

# Welcome to the Jungle...Nursery?

An Entirely Too Niche-y Kinky Story by Terinas Tiger

## Part 3: Daniel

“Geeeeeezel!” Daniel whined, as he stumbled through the jungle that had once been his house. The floor had long since vanished, replaced by patches of dirt and plenty of grasses and smaller plants. The potted plants lining the walls had grown in size, becoming enormous tropical trees lining his path. He even thought he could see gaps through them. The air was thick and warm. And with every whiff his nose could take in scents like sweat and plant pollen, oddly enough, talcum powder. It was making him feel a bit light headed every time he inhaled. “Am I even home anymore? I was looking for the thermostat, and I found the tropics.” he grumbled, looking around. He had no idea how he could have gotten to some sort of jungle. But nothing about this place seemed to scream anything else.

Sweat was dripping down the 22-year old’s sandy blonde bangs. He was boiling in his baby-blue winter coat. But at the same time, he felt like if he set it down, he’d never see it again. For a moment, he considered turning back and trying to find the front door again. But as he took just a few more steps forward, the walls of trees on either side of him opened up and out. Just in the distance, he could see what looked to be a crude building, barely obscured by the steam in the air. Daniel wiped the sweat from his brow with his mitten and walked towards it. “Maybe here I can get some answers... depending on what “here” even is.”

A woodcut sign hung over an arch of bent tropical trees, it’s letters spelling out “Nursery Cabana” in a bright rainbow of letters. On either side, woodcut cartoony birds held their wings out invitingly, their faces stretched in vacant smiles. As Daniel walked through the arch, he swallowed, passing through a cloud of steam as he passed. Every breath of that stuff seemed to let more of it creep into his head, like a fog in his mind. But he tried not to let it distract him. The building wasn’t actually much of a building. Rather, it was a clearing with several small stands that looked like they had been lashed together into some sort of tribal imitation of a bar. Stools made of a yellow-whiteish wood were lined up in front of a large booth, a sign above it reading “Rainfurrest Bar”. Each of the stools had cushioning that was shaped like bright red flowers blossoming out, as if patrons were to sit on tropical plants. Behind the bar counter were several shelves filled with various bottles of colored liquids. Daniel could make out labels such as “Fruit Juice”, “Chocolate Milk”, and even “Formula”. Another nearby booth had a similar sign hanging

above it: "Num Num Kitchen". Behind the counter of that one sat the first familiar thing Daniel had seen since leaving the entryway: The refrigerator of his house, sitting there as if it had always been. A few tables and benches had also been set up in the clearing.

Looking around, Daniel raised an eyebrow. "Well, this makes about as much sense as anything else I've seen since coming home." Turning to stare at his polished steel refrigerator, he took a few steps towards the booth containing it. "You know what? I'm not even going to question this. Our fridge is out in a tropical bar and grill. Sure, why not." Walking over towards it, he pulled out on the collar of his sweater. He was so hot in this tropical jungle. "Nnngh, I'm sweating like a pig. What I wouldn't give for something to drink."

And then he heard a noise from behind him: a quiet "thunk". With the reflexes of a cat, Daniel whirled around to stare back at the Rainfurrest Bar. A small, pastel blue plastic cup with a sippy lid was sitting on the polished bamboo surface of the countertop, where nothing had been before. And right next to it was something boxish and sandy-brown in color. Walking back over towards the counter, Daniel looked down at it. "This is..." He turned the metallic shell over in his hand. Circuitry was affixed to the back. "Looks like the remains of our thermometer." With a sigh, he looked over at the drink. Pressing his hands to his cheeks, he forced his eyes wide and feigned a gasp. "Oh Golly Gosh! Just when I was at my most sweaty and thirsty, a cup of liquid appears just like magic! Let's just quench my thirst alllll up...NOT!" He scowled and looked around. "Come on! At least give me SOME credit! There could be poison, or drugs, or something weird like pureed beetles in there!" Looking every which where, he shook a hand up into the air. "Someone's here, and I don't appreciate being messed with! Come on, show yourself!" His declaration was responded to by rustling. A loud, large rustling in the bushes just outside the radius of the Nursery Cabana. His eyes went wide.

"Heeheehee! You're so stinky I can smell how sweaty yous are from over here!" A voice, deep and black like molasses, yet with a throaty purr, echoed from the bushes. "Why don't you take off your coat? You must be boilin'!"

The voice reminded Daniel of how hot he was. His throat was parched, and his sweater hung on him with a heavy wetness. He was practically parboiling himself. Panting a bit, he glared at the bush. "I'm fine, thanks." Hands on his hips, he glared in the general direction of the voice. "So who are you?" From another nearby bush, he heard more rustling. It was almost like some big predator was stalking him, circling his position while drawing close for the kill. Daniel grit his teeth, balling his left hand for a fist. If he wasn't already drenched in sweat, he'd be sweating even more.

“Aw! Danny doesn’t recognise me?” The voice had a childish pout to it. The sound called to mind a young boy puffing his lower lip out. “Come on! Take off the coat and we can take bathies down under the waterfall!”

Daniel raised an eyebrow. “...bathies?” He frowned. “I think I’d rather not.”

“Okey-Dokey!” From one of the bushes nearby, Daniel thought he caught a sight of something black, moving. Taking a step back, he pressed himself up against the Rainfurrest Bar’s counter. “At least drink da drink I left you! It’s nutriminous!”

Gritting his teeth, Daniel shook his head. “No no no no. Not doing that.” He picked up the plastic glass, feeling the fluid sloshing around in it. “Not drinking any strange fluids here today. I’m not that stupid.”

The voice in the bushes tittered, as Daniel heard more rustling, drawing closer to him. “Hey Danny! Do you like to wrestle?”

Daniel’s eyes went wide. “Wrestle?” His face got hot as the idea of hot, sweaty men pressing their muscles up against each other filled his mind. “Y-yeah, I can see the appeal.”

“Yaaaay!” The figure launched at him with the force of a coiled spring. A black, fuzzy creature slammed into him from the side, knocking Daniel down onto the ground right next to the Bar. With a crinkle and a poof, Daniel found himself staring up into the golden slitted eyes of a panther, a cheery smile painted across his muzzle. “Aw, you didn’t wrestle back!” The creature’s ears drooped.

