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FROM
MEETINGS
TO NAPTIME
HORATIO HUSKY

COMMISSION FOR THE ANON

From Meetings to Naptime
By Horatio Husky
Commission for TheAnon

West Hospital, Psychiatric Ward - 2.14.19 - 11:28 A.M.

The smell was truly overpowering. One wouldn't expect such a stench to come from a 28 year old vixen, whose appearance at first gave the impression of a very refined, well toned body with sharp, blue eyes.

However, the line of drool that was now pooling on the front of a large bib wrapped around her neck, as well as the noticeable sag of the poop filled diaper around her waist quickly did away with such initial impressions.

"Bwah bwah gack! Hehehe, bwuuuuuuuh!"

The vixen wore nothing but the bib and large, medical diaper around her waist, which she seemed to have quite enthusiastically filled with poop just minutes earlier.

She pawed at the front of her diaper, cooing excitedly as she reveled in the feeling of her poop diaper. An orderly opened the door quietly, a kindly looking cow fur whose sensitive nostrils were immediately bombarded with the stench of the vixen's pooped diaper.

"My my Heather! I think you really did a number on that diaper! Let's get you changed out of that poop mess before you catch a rash, how does that sound?"

"Goo... Guh guh!" came the vixen's witty response, as much to the orderly's chagrin she teetered on the two feet she was standing on, before falling down on her rump, the poop in the diaper pressing against her backside with a squish, causing a giggle to escape from her maw.

"Now now none of this, let's get you cleaned up."

The vixen placed a paw in her muzzle and began to suckle and drool over it as she allowed herself to be picked up by the surprisingly strong orderly and placed atop an oversized changing table, obviously designed for much larger babies.

Heather let a gurgle loose from her throat as the orderly gently strapped her down, scrunching her face instinctually at the smell of the vixen's poop diaper.

"We've got a visitor for you today sweetie, apparently somebody from your old place of work! They've come to bring you some... treats, was it what the memo said?"

Heather, having barely understood most of the words that came out of the orderly's mouth, gurgled appreciatively and let out a soft, delicate grunt.

A series of soft, wet sounding 'blorps' came from inside of the already well pooped diapers, causing it to sag slightly further underneath its pooppy mess. Her facial expression blanked and her jaw dropped open as the plastic from the diaper crinkled loudly from the strain that her pushing her poop into it gave it.

The distinct noises coming from her butt could not make it more apparent of what she was doing, she left out a series of grunts and panting noises as the mess fell from clinging to the fur in the bottom to the front part of the diaper, radiating warmth throughout the bottom and front of her now slightly brown diaper.

She moved to sit down and rock back and forth in her own steaming mess, as the orderlies often caught her doing when they had forgotten to change her diaper for a while. The bovine clucked her tongue and pushed the vixen back down onto her back, preventing her from doing so.

"Looks like you weren't finished pooping that diaper just quite yet little thing. Gosh you smell strongly though, we really need to get you out of that diaper now before you poop it again and leak!"

The female bovine made quick work of the pooppy diapers which were now almost desperately hugging at the sides of the vixen's delicate waist, the strain of the mess she was producing taxing the pooppy diapers to their limits.

Soon enough the still drooling vixen had gotten changed out of her heavily pooped diapers and into fresh, crisp white ones.

Sticking a limp paw into her muzzle, Heather quickly covered it with drool as the front of her new diaper grew warm and slightly yellow, wetting the diaper almost instantly after being changed into it.

The bovine nurse only tsked to herself, before picking up the vixen underneath her arms and placing her down on the soft carpet on the floor of her room, depositing a teething ring gently in her paws.

The vixen giggled, revealing her gums as she happily started to gently gnaw on the ring, drool dripping down into her lap.

A tall, muscular elk entered the room. His expression was a mixture of apprehension, disdain, and concern as he gave the vixen the up and down.

"If only you weren't so obsessive with checking your email all the time, this wouldn't have happened," he muttered to himself, as he knelt down next to the vixen.

He did his best to smile sweetly at her, and cooed as he withdrew from under his arm and oversized, cheerful looking teddy bear.

Instantly it drew the vixen's attention, and scooting over on her diaper she moved her arms up over her head, making grabby hands with her paws as she exclaimed.

"Guh! GUH! G-gib! Duh duh! Duhuuurr grshh... Gah goo..."

"Here you go sweetie, a nice teddy bear to keep you company at the hospital while we figure out how we can help you."

The elk gently deposited the teddy bear into her reaching arms. She responded in kind by giving the stuffed animal a big squeeze, happily giggling to herself.

Suddenly her tail raised itself poignantly behind her thick, white diapered bottom, almost like a question mark.

The elk frowned, and suddenly paled as he realized what was going to happen.

Using the teddy bear as a degree of leverage, the adult vixen grunted and squealed a little as she squeezed the teddy bear.

"FFFFRRRRRRRTTTT!"

A large fart escaped her behind as she began to heavily poop into the back of her recently fresh diapers, she could feel the shit pile up underneath her bottom and spread throughout the backseat of the diaper, a steaming pile of sticky mush that immediately clung to her backside, coating her bottom in her own poop and giving her a feeling of total release and bliss.

She felt her mind go completely blank as the only thing she could focus was the poop violently escaping from her open butt, completely helpless and unashamed as she felt her maw move into a goofy grin, a line of drool pooling onto her bib as she let out a few more farts and grunts, her bottom wanting to completely vacate itself of the large amount of poop that she now was producing and pushing right into her diapers.

The stench immediately hit the elk's nostrils and he grimaced, holding them shut with two fingers as he watched the vixen helplessly and almost violently poop her diapers.

A relieved sigh escaped her once she had finished, and she giggled as she wiggled around in her mess, hugging the teddy bear with glee.

“Duhhhhhh... I poopoo... poopoo diaper! Poopoo diaper! Haha! BIG poopoo diaper...”

And with a pained look on his face, the elk turned around and knocked on the door of the room, indicating to the orderly outside that his visit had come to its conclusion.

As he passed the orderly, he mentioned the vixen pooping her diapers right in front of him, and suggested that she might need to be changed out of them.

The bovine nodded and motioned to go inside, but the elk continued, “Is she... Always going to be this... retarded?”

The bovine stopped, and raised an eyebrow, “I believe the lab is still looking to figure out the cause of her break down, but frankly I don’t know. We’ve been getting a lot of people that have undergone extreme mental retardation like her over the past few days. We’re not sure whether we could call it an epidemic, but something is definitely happening. We’ll keep you informed, however.”

The elk nodded, and awkwardly excused himself. The bovine watched him for a while as he left, before she returned to her own duties.

Heather was feeling no such feelings of disgust as she rocked around on the floor in her now well pooped diapers, the mess coating her behind but well contained in the diapers as a faint memory sparked in her infantile head.

She had been at a meeting, she could still remember that word. There had been many furs and scalies in front of her wearing very fancy clothing. She giggled, remembering how dignified and uptight they looked sitting there in the oak and leather chairs.

She had stood up, turning around to retrieve something out of her bag. Completely unabashed she had proceeded to shamelessly strip off her own suit, much to the horror of the majority of the members of the board meeting, and to the secret, perverse pleasure of more than one of them.

To add to their surprise she retrieved a large, white diaper that she had recently purchased at a drug store on the way to work that day.

Heather giggled to herself, letting out a few more farts into her poopy diaper and soaking the front more, she was recalling her favorite part.

She had laid herself on the table, and surprisingly expertly diapered herself up once she had fully stripped. At this point several members of the meeting had raised their objections, and several people moved towards her with concerned looks on their faces.

But what she did next stopped them all in their tracks.

“I make poopy in my diaper! Dhur hur! Goo-goo gaga dur hur pfft frt pfft!”

She had announced with gusto, making raspberry noises with her lips as she raised her arms with glee. She clambered up on the table, now in full view of everyone in the room as well as the office workers now watching the spectacle through the glass of the meeting room.

She crouched and grunted, her face reddening slightly as she pushed with all her might.

“PFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFT!”

A colossal fart left her behind as she pushed all of her poop into the back seat of the diaper, a noticeable brown sag forming instantaneously. She felt her senses grow numb as she did so, her mouth opening and tongue lolling out in an expression of utter ecstasy and release.

Drool dribbled out of her mouth onto the meeting room table and her eyes almost crossed as she felt the shit leaving her body and pushing into the diaper around her waist, a large pile of steaming poop contained and pressed against her backside, causing a noticeable droop much to the horror of everyone at the table.

