear.

“You heard him, Koda. Put the baby in a fresh diapie!” Mommy said. Hunter watched as Koda lifted the thick diaper between his legs and taped it around his waist.

“Mommy?” Koda asked as she inspected the diaper to make sure Hunter would not leak. “Can the baby and I go outside and play catch?”

“Of course, sweetie.” She said. “Get dressed and I’ll get the baby into some nice clothes for playing catch.” She sat Hunter up and removed his onesie. Hunter hoped that he would not be left in just his Barney Huggies, sighing with relief as his mom went over to the baby blue dresser where his new clothes were. She returned with a t-shirt. “Field goal, baby!” Hunter nodded and raised his arms so that she could put the shirt on him. He looked down at it and groaned. It came down to his belly button, leaving his midriff exposed, as well as his entire diaper.

“It says ‘I’m the baby!’” Koda said helpfully. “That’s you!” Unlike Hunter, he wore nothing but a pair of athletic shorts.

“Remember, Koda.” Mommy said as she carried Hunter out of the bedroom. “Baby’s only two, so be nice to him.” Hunter’s ears flattened. Even without saying it, she had just instructed Koda to be a good big brother. He was the big brother, not Koda!

Hunter's paws did not touch the ground until they reached the backyard and even then, he had to stand still while his mom checked his diaper. He could not have possibly gone in the last thirty seconds.

"My little football player needs his mouth guard!" Mommy cooed, slipping a pacifier into his mouth and clipping its ribbon to his shirt. Koda chuckled, grabbing a Nerf football while his mom fussed over Hunter. Koda tossed it up and down, enjoying how nice it was outside. He looked over to see that his mom had finally left Hunter alone.

"Go long." Koda said. Hunter began to waddle quickly into the backyard. Koda could not help it, but the word 'adorable' came to mind. It was only when Hunter was in position that he realized that he was still sucking on a pacifier. He bashfully spit it out. Koda threw the ball and Hunter's athletic reflexes kicked in. He easily caught it, but stumbled a bit, still unaccustomed to his diaper. He threw it back to Koda, who had to admit that Hunter still had a good arm. Back and forth they went, but Koda felt like getting just a little bit more adventurous. He began to vary where he threw the ball. Hunter lunged left and right, but he did not say anything. Instead, he began to do much the same.

"Ha!" Hunter exclaimed when the ball flew over Koda's head and he had to run after it. Koda chuckled as he scooped up the ball.

"You wanna play that way, hmm?" Koda threw the football in a high arch. Hunter knew immediately that he would have to step back for it. He tried, but did not account for his bulky diaper. He fell onto his butt with a whumpf! Koda laughed as Hunter got up and waddled after the ball, grinning from ear to ear as he got a perfect view of the lion's puffy butt as he bent over to pick up the ball. Hunter's face was bright red when he turned back around. "Did you get the

ball?” Koda asked innocently. Hunter wordlessly threw the ball back, pacifier swaying back and forth on its clip.

The game of catch continued with Koda tossing the ball over Hunter’s head just enough to get to enjoy seeing him waddle along in his diaper. Eventually, they both calmed down and returned to simply throwing the ball back and forth to one another.

“I’m so glad to see my boys playing so nicely together.” A deep voice rumbled. Hunter and Koda both looked to the back door.

“Daddy!” Koda yelled, running over and hugging the lion. He chuckled and hugged Koda back.

“My athletes need to hydrate. Go ask your mom for a Gatorade, Koda.” The lion slipped past him, leaving Hunter and his dad alone in the backyard. The lion walked over to Hunter, who was still quite sheepish about his dad seeing him in diapers. “Does baby want up?” The lion rumbled, smiling warmly.

“Dad, c’mon.” He knew there was no point as his dad picked him up, checking his diaper.

“C’mon, soggybutt. Give your daddy a kiss.” Hunter pecked his dad on the cheek, inadvertently smiling his dad’s masculine mane. At the same time, he felt his dad sniff his mane. “I love the smell of baby powder.” His dad purred.

“Dad” Hunter whined. Sure enough, the pacifier went in. His dad smiled and set him down on his back on the patio table.

“You know there’s only one cure for fussy babies.” His dad said in a silly voice. He leaned down and began to blow raspberries into Hunter’s tummy. Hunter had never outgrown being ticklish and he burst into loud laughter, pacifier tumbling from his mouth just as quickly as

it had gone in. The older lion smiled and continued, loving the sounds his son made as his legs kicked helplessly.

“Daddy! Stop!” Hunter said between raspberries. It was no use.