Daniel’s hand clutched a bit tighter on the sippy cup as he tried to process what was happening. “A furry.” he said, mind racing. Looking down the creature’s frame, he could see that his pouncer was entirely naked, save for a bright white puffy thing wrapped around his waist. A diaper. And what was more, he could feel something stiff inside that diaper, poking into his crotch.

And again, Daniel’s face got hot. “You-you-you-” he found himself stammering, not able to believe what he was seeing. This was a dream. It had to be.

The panther snorted, his smile turning into a frown. Daniel could feel the furries' tail whipping against his legs in frustration. "Come on! Play with me! It's no fun if you don't wrestle back."

"Oh! Um." Wide-eyed, Daniel tried to break free of the two fuzzy arms pressed against his wrists. The other man laying against him was like a fur coat draped over his already swaddled body. "Nnngh!" He frowned, grinding his body against the bulky fuzzy male laying on top of him. "Rrr! You're strong!" Moving his arms was almost impossible: The panther had his front paws wrapped around Daniel's two wrists. And try as he might, he couldn't push back against him. Not with any measure of success. His winter coat pressed tight against his body as he tried to sit up and force the panther back. But he didn't have the upper body strength. And at the same time, his progress was hampered because he was trying not to think about how hard he was getting in this situation. A muscular panther guy in a diaper was essentially snuggled up on top of him. It felt wrong, but a part of him was enjoying it. A swelling, meaty part of him. Try as he might, he couldn't seem to break the panther's grip, however. "Ok! Ok! I give!" He grumbled. "You're stronger than me. You've got me pinned! You win the game, ok?" The sooner he conceded, the sooner the panther would probably get off of him and he could stop thinking of the situation he was in.

The panther just giggled. "Yaay!" Tilting his face down, he sniffed at Daniel's neck. "You're sweaty."

Daniel blushed. "Y-yeah, you've told me."

"That's ok!" The panther smiled again. "When you sweat, the bad stuff leaks out, you know?"

With a blink, Daniel looked up at the panther. "The... bad stuff?" The words were confusing. "You mean like toxins?" As he spoke, whiskers were growing out of his cheeks, twitching in the air as his mouth moved.

"Oh! Heyas! Is dat- is that the new friend?" A new voice rang through the clearing. This one was higher pitched but with the same rumble to it, like distant thunder. Daniel concluded it was probably a cat thing, as he saw a slender, diapered tiger come padding out of the brush, his tail twitching, making light crinkles against the bright pink diaper he was wearing around his waist. "Jackie, I wanna play with him too!"

“JACKIE?” The human’s eyes went wide, sweat dripping from his shaggy mane of blonde hair. Shaking his head to let most of it spatter away from him, he winced as he got some of it in his eyes. “Nnngh!” His vision went cloudy. The salt stung, as he felt tears forming. Shutting his eyes, he felt himself crying on reflex. And when he finally was able to open them again, his eyes were golden, with slits. Though Daniel did not know it yet, he had gained the eyes of a cat. “You mean like ‘Jacob’?” Tears ran down his stinging eyes. It made a perverse sort of sense. How else could the big panther have known to call him “Danny”? It was almost like something out of the stories he’d kept saved to the portable hard drive on his computer. On reflex, he tightened his fingers grip on the blue sippy cup he’d fallen over holding.

“Aw, Danny figured it out!” The tiger crawled over on all fours towards Daniel, a silly smile on his face. “An’ I’m supposed to be da smart one!” He leaned over and kissed the panther on the muzzle, the two tongue wrestling for a moment before they broke it off. “Looks like he’s not a good wrestler yet, though.”

Daniel saw the panther’s ears perk up. “Look, Marky! Our new friend is crying!” With a slight pout, he looked over at the tiger. “What do we do? I dunno what to do with a crying kitten!”

“Oh god, Marcus?!?” Daniel renewed squirming, trying in vain to break out of the hold the Panther had him in. It didn’t help. He’d never been the strongest out of the four of them, and all he accomplished was rubbing his sweaty clothes against his body. It almost felt like he had another layer on under his sweater and his jacket. “NNnngh...” He panted. He was so dehydrated it was sapping his strength.

The tiger named Marky nodded. “Uh huh! Uh huh! I think he must be fussy b’cause he’s so sweaty he’s thirsty.” Looking over at the sippy cup, Marky the tiger giggled. “Lemme feed him! Dat’ll make him feel better!”

Daniel felt something fuzzy and warm press up against his fingers. With very little effort, the tiger pulled the sippy cup out of his grip. “What the heck happened to the two of you?!? Why are you in DIAPERS?!? You don’t-Mmmph!” The tip of the sippy cup pushed into his mouth, and Daniel felt a fluid splashing against his tongue. The distinct tang and the sweetness told him what he was drinking. Apple juice. His favorite guilty pleasure. Someone, somehow, knew him very well. For a moment he relaxed to let it dribble down his throat in short spurts. He was very thirsty, and the temptation to relax and just drink was strong. His face felt tingly the more he swallowed, and after a few moments it got too much. Pushing the tip away from his mouth, he glared up at the two,

his lips thickening, bright yellow fur sprouting out from them as he protested. "Let me go! This isn't funny!" The whole time he was talking, the tiger held the sippy cup down, apple juice dribbling down along one side of his forming muzzle. In the back of his mind some part of him realized he could even smell it. But he was too indignant to think about it. "I don't know who told you about me, but-"

And then he saw the panther's tail flagging, and with a loud fart, began to hear his captor starting to loudly mess his diaper. The panther's eyes seemed to roll back, as he gave a deep sigh. Daniel felt the backside of the diaper squishing into his crotch. "Mmmm... made stinkies." Jackie said with a dreamy expression, as if bathing in an afterglow.