The entire room stood still, shocked at what they had just seen. Unashamedly she sat down on top of her now poopy diaper, spreading the mess around by rubbing her diaper and giggling to herself.

“All done! Heather make big poopoo in her diapers! Goo’ girls have poopy diapers on their behinds!”

Heather started to chew on the ear of the teddy bear, lost in her memories of her first diaper that she had pooped, and with a large audience no less. The idea of pooping her diapers in front of people helplessly brought her no end of pleasure.

She giggled into the teddy bear’s ear, “Stinky! I big poopy in my diapew! Poopy diaper me make big poopy! Me r-retard poopy in diapew! Poopy diaper wetard!”

The bovine orderly that had changed her before peeked in, and her mouth fell slightly ajar as she noticed the state of Heather’s diaper.

"Again? But I just changed you like ten minutes ago! I wanted you nice and clean for your visitor!"

Striding into the room she scooped her up once more, depositing her onto the changing table.

"It's a good thing we've been ordering these diapers in bulk, you get through them like an inpatient with the flu gets through tissues!"

Heather only responded by giggling and reinserting her paw into her muzzle, now that the teddy bear's ear was nowhere within reach.

"That guy was quite handsome too, do you think he likes you? He seemed pretty concerned about you. Looks like somebody has a crush on our little baby Heather! Hopefully you will get to spend some more time with him in the future hehe."

The vixen was completely oblivious to what exactly the orderly was talking about, but the kindly looking bovine smiled down at Heather, which was enough for her to do so in kind.

She wriggled happily as the nurse wiped her down once again and deposited the poopy diaper in a large, industrial looking diaper pail.

"All nice and clean, now who's my good little diaper pooper? It's you! Yes you are! Yes you are!"

The cooing from the orderly elicited a round of giggles and squirming from the vixen as she was tickled on her belly, right above the crinkling plastic of her diaper front.

The consequences of the tickling were immediately heard as a soft hissing noise came from the front of the vixen's diapers, a warm spreading across her front that felt good to her.

"Why am I not surprised in the slightest, oh well, you'll get another change when you've pooped yourself again, which I believe won't be too long anyway. You big babies have been pooping yourselves more than the little babies have been recently!"

Depositing a soft kiss on top of the vixen's forehead, the bovine picked her up and carried her over to a large, impressive looking crib by the wall of the room, up against the windows which were covered in colorful, plastic looking bars. Unbeknownst to both the orderly and Heather, they were reinforced with steel.

"Time for a nap little one, try and keep that diaper clean for me now can you?"

Heather gurgled back in response, and cooed out a, "Guh!"

"Oh that's right! He brought you a new friend to cuddle up with!"

Picking up the teddy bear from the carpet she strode over back to Heather, who had now laid down in the crib and was fixated with one of her paws in the muzzle.

"Here you go, sweet dreams!"

The bovine raised the bars of the crib, which extended all the way to the ceiling, before securing several locks securely.

All this security, yet they're all so wonderfully helpless. I think I could put her in an actual infant's crib and she wouldn't be able to get out anyway. Well, protocol is protocol anyway.

Shaking her head, but smiling sweetly at her charge, the orderly bid her goodnight once more before exiting the room, flicking the light switch off on her way out.

The last thing she heard in Heather's room was a distinctive grunting noise, but as far as the bovine was concerned, that was going to be the problem of the next orderly after her shift.

Heather's face reddened as she pushed, her mind seemingly wired to vacate her bowels of poop whenever the chance arose. This time it required more effort, and she whimpered softly until it all broke through like water bursting through a dam.

Her mess torrented into the back seat of her diapers, her bowels seeming to spasm violently as she pushed all of the poop out of her which hurled itself into the seat of her diapers.

She panted, feeling the front of her diapers growing warm as she reached over and clumsily grasped the bars of the crib for support and crouched.

She could feel the warm mush ooze and stick to her behind, slightly more liquidy than usual as she felt more streaming out of her butt adding to the reservoir of mess pooling in the bottom of her diapers.

At last she ran out of poop to push into her diapers, and she sighed with relief. Her mouth still hanging open and drooling unabashed onto her bib, eyes half shut with bliss.

After a moment, she gurgled, "Poopy diapew! I make poopy diapew!"

Only her teddy bear was there to hear her ecstatic exclamations about the state of her diapers, she looked at him, sitting next to her with his ear still wet with her drool.

Sitting up she pulled him down into a lying position, before depositing the seat of her poopy diaper on top of his face.

“Stinky poopy diapew! Make poopy!”

She giggled once more, before flopping over on her pillow and bringing the teddy bear close to her chest. Letting out a few long breaths, she finally drifted off to sleep.

West Hospital, Psychiatric Ward - 2.18.19 - 1:51 P.M.

"Pooooopyyyy... Pooooopyyyy... Pooooopy diapewsh!"

Came the almost endless cooing sounds from Heather's drooly mouth, the saliva drizzling from her maw onto her bib, which was the only other article of clothing adorning her naked body besides her thick diapers.

The vixen was bound snugly in a wheelchair, a new, cougar feline orderly pushing her down the hallway. An all too familiar pressure formed in the bottom of her stomach, and without a moment's thought the pressure was pushed down into the inside of her bottom.

Attempting to shift, but unable to due to the safety straps, the practically fully retarded vixen grunted and pushed, closing her drooly maw just for a small moment to close her eyes and exert as much effort as she could sitting directly down on her bottom.

Her butt still firmly pressing down against her thick diapers and wheelchair seat, the poop blubbed out of her bottom in loud, flatulent spasms as the poopy mess immediately pressed against her bottom, spreading throughout the diaper as the hiss of her pee caused the front of the diaper to swell up and press further against the straps.

The orderly, who had quickly decided that changing her charges multiple times a day was not something she was getting paid enough to do, promptly leaned down to coo in her charge's ear.

"Somebody made biiiig poopies in their diapers huh? Well little babies have to learn to sit in their messes sometimes."

Straightening up, she grinned to herself and muttered under her breath, "After all, you're too retarded to be able to ask anyway."

Opening her eyes once more, which were now slightly crossed, she panted letting more drool drip down onto her bib and spill over onto her exposed breasts as she pushed once more, a wet splattering, blorting noise erupting from her butt straight into the seat of her diapers.

"I go... pooooopy! Wooo... booo poopy! Poopy diapersh... I wuv poopy..."

Heather wiggled around, not minding the restriction of her movement too much as she felt the hot poop caking her backside, safely contained in her thick, almost obnoxiously white diapers. She wiggled her behind, her tail raising up in the air as she sunk down fully into her poopy muck.

If it weren't for the diaper snugly hugging her behind and containing the vast amounts of poop inside, she would have created a colossal mess.

A mixture of squelching, squishing, and crinkling accompanied Heather and her orderly as the cat nurse scanned her ID at a terminal before a large set of heavy looking doors swung open.

The interior of the day room was covered in a large, thickly carpeted area with a few orderlies and several dozen large, diapered, and heavily drooling patients.

Several drooling female cheetahs, a dozen vixens with very visibly pooppy diapers, a few female canines ranging from poodles, to wolves, to huskies, to retrievers, to german shepards, and even a petite German Shepherd gal who was cheeks were bright and tongue lolling out as she pushed another round of poop into her already very pooppy diaper.

A male dragon and rabbit as well as a few others were hidden amongst the various pooping and drooling patients, the fronts of their diapers tented distinctly. The rabbit crawled over to the German Shepherd, sticking his twitching nose unceremoniously into the sagging seat of the dog's diaper.

A small yip escaped from her mouth, as her jaw dropped once more, letting copious amounts of drool fall onto the carpet and her bib, which happily displayed a smiling puppy sitting in a white diaper on the front, drooling away just like its wearer.

The vast amount of poop in her diaper weighed down heavily, creating a distinct droop that the rabbit immediately stuck his muzzle into, his nose twitching madly as he breathed in her pooppy scent.

The dragon followed similarly, crawling over with his own droopy seat to gently nudge himself into the same position as the rabbit next to him, admiring up close the mess that the German Shepherd had deposited in her diapers while she cooed dumbly, seemingly tickled by their attention.

"Biwg poopies... snoof my poopies! Diapew poopies... snooof!"

