

Good Moorning!

A Short Story By Terinas Tiger

Long days at the steel mill left the body and mind tired. Rainy usually crawled into bed each evening achy and sore. His muscles still tensed, his body sweaty. Even though the constant workout kept him solid as a rock, he couldn't help but feel drained after every work day. So fatigued that he'd usually make early nights of it, much to the dismay of his wife. Falling asleep was never a problem. The old bull usually passed out the second his head hit a pillow.

Waking up, however, was a slow, drawn out process.

It took him a few minutes to even realize he wasn't asleep anymore. The first thing he noticed, oddly enough, was the air. It was like there was a charge in the atmosphere around him. Things were practically humming. Groaning, Rainy rolled to one side, a slow, enormous yawn crossing his snout as his horns rubbed against the pillow. Gradually, and with effort, he forced his hazel eyes open. His vision was so blurry. He could barely make out his room.

"Isn't it so cute? You get to take your naps in a nursery!"

The thought shot through his mind like an arrow, embedding itself in his hazy cognition. That wasn't right, was it? Lifting a bulky hand up to rub his fingers against his eyes, he cleared the moisture and crud out of them and blinked, looking around. Around him was the familiar sights of his nursery: Bright sky blue walls with wispy, swirly white clouds dancing around them formed in his clearing vision. A wallpaper border on the floor with the alphabet printed in a colorful rainbow of letters lined the floor. Posters of cartoon characters practically popped into existence as his sight cleared up, as if they were just coming into existence for the first time. But that was silly. There were his favorites, weren't they? He was barely able to think, but suddenly he was sure of it. Barney, Baby Bop, the Paw Patrol, Go Diego! Go... the more he thought about them, the more memories of episodes he watched while he plopped his butt on the floor, clapping at every song and silly moment.

Still, something felt odd about those thoughts. Like his thoughts weren't his own. Like this nursery wasn't his own. He looked around, another yawn crossing his snout. The big stuffed lion, easily twice his size, still sat propped in one corner of the room. Just right next to it was a big training potty just his size, the bottom with a silly smiling clown painted on it. His cushony, puzzle-piece padding along the floor still felt right. He could see his toychest in the far end of the room, all his stuff neatly put away from... from... wherever he'd last gotten stuff out of there. Scratching his balls through his plaid boxers, he realized he still wasn't thinking clearly clearly yet. He looked down at his bed and-

"A bed? No, silly! If you're sleeping in a nursery, you sleep in a crib, remember?"

With a rattle and a creaking of wood, he watched in dreamy stupor as wooden bars grew up around him. Yeah, that was right, wasn't it? It'd be pretty strange to have a grown up bed in a nursery. So clearly he had to have slept in a crib last night. His crib, right? The thought felt strange to consider, but only for a moment. The more he woke up, the more familiar it felt. Of course he slept in his crib. He remembered the bright yellow wooden bars, walling him in. Keeping him from rolling over and falling out. He looked down to see his favorite sheets, the ones with Simba from Lion King prowling around on them. A faint, embarrassed giggle escaped his lips. If the boys at the steel mill knew what he slept on, he'd never hear the end of it. But Simba as a cub was so cute, so innocent. He envied the little kitten from that movie sometimes... His stomach itched a little bit. He looked down at his black, furry body to scratch around his belly button and blinked. Didn't it feel weird for a grown-ass man in boxers and an undershirt to sleep in an oversized baby crib? For a moment, his face scrunched into a frown.

"You were just dreaming of being dressed like a big boy, weren't you? A diaper and a cute t-shirt are much better peejays, anyway."

Oh yeah, that was right! He shook his head to clear the clouds from his mind as he felt his boxers bloating, fabric puffing outward as it took on a plastic sheen, plaid patterns fading away to bright white plastic. He felt silly even thinking about that dream. A nice thick diaper wrapped around his butt was so much better than his daddy's silly boxers. Daddy? The word had just popped into his mind for a moment. Rainy didn't know how it'd gotten in there. He found himself giggling as he crinkled his crotch, rubbing his stiff bullcock. It felt nice to wake up with morning wood pressed against his pillow padding.

"Aren't you forgetting something? Silly little Moo, you don't wake up pokey, you wake up wet!"

Rainy felt his face getting hot, as his padding started to moisten, puffing out like a sponge. Oh yeah, now he remembered. He had a little habit of piddling himself in his sleep like a baby calf. But just at night, right? He knew how to use a big boy potty during the daytime, but at night he needed a little extra protection to avoid leaks. The plastic mattress lining under his sheets crinkled as a reminder as he rolled around in his crib, pressing his snout against the crotch of his stuffed giraffe friend while he rubbed his wet diaper front against his stiffening cow cock. What t-shirt had he fallen asleep in again? He looked down to find a pale pink shirt around his brawny chest. The words "Moo Moo!" were written on the front in silver glitter. He chuckled slightly. Of course he'd been put in something pink. He was still waking up, but he could dimly remember his other half's fondness for THAT sort of thing. His cock was firmly erect in his wet nappy now. Letting out a loud Moo, he arched his back and humped his wet padding against the bars of his crib. His made his first Stickies of the day into his diaper with a groan, flopping back onto his back, his eyes glazed over as he stared up at the plain white ceiling, bathing in the afterglow.

"We can't have that, can we? Glow in the dark stars line your ceiling. And let's give your crib a mobile. Cute little ponies prancing around in circles, wasn't it?"