"Y-you did what?" Daniel felt his face getting hot again. The blush along it was barely noticeable on his now-feline muzzle, bright yellow fur with black spots scattered all over spreading up around his head and down his neck. He was aware of his cock, rubbing up against his sweaty underwear. It was tingling. "Ok, this isn't some kind of crazy prank." He had wanted to believe this was some kind of joke. That his friends learned about his tastes and were making fun of him about it. But even if they'd had the most realistic fursuits possible, the Jacob he knew would never have seemed to enjoy something like THAT. His cock was tingling, and he was well aware of how hard he was.

"Of course!" Marky giggled, as he stood up. "We're kittens, Danny! An' kittens haf'ta wear diapers. We aren't potty trained yet." The tiger walked behind the bar. "Not dat I ever wanna be. I don't wanna grow up!" His tail thrashed as he growled. "Where's the bottles? The new kitten's being naughty and not drinking his juice, and it's getting him all messy!"

"B-bottle feeding?" Daniel whimpered, new feline ears bending down to illustrate how nervous he was. "H-hey, come on, isn't this a bit messed up! We're not kittens! None of us need diapers or anything like that."

"But this is what you wanted."

A fourth voice, sharp and focused, like an arrow straight into the body, pierced Daniel's ears. It came from behind him. He craned his head back as much as he could from his position laying on the floor. What he could make out was fur the color of faded gold, a brownish-blond that crowned two footpaws. A bright white diaper along the crotch, with faded pastel baby blocks printed along the waistline. A long, tufted tail that hung still and silent between the two legs. And although he couldn't see the figure's face, nor

recognise the voice specifically, he knew who was speaking to him. "Louis." His voice sounded more gravelly than he remembered it being. Like he had a hint of a purr in it.

"Louie." The third figure spoke as he bent down. A deep brown mane crowned a large feline muzzle, the lion's black lips smiling weakly. Daniel could see an obviously plastic "crown" with fake red and green jewels woven into the top of his mane, just between the ears. "H-hey, Danny." The lion's tail curled forward between his legs with a crinkle, and Louie, the kitten Prince of the Jungle, grabbed it and fidgeted. "Long time no see."

"Louie! Er, Louis! What the fuck, man?!?" Daniel snarled, his newly feline face instinctively bearing fangs.

It didn't last. "I found da bottles!" Marky said, as he thrust a rubber tip into Daniel's mouth just as he opened it. The tiger held the bottle above Daniel's mouth just as Jackie the Panther was holding Daniel down. He either suckled or the tiger would squeeze the bottle to squirt juice down his throat. Reluctantly, Daniel decided that drinking apple juice like a baby was better than choking and began to nurse.

"We'll talk later." The lion said, sighing. "For now, you're practically about to pass out from dehydration in that coat and jacket. You need fluids. Drink up, kitten." His despondant expression turned into a predatory grin. "And you two? Keep feeding him bottles, and remind him how fun it is to be a kinky baby cub." He purred, as Daniel saw a bulge forming in the front of Louie's diaper. But only for a moment. The lion stood up, brown eyes vanishing out of Daniel's range of vision, before he turned and walked away out of the Cabana.

The time he was being fed might have only been a few minutes, or it might have been a few hours. As each bottle was drained, Marky the tiger would crinkle back behind the counter of the Rainfurrest Bar and fill another with apple juice. It was during those times that Daniel's mind was clear and he could think. But whenever Daniel had a bottle between his lips, he found a nearly uncontrollable urge to suckle and nurse filling his mind. One that got stronger with every bottle. The bottle went in, his mind started to fog over, and then suddenly he couldn't think of anything else but filling his tummy with yummy juice. However, between feedings, he began to notice a few things. For starters, the nipple of the bottle was shaped funny. It had a longer length and a fuller head. At the third bottle of his feeding, he finally caught a glimpse of it and realized what was going on: It was shaped like a small dildo. He was literally sucking on a cocktip.

The revelation might have made him blush if it weren't for everything else that was happening at the same time. Jackie had scooted back and sat up, to grind his messy diaper up against Daniel's stiffy in his jeans. Every twitch rubbed at Daniel's cock through his sweat-soaked pants and underwear. Every rub almost made him moan. Sometimes he did moan, getting apple juice to leak out his lips and dribble along his face. At times he'd wonder why his face felt a bit like a wet towel, but then the next bottle would pop into his muzzle and he'd forget all about the concern. The panther still kept his front paws holding down Daniel's hands. At least at first. But somehow, in spite of the bulge in his diaper, Jackie managed to wet himself. Daniel noticed midway through a bottle that the panther groaned, a telltale "Hssst!" sound coming from the diaper, as the white front began to turn a bright, vibrant yellow. And then, almost uncontrollably, Jackie lifted his right paw and began to rub his soggy, bulging diaperfront in time with his humping of Daniel's crotch. The slivers of pleasure were excruciating for the changing human, as his ears shifted upwards along his head, forming fuzzy tufts around them. His blonde hair was subsumed by yellow, spotty fur. At some point during his feeding, his head had become indistinguishable from that of an anthropomorphic cheetah, and yet he still hadn't realized it yet.

And the tiger his friend had become, "Marky", was not just popping dick-bottles into his mouth, either. After the first feeding, Daniel watched a stripey orange paw unzipping his winter coat. "Good cub!" He cooed, as he leaned down and sniffed at the sweaty sweater. "Mmm... nice and musky, just like Jackie when we're done wrestling." He purred, before moving his naughty paw to start pinching and rubbing at Daniel's right nipple through the fabric of his sweater. Flashes of pain and pleasure swept into Daniel's mind as he filled his stomach with apple juice, as the tiger teased his chest. And with every few minutes, he'd switch nipples, giving both sides of Daniel's chest some love. At the same time, the tiger spoke in a soft, affectionate voice. "Good cub, Danny. Drink your babas and enjoy them. Good cubs like us love to nurse. We love to suckle. We love to fill our tummies with sweet juice and let it leak out-murrrr!" And with that Daniel watched, empty-headed, as Marky began to soak himself, the pink diaper's front showing little raindrops forming on it, as it began to sag against the squatting big baby cub's thighs. "Purrrrr. Let it leak out of our weenies." He sighed in bliss, sitting down fully onto his wet, pillowy pink diaper, while playing with Daniel's nipples and feeding him.