The rabbit laid himself down on his stomach, his hips began to grind against the soft carpet of the play area against his tall, tented diaper front. Little moans and gurgles of pleasure escaped his drooling lips as with a quiet whine he bucked his hips uncontrollably, cumming passionately straight into the front of his thoroughly pooped diapers.

The dragon had placed a hand on his own diaper front and was rubbing clumsily up and down, his muzzle still buried in the pooppy behind the female canine as the rabbit gently slumped to the side, panting from the exhaustion of his climax.

The dragon suddenly released a loud, giggly gurgle, and a large line of drool pooled onto the front of his bib as he retracted his muzzle for a few seconds while his own hips bucked madly into the front of his diapers, thick amounts of cum being deposited into the waiting, absorbent diapers as several plopping and farting sounds could be heard from his butt as he simultaneously and helplessly pooped the back of his diapers.

The rabbit and the dragon flopped down, still fully tented and panting, as another female dragon took an interest in now pooped and stickied diaper around the rabbit's waist.

Several of the other patients were also sticking their snouts, muzzles, and noses into the sagging diapers of the other drooly patients, sniffing and whining and growling filled the air. The sounds joining the smell of poopy diapers which filled the air, along with the chorus of farts and blorps as the oversized diapered adults took turns helplessly pooping in their already poopy diapers.

A female dragoness, completely nude aside from a thick bulky dragon diaper firmly hugging her waist and spreading her legs, laid on her side and was idly playing with a large chew toy which seemed to serve no purpose other than to allow her to gum and drool all over it. A pool of her drool had missed her bib completely, and was beginning to grow larger underneath her cheek which lay down in the center of it.

Her eyes crossed slightly and for a moment, and her large tail inched its way up into an alert position, she let out a small giggle and a distinct grunt, following after a large, heavy amount of dragon dung slid out of her bottom and straight into an obvious droop on the back of her thick, white dragon diapers.

Only a few minutes before had she been pushed onto her back while being changed from her previous diaper, which she had also taken only a few minutes to completely mess into.

Now the poopy diaper bulged and sagged, and she giggled out loud cooing as she reached a paw around to grasp pathetically at her newest poopy mess.

"Stinky... poopy... diaper poopy... hehehehe..."

In the corner a black, female feline sat in a large, white diaper. The back seat of said diaper obviously full of a large amount of poop as her jaw hung loose, eyes fixed on one of the television screens displaying a baby TV show as her oversized bib did its best to catch her constant stream of drool. The words, "Kitty Kat" were embroidered across the front of the soaked bib.

The staff obviously hadn't lost their sense of humor.

The orderly behaved as if the ridiculous display of utter retardation and regression wasn't happening in front of her, and matter-of-factly unstrapped the vixen from her wheelchair, strongly and confidently lifting her up by under her arm pits and setting her pooped diaper bottom on her hip with a distinct squelch.

She walked over to a group of two retrievers and the male dragon, who was currently muzzle deep in the poopy diaper of one of the doggies. The dragon himself was grunting and pushing yet another load of poop into his dragon diaper, bulging the seat with the weight of his mess. A throbbing tent in the front of his diaper showed just how much the dragon had grown to love his poopy diapers during his stay. The orderly set the vixen down unceremoniously on her poop covered bottom beside him, knowing full well he wouldn't be able to keep his nose out of the vixen's diaper seat for long.

"Bwoooo guk gah goo! Shhishh wooooo... GUH! G-Gahashwahaweee..."

The outburst of babbling and muffled fart that escaped Heather's behind into the thick, clay-like poop on the inside of her diapers was enough to draw the attention of the few patients near her.

"G-gooshh hehehackshhwooo..."

The dragon, still sporting an impressive tent in the front of his diapers, crawled over to the vixen. She paid him no mind, sitting happily in her own mess, rocking back and forth on her diaper to listen to the smush and crinkle.

His poop laden diaper seat swayed back and forth as he unashamedly sauntered over to her as best as a regressed, fully retarded adult baby could do. He flashed her a gummy, stupid grin, drool dribbling down his chin.

Charmingly, he immediately bent down to snoof around at the compressed, caked poopy vixen diaper. He loved making new friends.

She giggled, and then shrieked in delight as the dragon pressed his muzzle firmly into her diaper seat, pushing her down onto her stomach.

Utterly pooped diaper seat now fully exposed, the dragon allowed a single line of drool to fall on top of the droopy, pooped diaper seat before licking his tongue against the plastic outer shell.

Smoke spiraled out of his nostrils as he inhaled and exhaled, his own babble coming out muffled by Heather's pooped diaper.

“Poopy diapews... goo’ poopy... I make poopy... babies make poopy... I baby... you make... wooghoo ghuhhhooo.... Poop-py...

“Honestly I don’t think your shamelessness changed at all when you became retarded like this, move over you silly thing let me get this poor thing out of that poopy diaper.”

A tigress nurse gently lifted the dragon off of the vixen’s bottom and deposited him next to one of the spacey-eyed, drooling retrievers. he immediately forgot about the vixen, indulging instead with deep snoofs against poopy doggy diapers.

“Come on honey, let’s get you all cleaned up so you can do this all over again.”

The nurse turned the vixen onto her bag, a diaper bag slung over her nurses outfit as she took out a large, medical grade diaper and a bottle of rash creep.

The tigress was still a little taken aback by the nature of her new position in the psych ward. She was used to helping change adult diapers, but the lengths to which her new patients went to helplessly fill their diapers with poop was something she hadn’t encountered before.

Sliding a foldable changing mat underneath the vixen’s now rather heavy bottom the nurse delicately peeled off the diaper and attacked the vixen’s complete mess with wipes.

Hearing a gurgle she had to quickly cover the vixen up in the poopy diaper once more for another deposit, the vixen gurgling and whining as she pushed yet another heavy load into her diapers.

“What are they feeding you for you to poop like this...?” muttered the tigress underneath her breath, as she resumed once more cleaning her up.

At last she managed to clean the vixen’s fur to her satisfaction, and working quickly she taped up the used diaper and slid a brand new, slightly thicker diaper around the Vixen’s middle.

After applying and rubbing in generous amounts of rash cream, she folded the front of the diaper over her and snugly taped her up, making sure to press in the padding snugly to ensure the tapes wouldn’t snag and fall off.

Not that in their mental state they could really figure out to take their diapers off anyway...

Finished, she patted her subject’s stomach affectionately, which turned out to trigger something she should have expected.

A thick, squelching sound filled the air as the slight pressure on the vixen's stomach as she lifted her legs, exposing a fantastic view of her diapered rear for the tigress to observe. caused her to push once more, delivering an even heavier round of poop into the seat of her fresh diapers.

The barrier keeping her bowels gave way almost instantaneously, and she could feel the moist, thick muck slide out of her and pool into a reservoir of poop practically filling up her entire diaper.

The tigress glanced around, a small smile playing on her face as the smell of the freshly deposited poopy in her subject's diapers hit her sensitive nostrils.

Seeing that the coast was clear, she bent down as if to retrieve something from her bag and inserted her own snout directly into the bulging back seat of Heather's diaper, breathing in deeply.

Getting up quickly the tigress glanced around once more, but concluded to her relief that nobody had seen her snoot her patient's diaper.

The new added warmth and weight seemed to please Heather as she gurgled cheerfully, a series of wet, splotchy sounding farts following her poop deposit.

"Grshhhhhhrchhoo... Heathew... poopy... diapew poopy... big poopy... wet and squishhhh..."

Rolling her eyes, the tigress unpacked the diaper bag once more, quickly regathering her diapering supplies before the vixen had an opportunity to further spread around the poop filling her diaper.

Finishing quickly, she patted Heather on the bottom while she reached into her diaper bag once more, digging around for a second before withdrawing with a brand new bib.

"Pamper-packer" was written across the front, and she swiftly exchanged the sodden rag that was hanging around Heather's neck for the new one, which Heather quickly gifted a wallop of drool as she opened her mouth to coo and babble excitedly.

"GUH! G-G-Guuu... vooofshsshkoo..."

The vixen noticed one of her paws, which was hanging limp wristed by her side. Determining that placing said paw in her muzzle would be the best course of action, she lifted it up to her drooly muzzle and promptly began to nibble gently at her fingers.

“Ah ah ah, fingers aren’t food silly. Let’s get this... formula, I think that’s what this is, in your tummy!”

