



Good Sissies Don't Cum

BY HORATIO HUSKY

18+ FETISH CONTENT

FEATURING:

GABE THE SISSY BITCH BUNNY



Good Sissies Don't Cum

By Horatio Husky

Featuring Gabe, the Sissy Bitch Bunny

Prologue

Thwack!

The brown rabbit smiled, adjusting one of his floppy ears as yet another axe landed directly on the bullseye.

The axe throwing job he had picked just a few months ago had now become a routine that he found himself genuinely enjoying.

Not only did he often times get generous tips, but in the time off while there were no parties or anything going on he had plenty of opportunity to hone his axe throwing skills.

At first it had been a little awkward, occasionally missing the target entirely causing his boss, a burly badger fur with a quick grin and witty sense of humor, to snicker and comment on how he could correct himself.

Soon enough he had gone from amateur to adept, and now he was able to throw not just one, but multiple axes with surprising accuracy.

His confidence and ease at which he conducted himself at his job practically oozed from his seams, until one customer caught him off guard.

The party consisted of several women furs, a bovine, a leopard, an owl, and a lynx had decided to spend their afternoon learning how to throw axes themselves.

The leopard had walked up to the front desk, asking for a single lane party for the next few hours, which the bunny had cheerfully obliged.

"Follow me ladies, time to show you how to make that target regret the minute you walked in here!"

They had all chuckled at his humor, except for the cow, who merely smiled serenely. Gabriel thought to himself that he'd have to work a little harder to get her to chuckle.

He briefly made eye contact with, feeling as if the breath was drawn right out of him when he connected with her soft, brown eyes.

His mind seemed to blank, and he had to shook his head softly, his ears flopping around in order to regain his concentration.

He didn't quite understand why the lady was having such an effect on him, but he couldn't dwell on it for long. After all, he had a job to do.

He returned his attention to the target, and began his safety speech in a brisk, but informative voice. He had recited it many times, and found it to be a rather tedious ordeal.

Still, for some reason he couldn't get the motherly looking bovine's gaze out of his head. It seemed to set him off his stride, and he glanced sideways at her while the other ladies were distracted with examining the axes.

She coolly returned her gaze, the corners of her mouth twitching upwards as if the two of them were appreciating some sort of silent joke.

Gabriel found himself struggling to find his words at times, but for the rest of the party he continued to be seemingly unable to crack a joke that would get the bovine to do anything else other than smile mysteriously at him.

The other ladies did not seem to be heeding her any mind, and continued to laugh and enjoy themselves, the owl finding herself quite adept at throwing the axes from the beginning.

Gabriel smiled at her and called her a natural, he showed her a few tricks, all the while the bovine continued to sit and silently observe.

Gabriel looked up at her, deciding that the tension between them had to meet an end one way or another.

The bunny cocked his eyebrows, brushing his floppy ears behind his shoulders he hefted and axe, holding it handle side towards the cow.

She gazed back at him coolly.

"Would you like to try, m'am?"

He inquired politely, his gaze meeting hers. The bovine slowly stood up, and strode over to him while the other ladies continued to chat amongst themselves.

She stood next to him, an odd sense of intimidation and excitement built up in Gabriel's stomach. He couldn't figure out why this lady was having such a strong effect on him.

The lady cow hefted an axe, gazing at the target with serious intent. She drew her arm back, and expertly hurled the axe at the target.

With a loud 'THWACK!' sound the axe sunk into the wood, dead straight on the bullseye.

The other ladies applauded, praising their fellow companion as Gabriel stared slack jawed at the axe sunk in the wood, marveling at how it could have been possible for the cow to pull off such a beautiful throw on her first attempt.

The bovine leaned over, and whispered to Gabriel as he stood, causing his cheeks to blush and lips pull into a tight expression of surprise and embarrassment.

"How was that for a throw, baby princess?"

Just as quickly as his face reddened it paled, and he met her gaze feeling more self-conscious than he ever had before.

Did she know? Was she just being sweet? Is it that obvious that I'm wearing a diaper right now? Is she just the really motherly type? But why would she have said that if she didn't know, it's not like she was acting normal this entire time... What's her deal?

Before his mind became an uncontrollable whirlwind of questions he managed to recover, forcing a broad, toothy smile to spread across his face as he grinned up at her.

"Well done m'am! That was an expert throw, care to learn any tricks?"

He waited with bated breath, expecting the cow to laugh or outright reject his offer, along the lines that there was nothing that he knew that she did not already know.

To his relief, she did nothing of the sort and nodded once. Gabriel drew in a mental breath, and then proceeded to politely guide her through the motions, mentioning small suggestions such as posture and arm movement as he showed her how to throw multiple axes at once with accuracy.

She listened silently through the entire process while the other ladies entertained themselves, chatting and occasionally throwing a few trick shots along with Gabriel as he continued to instruct the bovine on how to throw an axe between her legs.

At last, the two hours allocated to the party had been already passed, and Gabriel found himself feeling oddly torn at seeing the bovine go. He did not quite understand the effect she was having on him.

As he walked past the ladies, moving to pick up a few axes left on the table he felt something firm pat him on the bottom.

Of course, this feeling was dampened by the thick, princess pink diapers that he had taped onto himself before his shift started that day.

In addition to being clad in a large pair of adult diapers, during his shift he had allowed himself to wet the front of it, so he turned around to see the bovine smiling serenely as she gently groped his soggy padding, Gabriel found himself unable to react other than staring with mild fear in his eyes at the cow.

He glanced around, and to his relief he saw that nobody had noticed the spectacle just yet.

Before he had a chance to speak, the cow spoke up, her voice low but clear as she kept her hand on his diaper bottom, pushing the diaper up slightly against him.

"Looks like somebody had a little accident while they were throwing axes, weren't they? Good thing little helpless babies like you are kept in diapers, huh? Otherwise you'd have to mop up your own little bunny puddles after work."

Gabriel's cheeks were on fire and he felt as if his brain was short circuiting. He knew from glancing at his bottom in the mirror before heading to work that it was almost impossible to tell that he was wearing a diaper, not to mention the fact that most people do not go looking for such a thing when examining a furson anyway.

No, there was something unusual about the bovine that was still resting her hand firmly on the seat of his diaper. Just as he was about to formulate a response, the bovine continued.

"Well, I think it's time now I join the rest of the ladies. If you find yourself in need of a change however, I might be of some assistance."

Casually she retracted her hand from his diapered bottom and reached into her large bosom, and retrieved a small card with a phone number and name printed on it. She handed it over to Gabriel, who meekly accepted it and looked down to read what was written on it.

Antoinette Kuhe
Experimental Behavioral Therapist
akuche@gmail.com
1-300-555-8468 (call or text)

Gabriel stared dumbly at the card, processing in his mind that this lady, who must have been at least a decade or so older than him, had just given him her card and offered him a diaper change.

He looked at her, feeling rather dumbfounded as he felt the passion in the front of his diapers growing larger and larger as he came to understand the situation he was coming in.

The cow winked, adding as she walked past him.

“And don’t worry dearest, I know how to take good care of helpless little babies that don’t know any better.”

With that, she paid off the party fee and walked out with the rest of the ladies, jumping into lively conversation with them as they filed out of the axe throwing range.

Gabriel stood there, dumbfoundedly staring at the card that had been handed to him.