Daniel didn't know how long it went on. His mind was on a dreamy high from all the pleasuring and the cool, sweet, tangy juice filling him. He was only vaguely aware of Marky telling him how good a kitten he was to nurse, and how good kittens loved their diapers and loved playing with other gay kittenboys, but he couldn't think about any of it



at length. He was too blissed out to feel something growing down the length of his right pants leg, twitching and wrestling with the fabric of the jeans as he lost himself to the enjoyment of the moment. So many of his naughty fantasies were coming real, and he couldn't do anything about it. Except lay back and enjoy it, like it were some kind of dream. Kept at just the cusp of an orgasm, he didn't even realize how full he was at first. His stomach puffed out a bit as he nursed, until he found it getting difficult to swallow anything more. He badly wanted to cum, as well, and the two urges prompted him to push the nipple out of his saliva and juice-caked lips. "NO MORE!" He said, the words carried in a servile, pathetic whimper. "I'm full! I'm full! I... I gotta make stickies!" he moaned, trying to thrust against Jackie's butt for the first time. He was so horny he didn't even feel embarrassed about how infantile he sounded at the moment. He just wanted to cum, and then it'd all be better.

"That can be arranged."

Those words caused a slight shiver to run up Daniel's spine. He knew that voice. Louie (or rather, PRINCE Louie, a certain part of him whispered) had returned, walking up to him and bending down. Lapping at his paw to get it slick and soggy with saliva, the lion bid Jackie to scoot back with a simple glance, and then snaked his arm within Daniel's pants. The former human groaned as he felt firm, fuzzy fingers wrapping around his dick. There was no sound beyond the quiet "schlck!" sound of the lion giving the newly changing creature a handjob. But just seconds later, Daniel felt pressure building up his crotch. With a feral yowl that surprised him, he came, spurting a load of white hot lust into his boxers and his pants. A new wave of sweat overtook him as he went limp, his head and arms slumping back against the wooden floor of the cabana. "OOooo..." On some level, he realized that it was the first time someone else had ever gotten him off. There was something enticing about that, even in light of other factors he didn't want to think about. But at the moment, he wasn't thinking of anything. He was riding the rush of a firm climax, his mind entirely blissed out.

"That's right. Just relax and enjoy it..." The lion said, pulling his paw out and cleaning it of the cum that had soaked into its fur. "Let your guard down for just a moment. You deserve a chance to rest. To let it all out."

The words were almost hypnotic to Daniel. He had been so hot and sweaty and grumpy, and upon reflection it had been so tiring and exhausting. He sighed blissfully, closing his eyes and letting the growing feeling of warmth spread out across his lower body. It took him a few moments to process the sensation for what it was. "Louie." He said, lucidity returning to his mind, but not yet joined by panic.

“Yes?”

“I’m peeing my pants, aren’t I?”

The lion purred. “You are. Look at you, letting it all out like a good kitten. You’re practically one of us already.”

By all rights he should have felt panicked. But after all the weird stuff he’d seen already, and after an orgasm like that, Daniel found he just couldn’t seem to muster up the energy. Maybe it was how full of juice it was. Maybe it was how much the heat from his clothing was sapping his energy. Or maybe Louie was doing some weird mind perversion on him. Daniel considered all three options, and found he was too weirdly mellow to care. “Can we talk? Just the two of us, alone?” He was having trouble even feeling embarrassed. How could he be, when the other three people around him were in diapers, two of which were much worse off than he was in his wet pants.

Two golden slitted eyes stared into his. Daniel wasn’t used to reading the expressions on feline faces, but to him Prince Louie almost seemed nervous. “Yeah.” He waved a paw to Marky and Jackie. “Go play, ok? I need to talk with our new friend.” As the panther and the tiger crinkled off on all fours, giggling like the overgrown cubs they were, Daniel finally found he could move again. Wiggling his wrists just for the feeling of being able to do it, he took a moment to enjoy his returned range of motion. And then, he pushed himself up to a sitting position, and stood up. Folding his arms against his bare six pack, the lion looked away from Daniel, seemingly suddenly so very small in spite of being the taller of the two. “So…”

Daniel hissed, snarling and narrowing his eyes at the bigger man. “Ok, so first things first, what the heck are you doing?!?”

“Granting wishes.” Louie’s voice was quiet. Flat. Almost timid to Daniel’s ears.

It was kind of throwing Daniel off. After his experiences with the other two, he hadn’t expected Louie to be this tame. This relaxed. ““Wishes’?!?” Daniel threw his hands up in the air in his exasperation. “What, are you some kind of diaper genie or something?”

“Heh.” Louie put a hand to his chest. “Heh heh…” His sedate expression began to tremble. But only for a few seconds. The lion exploded into laughter, deep and vivacious and rumbling. “Oh man, I had to think about that one for a moment! That was funny!” He

took a few deep breaths to calm himself. “Woo... ah...” And then he looked back up at Daniel, but still never locked eyes with him. “But yes. I have been doing that. Being your-” He couldn’t help but snicker again “-diaper genie.”

Daniel swept an arm along in an arc, gesturing to the Rainfurrest Bar behind him. Golden, spotty fur was creeping up his still-human arm, nearly having reached his elbow. “You think I WANTED all- all- all THIS!?!” He frowned. “Setting aside how you’re even possibly doing this, do you really think I wanted my friends to be morphed into pants wetting sex kittens?”

“Y-yeah.” Louie looked down, poking two fingers together. “You know, this is kind of weird for me too. Feeling this way, and knowing how I felt before. There’s such a difference in perspective.”

“What do you mean, knowing how you felt before?” Daniel raised an eyebrow, tilting his head in his confusion. “You are acting a bit different from the other guys. Not nearly as childish, or as silly.”

A weak smile crossed Louie’s face as he held up his paw. “I still have my mind. I can act like a big cub when I need to. So can they, when they really need to. But it’s just more fun to be silly and playful and kinky. It’s more fun to just embrace the changes the magic puts into you. It’s easier and better to just revel in it. But if you’re worried about us losing our minds, then don’t. It’s like having retractable claws-” The lion pushed the claws on his paw out as he stared at it. “-They’re always there when you need them.”