The tigress knelt down beside her and moved her over to her lap, the vixen doing little but cooing in response at the sudden movement.

Crooking her arm she laid Heather’s head against her shoulder, and before she could wriggle out she inserted the nibble of a large bottle in her mouth.

Instinctively she began to suckle away, her eyelids drooping as she concentrated on the bottle in her mouth. Several other orderlies were now descending upon the myriad of drooling, diapered adults with bottles and cans of pureed baby food, exchanging the drool bibs for much bigger feeding bibs and moving the patients into their laps.

Heather suckled contentedly, a line of milk pooling out from the corner of her jaw and traveling down just past the bib and pooling onto her chest.

Within a few minutes the bottle had been emptied, and the tigress removed the bottle from her maw and pulled her against her chest until the vixen’s head was resting over her caretaker’s shoulder.

The tigress then proceeded to begin a steady rhythm of soft but firm pats on the vixen’s pats, whose cooes were interrupted by the soft jolting of each beat.

“Gooooorshhhh... gwooo -BELCH!-”

A loud burp escaped her muzzle without warning, causing her immediately to descend into a fit of giggles and enthusiastic coos.

Satisfied with her work, the tigress laid her patient down once more before gathering up the bottle and diaper bag and retreating once more over to the caretaker’s station, leaving Heather to be examined and overwhelmed by several, poopy bottomed, diapered adult babies.

West Hospital, Psychiatric Ward - 2.23.19 - 9:23 A.M.

“Gooosh... Vshhhwoooo... Gak!”

Heather was lying on her back on top of the soft carpeting that covered most of her room, which was now furnished with a large, adult sized changing table and a rocking change in addition to her white barred crib.

The seat of her diapers were surprisingly clean, for she had just been given a fresh change half an hour earlier and the smell surrounding her was a pleasant lavender scent, emanating from the new version of the medical diapers the patients were being clad in.

The lovely scent of purple flowers filled her nostrils and caused her heartbeat to slow down slightly, giving her a warm sense of calm as she gurgled to herself quietly.

The waist of the diapers had been adjusted as well, and now went up higher on her torso, gripping her body in a more snug, secure fashion which ensured that no matter how badly she used the diapers they'd stay around her.

Her bib was practically soaked with the drool that seemed to fall from her dumb lips like a fountain, dribbles coming out of the corner of her mouth and occasionally oozing out the front.

A black panther in an orderly uniform scanned himself into her hospital nursery, a heavy sounding deadbolt sliding back as he let himself into the room, a neat, white diaper bag slung over his shoulder.

Without even looking over at his charge he called out as he shut the door behind himself.

"Good morning mush for brains!"

As he turned around, Heather lifted her leg and let out a familiar grunt. A large amount of poop then slid from her behind and into the seat of her high-waisted diapers, causing a noticeable droop as her eyes crossed slightly during the pooping process.

She shuddered slightly as she felt the copious amounts of poop thunder out of her butt and into the seat of her diapers.

A dark stain appeared in the middle of her large, white diaper seat as the diaper sagged under the weight of her poop, straining the waist bands and leg bands as the muck plopped out of her.

The smell soon hit the nostrils of the panther as the blatant display of helplessness was played out before him.

He rolled his eyes, commenting, "Let's get you out of that shit-filled diaper and into another one you can empty your brains into."

His terse, impatient tone was suddenly cut short as he glanced over at his patient, realizing quickly that this particular patient was quite attractive. *In fact...* he thought to himself, *she looks just about my type...*

He glanced outside of the small window in the heavily reinforced door, noting that it seemed to be a slow morning, and he'd have Heather all to himself.

A coy expression was now adorning his face as he approached Heather, who looked up and gazed at him stupidly, a happy grin plastered across her face as yet another line of drool dipped down and landed on her bib.

"How about we get that naughty little butt of yours into a fresh diaper, and then we can have some... playtime... what do you think, sweetie?"

Pushing her down onto her back with a heavy paw he lowered his muzzle down to the poopy seat of his charge's diapers and snoofed, breathing in the scent of her poop deeply as the erection in his pants only grew larger.

Allowing himself a minute of indulgence, he quickly raised himself up again and set to work untaping and meticulously wiping her down, making sure to get her fur as clean as he could with the industrial baby wipes the hospital was now supplying their staff with.

Pulling her up by the ankles roughly he slid the diaper under her before settling her down on top of it once more, his impatient man-handling eliciting a round of giggles and cooing from Heather who seemed to be amused by her legs and bottom suddenly being jerked upwards.

"A playful thing huh? Well... why don't we play then."

Glancing back at the door to ensure that nobody was planning on entering the room anytime soon, he pulled out a large, oversized baby bottle filled with formula.

Immediately the gummy mouth of the vixen opened slightly more ajar as she fixated on the bottle, anticipation of a feeding causing her to drool in even larger amounts onto her bib.

"Gooo guhguh... SHhhhhbvooooo!"

She began to crawl forward, her mouth open and drooling as her eyes fluttered to a half close, already preparing herself suckle mindlessly on the bottle.

The vixen clamped her maw around the nipple around the bottle, and began to messily suckle its contents, rivulets of formula drooling from the corners of her muzzle and onto her already thoroughly soaked bib and down her chest onto her diaper front.

"That's a good little retard, come on sweetie."

The orderly unzipped his pants, revealing his already throbbing erection as he guided the ring over to his pulsing love.

"A little bit different than your bottle, but I'm sure even something as stupid as you can make an adjustment."

Heather was moved to the side, and as she opened her mouth wider to receive the bottle's nipple again the orderly thrust his cock into her mouth instead.

The warmth of her mouth combined with the almost endless drool created a warm, moist environment for his dick as he began to slowly slide it in and out of her mouth.

From a distant point in her mind, a memory bubbled up inside of Heather's head. Her cheeks blushed as she giggled to herself, unable to help it as the memory tickled what was left of her sense of humor in her retarded mind.

She recalled the tiger that had volunteered to take her home after her little incident at the business meeting, after she had proudly and shamelessly showed off her diapers and messed herself uncontrollably in them in front of the entire business board composed of several dozen important business executives.

He had been quite polite as he ushered her into his car, speaking softly and reassuringly as she babbled and giggled in response, the drool already flowing from her mouth.

"G-goooshhbwoooo!"

She had babbled out as he patiently pulled the seatbelt over and clicked it into place. He had driven her to his place, and to his disdain had then had to clean up the leaky mess she had left on his leather seats.

The diaper she had put herself in at this point was bulging at the back, sides, and front with the sheer amount of piss and poop she had filled in it. The tiger had marveled at how something relatively thin and small in size like her could produce so much poop that the diaper bulged at all angles.

He tried everything he could, talking to her, showing her pictures of herself, telling her that everything would be okay that she could trust him. Of course that did absolutely nothing to phase her, she simply gave him that mindless smile that everybody that knew her was beginning to expect to constantly be adorning her attractive muzzle.

He had to go out quickly to a nearby pharmacy to fetch her more diapers as he feared that the damage she had inflicted to his car seats may not have been an isolated incident.

He had arrived back at his residence shortly after, and to his great chagrin saw that she had already wet herself once more on one of his Persian carpets.

Cursing under his breath he gave no obvious indication at his irritation and once again treated Heather as kindly as he could, guiding her to his bathroom and cleaning her up before doing his best to place her in her new diapers.

He had pressed his fingers against the bridge of his nose in frustration as almost immediately after he put the last tape into place, the vixen had grunted loudly and her behind erupted with a loud, distinct fart.

“Pffffrrrt!”

Her poop was then promptly deposited into the seat of her diapers, causing a prominent droop that he knew he was obligated to clean up immediately.

The saggiess and darker color that resulted from her helplessly pooping her diapers were all to apparent to the Tiger, who couldn’t help but marvel slightly how just how much the vixen could poop into her diapers.

That was when he allowed himself to notice just how attractive the vixen was, and the passion in his pants grew to a firm, throbbing erection as he let Heather show off her poopy diapers for him.

Sitting back, Heather noticed the attention that she was receiving and lifted her tail, wagging it back and forth gently as the combination of crinkles and squelches served as further evidence that the view of her dirty diaper was in fact genuine.

After a minute he shook his head, and changed her out of her poopy garments once more still unable to get the display she had just given him out of his head.

The fact that her slobbering mouth was practically begging for him to insert his cock into didn’t help his case as he tried his best to focus on cleaning her up.