~ ~ ~

Later that evening, Gabriel shut the door to his car and glanced around the neighborhood nervously. He had texted the number, wondering what exactly the bovine lady had in mind.

She had replied shortly, that if he really needed that diaper change that he was to show up at her door later that evening, with a bag packed with basic toiletries and any ‘toys’ he might want to bring along.

She had also added that he need not bring a pair of clothes, not even pajamas.

He had brought a few of those items she mentioned, as well as some choice stuffed animals.

He looked around nervously, noticing that the neighborhood Antoinette lived in seemed to be quiet and serene.

At least I don’t have to worry about my car getting broken into...

He walked up to the front door, still holding his backpack in his paws nervously as he padded up. He was still wearing the same diaper he had on when Antoinette had sauntered up to him for the impromptu check.

He had flooded it even more since then, and it was now heavily soaked and hugging his midsection, bulging out slightly at the seam of his sweatpants.

He glanced down, knowing full well that once he knocked on that door that there was probably no turning back. Whatever the bovine wanted from him, he had a feeling she would get.

He had spent more than a few minutes admiring the strong, resilient body that Antoinette confidently showed off while she threw axes earlier that day.

He drew in a breath, gathering the courage he needed. Holding it in, he raised a shaky paw and knocked on the door.

"One moment please!"

He heard shuffling behind the front door, and within a few seconds the door opened wide.

In the doorway stood Antoinette, and Gabriel's jaw dropped as he beheld what she was wearing.

Dressed in a quaint, early 20th century motherly gown and apron, Antoinette raised an eyebrow appraisingly as she looked her charge up and down.

"My my," she said, her voice holding a tone of command that made Gabriel's ears droop instinctively in submission.

"Looks like we've got ourselves a giant baby on our hands."

Reaching forward, she drew forward the waistband of the rabbit's sweatpants, reaching down with other paw to grope the front of his padding, which elicited a loud squish.

"And you're absolutely soaked, good thing you came to me when you did! Otherwise you'd be standing in a little baby bunny puddle, wouldn't you Gabriel?"

His cheeks had now reddened completely, and he felt his passion growing inside of his soggy diapers as he realized the bovine was pushing his buttons much harder and quickly than he anticipated.

Before he knew what was happening, Antoinette had grabbed his paw and pulled him inside the house, shutting the door behind him and locking it.

Taking his hand once again, she cooed and began to pull him behind, speaking as she did.

“No this won’t do at all! Come with me darling, I’ll get you nice and changed and into something a little bit more *appropriate*.”

Gabriel was only able to catch a glimpse of the living, and then the kitchen. Antoinette piped up.

“Oh, we’re going to have so much fun, I’m so excited! I can’t wait to do the things I have planned with you.”

As he was pulled upstairs, he gulped. Realizing that perhaps he had just bit off a little bit more than he could chew, as the sight of an oversized nursery met his wide eyed stare.

1. Diaper Change

The smell of used diapers was inescapable. The odor was filling up the entire nursery the blushing rabbit was trapped in with the unmistakable scent of somebody who had thoroughly dirtied their pants.

Or in this particular case, their frilly, pink diapers that had been placed securely and snugly around their waist. He could still remember the feeling of the front of his diaper being pulled over his crotch and tickling the bottom of his tummy hours earlier.

He could also remember the distinct lack of feeling when the front of the padding pressed firmly against his cock cage, which prevented him from being able to feel anything other than the rigid, unyielding confines of the cage locked into snugly on top of and around his little bits.

Not that there weren't other pressures that he was dealing when the tapes of the diaper were snugly put into place.

The stainless steel cage prevented his penis from being able to expand whatsoever, the hard, resilient metal pushing against any pathetic attempts he made, mostly done involuntarily, at attempting to form an erection.

Snuggly tucked under his jewels, Gabriel had been flooded with feelings of helplessness as the cage was being clicked on, the warm, assuring smile of his bovine caretaker filled his vision as he glanced up and down from Antoinette's firm gaze down to the cold, stainless steel device that the bovine was carefully entangling his "little sissy bits" into.

"Nice and gentle now, wouldn't want to hurt our little pretty princess parts now would we?"

The smooth, savory intonations that escaped her lips slithered through into the rabbit's long ears and elicited feelings of both excitement and tense apprehension to bubble up inside of his chest and mind.

The pacifier which had been gently slipped into his lips with an accompanying cupping of his cheeks now bobbed slightly forwards and backward as he instinctively suckled on it, eliciting forth feelings of relief and safety as the straps pressing against his cheeks and the back of his head served as a constant reminder that the paci-gag wouldn't be removed until his Mommy said so.

He was completely naked, lying on top of a diaper that had been unfolded and placed on the adult changing table before he had been sat down and pushed onto his back, straps and bondage following shortly after which had securing his wrists to the corners of the table as well as his ankles in suspended straps attached to the ceiling above the changing table.

A few more straps had been drawn across his chest, belly, and biceps keeping him snugly in place, with little choice other than to wiggle around pathetically, the crinkling of the pink diaper underneath his bottom reminding him that it was soon going to be wrapped snugly around his waist.

Gently his bits were cupped in the soft, secure hands of the grey-furred bovine who had then slipped the cock sleeve over the ring, pressing down firmly and confidently once she had ensured that everything was ready to be put into place.

Gabriel could feel a firm pressure on his crotch before with a distinct *Click!* his cage was locked into place.

Immediately he could feel himself straining against it, the situation he was in serving as an immediate form of erotic stimulation.

"There we go! Now my good little girl won't have to worry about accidentally making stickies in her diaper! Not that little things like you can even make stickies anyway, you wouldn't want to make any now would you? Of course, you wouldn't!"

Gabriel's cheeks flushed as Antoinette's joyfully responded in place for the bunny, who was presently utterly unable to speak for himself.

She had held the key in one hand, ensuring that it was visible to the sissy bunny as she had walked over to Gabriel's diaper pail.

It was a sizable container, and start-of-the-art as Antoinette demonstrated when she held her thumb to a small monitor on the front, which flashed with a blue light briefly

before the container whirled open, the internal mechanisms recognizing who she was opening the pail and granting her access.

“Since mommy’s going to make sure that you never make stickies again, it means that the cage won’t ever be coming off. So there’s no point in keeping the key. It’ll be thrown out with the rest of your soggy and poopy diapers in the morning, honey-buns.”

And with that she allowed the key to fall from her hand down into the myriad of used diapers, before allowing the lid to fall back down accompanied with the click of the mechanism locking itself once more.

Flush, hot red filled Gabriel’s cheeks as his heart sank while he watched her toss away the only key to the cage locked onto his small cock. He was helpless to do anything to stop her decision. A small whine escaped from his lips into his pacifier, which he was still dutifully suckling on.

A coy expression appeared on the cow’s face, and she tilted her head slightly to the side as if in imitation of a confused puppy. Her voice still retained its unyielding authority as she posed an inquiry.

“Oh? Is the baby being fussy? Hmm... Well, I don’t think she needs a change, seeing how she’s not making soggies or messies right on top of her diapers... Whatever could my little one be wanting right now?”

Taking her time with each step, the bovine casually strode over to the side of the changing table, placing her soft, smooth hand underneath the brown and beige rabbit’s chin and bringing it up slightly.

Gabriel’s slightly apprehensive eyes met his Mommy’s, as he let out a few obedient nuk-nuks while gazing into the bovine’s soft gaze.

