

Chapter 3

Three months after Junior was born I wake up at dawn as I always do and go over to his crib to watch him sleep for a bit gently petting him. As I stared down at my son I realize despite his being sound asleep he had a full diaper and that he didn't even squall like he did when he was awake for it. Slipping my hands around him I carefully pick him up and rock him gently as I move to the changing table causing him to murr contentedly and burry his face in my chest fur. After a quick and uneventful diaper change I walk to the kitchen quietly, padding along carefully so as not to wake Kylea or Junior and I start the coffee pot which I had prepared the previous night once that was done I pull a bottle out of the fridge for junior and warm it up a little nuzzling his head and purring as I did. When the microwave beeped letting me know the bottle was ready. Taking the bottle out I walk to the living room and gently sit down in my chair and cradle Junior to my chest and pop his bottle into his mouth opening his eyes he starts nursing from the bottle and gently tugs on my chest fur as he does.

As I nurse Junior on his morning bottle I feel a pair of arms wrap around me gently as Kylea hugs me from behind. "You don't have to do everything dear I could have taken care of Junior this morning. I know you have a lot to do for work today." She says kissing my cheek and stroking Junior's hair causing him to smile.

"I know dear but I wanted to. Like you said I have a lot of work to do today so I wanted to spend some time with him while I could. Does my kitten want her hubby to put some crinkles on her today?" I ask her knowing she enjoyed wearing diapers once in a while when I was around because she felt it made us closer.

“No I have to go to the store after breakfast and buy groceries and get more of yours for you since you only have a couple changes worth left. And I only have one from my stash left so I have to buy them too. Can you look after Junior while I’m out?” she replies purring in my ear.

“I can type one handed just fine yeah. And what’s a couple more minutes for a diaper change we both know I will need it eventually.” I say chuckling softly turning my head to kiss her on the lips.

After kissing me back she lets go of the hug and says, “Alright then I’ll go make breakfast. Is there anything special you want?”

“Ham and cheese omelet if you can love.” I reply removing Junior’s bottle and patting his back gently after sitting him up as he had been squirming a lot since I asked if Kylea wanted to wear a nappy today.

Letting out a loud burp for his age and size Junior spit up a little and I wiped his mouth with a cleanex from the side table and then go back to feeding him as I gently rock my chair smiling. A few minutes later Kylea says, “Come and get it honey.” And I get up walking to the kitchen with Junior still cradled to my chest holding his bottle.

As I sit down Kylea takes him from me saying, “eat you can hold our little stinker after wards.” And she sits down to finish nursing his bottle to him.

Smiling up at her Junior refuses the bottle and starts tugging on her night shirt. “Looks like someone wants it from the source” I chuckle as Kylea laughs and pulls her top down enough to let Junior nurse. Working fast I cut up my omelet and butter some bread and enjoy my breakfast as Kylea works one handed to eat her own food. By the time we had all fed Junior was sound asleep in Kylea’s arms and we took him back to the bedroom together and lay him down in the crib for a nap.

Patting my diaper Kylea says, "Let's get you changed before I go shopping." And she picks me up which always surprised me and puts me down on the changing table.

"I hate it when you put me up here but since you let me diaper you once in a while I guess a little embarrassment is okay." I say as she starts wiping me down and tosses out the soaked diaper.

"Well I think you look absolutely adorable up there. Like an over grown version of our little guy. If you are a good boy I might let you baby me tonight and tomorrow." She says smiling and tossing the wipes out. After that she slides my tail through the hole for it on the clean diaper then proceeds to powder up my nether region and fastens the diaper firmly in place with a playful pat on the front when she finished.

"Thanks dear now go on and get changed for your shopping. I'll take the monitor and listen for junior while I work on this project my boss wants by this evening." I say sliding off the table and giving her a swat on the bum before grabbing the baby monitor and going to get a cup of coffee before I go to my laptop in the living room to work.