“Krshhhh Wagoogoogh!”

He had stopped, looking at her sideways as he began to seriously weigh his options. At last, he found that he could hesitate no longer and with shaking hands he unzipped the front of his pants revealing his erect penis.

Heather had not resisted in the slightest as he pulled her into a kneeling position, and gently inserted his cock into her mouth.

Instinctively, and almost obediently Heather began to suck on his erection as he moved it forwards and backwards, shuddering in ecstasy as he felt the soft, warm insides of the vixen's mouth.

Her tongue moved against the head of his penis, gently grazing it as he continued to gasp, taking in the sensation as he felt himself getting closer and closer to the edge.

Heather had of course no idea what she was actually doing, as she knew that the thing in her mouth felt good and warm, just like the poopy back side of her used diapers.

The tiger had finished with a roar, covered with sweat and breathing hard.

He had felt a little sheepish for the rest of the night, but he did his duty and tried to continue to change her poopy diapers and perhaps bring back any old memories that Vixen might have of her former self.

He had eventually given up after a few weeks of indulging himself and attempting to bring back Heather's former self. After a while he had grown tired of changing her poopy diapers and taking care of her like a big baby, and called into the office that he was going to contact the local psychiatric hospital and have them take a look at her.

Heather gurgled and cooed, but obediently began to suck on the black panther's erection as he continued to speak words of praise to her, his breath quickening.

"There now... looks like you haven't forgotten everything... what a good girl... that's right... suck on Daddy's love for you... While you just sit there all helpless... pooping your diapers without a thought... in the world... You must love being in poopy diapers just all the time... unable to do anything but sit there and poop into the back of your diapers... Oh God... You're such a poopy baby..."

The panther's cock throbbed as he relished the warm feeling of the inside of her drooly mouth, she continued to work back and forth rhythmically, babbling as she did so.

"Bwwwvshhshh glukgchkkktsh..."

He moaned in pleasure, feeling the inside of her throat with his bulging passion. As she continued to work her way around his dick a loud fart broke the silence.

"Pffffffrt!"

Grunting and squirming, her maw tightened around the panther's though as heat and pressure continued to build in her butt, a familiar feeling that quickly gave way to an even larger fart.

"Fffblrrrrrrrrrrt!"

Heather grunted and finally squealed as she felt the hot mess thunder out of her butt and pressed up and around her diaper area as the robust hospital diaper forced the mess to immediately begin to spread.

Wave after wave of spasms and pushing came over her as she desperately emptied her poop into her diapers, her mind growing blank and more and more numb and drowsy with every push.

Just as she released a final grunt and the last bit of her poop squished into the clearly drooping, slightly brown seat of her diapers the panther gasped, the scent of the poopy diapers adorning the Vixen's backside sending him over the edge.

Cumming and bucking his hips as his semen dripped down from the vixen's slobbery mouth and onto her bib he continued to breathe hard, gurgling noise coming from Heather's mouth as she gurgled and cooed out the cum.

A mixture of her endless stream of saliva and panther cum drooled down out of her mouth, the front of her bib collecting both semen and drool as the vixen dumbly let the panther's semen fall right out of her toothless muzzle.

The front of her diaper swollen and darkened as she pissed herself helplessly, the clean diaper she had been put into mere minutes ago already thoroughly used by her.

"What a good little retarded vixen we have on our hands, huh? Daddy really enjoyed using his little diaper pooper, didn't he?"

He cupped her underneath her semen covered chin, turning her from side to side and gently inspecting her.

"I think I'll be the one in charge of feeding you more often, since you were such a good girl for me today."

He leaned forward and wiped the tip of his penis clean of his cum against the vixen's furry cheek, grinning to himself as he cleaned himself off using her fur.

Grabbing a washcloth from his diaper bag he made sure to properly clean her up as to not leave any evidence of their pleasurable experience.

A thought struck him, and he grinned as he pushed her onto her back once more and set to work changing her poopy diaper once more, taking great care to make sure that he folded it into a neat package, which he then put away into his diaper bag with the intention of saving it as a memento to snoof after work.

“There, that should do it.”

With a flick of his long, furry tail he glided out of the room. Scanning his card and locking her into her hospital nursery once again.

Just before he shut the heavy door, he heard a distinct series of farts coming from the direction of Heather’s poopy butt, which sagged with its now familiar droop and dark staining.

He stifled his grin as he passed hospital staff, but inside his mind he was looking forward to giving Heather a few more changes and feedings in the future.

Unnoticed by the panther, a surely looking bear security guard pointed towards him as he spoke to several other orderlies, who were nodding and focused their gazes towards him as well.

The guard motioned to his mouth and towards an imaginary bag slung around his shoulder and the orderlies narrowed their eyes in response.

The orderlies were instructed to question him about his suspicious behavior, as well as to confiscate the diaper bag slug around his shoulders.

Perhaps the panther’s smugness and sly nature wasn’t good enough to go undetected. After all, if he loves to snoof poopy vixen diapers so much that he keeps them in his diaper bag, perhaps he too needs to be admitted as a patient.

West Hospital, Psychiatric Ward - 2.24.19 - 10:04 A.M.

The first thing the next shift of orderlies were informed of was that a new patient had arrived in the early hours of the morning. He was a black furred, average sized male panther who was reporting all of the symptoms of what the majority of the other infantilized patients in the ward displayed

The moment the first nurse came in to check his diapers, the news spread around about their former colleague.

Nobody really brought it up directly, probably feeling too apprehensive about the whole situation. The closest thing to directly mentioning the fact that their fellow colleague had gone from medical practitioner to a drooling, diaper pooping adult baby was.

"I never figured he'd be on the receiving end of a diaper change, but boy does he need them."

His first diaper change had caused quite a stir around the hospital ward, especially when while he was getting all the poop wiped down the touch of the warm, wet wipe caused him to orgasm spectacularly.

His back arched as the cum shot from his penis into the waiting wet wipe, the orderly being lucky enough to think quickly and contain the semen as best as they could.

His diaper area now covered with a mixture of poop and semen, the orderly had resumed their work as best as they could as the panther lay there, dazed and panting in his post-ejaculatory haze as the drool continued to dribble out of the side of his muzzle.

He was let into the community room after his first change, or the 'play room' as the orderlies were now referring to it as.

His tongue lolled out of his mouth, and he was no exception when it came to the severe drop in IQ, as it was found that even for the adult baby standards he was especially backwards.

His diapers were always tented from an obvious display of pleasure, and he was often seen rubbing the front of his diaper pathetically, as if he was trying to masturbate but seemed to be unable to figure out how.

The staff had gotten mildly concerned at this, for no other adult baby had been so obsessed with rubbing their diapers, it would seem at any given moment they would catch him slowly massaging back and forth, a dazed expression on his face as he stared at any one of the many poopy diaper bottoms available in the playroom.

Somehow he had still managed to get himself off however, as when at last one of the orderlies put themselves together enough to take care of them a young poodle orderly had been the first to discover his mischief.

“What have we here now? A good little baby making stickies in their diapers huh? Well I guess you can’t help it, just like you can’t help pooping into the seat of your diapers!”

The panther gurgled and cooed at this, his hands laying uselessly above his head as the nurse worked at wiping away the vast amounts of poop he had deposited into his big, fluffy white diapers.

“Guhhh grshhh... Bwooo shhh gah!”

“Yes yes, I know baby enjoys using his diapers to their fullest, now stop squirming honey.”

The diapers around the panther’s waist weren’t the only thing that were crinkling, however, as one could just barely make out the poofy outline of a diaper underneath the poodle’s pants.

She had always had a bit of an affinity for wearing diapers, although most people were not able to tell as she was discreet about them, or so she thought.

As she leaned over to grab more baby wipes from her diaper bag, a gurgle in her stomach informed her of a similar situation going on her own tummy.

She smiled to herself, whispering to the panther as she leaned forward a little bit, getting herself ready.

“That’s okay kitten, Nurse Katie’s a little bit of a pooppy poodle too! You’re not the only one that likes to make big poopies in your big white diapers. I also love my diapers!”

She tensed slightly, feeling the cramped creeping up on her as her bowels told her that they needed to be taken care of soon.

With a push and a sigh, she felt the poop slide out of her and into the waiting seat of her white diapers, hidden underneath her adult clothing.

The seat of her diaper sagged significantly, only slightly hidden by her garments as she felt the poop expand out of her, pooling into the bottom of her diapers and caking her backside with the poop it pressed back up against her.