A playful smile was playing on the corner of Antoinette’s muzzle, and once more her voice spilled from her lips, filling the room with her presence.

“Maybe baby needs a little something more than her pacifier, hmm? Maybe the sissy baby needs something more... filling.”

Letting her hand fall from Gabriel's cheek she padded softly away from the changing table once again, this time Gabe wasn't able to see where she had gone no matter how much he squirmed.

He was still stark naked except for the white, leather restraints and pink cage still snugly keeping him from expressing his feelings of pleasure, a rigid form of denial that only fueled his sexual frustration and excitement.

The metal gadget served as a permanent, constant reminder of the bovine's authority over Gabriel. He was a sissy bitch bunny, and Antoinette ensured that he would know this fact at all times with the almost near insufferable pressure and denial the cage provided.

Gabriel strained his wrists, trying to move his still free fingers in a futile attempt at unlocking one of the wrist straps.

He was so distracted with trying to fiddle with the restraints with his almost completely incapacitated bunny paws that when he felt something hard and slippery rest on the outside of his butt cheeks he let out a small, muffled squeak of surprise into his pacifier gag.

Cheeks brightening with crimson he immediately ceased his attempts at escape and looked down to see that the bovine had returned quietly.

Secured firmly on Antoinette's crotch was a large, bright pink strap on. 12 inches of hard, phallic-shaped plastic which he could tell from the glistening surface had just been freshly lubricated, with the large knot at the end seemed to have been given the most attention.

The cow wore a smile on her face, like a shark about to swallow the tiniest minnow, as she cocked an eyebrow, the warm glistening in her eyes still present as her lip curled itself into an amused half-grin.

"Fidgeting with your little safety straps? No no, that won't do. Let me make you a little bit more comfortable."

The tip of the strap on was still pressed against the sissy bunny's slightly quivering cheeks as she reached down to retrieve a pair of locking, pink mittens.

She leaned over to slip them onto his hands. As she did so the tip of the dildo pressed harder against his cheeks, causing him to whine and tense up more as the strap on threatened to slip past his clenched cheeks.

The mittens were unyielding, forcing the sissy's hands to be balled up into useless, tight fists. Which were then locked on after the straps had been secured snugly around his wrists.

He looked down at himself, cage still holding his pathetic penis and testicles in a firm grip, the metal confines preventing him from using them to any significant extent.

Leaning back the cow nodded approvingly, "There we go, that should keep my little princess's naughty hands from doing anything she shouldn't be."

She let a hand rest on top of the rabbit's fluffy stomach, rubbing gently as she continued to speak.

"Now then, I think it's about time some little sissy bunny got her princess hole used properly. We wouldn't want our little one to be neglected now, would we? After all, everybody knows how much she likes being treated like a little bitch bunny."

With that last line, the bovine leaned down over her charge, filling Gabriel's vision as she began to gently apply pressure with the lubricated strap-on against his hole.

"Now now baby, loosen up for Mommy. Show me how much my little girl likes to be an obedient, subby baby."

A shudder ran through the body of the strapped bunny, his nose twitching nervously along with his pacifier suckles as with blush in his cheeks he relented.

The strap-on's head slipped itself inside of the rabbit's hole, except, unlike Winnie the Pooh it began to enter and withdraw itself repeatedly and freely, each entrance going slightly deeper into the insides of Gabriel.

Antoinette leaned down, placing her arms on top of her charge's restrained arms. Her head lowered itself until her lips tickled the outer edges of Gabriel's ears as she spoke in a voice dripping with honey.

"Who's. My. Good. Little. Sissy. Baby. Princess?"

At the end of each word she thrust in and out with the strap-on, the bovine skillfully bucking her hips until Gabriel could feel the knot bumping against his princess hole

At the word princess, she thrust in a little bit more forcefully, and Gabriel loudly squealed into his pacifier-gag, his penis throbbing madly as he felt the knot being forced inside of him.

His cock strained itself madly, throbbing, he felt almost as if it would burst from its cage at any second as his active libido and erotic pleasure skyrocketed.

The denial of pleasure combined with the distinct, unyielding pressure of utter penetration almost overwhelmed his senses as he gasped into his paci-gag, a high pitched whine escaping his lips with the hint of tears forming at the edge of his eyes.

Antoinette smiled down smugly at her charge as the whining turning into whimpering and squealing, small, high-pitched sounds were now escaping the paci-gagged muzzle of her charge.

“That’s my good girl, take it all up there now. And see? No naughty little erections! All I see are all the good girl parts a sissy bunny baby like you should have. What a good girl!”

As she spoke, Antoinette gently pulled slightly back and forward, ensuring that he got the maximum sensation of having the knot of the dildo inside of him.

This sensation caused him to realize just how helpless he was to his Mommy’s will, which caused the blood not only to be rushing to his caged prick but also to his cheeks.

Of course, mommy would make sure that her princess was pleased Gabriel realized as he looked down at this pathetic looking cage which he could conveniently see between her large, hanging breasts.

He would get all the pleasure placed into his bottom, his Mommy would make sure of that. But he panted slightly into his pacifier with the effort that was a cost to him as his cage kept any expression of his pleasure to the moot point of an infant.

The heat was beginning to gather strongly inside of his steel cage, and the pressure of the strap-on repeatedly rubbing against and playfully teasing his g-spot was beginning to be a little bit too much to handle for the sissy bunny.

The pathetic noises escaping his lips only reaffirmed Gabriel's role as the subbiest sissy in the entire nursery, and both the bovine and rabbit knew it.

"MMMPFSH!"

The strong, overpowering feeling of an organism ricocheted through the rabbit's body, as his semen flowed through uncontrollably through his still flaccid, pathetic little penis.

His spurts shot out of the small slit in the bottom of the cage's sheath, spraying on Antoinette's apron as she continued to teasingly wiggle the knot inside of him, her tempo unceasing as Gabriel through his head big and let out the biggest squeal of them all, the feeling of the dildo titillating his g-spot while he came as a feeling too powerful and overwhelming for him to bear.

After a few minutes, Gabriel felt as if he had partially returned to his senses. Antoinette smiled broadly as she saw her little one's raised awareness, and spoke up softly.

"Alrighty then, time to take this little thing out of your bottom now!"

His mind felt shattered once more with feelings of helplessness and erotic pleasure as the bovine wasted no time in drawing slowly back, taking her time for the knot to be removed until finally with a small popping noise, she slowly retreated fully from his sissy insides.

"Goodness gracious, what a baby!"

Antoinette crossed her arms, towering over Gabriel as she looked down at the stains that decorated her apron, looking as if they had been flicked onto it like a canvas being splattered by some horny artist with his careless flicking of paintbrushes.

"You made a mess, just like I thought you would. I can't expect little sissy babies to be doing much else, anyway."

Gabriel panted into his paci-gag, the popping of the knot being removed from his bottom taking all of the fight out of him. Feeling exhausted he could feel the heat radiating from his cheeks.

At this point, he couldn't stop suckling on his pacifier if he wanted to, as the rush and intense feelings from the round of penetration had left him utterly drained and feeling exposed.

Noting that the sweat on his brow and breathing was showing that he was reaching a point of exhaustion, Antoinette paused, allowing Gabriel to catch his breath once again

Once it seemed he had begun to relax, Antoinette playfully cupped his sensitive balls in her hands, and intoned in a flirtatious manner, "Hmm... Mommy knows she can't fill her sissy up as a Daddy can, but that doesn't mean she can't do it at all."