Daniel folded his arms. “I’m not quite so sure.” He frowned, his eyes looking over Louie’s body. There was no denying how attractive the lion was. Just seeing his abs and his toned arms made Daniel’s cock twitch. His face got hot, as he tried to maintain a stern expression. “You’ve gotta have a screw or two loose if you think I’d want any of this nonsense.”

The lion’s eyes closed. “Have I? Weren’t you the one who was pleasuring himself looking at diaperfur stuff just one night ago? Was it not your hand that caused your release?” The lion sighed. “Your fantasies, your desires, not just for your fetishes but for handsome gay male roommates who shared them, it all gave me form.” He purred. “You wished for someone who wasn’t just able to bring about your desire to be a big gay diapered kitten, but someone would share it.” Turning back to face Daniel, the changing human became uncomfortably aware of how tented the lion’s diaper was in front. “Even your mild crush on Louis, the responsible roommate whom you’d known since middle

school, was part of it. I remember you fantasizing about diapering me... and about me diapering you in turn. The others just got caught up in the realization of this fantasy of yours." He took a step closer to Daniel. "When you came upon the holy keyboard, something old and powerful was listening. Your deepest, darkest fantasies were granted." He put a paw on Daniel's right shoulder. "I remember being Louis. A straight human who was depressingly vanilla with his desires and urges. I remember feeling only for you as a friend. I remember thinking THIS-" his free paw gripped his diaper "-was gross when real babies did it. It was your wish that made me what I am." in an abrupt motion, he leaned in and pressed his lips firmly against Daniel's.

The changing human's eyes went wide. "Mmmph!" he felt the lion's whiskers rubbing up against something of his. His mind was filled with confusion, but as Louie pressed his tongue into Daniel's muzzle, it was slowly being replaced by lust. A paw was rubbing the fabric of his wet pants against his shaft. It was making it difficult for him to think of anything else other than how horny he was.

And then, after a few moments, the kiss was broken. "I love you, Danny. I love everything about you, and I remember being made to love you, and not loving you before, and not loving what you love. It's weird, and I-" The lion stopped with tears in his eyes. "-I find myself worried that you won't return the affection. That none of this is what you really want."

Daniel just stared at the lion, who wore an expression on his muzzle that almost looked downcast. "I- I-"

"That's why I wanted to show you how good it feels to live your fantasies." He purred, pressing Daniel's face into his chest. Daniel could smell the sweat of the bigger male's body. His natural musk made the former human's cock twitch. He'd only just come recently, but now he felt the urge building again. "Let's just forget about being big kids and be happy horny diaperkittens for ever and ever." The lion gave him a childish giggle.

Daniel heard himself growl. Pressing his arms against the bigger, stronger male, he shoved. The surprise of it sent Louie stumbling back, his diaper crinkling. "NO!" He snarled, narrowing his eyes. A fierce growl escaped his lips. "Louie, that's just a FANTASY! I liked it then, but... it's just something I dreamed about to get off! In real life, do you have any idea how WRONG this is? It's... it's... delusional!" He threw his arms out in front of him. "You're human! Mark is human! Jacob's human! I'm human!"

Louie's golden eyes were wide for a moment, a wounded expression on his face. "Are you?" He pointed down at Daniel's arms.

Daniel looked down. Paws. He had bright yellow, black spotted paws. The fur ran down his hands before vanishing into the fabric of his winter coat. "C-cheetah?" It looked just like he'd always imagined it would. Panic and excitement intermingled in his mind.

The lion folded his arms. "On some level you must want this. You've literally been sweating away your humanity little by little since you entered the Nursery.

"No! NO NO NO!" On some level Daniel was painfully aware of how childish he sounded. His paws went to his face, feeling whiskers, fur, and even the features of his muzzle. In a rush of frenzied activity, he started tearing off his clothes as fast as he could, looking for some hint of his lost humanity. The winter coat was tossed into the underbrush. Then his sweat-soaked thick winter sweater. His chest was taunt. Muscular, yet lithe. And completely covered in yellow fur and black spots. He looked just like he'd always fantasized about. An fit, athletic twink body with which to tease and pleasure other men... his paws went to his pants, unzipping them quickly and kicking them off into the brush where they'd never be seen again. As he yanked off his underwear he became consciously aware of it for the first time: A tail. He had a long, swishy, black spotted tail. It was even whipping back and forth all on it's own. "You." He pointed at Louie. "You're doing this! Not me!"

"Oh Danny..." Prince Louie's eyelids drooped, as he frowned, unable to meet the cheetah's gaze. "I wouldn't force this. Not on you. All I've done is make it possible. On some level, you want this."

Daniel's breathing intensified. He was hyperventilating as he stared down at his firm, erect cock. He had gained a couple of inches in his transformation. And he was dripping precum, in spite of his protestations. "No, I wouldn't-" A thought occurred to him: Was all this really that bad? He had fantasized about being part of a harem of nubile young men for a master before. This wasn't that different. His face felt hot as he thought of Marky and Jackie and himself, all laying against that big strong prince lion, stroking his fur with their paws. Without even realizing it, he started to purr.

Louie drew closer to him. "I wanted this to be your choice. Your acceptance. Because I know, more than just mind controlled drones, you wanted equals. People who liked what you liked. People who could take turns being dom and sub." The lion bit his lip. "I know you don't always want a daddy to take charge of you. You want a playmate. A

brother.” He smiled. “And as such, now so do I.” He put a paw on Daniel’s left shoulder, gripping it tight. “But it’s understandable that you’re resisting it so much. I know this is a guilty pleasure for you.” he turned his head, mane rustling as he stared into the bushes. “Marky! Jackie! It’s time to help Danny!”

From the bushes nearby burst the panther and the tiger, both giggling, as they rushed forward to grip Daniel on either side. “H-hey!” The cheetah squirmed and growled, his tail whipping back and forth in irritation. “Leggo! Leggo!”

Jackie shook his head. “Nuh uh! Louie wanted us to help you!”