She sighed, and pushed once more, depositing even more poop as the diaper expanded even more, holding all of the poop that she was erupting out of her into her diaper.

Her breathing steadying she sat back down again on her knees, the poopy bottom of her diaper resting against her legs and firmer against her diapered backside as she worked at cleaning up the panther.

The panther's erection stood up straight as she wiped his penis, moans of pleasure and of sexual frustration escaping the panther's drooling maw as he obviously enjoyed the orderly's attempts at cleaning him up, the dried semen still obviously covering the inside of his poopy diapers.

The panther panted even harder, and as the poodle continued to wipe away at his throbbing penis he finally came, his semen freshly coating the front of his pissed soaked diapers until the poodle was able to cover him up once more with the wet wipe, tsk-tsking at the mess that was being made.

Once the panther's erection deflated, she took the opportunity to finish wiping him up and rediapering him, now that his stiffy was no longer in the way.

As she raised up the panther's bottom, humming a tune underneath her breath she felt something stick into the back of her poopy diaper, and she turned around in surprise.

Heather had crawled up to the two of them, seemingly sneaking without catching the orderly's attention and was now enthusiastically snooing her diaper, drool coming out of her muzzle in seemingly endless amounts and dribbling onto the floor as her diapered behind waved in the air, her tail seeming to wag slightly at the smell she was encountering.

It was at this point that a cocker spaniel orderly looked up from his paperwork and stared in disbelief, out of sight of the poodle's gaze he stood up, leaving his paperwork behind and disappearing behind a pair of locked doors.

She allowed Heather and the panther to admire her bottom for a minute, cooing and commenting on how they must have noticed just how much of a poopy little diaper poodle she was being.

After a minute she gently shooed the panther's face away as well as she gathered up her diaper bag, standing up and walking away from the two patients, her behind now sagging a little bit more noticeably after the poopy diaper snooing.

The panther sat back on his diaper bottom with a poof of baby powder, the dumb, half-awake expression still plastered across his muzzle as his mouth lolled open, a fresh trail of drool dribbling out of the corners of his mouth and off of his tongue.

A tent had already formed in his diapers as he rubbed slowly against her diaper front, mumbling to himself.

“Mmmm... Mm poopy... diapers... good... feel.... Good... big stink poopies... big diapers... feel... good...”

In front of him, the vixen had squatted down, a dumb expression of happiness displayed across her face signifying what she was about to do.

With a grunt and a small moan of effort, the vixen pushed down and felt the warm, slightly mushy poop slide out of her bottom.

Various farts and blort sounds accompanied her efforts as she continued to push, the poop plopping down into her diaper causing it to sag and push outwards, making it obvious for anyone to see that she had just pooped into her diaper.

“G-guh... bwoo-bwuh... Nnnng... G-Goo...”

The vixen babbled and drooled, commenting on her pushing as she felt more warm poop slide out of her bottom and into her big, white diapers, the high-waist banded diaper offering plenty of capacity to hold the seemingly large deposit she was making.

With one last grunt, she pooped out the last of her mess into her seriously sagging diaper. Her knees trembled, and she fell backwards towards the still horny panther with a squelching noise, her backside becoming absolutely coated inside of her white diapers with the fresh poop she had just made.

The black panther continued to huff, a small pool of drool had now formed on the floor in front of him as he continued to rub, moving forward and almost slipping on the saliva as he shoved his muzzle unceremoniously into the poopy backside of Heather’s messy diaper.

He inhaled deeply, causing the vixen to jolt forward a little bit from the impact of his horny nosiness. She giggled, mumbling something about being a good poopy girl as she continued to drool excessively onto the floor, her behind raised him in the air as the panther pushed her over for a better position to snoof.

Suddenly, from a door on the other end of the hospital from which she had made her exit for the commons room a young, male deer orderly wheeled a diapered patient into the room, strapped into the chair seemingly to protect her from falling out of it.

The poodle gurgled to herself cheerfully as she was wheeled in, she was stripped completely naked except for the last, white diaper strapped snugly around her waist, looking

strikingly similar to the diapers that she had been hiding underneath her pants only a few minutes before.

“Good... pooppy puppy... puppies make big poopies in their diapers! I’m... a pooppy... puppy...”

The deer politely ignored her yammering as he parked the wheel chair and walked around it to unbuckle her from her straps, guiding her gently onto the floor next to the panther and his vixen.

Almost immediately she crawled over to them gleefully, an absurd amount of slobber falling out of her mouth as her tail wagged excitedly, displaying an obvious expression of excitement to be able to join the two oversized babies.

As she did so, the front of her diapers began to darken and turn a slight tinge of yellow. She crawled towards them, her thickly diapered butt waving in the air behind her while a soft hissing noise came from her diapers as she uncontrollably soaked her diapers.

The smell of piss and baby powder filled the air as she joined the panther, gleefully shoving her muzzle into the vixen’s pooppy behind as well and inhaling deeply.

“Poopy foxy... Puppy smell... big poopies... Goo’... stinkies...”

Her babbling could be heard all around the common room as several orderlies couldn’t help but stare in awe and slight horror as they watched their former colleague roll around helplessly on the ground, her obviously wet diaper exposed for all to see as her drool began to soaked her naked breasts, her mouth constantly agape in a stupid grin.

One of the orderlies shook his head as he loaded more diapers into his diaper bag, mumbling something about always thinking that her obsession with the medical grade diapers they were given was asking for trouble.

She continued to drool and slobber all over the vixen’s diaper, who was at this point was peeing into the front of her white diapers as well, turning them yellow and causing them to sag even more ridiculously as the tapes kept the diaper snugly secured to her waist.

As the poodle shamelessly shoved her drooly maw into the backside of Heather’s pooppy diaper, her face turned a slight tinge of red as she grunted with effort.

Miraculously, she seemed to have yet another load of poop to push into her diapers. She could the heat in the chamber grow even more intense, and she began to push in earnest, leaning against the vixen which caused her to fall gently down onto her tummy, pooppy diaper raised up in the air.

As the poodle huffed the scent of the vixen's poopy diapers next to the enthusiastic panther, whose had now began to notice the slowly expanding and sagging seat of the poodle, she began to moan in earnest.

Several loud, obnoxious blorts and farts escaped her butt as the mess thundered into the seat of her diapers, coating her backside immediately with the large mess as cramp after cramp forced the poop out of her demanding bowels.

Her eyes rolled up briefly as with one last push, she heaved the last of the poop into the back of her diaper.

Several patients sat and stared as the former certified nurse gurgled loudly, seemingly pleased now that she had relieved herself so publicly and thoroughly.

"Good poopy... puppies make poo... poopy diapers! G-guh... Goo... poooooopyyyyyy."

As she finished her soliloquy, the panther interjected with a loud moan of pleasure while he rubbed the front of his thick, white diaper. The spectacle of two adult furs wearing heavily pooped diapers seemed to be just exactly the right amount of hot for him, for he panted loudly and passionately as he came again into his diaper, small spurting noises coming from his diaper crotch.

"Bwsshh guh... Guh... G-G... G-GUH!"

The male deer that had previously wheeled the poodle in now returned, diaper bag strapped over his shoulder as he shook his head.

He stopped in front of the poodle, who was drooling profusely once again and smiling giddily up at the deer. Her fellow adult babies had already crawled over to her poopy diaper for some huffy inspection.

"They really did a number on you, didn't they? Let's get you out of those dirty diapers now."

West Hospital, Psychiatric Ward - 3.2.19 - 2:43 P.M.

Dr. Fischer held up his ID card to the scanner, and waited for the beep and green light to appear to allow him access to the 'playroom.'

He nodded appreciatively at the various orderlies working inside as well as at the security guards.

He strode over to the front desk, and quietly asked if he could peruse through the daily logs and observations of the patients.

The secretary, a perky mouse nurse nodded and promptly handed him a large binder, sticky notes and tabs spilling out of its three exposed sides.

He opened it up, perusing through a few pages and nodding sagely. He looked up from his reading to survey the room and its various inhabitants, a small smile playing on his lips as he noted the progress his patients had undergone.

A large, muscular maned lion was sitting next to some large, plastic building blocks, drooling ridiculously amounts of saliva onto a bib wrapped around his neck, which was also the only article of clothing he was clad in other than the large, thick white diaper that was taped snugly around his waist.