Withdrawing a gallon bag and anal tube from underneath the changing table, she cocked an eyebrow.

"I think we should fill you up a little bit before placing you in your diapers, don't you think?"

Gabriel whimpered, his member once again straining wildly against his cage, but she didn't listen to his complaints as she had already inserted the end of the tube and bulb into his bottom, inflating it with a few squeezes of a push pump.

The bovine look down at her charge, her knowing smile still playing across her muzzle as she raised the gallon bag to a hook, looping it by the handle and fondling the liquid contents inside of it appraisingly.

"This should be enough to fill up even the fussiest of princesses, don't you think dearest?"

Gabriel moaned softly, straining against the straps that lifted his legs daintily in the air as the liquid began to slowly pour into him, warm and soapy he could feel his insides becoming more and more swollen from the liquid.

Lighting a finger upon the rabbit's nose as she walked past, Antoinette padded gently out of the room, leaving the bound rabbit to his own devices.

The bag continued to empty itself into him, creating a distinct, almost painful pressure on his lower abdomen as he strained against the straps that held his limbs snugly in place.

He could do nothing else but lay there pathetically, letting his bottom get filled up with the enema that his momma had so graciously prepared for him.

Just as he felt as if he was going to burst, the bovine returned. She placed a heavy hand on his stomach softly but firmly as she examined the bag's contents.

The added pressure from her hand caused him to wince and whine loudly into his pacifier, the pressure on his bottom combined the slightly loose, precarious feeling of his hole caused the pressure against the swollen bulb of the tube to feel as if his insides were a dam that could burst uncontrollably at any moment.

Antoinette smiled graciously down upon her incapacitated charge, saying, "Well it looks like you're a good little sissy bunny princess, after all, you took in the whole enema! Now then, let's get you placed in some nice fluffy diapers and your princess sleeper and put you down for a nap, how does that sound?"

Gabriel could only respond with a whimper as the bovine set to work, powdering and lotioning Gabriel's crotch, bottom, and around his steel cage. Once she had prepared him to her satisfaction, with the addition of copious rubbing and massaging added in to fully ensure the powder and lotion set in, she raised the still waiting front of Gabriel's pink diapers and snugly secured it into place with tapes on the top and two tapes on the bottom.

She set to work undoing the various straps that held the bunny down until gingerly he raised himself into a semi-sitting position.

With a firm hand she pushed him back down onto the changing table, chiding softly, "Now now little one you know you're not supposed to get off the changing table without Mommy's explicit permission, I just needed to untie you so I could get you into your sleeper!"

With that like magic, she withdrew it from underneath the changing table and set to work gently guiding his arms and then his legs through the fabric, humming softly underneath her breath.

Gabriel was beginning to sniffle softly, the bulb in his behind was now reaching a near painful ache just before Antoinette moved to zip up the sleeper.

“Let's get you into the crib now honey.”

And with that, the bovine gently scooped the rabbit into her arms, grabbing the gallon bag with her and striding over to the crib.

With every small movement of his, his Mommy made Gabriel could feel his insides shifting and moving around, practically pleading with him for him to relieve himself.

Just as Gabriel was being gently laid down, during which he thought he would burst into a bunch of bunny pieces, the bovine skillfully deflated the tube inside of him with a flick of her wrist, pulled it out, and used the other hand to zip up the sleeper in the back and click the small lock into place at the back of his collar.

Gabriel squealed as he suddenly felt the liquid and mess inside of him surge towards his still sore behind, placing two mittened paws on the back of his diapers he looked back through tearful eyes to see his Mommy raising the bars of the cage and locking them into place as well.

“Goodnight sweetie, sweet dreams!”

Gabriel let out a small whimper before a series of farting and wet noises erupted from his behind. He could feel the mess emptying itself violently and uncontrollably into the seat of his pants as his bladder joined in on the fun, quickly spreading a warmth uniformly through the front and back of his diapers.

The seat of his diapers could be seen expanding even through the snug fabric of the thick sleeper, causing it to spread with a series of splorching noises through the back of his diaper as he still heaved more mess and muck into the back of his diapers.

Antoinette watched, appearing amused, from the door to the nursery, as Gabriel's cheeks flushed and he, at last, finished helplessly pooping and peeing into his diapers, he made tearful eye contact with her, panting with the effort of the last minute.

The cow smiled, winked once, and shut the door with a distinct click.

Gabriel was then left all alone, in his crib ready for nap time. The cage preventing him from feeling the ridiculous amount of soggiess and mess now snugly contained within his pink diapers.

His member continued to strain pathetically, and he whimpered out loud to himself, attempting futility to stimulate himself with his mittened paws, achieving nothing more than mushing and spreading his mess around his diapered bottom.

He was such a big sissy baby, and he couldn't even be allowed to enjoy himself.

His lips curled into a smile as he moaned softly into his pacigag, an emotion of immense pleasure and frustration swirling through his mind as he felt himself relax enough to fall sound asleep, still snugly taped into his thoroughly messy diapers.

2. Lunch

The bunny pawed pathetically against the outer lining of his pink, plastic pants as the gurgling in his stomach grew louder and louder.

The need to vacate as well as fill his inside was an intense sensation that caused him no end of frustration as the steel cage still snugly secured around his “princess bits” refused to allow him any expression of pleasure whatsoever.

He guessed it must be approaching noon or so, for the only indication of what time of day it was judging from the sunlight streaming from his nursery window into his playpen, inside of which he was placed.

The only company he had was a large stuffed animal version of himself, dressed up in a pink diaper with a lock on its front sporting a heart shape instead of the keyhole, as well as the same dress, mittens, booties, and paci-gag that he was clad in.

It seemed like adding insult to injury, but Gabriel still allowed himself to find solace in cuddling the stuffed animal, as it was a better alternative than nothing.

In addition to that, he knew he would get admonished by Antoinette if he didn't smother it with attention, as she had made a big deal out of having it made for him.

“A gift fit for a sissy princess! I hope you like her!”

She exclaimed with enthusiasm, meeting her partially sly gaze with his disappointed one as he had picked the doll up with both of his clumsy, mittened paws. Looking it over and matching its dress to his own.

“F-fankwoos...” he mumbled into his paci-gag, which was rewarded by a few soft pats on his head by the bovine.

Now however he was hoping for more attention from his mommy, as the hunger building in his stomach was one that he was having difficulty ignoring.

Especially because there was nothing to do in the playpen but sit obediently and wait, which he had a needling suspicion the bovine was doing to him on purpose. Giving him some much needed time to gather his thoughts about the current situation.

To his slight relief and feeling of trepidation, the door to his nursery opened and inside strode the bovine, a towel was thrown over her shoulder and a cheerful expression on her muzzle.

“Lunchtime little one! I even put a towel over my shoulder so when you drool and dribble you don’t stain Mommy’s clothes! Now let’s get you out of that playpen, sweetie.”

Opening the tall gate that let into the playpen, Antoinette bent over and grasped the bunny underneath his armpits, the soaked front of his diapers preventing his legs from properly closing together as he was lifted into the arms of his caretaker, who placed a protective hand underneath his bottom.

“There we go, time to get the baby bunny something yummy in her tummy!”