“Baby likes that, hmm?”

“Daddy, I’ve got Gatorade for us.” Koda said. Hunter peered around his dad and saw the baby bottle in Koda’s paw. Thankfully, it had Gatorade in it and not more formula. Hunter had had enough of that already.

“Let me just get the baby settled, okay?” He lifted Hunter off of the table and sat down in a chair, shifting Hunter into the all too familiar feeding position. “All comfy, baby?” He nuzzled Hunter’s nose. “There are few things a daddy loves more than the smell of his baby.” He said, more to Koda than to Hunter. He took the bottle from Koda and Hunter began to nurse. “How has today been, Koda?”

“Baby woke up stinky from his nap and Mommy made me change him.” Koda grimaced. “It smelled awful!”

“That’s a part of being the big brother, Koda. You have to take care of the baby.”

“He looked really cute with his butt up in the air.” Koda bashfully admitted. Hunter growled around the rubber nipple in his mouth.

“It was very nice of you to help Mommy change the baby.” Daddy said approvingly. “Remember, you have to be a good big brother and help us take care of your baby brother.”

“He’s a baby now.” Koda giggled.

“Yep, but he’s not always a stinky baby. There’s nothing like the smell of a clean baby.” Hunter squirmed as his dad leaned in and gave him another long sniff. Noticing that Hunter had

nearly finished his bottle, he lifted the bottle a bit to get the last drops into Hunter's mouth and then maneuvered him up to his shoulder and burped him.

"Daddy!" Hunter whined as he subjected the teenager to another diaper check. The lion smiled and kissed his cheek.

"Someone wants his paci, hmm?"

"No" Hunter grumbled as the pacifier still found its way in. He knew better than to spit it out though.

"Let's go inside." Daddy said, standing up and carrying Hunter through the kitchen with Koda following closely. Once they reached the living room, however, Koda turned to go upstairs.

"I'm going to go take a shower." He said. "Some of us don't smell like baby powder all the time." He left Hunter alone with his dad.

"Now then, what shall we do, baby?"

"Daddy." Hunter whined again. "You have to tell mom to stop this!"

"Why would I do that?"

"Isn't it weird, to see your teenage son being treated like a baby?" The lion chuckled and set Hunter down in his playpen.

"I don't know, Hunter. Everyone seems happier." He walked over to the hall closet and Hunter growled as he pulled the stroller out, unfolding it.

"I'm not!"

"Are you sure? Think about it, Hunter. You and Koda haven't fought for the last three days. Mommy and Daddy don't worry about you, because you're under constant supervision. You're getting a full night's sleep every night."

“And then some.” Hunter muttered bitterly.

“And you have to admit,” Daddy said as he lifted the teen back out of the playpen. “You smell a lot better now that you’re covered in baby powder and don’t reek of teenage b.o.” He set him down in the stroller and strapped him in. “Besides, you look so cute when all is said and done.” Hunter rolled his eyes. “It’s just a lot to take in, Hunter. Once you’re used to it, it won’t be so bad.” He tousled his son’s mane. “Now, let’s go for a nice walk. Get some fresh air.”

“I was just in the back yard.” Hunter protested, but he felt the stroller start to roll. Much to his embarrassment, the sudden burst of motion caused him to dribble a bit into his diaper.

“The wheels on the stroller go round and round.” Daddy sang down to him as the stroller rolled across the porch and down the sidewalk. Hunter shyly sucked on his pacifier. He knew that his dad would never let anything bad happen, but at the same time, this was so humiliating! He squirmed, trying to get free from the restraints of the stroller.

A few houses down lived Mr. Pierce, a good friend of Hunter’s dad. The last time that Hunter saw him, it had been to go to a Major League Baseball game and now, now Hunter was in Huggies, sucking on a pacifier. Hunter quietly hoped that Mr. Pierce would not be outside, but it was too nice of a day for that to be possible. Sure enough, he was on the porch as they stopped right in front of his house.

“Hello, Leo!” Daddy said. Hunter sucked on his pacifier nervously. There was no possible way that the tiger could not see Hunter in all his puffy-bottomed glory.

“Hello! Gotta love the weather we’re having.” Leo said, walking toward them.

“There’s rain coming this weekend though.”

“I’ve heard! I’m trying to get all the yard work done before then.” Hunter studied Mr. Pierce nervously, trying to determine if the tiger was actively trying to avoid looking at him or

not. He breathed a sigh of relief that at least Mrs. Pierce was nowhere to be found. If there was a phrase that described Mrs. Pierce, it would be 'baby crazy'. She had babysat Hunter and Koda all the time when they were younger and he had the sneaking suspicion that she would be more than willing to resume her services.

