

Hunter hoped that, following his embarrassment during the walk, his dad might take it easy on him once they got home. He quickly learned that that was not the case. The moment they were inside, Daddy scooped him out of his stroller and transferred him to his bouncer for another episode of Barney.

“Baby loves his bouncer, doesn’t he?” He purred as Hunter gnawed on his pacifier in frustration. He started the episode, chuckling as Hunter, knowing full well what was expected of him, began to sing along with the theme song. Pulling out his phone, he headed into his home office to get a bit of work done before dinner.

After the episode ended, Hunter hoped that he would get to get out of his bouncer, but his mom simply started a new episode, kissing his cheek as she did so. He hoped that after this episode, he would be free, but he did not hold his breath.

“Was that a good episode?” Mommy asked once the second episode had ended. Hunter did not answer, for fear that his lack of enthusiasm would lead to more Barney. His mom smiled and lifted him out of the bouncer, his inevitably soggy diaper drooping between his thighs. She carried him into the dining room and Hunter wondered if it was already time for dinner. She set him in his highchair and locked him into place. Setting some crayons and a coloring page on the tray, she kissed his forehead. “How about you color for Mommy?” Hunter hardly even had to glance at the piece of paper in front of him to know that it was Barney and some balloons. He grabbed the purple crayon and got to work, Mommy popping his pacifier back into his mouth before resuming making dinner.

Once Hunter finished, he looked over his shoulder to signal to Mommy. She smiled and came over, taking a moment to check his diaper.

“No stinkies yet!” She said. She picked up Hunter’s coloring. “Good job, baby!” She gushed, admiring it. “It’s missing something though.”

“What’s that?” Hunter apprehensively asked around the pacifier.

“How about you draw yourself with Barney? He’s your best friend!” Hunter resisted rolling his eyes, though just barely. Grabbing a crayon that vaguely matched his fur, he drew a stick figure lion, giving it a dark brown mane. Mommy smiled and left him to it.

Koda strode confidently into the house. He had spent the afternoon over at Robbie’s house, playing video games and showing the leopard tons of photos of his now baby brother. Robbie had found it hilarious and they made plans to have a sleepover soon so that Robbie could see the baby for himself. Koda snickered to himself as he saw Hunter sitting in the highchair, coloring and sucking on a pacifier. He could tell from across the room that Hunter’s Huggies were wet.

“Whatcha coloring?” Koda asked. Hunter’s cheeks turned red and he did not answer. Koda looked down at the picture. “I see Barney, but who’s that with him?”

“Me.” Hunter replied softly.

“Uh-oh!” Koda said. “You’d better draw a diaper for yourself then. You don’t want your picture ruined by baby dribbles!”

“But” Hunter protested. “It’s my picture and I don’t wanna.” Koda rolled his eyes, but he felt a bit amazed by how quickly his brother seemed to be adapting to his new role in the family.

“What’s for dinner, Mommy?” Koda asked, losing interest with Hunter and heading into the kitchen.

“Spaghetti and meatballs. It’ll be ready in just a few minutes, so go tell daddy.”

“Ok.” Koda smirked at Hunter, still thrilled to see his big brother captive in a highchair, on his way to go find Daddy.

“What a pretty picture!” Mommy said. “Once you show it to Daddy, how about we put it on the fridge, hmm? Would you like that?” Hunter simply shrugged noncommittally, which Mommy thought was a very teenage response. She chose not to pursue it though. “I’m sure Daddy will insist on hanging it up on the fridge.” She nuzzled Hunter’s cheek.

“What’s this I hear about an artist in the family?” Daddy rumbled. Hunter groaned and dutifully showed the picture to Daddy, who gushed just as much as Mommy had. “Is this you?” He asked, pointing to the lion.

“Yeah.”

“And this is Barney?”

“Yeah.”

“You look so happy to be dancing and singing with him, hmm?” Daddy nuzzled Hunter’s cheek. He lifted Hunter out of the highchair, much to the teenager’s surprise. “Let’s get this put on the fridge. We’ll start an art gallery!”

“Once you’ve put his picture up, be sure to get baby’s bib on. Dinner is almost finished.” Mommy said. Hunter watched as his dad guided his paw to take a magnet and stick it onto his picture so that it hung prominently on the fridge.

“Is someone fussy because Daddy’s carrying him?” Hunter heard in his ear. “How about you show Daddy how big you are and lead him back to your highchair?” Hunter grumbled and began to waddle back to the highchair, trying in vain to walk normally despite the soggy bulk between his thighs.