At the usage of female pronouns, the rabbit whimpered softly into his pacifier, wrapping his arms compliantly around the neck of Antoinette as she turned around and carried him out of the nursery, humming a melody as she went along.

Down the hallway and to the left into the kitchen, where Gabe's heart began to race and his face burned with embarrassment when he saw an oversized highchair waiting for him...

An impressive collection of straps and cuffs were installed on the piece of furniture, which the cow was soon buckling him into.

His diapers squelched softly as she placed him down in his seat, bringing up the bottom strap that went over the front of his pink diapers and connected to several others that went around his waist, chest, and over his shoulders.

The various buckles clicked into place with dull, heavy noises indicating to the pink-dressed bunny that he was not getting out of the high chair any time too soon, especially not while his paws were bound in locked mittens.

Leaning down she gently guided each one of his paws into the ankle cuffs and secured his wrists to cuffs that were installed underneath the sliding table, which she then clicked into place as well.

Fully incapacitated, Gabriel could now only wait in trepidation at what other security measures would come next, all while the pressure in his bladder was only continuing to build.

“Now then, let’s put you into something a little more suitable for lunchtime!”

Reaching behind his head the bovine unstrapped the pacifier and gently guided it out of his muzzle. For a few seconds, he flexed his jaw, which had cramped slightly in his gagged state.

He didn’t have long though, because before he knew it the cow had pinched his nostrils together, and as he instinctively opened his mouth to breath she thrust a metal ring into his jaw, which held it open in an ‘o’ shape.

“Ahhhgllarrgh glah!”

Antoinette clucked her tongue and scratched the rabbit underneath his chin saying.

“Aww, the little cutie is trying to speak up! I’m sure you’ll learn those big girl words one day.”

As Gabriel tried unsuccessfully to work his tongue against the metal ring, his caretaker had padded over to the kitchen counter and returned with what looked like a large bowl of green mush.

“Split pea soup just for my good little girl! Now open wide, and let the plane land on your little pink tongue!”

Antoinette then proceeded to scoop and attempt to put various amounts of the soup into Gabriel’s waiting mouth, although he flinched and cringed at every spoonful. She

was determined to feed him the entire bowl. Even if most of the soup fell out of Gabriel's open mouth and dribbled all down the front of his dress.

All the while the cow cooed and giggled at him, commenting on how much of a messy princess he was and how he was going to need a bath after lunch!

After what seemed like ages and with little success of getting any amount of the soup inside of him, he finished the bowl.

His face, slide-in table, and the majority of the front of his dress were speckled with dribbles of his drool and uneaten soup, making it seem like he had barely managed to keep himself from playing in the stuff and spreading it all over.

"Oh what a cute little mess we have here! Mommy's going to want to remember this one!"

She strode out of the room for a minute, returning with a camera clutched in her hands Gabriel struggled and tugged at his restraints to no avail, his cheeks flushed with red as she took several pictures of him covered in his lunch and garbed in his sissy bunny outfit.

Just as Gabriel thought he was going to die of embarrassment his stomach voiced itself once again, and he realized that the little amount of food that had made it into his stomach did little to alleviate the large hunger that was still plaguing his insides.

"Oopsy daisy, Mommy almost forgot about the second half of lunch! I'm sure this will fill you up much better than the soup!"

Putting the camera down on the counter she padded over to the refrigerator from which she withdrew several large bags of what looked like white liquid.

Placing the large bags into the microwave she set it onto a few minutes as she unfolded an IV stand retrieved from underneath the sink.

"Now where did I put that— oh there it is!"

Once more she reached under the counter and withdrew what Gabriel soon recognized with a sinking sensation in his stomach to be a feeding tube with a large bulbed pacifier attached to the end.

“I don’t even have to take out the ring, the pieces fit together!”

Antoinette explained cheerfully, as she took out the bags of formula from the microwave and set them up on the IV stand.

“I think three of these should suffice, I need to make sure my little baby princess doesn’t feel hungry anymore!”

She pup the pacifier bulb into his already open mouth, and with little choice to do otherwise, Gabriel began to gulp down the liquid that was being poured into him from the bags.

The liquid, thankfully, tasted significantly better than the split pea soup, but by the fourth or fifth mouthful of liquid, he was beginning to grow tired of the taste.

Soon enough his stomach was going from growly to feel bloated.

The bovine stayed only to switch out the bags and to coo at how much of a good little girl he was drinking up all of his formula.

Tears began to form in his eyes and he strained against his restraints, the pressure on his bladder now significantly increased by the added weight to his stomach pressing down upon it as he started on his third bag.

Two lines of formula were drooling down onto his dress from the corner of his mouth, a detail that the bovine did not miss upon as she snapped yet another picture of her charge.

After what felt like ages, the rabbit finished the last bag of formula with a gasp of relief as Antoinette removed the pacifier bulb from his almost aching mouth.

The bovine then retrieved a pink washcloth and began to dab lovingly at the mess that had managed to escape from his mouth, cooing softly and commenting on how much of a messy baby she had on her hands.

Gabriel blushed profusely and squirmed as much as the strict restraints would allow him to as she did so, feeling utterly helpless as she helped clean him up.

Removing the ring as well, she clipped a pacifier strap and pink pacifier into his muzzle with a warning of, "Now if I see this pacifier fall out of your mouth I'm going to replace it with soap, understand?"

To which he had nodded fervently, sucking pathetically on the pacifier.

The bovine tidied up the kitchen as the rabbit began to grunt and groan, unable to help himself as the pressure and heat in his bottom and bladder steadily grew to an unbearable feeling.

At last, he could hold it no longer as a wave of cramps hit him and his bowels convulsed.

With a series of squelching and farting noises, he emptied himself into the back seat of his diaper, flooding the front in sync as the diaper around his waist suddenly grew warm and wet with the sheer amount of mess he was pushing into it.

His nostrils flared as the smell reached them and he let loose a few small cries into his pacifier, the intensity of voiding his bowels causing sweat to break out on his brow as he scrunched his face together, feeling relieved and exhausted from emptying helplessly into his pants.

"Goodness me you really had to go there! I should probably start putting some more laxatives into your food to help you go better."

The bovine wasted no time, in the beginning, to tease her charge, who panted into his pacifier, cheeks flaring as the straps and his upright sitting stance forced him to sit directly on top of the mushy and soggy mess he made.

"Too bad I have to go run a few errands now, mommies like me still have to do adult things even when their little ones want to play! Be a good little sissy bunny and stay put strapped in your high chair while I go out, okay sweetie?"

Suddenly a surge of panic welled up inside of Gabriel, and forgetting himself he opened his mouth causing his pacifier to fall out and onto the slide-in table of the highchair, he exclaimed.

"M-mommy wait! Don't leave me!"

Blood rushed into his cheeks as the bovine turned around with an ecstatic expression on her face, her lips spread wide into a beam of obvious delight.

“Oh my goodness! My little one just said her first word! And it’s Mommy’s name!”

Striding forward she gently cupped Gabriel’s cheek in one of her hands, cooing affectionately as she slid the pacifier back into his mouth, his lips willingly accepting it as his cheeks burned.

“Too bad I couldn’t understand the rest of those little babbles that followed after, but that’s what the pacifier for isn’t it, sweetie? Now make sure it doesn’t fall out of your mouth while Mommy’s gone now!”

Antoinette leaned down to kiss him gently on the cheek, eliciting more blushing and whimpering from the sissy bunny.