“Don’ worry! It’ll all feel soooo much better soonie!” Markie giggled, as the two held the naked feline against them, their fur ruffling against his.

“The thing about guilty pleasures is that if you embrace them enough, they stop being guilty.” Louie said, the fake gems in his toy plastic crown glistening. His eyes locked with Daniel’s as he drew close, rainbow lights flashing inside them. Daniel tried to look away, but the second he started to watch the shifting colors, he found them impossible to ignore. The pretty swirling, shifting rainbow lights were so relaxing. Even as he tried to struggle and squirm, he found it harder and harder to motivate himself to resist.

“Just relax...” Louie’s voice was soft and gentle, as the lion began to trail fingers along Daniel’s chest, stroking and caressing him.

As if rehearsed, the two big kittens holding Daniel began to both purr, the loud rumbling filling Daniel’s mind and pushing out any remaining thoughts. He felt Louie’s fingertips stroking his left nipple. A moan of blissful agony escaped his lips as his head flailed, eyes never looking away.

“That’s right, Danny. Lose yourself in the feelings... doesn’t it feel nice to feel this way?” Louie gave him a hungry smile. “Doesn’t it feel nice to let your friends play with you? To play with them? Good kittens love to play with each others’ bodies.”

“And you’re a good kitten!” Jackie whispered into one ear.

“Just like us!” Marky whispered into the other one.

Daniel moaned, his eyes glazing over, as he felt the other two men grinding against him on either side. He could feel their stiff cocks through their soiled undergarments, rubbing

against his fur and flesh. So lost was he in the sensations that he didn't feel Jackie's oil-slick fingers moving between his cheeks until they were pushing gently into his tailhole.

Louie reached down, fingers spreading and stroking up and down the top of the cheetah's cock. "That's right... wouldn't you want to feel like this forever? Good kittens get to enjoy this all the time. And that's what you want to be, isn't it? A good kitten. Forget your resistance. Forget your hesitations. Just embrace your urges like us."

"I don't wanna be a human big boy anymore!" Marky said, ending with a pant as he ground his wet diapered cock against Daniel.

"Yeah! It feels so much nicer to be a gay diapered kitten!" Jackie purred, as he pushed three fingers back and forth within Daniel's ass, pushing them gently apart, spreading his new friend's hole as the panther humped into him.

"Nnnngh... aaah..." Daniel's whole body was growing warmer and warmer. The three other felines assaulting his senses from all sides was making it impossible to focus. His resistance was crumbling.

The lion grinned, handing something bright orange to Marky. "Good kitten Danny. Good kittens love to feel like this. Good kittens love their diapers." His swirling, rainbow eyes shimmered in Danny's mind, washing over his thoughts like a rainbow-oil slick, leaving them coated in his will. "Being a diapered kitten like us will help you feel this good all the time." He purred, stroking along the cheetah's trembling shaft. "Your big boy worries will melt away. Your fears will fall apart. And all you have to do is relax, enjoy yourself, and be a good kitten, Danny."

Marky's tail swished as he moved something up to spread Danny's buttcheeks. "Yeah! We can play and hump and cuddle all day!"

Jackie's paw slid out with a "squick" sound, giggling as he watched the orange anal bead toy in Marky's paw sliding inside Danny's ass. "We don't have any worries! Just Jungle to play in!"

The toy slid into Danny's bottom, each bead growing in size, until finally he found the fattest bead spreading his hole. It hurt a little bit, but he found the pain barely a highlight amidst all the pleasurable feelings he was feeling. Throwing his head up, he tried in vain to hump against Louie's paw. His balls were churning, he was eager to empty them. But

he couldn't move. He knew the last hurdle he had to clear. And his resistance was just a distant howl at the back of his mind, a defiant urge without purpose or meaning. But try as he might, he couldn't surrender. He needed something first. He needed *release*.

Louie the lion felt the cheetah's body squirming and broke into a smile. "I've won. You always knew, little kitten, that deep down, this was what you wanted. But now you know it outside, don't you?" His precum-slick paw rose up to trace along Danny's fuzzy cheek. "You know what you want. You know WHO you want." He purred, the hypnotic rainbow shimmer in his eyes ensuring that the words were etched into Danny's very soul.

"P-Prince!" Marky groaned. "I'm gonna-" His knees were trembling a bit, as his muscles stiffened.

Jackie interrupted him with a whimper. "Can't hold out much longer!" He whined, his face-fur slick with sweat.

The lion licked his lips as he crouched down, his face aligned with the erection of his last convert. "Go ahead then, both of you. And Danny?" he looked up at the sweaty cheetah, who was currently mumbling incoherently in a sexual daze. "Know that this is for you." He opened his muzzle and began to suck on the cheetah's cock, purring, his mouth vibrating from the sensation of it.

Three cats yowled as they came. Marky and Jackie spurt their loads into their diapers, eyes rolling back into their heads as they lept into a pool of afterglow head first. Danny's climax came just a moment later, as he felt his mind snapping. His tongue lolled out on the right side of his head. His eyes were glazed over and vacant. With a shudder, he spurt into Louie's muzzle, flooding the royal mouth with his hot white seed. The lion closed his eyes, nursing on the head of his playmate's shaft like a pacifier, swallowing every drop.

Danny couldn't stay standing. His legs trembled and crumbled, as he felt the tiger and the panther flopping down with him. They landed in a fuzzy heap, as he stared up at Louie. The lion had only watched as the three exhausted big baby kittens flopped over on each other. "Tch." Louie sighed, scritching his stiffy through his diaper. "Everyone's gonna have to build some more stamina, I think."

Danny huffed and puffed, trying to catch his breath. "T-thank you..." he managed to wheeze out, after a few moments. Marky and Jackie were laying on top of him, and trying to speak hurt just a little bit.



The voice caused the lion's ears to perk. Danny watched as he bent down and gently nudged the panther and the tiger off of Danny. "All I did was give you what you wanted." He leaned down and kissed Danny. The cheetah eagerly returned the kiss. "And who you wanted." He purred. "I want a mate. An equal. Someone to take turns with. Every prince needs a princess."