Judging from the slightly brown stain and sagginess of the diaper in the back, he had already pooped in it, the wolf watched as he leaned forward a little bit, a dumb expression of happiness and drooling content on his face while he pushed out a few more bits of poop, causing the back of the diaper to grow even larger in size as it spread throughout every nook and cranny of the diaper, his tail swishing contentedly behind the poopy diaper seat.

Moving his gaze he saw several female furs clad in diapers of various states of usage against crawling over each other. Heather, a poodle, and a sphynx cat all were dozing softly on the furry carpet, their poopy diapers display at various angles as they dumbly drooled all over each other, their expressions tired but still stupid looking as their mouths and tongues lolled out distributing vast amounts of drool all over themselves.

In another part of the room, a familiar looking wusky was lounging around in the lap of a large, busty looking calico cat orderly, who was gently stroking the wusky head as he lay in her lap.

Judging from the state of his large, white fluffy diaper he had already thoroughly pooped and pissed through it, as the three tapes on each side of his diaper seemed to be strained slightly underneath the weight of the mess he had made.

A pacifier had been placed in the mouth of the wusky which did little to stem the flow of drool that also came out of his mouth. An expression of sleepiness was plastered across his face as he dozed softly in the lap of the orderly, who seemed to be quite affectionately running her hand through his head fur.

In another corner the wolf saw the panther and poodle that had previously been members of his staff, which after learning about their behavior he had decided that they too should be added to the program.

The two seemed to be constantly crawling all over each, trying to get their muzzles into the large, poopy diaper behinds the two always seemed to be shaking around in the air, drooping dramatically.

The poodle seemed to have established dominance, at least for the moment, for the panther was laying pressed down on the ground, his paws clumsily pawing away at the tent in the front of his diapers as the poodle shoved her muzzle into the poopy diaper behind of the panther, snoofing voraciously.

Her own diaper sagged similarly to the panther's and every other patient's diapered bottom in the room.

The wolf felt a deep sense of satisfaction as he observed the facial expressions of each and every patient in the room, all of which displayed only expressions of pure bliss and satisfaction. Their minds seemingly fixated only on pooping their diapers and snoofing the other poopy diapers that they had readily available.

Dragons, foxes, cats, canines, and other various mammals and scalies populated the room, the standard issue large medical diapers taped up with three tapes on each side displayed on all of their waists, their humility forgotten as they only seemed to be concerned about pushing as much poop as possible into the backs of their white diapers.

The doctor was, of course, responsible for everything that was happening in the room. He had been a young physician when he first encountered Rose, a skunk nurse who he had caught at what she must have seen as a very awkward moment.

Rose had gone to fetch more medical supplies for the east wing of the ward Dr. Fischer was situated in, and he had gone in pursuit of her after she had been gone a little longer than usual.

He had discovered her standing in front of an opened package of heavy duty medical diapers, an expression of bliss on her face as her tongue lolled out of her mouth.

She had taken the liberty of undressing her pants and taping the diaper on herself, the large, white diaper bottom slowly turning brown and soggy as the wolf quickly put two and two and discovered what the skunk was doing.

She leaned forward slightly, placing a paw on the wall for support as her tail raised up into the air dramatically, offering a full view for the wolf to see her begin to heavy poop into her diapers.

“Blort! Ffffrbbbbbt!”

She moaned with pleasure as the poop thundered out of her behind, pooling and pressing up against her as the diaper began to sag dramatically downwards, the vast amounts of poop gathering at the bottom of the diaper, making it very obvious that she had just thoroughly pooped into her diaper.

She breathed a sigh of relief as she pushed one last time, finishing her poop as the diaper started to sag a little more as she also pissed into the front of it, the yellow colorations mixing with the brown as the diaper took on a heavily used appearance.

Her legs buckled, and she dropped herself down to land on her poopy diaper bottom, the resulting squelch was loud enough for the doctor to hear from the six feet away he stood from her.

“Am I interrupting something?”

The wolf spoke up at last, causing the nurse to turn around with an expression of shock and embarrassment displayed on her face.

She scrambled to her feet, her large fluffy tail wrapping itself around her waist in a desperate attempt to hide the poopy diaper currently hugging her butt. The tail did little to conceal the deed she had done.

She stammered out an excuse, something about incontinence but the doctor quickly shushed her, telling her that he knew exactly what she was getting up.

The skunk’s face had then paled, a look fear crossing her face as the doctor sauntered up to her. Her reached over, the skunk allowing him to stand only a few inches in front of her.

He grasped the bottom of the poopy diaper, hefting it up and pressing it against her butt as if he were checking to see whether she had used it or not.

“Looks to me like you’re wearing a very poopy diaper, nurse. I think it’s about time you got a diaper change, what do you think?”

The skunk had flushed scarlet, but allowed the doctor to continue feeling up and examining the poopy diaper she had hugging her waist.

“Oh no this won’t do, let me guess now. Doing this turns you on?”

The skunk nodded sheepishly, finally managing to find her voice as she described to the doctor how long she had been interested in using diapers, and how it always brought her an immense sense of pleasure to find times like this to just be able to let go, not worry about anything and enjoy the feeling of being in poopy diapers.

Dr. Fischer nodded and listened intently on what the skunk had to say, his penis growing harder and harder with every sentence as she continued to describe her secret fetish.

Just as she was turning back into feeling upset again he pressed a paw up to her mouth gently, and shook his head.

“No no, sweetie. You shouldn’t apologize or feel ashamed, I actually think this is pretty hot if you ask me. What would you say, if I could help you fill your big white diapers with poop all day long, without a care in the world?”

The skunk gulped once, but nodded as her eyes sparkled with wonder at the idea. She asked him how he planned to execute this plan exactly, and if it was reversible.

The wolf smiled, and lied gently through his teeth that the method he had devised had already a fully tested emergency plug if anything went wrong, and she wanted to become her normal self again.

“It’s viral, actually. But not a contagious one, it has to be tailored specifically to match the individual’s DNA in order to work. Of course there’s always the risk of mutation, but in a level three confined hospital ward an outbreak shouldn’t be too much of an issue.”

The nurse hesitated, the allure of what the doctor had just offered to her clearly visible in her face.

“Here, let me help you get changed first and then perhaps I can escort you out of the hospital in something a little bit more appropriate, what do you think?”

The nurse nodded slowly, and smiling warmly the doctor moved forward, unshouldering the diaper bag which he seemed to have conveniently brought with him. The skunk did not question this, as the excitement and adrenaline from being discovered was still coursing through her veins.

The doctor worked quickly, wanting to bring the nurse home as quickly as possible, and cleaned her up and placed her into diapers that were even thicker than the ones she had just pooped.

Grinning, he balled up the diaper and brought it in front of the skunk's nose, teasingly waving it back and forth.

"You like that smell, huh sweetie? The scent of your own poop diaper that you helplessly pooped in?"

Blush filled her cheeks but she couldn't help but nod sheepishly, gently bringing her muzzle forward and placing it against the brown plastic, inhaling the scent of her own poop diaper.

Withdrawing from the room a moment and left the skunk to stand in only a shirt and a pair of large, six tape medical diapers. While she pressed her poop diaper against her muzzle he returned with a wheelchair, which she gingerly allowed herself to be buckled into.

"Nobody should bat an eye if we're escorting a patient that has some potty issues, we will be at my residence in no time!"

He placed the poop diaper inside of a plastic bag and put that back into the diaper bag which he slung over his shoulder before pushing the wheelchair out of the supply closet.

It took a fair amount of effort not to blush and lower her gaze down as she was wheeled through the hospital. Thankfully she did not encounter any of her fellow colleagues as the doctor took an alternative route to the parking garage.

A breath of relief escaped her as they finally arrived to his car, the doctor taking the utmost care to very gently guide her into his passenger car seat, even taking the liberty of buckling her in himself.

At his abode, he had led her over to his bedroom, where he produced a small vial of the substance he claimed would turn her into a mindless, pants filling baby for as long as she desired.

The temptation was too much for her to handle, and she drank the vial almost without hesitation, while the doctor undid his pants.

Within seconds after drinking the vial, a dumb, drooly expression had formed on the skunk's face, and she dropped the vial onto the carpet with a soft clink.

"P-poop... diaper... s-stinky..."

She fell on her knees in front of the wolf, who already stood fully erect in front of her, a few drops of precum glistening on the tip of his penis.