Waving cheerfully behind, the bovine shouldered her purse and left the house with a click as she turned around to lock the door behind her.

Gabriel was left in silence, only able to hear his whimpering and the soft thumping noise of the washing machine downstairs.

The steel cage installed snugly on his dick prevented him from feeling any of the soft, soaked interior of his diapers while the rest of his legs and butt were now covered with the mess that had thundered out of his bottom.

He shifted, feeling as if his behind were covered with mud and clay he let out a little bit more pee into the front of his diapers, feeling the material swell and press up against the straps still holding him snugly in.

He wished he could at least paw at the harness, the round ends of his mittens completely useless in attempting to snap open the bondage that held him still, but his hands were still securely bound to the table right above his knees.

He couldn’t even kick his legs for entertainment, for the cuffs held his legs wide open and spread apart, thus all of his weight was distributed onto the butt that sat in a very messy diaper.

Gabriel strained his head, trying to peek over the side of the entrance to the living room to peek at the clock, but was unable to do even that.

A small grumble came from his insides, and another familiar cramp hit him as he realized what was happening again.

With a wet 'blort!' Gabriel once more messed helplessly into his pink, princess diapers waiting apprehensively for his mommy to come back and change him from his thoroughly used diapers.

He shifted once again, feeling the new release of warmth radiating back into him as he felt the front of his diapers once more grow in size as he wet them.

He whined, and would have covered his face with his ears had his hands been free.

He had a distinct feeling that it was going to be a while before his mommy returned to change him.

3. Good Sissies Don't Squirm

The cage felt tight and constrictive as Gabriel placed a thickly mittened paw against the front of his pink diaper cover, the locking mechanism displayed proudly on the front in the shape of a heart-shaped lock.

The built-up sexual frustration and level of exhaustion that he felt was enough to make it hard for him to keep his eyes open at times. Antoinette had spared no amount of energy in ensuring that his days were filled to the brim with programs and things to do to remind him of the infantile state he was in.

The fact that his caged up member seemed to have no shortage of pee to deposit into the front of his pink, sissy frilly diapers and that his bottom seemed to get a daily work-out due to the sheer amount of laxatives that were being pumped into him made him feel a constant, fuzzy feeling of tiredness only a few hours into the day.

He moaned into his pacifier, which was snugly strapped into place in his muzzle, giving him no other option other than to suckle on it instinctively when he found Antoinette's teasing and attention too much to bear.

The sissy bunny's cheeks ached, for he found himself blushing furiously several times throughout the day as she took pictures throughout the day, telling him she couldn't wait to put together a cute little scrapbook for him.

Feelings and thoughts referring to him as being a subby bitch bunny were becoming easier and easier to accept, which only further exacerbated his sexual frustration.

The crib he had been lovingly deposited in by Antoinette had high bars and were painted a gentle white color. The crib stood up three feet above the ground, and the bars and sides of the crib went all the way up to the ceiling.

A magnetic lock adorned the bottom center of the crib, the key to which was hidden in a place known only to his bovine caretaker.

The lock was utterly redundant, however, as the big baby bunny's paws were locked inside of mittens, reducing his hands to useless, soft appendages which could only press against the front of his pink diaper cover in frustration.

He let out a whimper into the silent nursery, his lethargic arms still hugging his stuffed bunny, who after much deliberation and prodding from Antoinette he had named Oscar.

"What a gorgeous name for a stuffed animal! I'm sure Oscar will make sure that you're an extra good bunny for me while you're taking your naps or piddling in your nighttime diapers."

Gabriel had turned crimson, still very much embarrassed by how much his Mommy mentioned his leaky nature.

The number of times he had caught himself idly suckling on his pacifier while reflexively peeing into the front of his waiting, thirsty padding was something he still found humiliating.

Especially the fact that because of this, Antoinette had essentially succeeded in forcing him into dependence on his diapers.

"We would have little bunny puddles all over this house if I didn't keep your fluffy rear in these diapers!"

She exclaimed upon noticing that Gabriel's pampered bottom had grown slightly warmer while she held him, one hand underneath his butt the other gently massaging his back.

Gabriel had been squirming the entire time, his bladder complaining loudly that it needed to be voided urgently. No matter how much he tried, he always seemed to end up peeing his pants in the most blush-inducing fashion he could imagine possible.

He whined once more, hoping that the minimal amount of complainant noise he was capable of through the unyielding paci-gag in his mouth would be enough to catch the attention of Antoinette.

The door to his nursery opened, and the beaming presence of the cow filled the room as she gently padded inside.

“Hello princess! Did we have a nice nap?”

Gabriel’s cheeks flared up once more, but he nodded sagely, looking up at her as his floppy ears moved forward as he nodded, framing his reddened face.

Antoinette had moved over to the changing table where she took out several supplies, a large bottle of, “Puppy Powder!” rested next to an industrial-sized tube of cream labeled, “Red Cheeks”

“What a little cutie I have, now let’s take a look at what we did to that diaper, huh piddle pants?”

Deftly she retrieved the magnetic key, which was hung around her neck and nestled in her bosom just out of sight.

Undoing the lock she lowered the bars of the crib down and scooped the soggy bunny up into her arms. Gabriel clung to her reflexively, suckling on his pacifier as the embarrassment from looking forward to the diaper change he was about to receive flooded his mind with feelings of subbiness and infantile comfort.

The bovine gently laid him on his back onto the changing table to the side of the nursery, taking care to buckle his wrists into the corner buckles and to bring over the strap over his middle.

“Let’s get you into something a bit drier, we’ve got a big day today!”

Gabriel’s heart sank at hearing the last bit, he wasn’t sure exactly what Antoinette had in plan, but the way she pronounced ‘big day’ did not make him feel any less on edge.

Deftly his caretaker untaped the diaper, bringing the front down to expose his caged member to the open air of his nursery.

Painstakingly she wiped up his diaper area before balling up the used diaper. She held it up in front of Gabriel with a smirk on her face, causing the bunny to whine in protest.

She did not tease him too long with it, however, as she tossed the diaper skillfully into the diaper pail by the changing table and reached for another one.

“We’re going to have to give you extra protection today!”

Gabriel squirmed, looking up to see Antoinette place two stuffers into the front of the Bunny Hopps diaper she was unfolded onto the changing table.

The sissy bunny was only able to continue to helplessly suckle on his pacifier gag as the cow applied generous amounts of powder and cream before sealing him up inside of his extra thick, pink diapers.

Leaving him bound to the changing table, the bovine padded over to the large closet and opened it up, leaning inside to retrieve whatever clothing she decided that her baby should wear for the day.

Withdrawing, Gabriel saw that she had chosen one of the fancier, frillier dresses that she had purchased for him earlier that month. He grimaced, knowing full well that the short frilly skirt did almost nothing to hide the infantile state of his pants.

At least nobody is around to see it...

Padding over to the changing table, Antoinette stroked her subject’s cheek gently while cooing sweet things into his ear, reaching over him to unbind his wrists from the changing table’s shackles.

She helped him down from the changing table before firmly ordering, “Alright, arms up now.”

Knowing what would happen were he to disobey, the feeling of the tight chastity cage still pressing against his urge to form an erection he did as she instructed, feeling the soft interior of the dress being pulled over him.

He grimaced, glancing down to see that his diapers were as obviously exposed as he had feared. Antoinette seemed to sense his mild discomfort and she patted him on the head gently.