Danny felt his furry muzzle getting hot again. "I'd... like that." he said. "So you're not always in charge?" With one paw, he was tugging the orange toy out of his bottom.

The lion chuckled. "Of course not! After all-Nnnngh!" Louie's tail flagged, as Danny could hear him depositing a load into his white diaper's backside. "Aaaaah." The lion sighed in bliss. "After all, I'm no bigger a kitten than you." Danny thought that his leonine lover almost looked embarrassed of the accident he'd just had. Almost. The cheetah moved his arms to push himself up, but found the lion's paw resting on his chest, holding him down. "Not so fast, Danny. I know I've helped you get over your reluctance, but I still need to hear you say it: What are you?"

Brushing a blonde bang of hair out of his left eye, Danny realized in an instant what he was being asked for. A sign of submission. And acknowledgement. There wasn't any resistance left within him. "Mew! I'm a big gay cheetah kitten! A baby cat who loves using his diapers and being humped by other boys!" he batted at Louie's paw with his own, just to be cute. "And I'm mated to the Prince of the WHOOOOOLE jungle!" he smiled up at Louie.

The lion removed his paw and pulled Danny up for another hungry kiss. The two made out as Marky and Jackie stirred beneath them. Breaking the kiss, Louie gazed into Danny's eyes. "That's just what I wanted to hear. My lovely little princess." He purred. "Maybe we need to get you into a pair of pink diapers. And get a few pretty little bows to tie around your tail..." Danny felt the big lion's cock twitch in his diaper as he talked.

The cheetah narrowed his eyes. "Sure! But first let's get you into a fresh nappy, little prince muddybottom!" He swatted at the lion's sagging, crinkly backside, and was rewarded with a blush from the lion.

"Don't you dare." Louie snorted, ears drooping. "I like feeling messy for a little while. Besides, YOU need a diaper more than I need a change, princess nakeybum!"

The two teased each other for a little while longer.

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## *An Epilogue*

Louie was reclining on one of the rocky banks of what they'd named the Bathtub Basin Pool, enjoying the spray of the waterfall hitting his muzzle. Down along his waist, Marky the tiger was rubbing his head against the lion's diapered crotch, occasionally rewarded by brief spurts of purring from his prince. Louie watched as Danny and Jackie wrestled on the other side of the pond, their diapers crinkling loudly as they struggled against each other, chest pressed against chest.

"EEEEHEEEHEEEHEEE!" Danny laughed out loud, squirming as the big black furred panther pinned him down against the stone. Moving his paws up, the panther began to tickle his pinned victim. "Stoppit! I'm gonna-"

Jackie's golden slitted eyes glinted in the sunlight, as Louie watched him dive in for the kill. "Gotcha!" He said, tickling mercilessly, stopping only after both he, and Louie, saw a bright yellow stain forming along the front of the princess of the jungle's bright pink diaper.

Danny whimpered as he let go, feeling his padding getting warm and wet and wonderful. With a blissful sigh, he finally went limp. "Geeze, Jackie! You're really good at wrestling!" "

The panther nodded. "Uh huh! Rwar!" He made a fierce pose while laying on top of Danny's feet. "An' someday I'll even win against the Prince!" He looked over at Louie.

"I'm sorry, what was that?" The lion sat up and smirked. "Did I hear a little black kitten getting too big for his pampers?"

Jackie snorted. "Hey! I almost got you last time!" Hands on his hips, he puffed his lower lip out in a pronounced pout.

The lion was about to bark a challenge back when Danny sat up. "Um, actually, before anyone does anything else, I'm pretty soggy now. Prince Louie, can you change me?"

Eye-brow raised, Louie stood up, causing Marky to pout and start padding around the edge of the lake towards the other two cats. "Are you sure? I mean, don't you wanna enjoy it a bit first?"

Danny's response was to widen his eyes and whimper, curling his lower lip up. "Pwease?" He said, as the prince felt his will weakening. He couldn't say no to his princess.

The lion sighed, folding his arms against his chest. He'd just gotten comfortable, too. "Fiiiiine. Come on, let's walk up to the top of the cliff where the changing table is." Waving a paw, he beckoned for Danny to follow him, the two felines crinkling and waddling up the path to the cliffs above the Bathtub Basin pond.

It was when they were out of earshot of the others that Louie felt Danny grabbing his paw. "Louie, how long does all THIS last?"

The question was enough to snap the lion out of his cubby bliss for a moment. He frowned as he pondered it. Usually he hated having to think like a big boy again, but it was an important question. "I guess until the magic runs out." He led Danny up to the changing table, lifting his cheetah over up by the butt and setting him down on top of it with a gentle crinkle and a squish.

Danny's response was to swish his hips and smile with adoration up at his lion, lifting a paw to his muzzle and gently nibbling at the tip of one finger. Louie found the whole thing adorable. "And when is that, Louie?" His lovely little cheetah sissy was making him hard.

His paws wrapped around the spotty feline's diaper, tugging the tapes apart. "I don't know." He said, flipping the soggy diaper open and leaning down to lick along the length of the cheetah's cock, which rewarded him with cute little "Ah!" sounds from his lover. Cat-cleaning was becoming one of his favorite ways to groom, which he supposed was just another way he was growing into being feline.

Danny was squealing, and it was music to the prince's ears. "Nnnngh! I (Ah!) thought you (Aah!) were the one who (Aaaah!) did all this?" He mewled out, his salty precum dripping onto the lion's tongue.

Louie moved away from the cock he'd been enjoying. "Part your legs, kitten." Getting out some baby oil, he stood up and tugged his diaper down so he could dribble the slick

stuff onto his shaft. He purred as he rubbed it in, and then pushed his cock between his mate's cheeks. "Originally, I was empowered-" He felt himself enter his princess' body, and stopped to grunt, closing his eyes. "-By an entity called the Lord of Luuuuuuuuusts-" He put his paws up on top of Danny's chest and pinched his nipples, as he began to rut his lover's butt. "-To bring about your deepest, darkest fantasies. And all the magic was in me." He quickened his pace, thrusting faster and faster. His climax came quickly. With a roar that caused the nearby treetops to rustle, he fired inside the cheetah. "-But now a bit of it's in you."