Daddy returned him to his highchair and tied a bib around his neck. He smiled, tousling Hunter's mane.

"Daddy's so hungry, he could eat you up!" He said in a goofy voice, bending down to nibble at Hunter's toes.

"Daddy!" Hunter squealed, the nibbles tickling his toes. "Stop!"

"Nope! You gotta call mommy for help!" He kept playfully nibbling at Hunter's toes.

"Mommy!" Hunter squealed, helplessly squirming. "Daddy's trying to eat me!" The lioness walked in with a chuckle.

"Already, daddy, come eat some spaghetti and leave the baby alone." She teased. Daddy relented just before Mommy set a bowl of spaghetti in front of Hunter.

"Koda! Dinner!"

"Coming." Koda quickly took his place at the table, smirking at Hunter. Hunter looked to the left and right of the bowl and did not see any utensils. He looked inquisitively at Mommy. She removed the pacifier from his mouth.

"Just use your paws, baby. You'll be getting a bath right after dinner." Hunter grumbled. He hated baths. He showered! He was almost an adult, for goodness sakes! He held his tongue, willing to do anything to avoid a spanking.

At first, everyone watched raptly as Hunter hesitantly scooped spaghetti with his paws and brought it to his mouth, with little success, noodles and sauce smearing all over his face and bib. Once he started getting the hang of it, however, they turned to their own meals and allowed him to eat in peace.

“Is baby all done with his numnums?” Mommy asked when she noticed his empty bowl, Big Bird’s face smiling up at him from the bottom of the bowl. He nodded as Mommy checked his diaper once again. “Guess what time it is?” She exclaimed.

“Bathtime.” Hunter said morosely. Mommy nodded, kissing his cheek.

“Baby tastes like spaghetti!” She exclaimed, lifting him out of the highchair.

Hunter stood in the bathroom, watching Mommy fill the tub and trying his best not to look at his reflection or draw attention to the fact that his diaper sagged noticeably between his legs.

“Alrighty.” Mommy said. “Looks like the tub’s all full. Now let’s get baby ready for his bathy!” She gently pulled Hunter closer and made short work of removing his diaper. Hunter blushed and quickly covered himself out of reflex. “No time to play, sweetie. Sing your bathtime song for mommy. Do you remember it?”

“Unfortunately.” Hunter muttered. Mommy ignored that and sat down on the closed toilet.

“Go on, baby!” She said, giving his naked thigh a light smack for encouragement. Taking a deep breath, Hunter closed his eyes and began. This song required dancing, much to his chagrin. His face turned red before he even began.

“Sometimes I splash too much.” Hunter sang, pantomiming splashing. “I hope I won’t get in trouble. But when I take a bath, it’s so much fun, watching bubble after bubble after bubble.” As he sang and danced around, he resisted the urge to cover his penis, knowing that that would only mean that he would have to start over again. Taking a breath, he started the second verse, penis bouncing as he danced. “Oh when you’re splashing around, it is fun to pretend you’re a fish

or a froggy or a duck.” He put his paws in his arm pits and made two wings. “Quack, quack.” He knew that he was almost done. “But don't forget to wash your arms and legs and your tummy and your back!” Hunter gestured to each body part as he sang about it.

“Yay!” Mommy said. “Now once more, just like on the CD.” Hunter bashfully went through the first and second verses again, getting more and more embarrassed as Mommy watched and clapped. “All set for bathtime?”

“All set.” Hunter mumbled. Mommy smiled.

“Into the tubby goes the cubby!” She said, another artifact from Hunter’s childhood. She set him down into the tub. Hunter steadfastly refused to admit it, but the bubbly water was the perfect temperature.

Mommy wasted no time, wetting a washcloth in the tub. She began to wash Hunter. He tried to resist, but only as much as would be expected; he knew that there was no point. He sighed and relaxed in the tub.

“There we go.” Mommy purred. “Relax and let mommy wash her baby boy.” Hunter closed his eyes and hoped it would be over, squirming as his mom washed his every nook and cranny.

Hunter shivered slightly before his mom wrapped him in the fluffy blue towel, vigorously drying the nude teen.

“One squeaky clean baby boy.” She cooed. Hunter could do little but stand on the tiled floor, his mom holding him close to get him dry. She hummed a song that Hunter quickly recognized as ‘The Lion Sleeps Tonight’. “Does someone like that song?” She asked, noticing his peaked interest.