“There, there sweetie. Let’s put a bow in your hair and smile on that face, hmm?”

Working slowly and gently as not to pull on his curly hair too hard, Antoinette went ahead and did just that, depositing a large pink bow right in the middle of his head.

“There we are, what a cute little sissy bunny.”

Gently grabbing his still mittened hand, Gabriel allowed himself to be tugged along while he waddled after his caretaker, nervously wondering what exactly she had in store for him.

His heart sank and face paled as they entered the living room and he saw what was waiting for him. A giant, oversized stroller with a harness that looked like it could keep a rhinoceros from wiggling was parked in the middle of the room.

The undercarriage was filled with a menagerie of diapers, bottles, stuffed animals, a pacifier, and a few other choice baby toys in case the giant baby placed in the stroller would get bored.

Of course, the giant baby was Gabriel.

He stopped, his arm tugging at Antoinette’s own as he dug his rabbit feet into the carpeting, refusing to move any further.

“Oh don’t be silly dear, I’ve got your stroller all packed up even with a warmed up bottle! It’s about time you get some fresh air.”

Unable to protest beyond whining loudly into his pacifier, Gabriel wiggled and struggled as the bovine picked him up off of the ground seemingly effortlessly and deposited his crinkly behind into the seat of the stroller.

His cheeks had now blushed scarlet with the realization that everybody in the neighborhood and at the park was probably going to get a great view of him in his dress with his pink diapers exposed for all to see.

“Stop struggling now sweetie, or do you want me to put some extra laxative in your bottle?”

At this, Gabriel’s half-hearted attempts to struggle and free himself ceased, and he suckled nervously on the pacifier lodged in his mouth while he allowed the bovine to buckle him in, essentially sealing his fate.

“There’s my good little sissy baby, time for walkies!”

With an impending sense of doom and trepidation forming in his stomach, the bunny watched helplessly as Antoinette opened to the door to their home and pushed the stroller out, gently guiding it down the set of stairs leading up to their doorway.

Locking the door behind her, Gabriel glanced around nervously as he held his mittened hands up to his face in an attempt to cover his face in shame.

“Oh no dear, that won’t do at all!”

Antoinette leaned down over the carriage top and gently grasped each one of his mittened paws, leading over to the side and buckling them to small clips located just to the side and above his head, exposing his face and body completely to anybody who cared to look at him, dressed in pink in an even more obnoxiously pink carriage.

His heartbeat raced as he began to see several people notice him, some snickers and a few wide-eyed looks met his face which seemed to turn redder with every minute that passed.

The brown bunny strained against the restraints holding him in place, his legs kicking uselessly as his diaper crinkled for all to hear, the need to pee again reminding him that he would have little choice but to go in his diapers again just like Antoinette intended.

“My my, we’ve got quite the squirmy baby today! I’m gonna have to let you run around in just your diapers in the park aren’t I?”

Gabriel whimpered, shaking his head side to side instinctively as he was wheeled along, suckling pathetically onto the pacifier strapped firmly in his mouth.

After what felt like ages, during which a labrador walking his poodle had paused, allowing the feral dog to sniff suspiciously at Gabriel's diaper while the canine fur exchanged a few words with Antoinette.

The two cooed over him, the dog sneezing a few times after sniffing the front of his diaper, presumably from all the baby powder.

The bunny cringed as Antoinette turned and wheeled him onto the park pathway, tears welling in his eyes as he saw a large number of children and adults milling around, running in the fields surrounding the park and sliding and climbing down the playground equipment.

Antoinette turned the stroller into the picnic area, stopping by a bench and setting the breaks on the stroller.

"This looks like a nice place to stop, now why don't we give you a nice bottle before letting you go out to play, hmm?"

Gabrielle's pacifier subdued most of his protests as he was utterly helpless to the whim of his caretaker.

He glanced around, feeling only slightly relieved that from his perspective he was unable to see anybody other than his motherly bovine, who was scratching him gently underneath his chin.

"There, there now dear, everything will be alright. Let's just get something yummy in your tummy now."

Unbuckling the still blushing rabbit from the stroller, she gently scooped him out and into her boisterous arms.

A look of slight panic was plastered across the rabbit's face as he glanced around the park nervously, noticing that some of the other furs had noticed the large stroller and comparatively large baby that had just arrived at the park.

"Be a good little sissy bunny and drink your whole bottle now for me, dearest."

Expertly unbuckling the pacifier gag from Gabriel's lips and withdrawing it out of his mouth, she swiftly replaced it with the nipple of a bottle.

Cradled in her arms and nursing actively, Gabriel couldn't help but stutter and choke on the bottle a few times, having difficulty properly drinking it all down with the embarrassment.

"What's the matter, my little bunny baby? Don't feel like drinking formula today? That's fine, we can give you something else to suck on."

A feeling of dread and excitement filled the rabbit's mind as he watched Antoinette, almost as if in slow motion, undo the front buttons of her shirt and draw out one of her large breasts, the nipple already wet from her breast milk.

Before he had a chance to protest, Antoinette had moved him over and thrust her moist nipple into his mouth, into which her sweet milk began to pour.

Had one been asked to distinguish between a firetruck and Gabriel's cheeks, one would have been hard-pressed to be able to tell the difference.

Several meters away Gabriel's sensitive ears picked up several snorts and a few laughs, knowing that others were probably just staring at him in disbelief.

Unable to do anything about his situation as Antoinette held him firmly in her arms, he could only grimace as felt the inevitable pressure he'd been holding out on finally announcing itself with a painful cramp in his stomach.

His face contorted into a slightly painful expression, he could only suckle helplessly at Antoinette's breast as he felt himself void his bowels pathetically into the seat of his diapers, the back seat expanding dramatically as he emptied himself.

"My my, looks like my little princess just made a big stinky in her diapers!"

Antoinette exclaimed loudly, causing several heads to turn towards the direction of the two just as the bovine brought her hand to the exposed seat of Gabriel's diaper and patted it gently, squishing it softly to confirm the mess he had just made.

"Goodness you really had to go didn't you, let's get you out of that poopy diaper and into something clean."

Antoinette gently extricated her nipple from between her charge's lips, and as his growing sense of trepidation peaked she stood up and turned around, depositing him gently onto the park bench.

"Now don't move an inch, I don't want my little precious bundle of joy tumbling off the bench now, do I?"

Gabriel glanced around nervously, seeing that several heads had now turned and were watching the scene unfold.

Before he was able to say anything in protest, Antoinette popped the pacifier back into his mouth, idly fastening the buckles behind his head once more while she turned her attention to the stroller to fetch the changing supplies.

The giggles and comments the other furs filled Gabriel's ears, and to his horror, he glanced down to see and feel the tapes of his now heavily pooped diaper being unveiled.

Upon revealing his uncontrollable mess, Antoinette leaned back and waved a hoof dramatically, eliciting a further round of giggles and laughs from the nearby furs who seem to now have Gabriel as their center of attention.

"You really are a messy bunny! It's going to take a bit to wipe all of this up!"

Gabriel whimpered into his pacifier, tears welling up in the corners of his eyes as he brought up his mittens to cover his face in shame. Antoinette worked away at his diaper, cleaning him up and wiping away all of the mess until she bundled the used padding up.