"And how has Margaret been?" Daddy asked. Hunter nearly dropped his pacifier in shock. How had Daddy read his mind?

"She's good. Up north visiting her sister right now." Mr. Pierce replied amiably. "I'm sure she's excited about your new arrival." He winked down at Hunter. Hunter looked away shyly. So everyone knew, and accepted it! How was that even possible? "Anyway, I should get back to work if there's rain coming."

"I'll let you get back to work. Wave bye-bye, Hunter." The lion bashfully obeyed and Mr. Pierce waved back, grinning broadly. Hunter groaned into the plastic shield of his pacifier as the stroller springing back into motion caused him to wet his Huggies again.

Down the sidewalk the stroller rolled, Hunter trying his best to avoid the gaze of anyone that they met. He got a few bewildered stares, which both embarrassed him and reassured him that not everyone saw his predicament as normal.

"How are you doing, kiddo?" His dad asked.

"Ok." Hunter mumbled.

"Bet you're getting pretty soggy, hmm? All that Gatorade probably rushed right through you."

"Hush!" Hunter whined. His dad stopped the stroller and came around. He tickled Hunter's belly a bit and then checked his diaper.

“I sure hope Barney brought his swim suit cuz there’s an ocean down there!” Daddy teased. “Guess we’d better get my little cubbybutt home, hmm?”

“Daddy!” Hunter yelled. The lion chuckled.

“You know what, you’re right. We’ve got your diaper bag right here. We don’t have to go home to change you.” Hunter’s eyes widened in horror as his dad undid the straps.

As Daddy reached for the diaper bag, Hunter saw his chance and jumped out of the stroller and ran as fast as he could with a soggy diaper between his legs. He did not have a plan. He just knew that he had to get away from there.

“Oh, no you don’t!” Daddy said as he wrapped his arms around Hunter and picked him up. “So full of energy!” He turned Hunter around and blew a raspberry into his belly as he carried the teenager back over to the stroller. “Who’s a squirmy-wirmy baby? You are! Yes, you are!” He cooed as he plopped Hunter back into the stroller. “Let’s keep my little convict locked up for the moment. Someone’s doing hard time for being such a cutie.” He blew two more raspberries into Hunter’s tummy. He then returned to his task, spreading a blanket out on the sidewalk before releasing Hunter from the stroller again and depositing him on the blanket. “Is that too hot for baby?” He asked. Hunter considered lying to get out of the change, but where would that get him? He simply sucked on his pacifier, wincing at the sound of the tapes being ripped open.

“Look, Ashley! Look at the baby!” Hunter looked up and saw two foxes standing over him, brother and sister by the looks of them.

“Isn’t he cute?” The vixen said. Her brother nodded, bending down to get a better look at the lion. Noticing him looking at him, the fox smiled and waved.

“Is someone a soggy woggy baby boo?” He asked saccharinely. Hunter grumbled and hissed a bit.

“Now, now.” Daddy said. “They’re just visiting you, cubbybutt.”

“We should probably get going anyway.” The vixen said, smirking at Hunter’s exposed penis and testes. “Someone’s going to be late for his ballet class.” The fox’s face fell as his sister grabbed his paw and yanked him away. Hunter barely spared a second’s thought about the foxes once he felt the cold wipes on his butt and balls.

“I know, I know.” Daddy said. “Daddy’s baby boy’s sensitive on his weewee.”

“Dad!” Hunter protested. “I don’t have a weewee.”

“That’s right, baby. Goo goo gaa gaa weewee.” His dad winked at him and Hunter knew that it was a losing battle.

“Mommy, lookit the baby!” A toddler said from his stroller as his mom pushed him around the diaper change. “I wear Pull-ups, but he wears diapees!”

“Yes, Cayden. That baby’s not a big boy like you.” She looked back for a moment as they continued down the street.

“She probably thought I’m special needs or something.” Hunter complained as his dad slipped a fresh Huggies under his butt.

“She just thought you were adorable, which you are.”

“Nuh-uh.” Hunter muttered grumpily as Daddy put entirely too much baby powder all over him and then rubbed it in. “Isn’t it weird, touching me there?” Hunter asked quietly as his dick stiffened.

“Of course not. See how much you like it? When your weewee gets pokey like that, it means you’re a happy baby!”

“You know I can’t help it.” Hunter whispered. Daddy nodded and taped him up.

“Back into your stroller. Let’s get you home.”