Coming out of the bedroom a few minutes later Kylea smiles and blows me a kiss before leaving and I blow her one back. Typing furiously one handed I focus on the task and rub my head in confusion as the data I put in was put into my Simulation program which ended up showing the dummy explode. Pursing my lips I check the data again and groan. I had accidentally put a 8 where there should have been an infinity symbol. Going back and changing the information in that line of code I upload it into the program again and watch as the dummy went through the average combat scenario and nod smiling as he cleared all targets in a decent time. Changing the program to level 5 difficulty, instead of going through levels 2, 3, and 4, as I knew they would be too easy I restart the run and watch.

Nodding happily with the results I save the program and data as I hear a knock on the door. Curious at who would be coming this early in the day I look up at the clock and see it's already 0945 and shrug. "Not so early I guess. Kylea must have her hands full." I mutter going to the door. Opening it I am faced with the massive torso and head of a polar bear with a missing eye on the left side. "Is this the home of Lieutenant Saber Blackflameheart, former Marine Sniper?" He asked in an authoritative voice.

"You're speaking to him. What can I do for ya?" I say standing there in just my shirt and diaper not caring.

"I believe you might want me to come in. I have an offer to discuss with you that is not something the public would be wise to hear." He says calmly bringing out a manila envelope that had been sealed with wax and my old C.O.'s insignia. Stepping aside I let the bear in and lead him to the kitchen after shutting the door behind him.

As he sits down at the counter he says, "I'll get right to it. Your C.O. from your last mission recommended you to me. He says you are a smartass, sometimes reckless, but you are the best damn soldier he has seen since I recruited him 50 years ago. You may be discharged from the military but your skills are too valuable to waste. How would you like to join the Ghost Protocol?"

"I...I've heard rumors of them but just to clarify what is the Ghost Protocol? What do you do?" I say popping the top on a couple beers and passing one to him out of politeness.

"We are elite members of the military that are either retired or left due to personal, medical, or disciplinary actions. We go where the black ops are not allowed to go and do things they cannot do. Simply put, we are the ones who keep the world running." He says taking his beer then having a long drink from it before.

“Alright say I believe you. What kind of compensation or perks do I have the pleasure of expecting for doing this?” I say sitting down across from him.

“It’s all in here. Your C.O. has explained it all and why he mentioned you to me. If you choose to do this follow the instructions on the memo pad in there Either way you have no need to worry about ramifications of saying no or the safety of your family. They will be cared for if you were to die in the line of duty with us.” He says getting up and finishing the beer before leaving.

“Who are you? At least tell me that.” I say taking the envelope from him.

“Fury. That is all you need to know.” He says closing the door behind him.

Going to my laptop with the beer and envelope I stare at it for a moment wondering if I should at least open it and see what it was all about. Breaking the seal I open it up and start reading the letter from my C.O. and I blush seeing all the praise he had and his reasons for sending Fury my way. When I got to the end of the letter I spit out my mouthful of beer. “If you complete a mission with one black star rating you will be paid \$250,000 dollars as a minimal fee tax free. Each star above that doubles the value of the previous rank. If you manage to complete a 5 star mission you will receive one “favor” to call in at any time on top of your fee for the mission, should you need one that can’t be taken care of on your own it is there to use as you see fit. As five star missions are rare you may end up only ever seeing one in your life but the incentive is still there.”

“I...I can’t honestly pass that up...not easily anyway...perhaps Kylea should know and have an input.” I whisper as Juniors crying came across the baby monitor. Getting up I quickly wipe up the beer I spit out and then hurry to the bedroom and pick him up rocking him gently and moving to the changing table.

“Awe it’s okay sweetie papa is here. No more tears and no more soggy stinky butt. Here we go.” I say to him as I change his full diaper.