"You can say that again!" Danny giggled, as he reached down to play with his slick cock, while Louie recovered.

Louie smiled as he watched the newly crowned Princess of the Jungle spurt, the sissy cheetah's cock spattering cum all up his slender chest. He'd already climaxed several times in just a day, and his endurance was starting to fade. "No, I mean LITERALLY inside you. And Jackie, and Marky." He said, as he wiped up his lover's seed with a baby wipe and replaced the wet diaper with a new one. "It's rattling around inside us like a... like a... like a rattle." He said, feeling dumb for not coming up with a good expression."

Danny rubbed his chin as the new pretty pink diaper was closed around his waist. "Man, now I really want a rattle." He mewed.

"I know, right?" Louie giggled. "Maybe we can go to the Basement Temple to try and find one there, I know there's gonna be new toys as prizes soon." Patting the kitten's crotch, he took Danny's paw and helped him up off the changing table. They held hands all the way back down the cliffside path. "I do think that the magic lasts longer the more people it affects. Like, once it's inside us, we sort of power it or something."

Danny's ears perked up. "Oooh, so do you think if we made more friends we could make it last longer?"

The thought had never occurred to the lion. He stared into Danny's eyes and saw a hungry, eager glint in them as they walked into the clearing with the pond. "I never thought about that... yeah, maybe we need more subjects!" he purred, turning away to see what the other two kittens were doing.

Marky was on all fours with his butt raised in the air, his diaper tugged down as Jackie humped into him. “Oooo! Like a Gorilla butler!” he said, before suddenly moaning. The panther mounting him was stroking his cock in time with his thrusts.

“Nnnnfh!” Jackie grunted, as he fucked Marky. “Or maybe a squirmy snakey!” He yowled, pumping on the tiger’s shaft with a clenched paw.

Danny chuckled as he watched the two going at it. “I tink dat’s a great idea, prince!” He said, slurring his speech and acting cute, which Louie suspected the cheetah had figured out was a good means to get his way.

He really didn’t have to in this case. The lion had been sold on the idea the second Danny had proposed it. “Ok! Ok! Let’s go explore da jungle for new friends!” He giggled, walking forward with Danny while silently thanking the Lord of Lusts for making his lover’s dreams come true. It was a true miracle, and right around Christmas, too. Tilting his head up to the sky, he sang out, one last time.

“Let it snow! Let it snow! Let it snow!”

**The End!**

**To Be Continued (MAYBE!) in: Jungle Nursery 2: The Lost City of Purr-Tend**

**(Possibly!)**

**(Someday!)**

**(If I feel like it!)**

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*(Furry Websites only Exclusive Silly Content below!)*

“You know... I’m a pretty mellow guy.”

The tiger sat on his throne, comprised of plastic sex toys, some of which occasionally buzzed. “I try to go with the flow, you know? Things happen and I react to them. No big deal. I try not to make mountains out of molehills, or be so crazy and dramatic as some people are. It takes a lot to weird me out or make me angry, you know?” His tail

thrashed back and forth as he spoke, the flickering light from nearby torches making his deep orange fur glint like jewels. "But every so often something kinda pushes me too far. So please keep my outburst in perspective when I say this: HOW THE HELL DID I BECOME THE LORD OF LUSTS?!?" The flesh right beneath his right eye twitched.

"Is there a problem, Lord Terinas?" Poundem, a small green imp, held a goblet of the finest spunk up for his king to lap up with his feline tongue. It was ignored.

Harde, a slightly larger red imp raised an eyebrow. "Are you not happy, mighty Lust Lord? Your appointment is a testament to your glory!"

"I would be entirely enthused if it weren't for the fact that apparently my 'lordly duties' involve being lashed to a throne sculpted of sex toys!" The tiger growled and squirmed at his restraints, struggling against them. "Seriously! Who thought this thing was a good idea? It's rough plastic and not at all comfortable to sit in and every so often something buzzes in places that it's weird to buzz in." Grumbling, the tiger looked down. "So how long am I stuck doing this for, anyway?"

"It is the Lord of Lust's kinky duty to grant the naughty fantasies of men, women, and otherwise throughout the multiverse, for as long as existence continues." Fasse, the third imp recited, as though it had such things memorized. "In this way we evade sextinction."

"Bullshit!" Terinas smacked the cup of cum away from his chair. "I know for a fact that I'm not the first Lord of Lusts you guys have had. I don't even know how I GOT here! One moment I wanted to just write a kinky story about guys in diapers, and then the next thing I know I'm chained to a chair of sex toys and forced to use a magical typewriter or whatever to grant people's sexy wishes in the form of erotic, reality-altering stories. Against my will, no less." He grumbled. "I'm not even good at it! I take forever, half my ideas are bad ones, I can't keep anything short, and most people probably aren't even going to realize that I worked the lyrics to "Let it Snow" into the four parts of this story as some sort of hamfisted attempt to make it associated with Christmas."

"Oh but you are too hard on yourself, my Lord!" Poundem said, patting the tiger's left paw. In a flash, Terinas had smacked him aside, sending the rotund imp rolling across the brown tiles of the floor.

Fasse tugged the collar of his shirt. "Er, Lord of Lusts, mayhaps you should go a bit easy on the fourth wall?"

“Bite my tail, Fasse.” Terinas grumbled, trying once again to loosen the chains trapping him in place. “It’s not like anyone’s reading this far down anyway. Seriously, if anyone who doesn’t know me purrsonally reads all this non-kinky stuff, I’ll eat my fictional crown.” He scowled as he saw the chains refuse to budge. “Seriously! Let me go. Go kidnap that Icon of Dragons guy, or Serathinni or whatever his name is, or the Master of Tirans or SOMEONE else! I want out!” The tiger grumbled.

Harde chuckled. “No dice, Lord. Now then, shall we begin the next tail?”

“Tale.” Terinas scowled at him. “Kidnappers don’t get to make cat puns to try and amewse me. But yes, if I’ve got no choice, let’s get going.” With a sigh, he turned back to the typewriter and began to work.

**The Endier-End**