“Yeah.” Hunter softly admitted. Sara smiled and kissed his nose.

“In his diapee, his crinkly diapee, the baby sleeps tonight.” She sang.

“Mom!” Hunter protested.

“Inside voice.” She said simply. Hunter nodded, but she still took his paw and gently guided his thumb into his mouth. Satisfied that he was dry, the lioness picked the naked lion up and, patting his bottom, carried him out of the bathroom.

Hunter wiggled, his arms wrapped around his mom’s neck, looking over her shoulder as they walked down the hallway. Thankfully, Koda sat downstairs, doing his homework at the dining room table. He had an uncanny ability to come into the bedroom and interrupt Hunter’s bedtime right when his butt being powdered, stuck up high in the air. He wished that Koda would get yelled at for that, but it did not happen.

“There’s your changing table, baby.” Hunter grumbled, still not used to his mom’s paw on his naked butt. She set him on the soft surface, giving his belly a playful rub. “It’s diapee time!” She practically squealed.

Hunter’s overnight diapers were, in a word, thick. The first night in them, he had foolishly tried to jump off of the changing table and run. He quickly learned that even standing still in them was nearly impossible without using furniture or someone helping him. It got even worse once they were wet.

Hunter watched between his legs as his mom unfolded one of the diapers, grateful that she did not make him identify Winnie the Pooh, asleep among honey pots in a nightshirt and cap, on them like she had done the night before. She lifted his legs up and slipped the unfolded diaper underneath his rump, the slightest motion causing a sheer cacophony of crinkles. He squirmed, which only made him seem all the more cubby.

“Mommy will be quick, baby boo.” She grabbed the powder and alternated between sprinkling it and rubbing it into his fur. “It sure is easy when baby’s already squeaky clean!” This caused Hunter to squirm even more.

“Mommy!” Hunter’s jaw dropped as he heard Koda pounding up the stairs. “Mommy!”

“Koda, what did I tell you about using your inside voice?” The lioness said in exasperation.

“But Mommy! Daddy and I were reviewing my spelling words and I got them all right!” Koda said proudly. He smirked as he saw Hunter’s powdered bottom.

“Wow!” She said. “Every single one?”

“Yep!”

“Mom...” Hunter whined. His mom ignored him.

“How do you spell” She thought for a moment, Hunter seemingly forgotten for the moment. “Appreciation?”

“A-P-P-R-E-C-I-A-T-I-O-N.” Koda said after a moment’s thought. His mom smiled.

“Mom...” Hunter whined again, to no avail.

“That’s great, Koda!”

“Ask me another one!” Koda exclaimed, loving how whiny his distraction made Hunter. His mom thought for a moment.

“How about ‘ferocious’?”

“F-E-R-O-C-I-O-U-S!”

“Very good! You’re so smart!”

“Do another one!”

“Not right now, sport. Mommy has to get the baby ready for beddy byes.”



“Oh, yeah. It’s seven o’clock. That’s his bedtime.” Koda said, sticking his tongue out at Hunter, who growled.

“Baby’s getting fussy.” The lioness rubbed his thigh. “Mommy will come downstairs after baby’s in beddy byes, Koda.” Koda nodded and practically skipped out of the room.

“Can’t you like ban him from the room when I’m... when you’re doing this?”

“It’s his room too, Hunter.”

“But Mommy!” She leaned forward and popped a purple pacifier into his mouth.

“There now. That’ll calm you down while I get your fussy butt into your Huggies.” She lowered him onto the puffy diaper and lovingly taped the diaper around his waist, his hairless penis and testes disappearing into the bulk of the diaper. Hunter felt so embarrassed that he just lay there, passively sucking on his pacifier as he shifted slightly, diapered bottom crinkling.

Without missing a beat, the lioness pulled out a pair of sky blue footies and began to slide them up Hunter’s legs. Hunter remembered Koda wearing identical pajamas on Christmas morning when he had been two. Now, it seemed that the sixteen year old would be wearing them to bed.

“See the duckie?” Mommy asked, pointing to the enormous yellow duckling on his pajamas. It was impossible to miss. “What sound does a duckie make?”

“Quack, quack.” Hunter muttered around the pacifier.

“Very good! You’re Mommy’s special little duckling, aren’t you?”

Rather than ask Hunter to sit up as needed, she moved him around and soon had the lion dressed in his footies. She smiled and, picking him up, held him in front of a mirror. Hunter grimaced at the big, dumb duck.