She grunted, sudden feelings of cramps and contortions in her lower stomach causing her to bend over slightly and arch her back.

The doctor walked around his subject, gazing at the back of her large, white diaper as he saw the first small bulge emerge.

She panted, her eyes almost crossing as with a grunt of effort she pushed the first small amount of poop out of her behind and into the waiting area of the diaper.

The back seat of the diaper expanded and began to droop significantly, the brown discoloration slowly growing across it as she continued with her efforts to push the large amounts of poop into the seat of her diaper.

She felt the pressure inside of her double in its efforts as the drooping diaper sagged more dramatically as her final pushes added even more to the large load of poop she had just pushed into her diaper.

The wolf smiled, walking forward and gently cupping the skunk's chin in his paw, cooing gently into her ear about what a good little diaper pooper she was and how incredibly proud he was that she had successfully been affected by the virus he designed.

He got up, raising himself to his full height as he walked in front of her, a warm smile playing across his lips as he enjoyed watching the skunk obviously enjoy herself the helpless pooping she had just experienced.

"Come on now sweetie, suckle on the cock for me like a good girl, then daddy will change you out of your poopy diapers and put you in new diapers for you to make big poopies in."

The doctor had insisted she take her pants and clothing off entirely as part of the procedure, allowing the doctor a full perspective of the skunk's drool beginning to pool on her breasts as the front of her diaper darkened, the virus already removing her toilet training as she pissed loudly into the front of her diapers.

She flopped down on her poopy bottom, the mess squelching and spreading around the diaper as she inched forward, dragging her poopy diaper bottom across the floor as she opened her sloppy muzzle to accept the wolf's fully erect penis.

The copious amounts of salivation in the skunk's mouth made for a perfect wet, warm receptacle for the wolf's throbbing cock.

He moaned with pleasure, moving his hips forwards and backwards as he continued up a dialogue.

"That's a good little brainless diaper girl, you like that don't you? You just love sitting in your poop diaper while you suckle on Daddy's cock huh?"

The skunk gurgled softly as she continued to suck on his erect penis, gently moving inwards and outwards as her eye lids fluttered, a dumb expression of pleasure and happiness coming over her muzzle.

"You just don't know any better do you? All you know is that your poop diapers feel really good on your bare bottom, and all that drooling just makes you want to suckle on Daddy's cock."

His breath was now coming out in pants, as he began to feel the pre-cum dribbling out of his penis and mixing with the slobber coming out of her stupidly agape mouth.

"Don't worry sweetie, Daddy will be here to change your poop diapers after you've finished sucking on his cock."

He gasped as he came, his semen spurting out of his penis and onto the expression of pleasure and stupidity plastered on the skunk's face.

She cooed softly, the cum beginning to drip off of her face as she began to hump the front of her poop diaper, moving back and forth methodically while giggling to herself.

"Daddy... m-made stickies... goo' girls... poop... their diapers... ggrshhh..."

The wolf knelt down in front of the skunk, leaning in and gently kissed the skunk on her nose, cupping her drool and semen covered chin in his paw.

"Thank you sweetie, that made Daddy feel really good. Now then, let's do something about that poop diaper of yours, hmm?"

He placed a paw on her chest, which was now gathering a father amount drool on it and pushed her onto her back, her poop diaper now fully displayed for him to admire as he placed a paw on it and squeezed.

The resulting squelching noises informed him of just how heavily the skunk had pooped into her diaper, and he reached forward and rubbed her tummy affectionately.

"Time to clean my little diaper pooper up!"

He stood up, and fetched a diaper bag he had set up already in his closet. Had the skunk still been in her right mind, she would have asked him why he would have a diaper bag fitted with adult baby supplies handy on him.

He set to work, untaping her diaper and wiping away all the poop that caked her bottom inside of the diaper, making sure to properly powder and oil her diaper area as he raised the front part of the fresh diaper, and pulled on the tapes.

"There we go, a clean dumb baby whose ready to poop her diaper again within the next hour. Isn't that just what you wanted sweetie?"

The skunk gurgled in response, a line of drool pouring out of the corner of her mouth as she let out a large fart.

"Pffffffrrrrrt!"

The wolf grinned, commenting on her toot.

"Looks like the baby is already getting ready for her next poop, what a good little poop girl I have."

He picked up the balled up diaper which he had just removed from around her waist, and pressed it against her face, allowing her to breathe in deeply the scent of her own poop diapers.

"That's right honey, breath it all in. That's your very poop diaper! You love snooing poop diapers, don't you?"

She pressed her muzzle into the diaper, her eyes rolled up slightly as she opened her mouth even more, the drool cascading onto her naked breasts as she inhaled the smell of her poop diaper.

Dr. Fischer shook his head, removing himself from the moment of reverie as he picked up a clipboard and began to walk up to each and every single one of the patients in the ward, patting their diapers and speaking gently to all of them, to which they mostly responded with happy gurgles and babble.

The wolf smiled to himself, the plan had come together almost perfectly. Not only did the virus work perfectly but he was able to institute pretty much anybody he wanted and nobody suspected a thing.

After a few months, he would patent the cure and become richer beyond his wildest dreams.

Of course, more people like the skunk nurse would turn up at his door, asking him to be infected for a weekend, or perhaps much longer.

"After all," he mused to himself, as he walked over to Heather, and beckoned an orderly to come over to bring the naked and drooling vixen into a private room, "Who's to say that the cure has to be effective immediately?"

A young buck walked over to the doctor, who instructed him to place Heather into a wheelchair and take her back into her quarters, where the doctor was going to enact a private observation.

"And make sure you leave a diaper bag along with Heather, wouldn't want her to get diaper rash now, would we?"

The doctor waited for a few minutes longer, pretending to be studiously perusing the paperwork he held in his paws as he allowed the orderly to set Heather up in her room.

Casually, he set the papers aside and padded over to the room, shutting the windowless door behind him with a click.

Heather sat in the middle of the room, the diaper around her waist was clean the doctor observed, something he was sure would not last by the time he planned to leave the room.

"Now what have we here? A dumb baby fox that needs to be put in diapers, huh? You're quite the diaper pooper I hear."

"G-guhh... Bwsshhhhhh duh. Duh. DUH! Shhhhhwoooooo..."

Heather responded as she usually did, the nonsensical babbles coming out of her drooly maw in heaps as a thin line of drool descended down from her chin, lighting upon her exposed chest as one of her paws idly rubbed at the front of her diapers.

The doctor, who was already fully erect in his pants, undid his belt buckle and unzipped his pants, lowering them to the ground along with his underwear.

He then walked over directly in front of Heather, his raging erection dancing in front of her muzzle to and fro, as her attention soon fixated on it.

"There's a good baby now, suck on the friendly doctor's cock now, be a good diaper pooping baby."

Heather's drooly muzzle slowly wrapped itself around the doctor's hard cock, and she began to slowly move forwards and backwards, her gummy mouth gently caressing and tickling the sensitive head of his penis.

The wolf shuddered, feelings of satisfaction and sexual euphoria running through him as he gently ran a paw through Heather's blonde hair, muttering small phrases of praise to her under his breath as she worked over his penis.

As she set into a steady rhythm, a soft grunt rose up in her voice and the sound of a loud fart could be heard echoing throughout the room.

This noise was followed by a more solid, duller sound as she pushed out the first bit of poop out of her butt, right into the large, waiting seat of her diaper.

Her breath came in huffs as she continued to gum on the doctor's dick, the bottom of her white diaper slowly turning brown from the poop she was pushing into it, the bottom of the diaper sagging from the sheer weight of the massive amount of poop she was depositing in it.

The doctor continued to praise her, calling her a silly baby kit that needs extra thick diapers to contain all her massive poops and messes.

She gurgled in response, her eyelids half opened as with one last grunt, she happily deposited the last bit of poop of her now dramatically sagging diaper.

The doctor shuddered one last time, and withdrawing his penis from her gummy muzzle came all over her face, the dumb fox barely reacting to the semen being sprawled over her dimwitted, happy expression on her muzzle.

"There's a good baby, thank you for helping the wolf doctor feel all better. What a good baby girl."

He glanced down and around her, examining the now thoroughly pooped diaper seat that hugged her waist and bottom.

He grinned, gently tapping Heather on the tip of her muzzle as he said.

"I have the distinct feeling that somebody in this room has a very poop diaper, and is in great need of a diaper change."