Once he was clean and the used diaper and wipes were tossed in the bin I hold him to my chest and rock him gently to calm him some more praising him for being a good boy and letting me change him without too much fuss. Making my way back to the living room I sit down and look down to my son who was snuggling into my chest hands wrapped in my fur and I come to a decision. While we did have a comfortable life here I would prefer to be able to provide everything possible for my son and wife should something happen. Pulling the pad out of the envelope I look at it and see that there is a phone number on it. Calling it I am surprised to hear my old C.O. pick up. “So you decided to take the position Lieutenant. Welcome aboard. I will contact you the moment I have an assignment for you. Since your new meat to us we will be starting you light and only giving you 1 star missions but you will have a backup with you.” then the line went dead.

“Well hello to you too General.” I say putting the phone down grumpily. If there is one thing I hate it’s when people know how to read me that easily. Somehow he *knew* I would call within a few minutes after his man left me. Blowing out a puff of air that made my lips flap and make the same sound as a stallion who blows disgruntled, thus causing my boy to burble happily at me and try to do it himself, I go back to looking over the data to make sure I didn’t screw anything up before attaching the files and sending them to my boss directly at Army Medical Research Institute of Infectious Diseases or AMRIID for short.

Yawning a bit bored out of my skull having already finished my work until my boss called back or emailed me I grab the remote to the TV and turn on the classic cartoons channel

and watch old Looney Toons with Junior. Granted he don't understand what's going on but he still laughed when I did and flinched when I did which amused the heck out of me.

About thirty minutes after I sat down to watch my cartoons I heard a car door slam in the garage and get up with Junior in arm to help Kylea with the groceries. Opening the garage door I say, "hey there sweetie. Was shopping easy enough today?" I ask holding a hand out to take a few of the bags.

Slipping the bags of Diapers onto my arm by their carry handles she says, "Shopping yes, getting back no. I would have been home an hour ago but I got stuck in traffic due to a wreck. I swear people need to get their heads out of their asses and stop driving with their cellphones in their ear."

"Awe, sorry to hear that dear. Junior was asleep till about half an hour ago so he is nice and playful right now. I finished the project pretty quickly." I say walking back into the house to take the diapers to our room.

"Well that isn't anything new you always tell them you will be done on a said time when you *know* you don't need that much. I think you like making them sweat it out up there and then look like a hero by finishing early." She says chuckling as she carried the food into the kitchen and started putting things away.

After dropping the diapers by the changing table I go back to the living room and put Junior in the playpen before going to the kitchen to help her put the groceries away. "I also had a visitor before Junior woke up. An old friend of my C.O. when I was last deployed." I say cautiously.

Stiffening up she says slowly, "What did he want?"

Stopping with the groceries I hug her and say, “He offered me something I couldn’t turn down. The information packet is still in the living room at my computer. Will you at least look at it so you understand WHY I accepted.”

“How often will you be gone.” She asked sadly.

Hugging her tight I say, “I can deny a mission that is offered without consequence. But I have to do at least ONE every year. Please just look the packet over. I swear I didn’t think it would be that bad to be gone a couple weeks out of the year. It wouldn’t be any different if I had taken that job your dad offered me with his company. I would have been gone longer with that. At least this way I can keep my job with AMRIID and the money from the missions is tax free. I can give you everything you ever wanted and Junior would have the best education possible.”

“Alright I won’t stop you but you make sure you are home at the least for Christmas and Juniors birthday. And our anniversary.” She says as I feel a tear fall on my arm.

“Honey wild rabid Ursa’s couldn’t keep me away for those three events. I would never miss them given a choice. Come on let’s go snuggle on the couch with Junior and watch cartoons. The cans can wait to be put up.” I say spinning her round giving her a kiss on the lips.

“Alright you big pussycat, but no funny stuff, I’m tired and upset still.” She says snuggling into my chest.

Picking her up I take her to the living room and put her on the couch then get Junior and the blanket I usually had next to my chair to cover the three of us up with before going back to watching tv.