“Wave to the baby!” Hunter halfheartedly complied, but his mom took his wrist and made him wave properly. He could not help but notice that the footies only seemed to emphasize his absurdly thick diaper. He shuddered as he wondered for a moment why his mom did not just keep him in footies and these overnight Pampers all the time, since he looked so positively babyish right now. He fervently hoped that the idea would never occur to her.

“Mom.” He said. “How much longer are you going to do this?”

“Don’t you think it’s time to stop asking that?” She replied. “I mean, it’s been three days, Hunter.”

“But Mom!”

“But nothing! What’s so bad about being the baby?”

“It’s embarrassing! Koda makes fun of me!”

“Give it a few more days. Once the novelty wears off, he’ll stop.” She kissed the top of his head as she carried him over to his crib. “Besides, if you’d stop making such a big deal out of it, he would stop. You know how brothers are.” Hunter grumbled as she placed him in the crib. “Listen to baby grumble.” She said, returning his pacifier to his mouth. “Mommy’s fussy boy needs to go ninis.”

“Mom! This is ridiculous! I’m too old for diapers! I have a freaking mane!” His mom smiled and patted his diaper through his footies.

“Yes, sweetie. Your mane might make some people think you’re a big boy, but Mommy knows better. Mommy changes your diapers. She knows that you’re a baby.” She kissed his forehead. “You’re two, baby. Two years old!” She held up two fingers to drive home the point. Hunter rolled his eyes.

“It’s too early for bed! Koda doesn’t go to bed for another three hours!”

“Keep fussing and we’ll make it even earlier, baby.”

“But mom!”

“Big boys don’t fuss about bedtime. Only bratty babies do.” She raised the side of the crib. “Mommy will be back with your baba.” With a sigh, Hunter stared up at the mobile. He suspected that if he tried hard enough, he could probably undo the latch keeping him in the crib, but what would happen then? He could not walk with such a thick diaper on and by the time he got his pajamas and diaper off, Mommy would return.

“Be very quiet, just in case the baby’s already asleep.” Hunter heard Mommy say. He groaned, knowing even before they came in that Daddy and Koda were with her.

“Look at my sleepy baby boy.” Daddy cooed as he and Koda looked down at Hunter. The lion leaned over the edge and gave Hunter a kiss on the nose. “Good night, baby.”

“Nini, daddy.” Hunter mumbled around the pacifier

“Good night, baby.” Koda said.

“Koda! Give the baby a kiss.” Mommy chided.

“But Mommy!”

“But nothing!” Koda grumbled a bit and kissed Hunter’s nose.

“Good night, baby.” He said.

“Nini, big brother.” Hunter mumbled, hating this part of the ritual. Mommy shepherded Daddy and Koda out of the room before turning back to Hunter. Gently moving the pacifier out of Hunter’s mouth, she replaced it with the nipple of the bottle. Hunter nursed at the bottle, cheeks still burning from the embarrassment of the bedtime ritual. He could tell, even with the curtains closed that it was still light outside. It could not be too far past seven and he would be left to sleep in just a few minutes.

Removing the bottle from his mouth, Mommy rubbed his tummy until he burped. She wiped a bit of formula from his chin and put the pacifier into his mouth.

“Good night, baby.” She cooed, kissing him on the nose.

“Nini, mommy.” Hunter sighed. She reached up and turned on the mobile overhead, which began to play a lullaby. Hunter closed his eyes and listened to Mommy leave the room. His ears twitched as the music gently played, feeling terribly babyish, the taste of formula still on his tongue.

The sounds of Koda taking a shower woke Hunter up. It was dark, which made sense since Koda took his shower at ten every night. Hunter sighed and shifted a bit, realizing with horror that his Pampers were messy. He had pooped in his sleep! He heard the shower shut off and froze, not even daring to suck on his pacifier.

Hunter shifted nervously as Koda came into the bedroom to go to bed, not even bothering to wear a towel to cover him. He hoped that his brother would not realize that he had actually pooped his diaper. He blushed as his mom came in too, making a beeline for Hunter’s crib. He had forgotten that he always got a bottle at Koda’s bedtime too! He whimpered softly as she patted his diaper. He knew without her saying a word that she was fully aware that he had messed.

“Your diaper will be fine until morning.” She said gently, slipping the nipple of his late night bottle into his mouth before he could reply. He had a stinky night ahead of him.