She prodded his thigh and he obediently responded by raising his bottom up, allowing her to spread out a fresh, new diaper underneath him.

The feeling of baby powder and rash cream being rubbed into him did little to alleviate the humiliation he was feeling as his public diaper change seemed to be taking ages to come to an end.

He felt like his cheeks were practically radiating heat as he watched, unable to stop what was happening to him.

“Make sure to double diaper him this time!”

Gabriel looked around, unable to see who had called out such a comment. Antoinette only smiled in response, obviously amused by the catcalls.

“Oh, believe me, I only buy the thickest of diapers for this baby bunny!”

Gabriel squirmed, trying to move off the edge of the bench and escape. He felt trapped and embarrassed beyond belief, the steely cage still firmly grasping his cock shown off for all to see.

Suddenly, he found himself being turned around and picked up by Antoinette. Before he knew what was happening he had been lain across her lap, buttocks exposed to the air and feeling as if something bad was about to happen to him.

Whap!

He cried out, muffled through the pacifier gag as the first spank landed on his bottom. Antoinette sternly spoke aloud as she continued to deliver spanks on his exposed butt.

“What did I say about squirming and falling off? You could have seriously hurt yourself! Naughty sissy bunnies who don’t listen get spankings!”

With that, she continued to rhythmically spank his now reddening cheeks, the tears still welling in his eyes as he continued to have his cries muffled through the pacifier gag.

Finally, after the 10th spank, Antoinette picked up her charge from underneath his arms and sat him down in her lap, facing her and still naked except for the steely cage still holding back any form of pleasure he wished to express.

Unbuckled the pacifier gag, she removed it from his lips and asked him softly.

“Now then sweetie, what did we learn?”

He glanced around, seeing several smirks and smiles of amusement as he realized that he was now the center of attention in the entire park.

He gulped, looking down and then stuttered out.

“T-to not squirm on the b-bench for Mommy...”

“When Mommy is doing what?”

He glanced down once again, his cheeks flushed bright scarlet as he gathered the courage to continue.

“W-when Mommy is ch-changing my diaper...”

The bovine brought her bunny in for a tight hug, and patted him on his still sore bottom, causing him to cringe instinctively.

“Good sissy bunny, now then let’s put you in that diaper before you leak all over me.”

Pulling the dress off of Gabriel, she went ahead and repositioned him onto the bench again, placing his bottom on the fresh, pink diaper and taping it up once more.

After doing so, she tugged at Gabriel’s dress thoughtfully, before with a swift motion she pulled it off entirely.

“Let’s take this off so you don’t get it all dirty, run along and go play with the other kiddies now sweetie!”

Still paci gagged and mittened, Gabriel took a few hesitant steps towards the playground, dressed in nothing except for the large, pink diaper hugging his waist.

He grimaced internally, as he saw the other children giggle and point at him. He looked back nervously at Antoinette, who only nodded that he should go ahead and play.

Gabriel gulped, he couldn’t wait to go back home to his crib.

The End~

Epilogue

Gabriel's whole body felt as if it were floating on a cloud. The day had been long and tiresome, he felt as if every single inch of his body and mind had finally been given a chance to relax and ease from any tension whatsoever.

Antoinette's heartbeat gently thudded against her chest, translating into Gabriel's ear as a calming, secure feeling of intimacy.

The bovine had swept him up in her arms, gently tutting her tongue as she commented on her baby bunny's apparent fatigue.

"Oh dear, we've got a little tuckered out bunny on our hands. Looks like somebody got a little bit too much stimulation today, huh? Don't worry honey, Mommy's got you."

Half asleep already, he had been scooped up gently from underneath his armpits, a firm hand quickly appearing on his bottom to support him from underneath, and she gently lay his head on her shoulder as she walked over to the armchair where they now rested.

Gabriel had attempted to mumble of protest at being handled like such a baby, but Antoinette had only to give him a soft squeeze in her embrace and his complaints had quieted.

He lay there, embraced in her strong arms and gently rocked back and forth.

The cow understood fully the mindset her charge was in, and wanted to take every advantage of the vulnerable and loving state Gabe was presenting himself in.

She leaned her head down, bringing her lips to the outside of the bunny's ears as she rubbed his tummy gently with the other hand.

Her lips parted, and she whispered in a voice like honey as Gabriel's eyes opened just a small bit in reaction to her movement.

"I love you, my little baby bunny."

His cheeks flushed red, but this time he didn't feel as if he was embarrassed. A small smile spread across his face as he nuzzled himself deeper into her embrace, to which she responded by bringing him even closer to her inviting chest.

To his slight shock, but not surprise, he found his lips being greeted with the teat of his right nipple.

His eyes opened now, and he gazed fully into his caretaker's face. Love, gentility, and kindness seemed to radiate from Antoinette's face as she smiled gently, as if waiting for Gabriel to accept her invitation.

Cheeks still slightly crimson, he moved his attention down to the nipple in front of him, his diaper crinkling faintly as he shifted slightly in her embrace.

Tentatively, he accepted it into his mouth. He gave an experimental suckle, and was only a little surprised when the milk poured into his mouth and onto his waiting tongue.

It only took a few seconds before Gabriel once more lay in her arms, utterly relaxed and suckling from her breast.

She cooed over him, whispering sweet nothings into his waiting ears and praising him for being such a good little baby bunny.

The warmth of the sweet milk filled Gabriel's insides. Before he could stop himself, a sigh of satisfaction escaped his lips, and he withdrew from Antoinette's breast, sounds of happiness escaping his lips as he cuddled closer to his caretaker.

Antoinette beamed broadly, putting away her nipple and tugging the bunny with a crinkly tush closer to herself as well.

Antoinette trailed one of her fingers along the bridge of Gabriel's nose, lifting it up and gently booping him on the tip of it.

“You’re such a sweet little thing, you just want to be held and snuggled by Mommy, hmm?”

Bowing her head slightly downwards, she deposited a gentle smooch on the bunny’s forehead, the beam never leaving her face as she saw the bunny give a small smile in response to her affection, his eyes still closed, slowly slipping into peaceful slumber.

“And who could blame you, little things like you deserve all the love and attention in the world anyhow.”

They sat there for a few minutes longer, bathing in the comfortable silence as they both fed off of each other’s warmth, Gabriel feeling as if he were cocooned in Antoinette’s arms.

He felt safe and sound with the knowledge that his Mommy would look after him, because she loved each and every inch of her little bunny.

Gabriel didn’t remember Antoinette standing up, but all of a sudden he felt her grasp on him loosen and himself being lowered.

He opened his eyes slightly, not wanting to let her know that the movement had woken him up, and what greeted him between his slit eyelids were the familiar bars of his crib.

He felt a heavy blanket being moved over him as he sank deep into the mattress. Just before the blanket was brought up to his chin, he felt the bovine gently raise up his right arm, and deposit something large and soft into his embrace.

He soon realized that it was his favorite stuffed animal, Oscar, that now was snuggling him next to him.

He hugged him close, feeling his mind already slipping back into sleep as the blanket was moved over him, and he heard the bars of the crib being raised up to their locking position with a click.

The muffled footsteps of his caretaker followed soon after as she exited the room, turning around to stick her head in one last time before she shut the door.

“Good night my love, sweet dreams now.”

And with that, the door to his nursery shut, and the tuckered bunny drifted off into one of the most peaceful slumbers he would ever remember having the pleasure of experiencing.