Rainy snorted, feeling so confused. Maybe it was just that he was tired, but something felt so odd about seeing little yellow stars dotting the ceiling of his nursery. It was almost like they'd winked into existence just a minute or two ago! And then, it felt almost like his mobile literally grew out of his crib like a tree branch, right before his eyes. But that couldn't be right. He remembered having it in his nursery for ages. He felt tears forming in his eyes as he considered the paradox. He shouldn't have to worry about such big hard problems. He was just a big baby Moo! But something definitely felt strange. Before he broke down like a crying calf, he reached up to spin his mobile to try and calm himself. Suddenly, it started playing a sweet tinny little lullaby as he watched the ponies prancing around above him. His tears gave way to a sweet smile. Yeah, that was what was strange! His ponies weren't prancing. With a self-satisfied snort, he relaxed again.

"Aww! It looks like Rainy's gonna storm again!"

Suddenly it hit him. Now that he'd cum, he needed to pee. With a feeble, nervous moo, he pushed up to a sitting position and tried to stand. It was hard, because his hooves weren't really made to stand on a squishy surface like his crib's mattress. But he'd never been able to hold it for longer than a few moments, so he had to find a training potty before- nope. It was too late. He sighed in blissful release as he gripped the wooden railing of his crib, feeling the rain falling into his soggy diaper with a familiar "Hsst!" sound he'd heard millions of times before. What had he been thinking? He knew he was too much of a Moocalf for potties, even training ones! He watched the circus training potty collapse upon itself for a moment, before a large changing table, the top part puffy and shaped like a little cloud, burst into existence where it had been. Er, where it had always been. They'd had that changing table custom built for him years ago. With a faint giggle, he tilted his head back and mooed loudly, enjoying the feeling of wetting his diapers. His padding sagged downward, squishing between his thighs. He guessed it all hadn't gotten out of him last night. Which made a weird sort of sense: He was a bull. They weren't known for having small accidents. And that was how he'd gotten his name, right? "Rainy", because he always got everything wet. At least that's what his Daddy joked about while tickling him. Daddy? That was odd. Didn't he have a wife?

Like magic, the baby monitor just above his crib crackled to life. *"It's almost time for Daddy to check his silly little moocalf before daycare, huh?"*

The door to his nursery creaked open, and Rainy turned to see who it was. What a sight he must have made to his visitor: Between the thickness of his soaked, bloated padding, his wobbly hooves, and the springy, soft surface of his crib he was desperately clinging to the railing of his crib for support. If he let go he'd fall onto his butt with a squish. He had somehow found himself clinging to his favorite stuffed giraffe friend, Spotty, who was tucked securely under his left arm by the neck. He had tears in his eyes, and little pink bows tied in his long onyx

mane of hair. The big baby bull's diaper was soaked and yellowed all down the front and bottom, the pink tapes along the sides struggling to hold it tight against his bottom. Why hadn't they double-diapered him last night? His limp tail hung down the backside of the diaper, covering up one or two of the little barn houses printed on the back and front of it. As his guest walked in, his bright hazel eyes popped. "S-Soren?"

Rainy blinked. The man in the door was his neighbor- no, his daddy, wasn't that right? The leopard wasn't nearly as brawny as his baby bull, but he was a few inches taller, with cool blue eyes that darted around the room as he entered. "Well, this place looks just like it did when I left it." A pleased purr escaped his lips as he sauntered in. A pair of khaki pants rustling with every step as the yellow-furred leopard approached the crib, his rainbow-colored spots shimmering in the faint light peeking in from a nearby window. "And who's this cutie?" he grinned, reaching up to tussle Rainy's hair? "Did some nice stork leave a cute little sissy Moo here for a super-lucky daddy? Did they? Diiiiid they?" His paws moved down to tickle under Rainy left armpit. With his free paw, he turn off the matching baby monitor he'd been carrying and set it on a colorful pastel-painted dresser next to the crib. The hum of change and magic vanished from the air in a moment.

The bull shrieked and squirmed, losing his grip on the railing and falling backdown onto his butt with a crinkle and a squish. "Hewwo daddy." he lisped. He didn't need to, but he knew Soren loved it when he talked and acted all little. And as he thought about it, he remembered that he sorta loved it too. After all, he was a cute little sissy Moo. Memories flooded back as he finished waking up: Of all his pretty onsies. Of tea parties with his stuffed animal friends. Of going shopping, paw-in-paw with his daddy, to buy him some pretty new lacy dresses. His face got hot as he remembered all the public changes in the bathrooms. He knew when he had to go, but only for a moment or two. It was a good thing Soren was into it as much as he was, because he was an incontinent biglitttle calf. He'd been like that his whole life. It'd gone arm-in-arm with his habit of crossdressing.

The leopard leaned down to kiss his forehead and pat his tiny little nubby horns. "Aw, don't cry, my little Moo! I know walking can be tricky without Daddy helping steady you. It's ok! You'll get it eventually!" His tail whipped behind him, back and forth, arching and dancing in the air. Rainy giggled and made little grabby hands for it, though it was too far away from him to reach. Soren purred, before taking one of his hands and pulling him back up to the railing. "So let's check how bad the damage is this morining." He reached around and slid his fingers down the backside of the big sissy calf's diaper. "Mmm... no cowpats yet, but it's pretty soggy down on the farm. Must have Rainy'd hard last night."

The big brawny calf giggled nervously. "Sowwy..." he swished his crinkly hips and blushed.

The bull found Soren reaching back up to scritch gently at his chin. "No need to be embarrassed, Rainy! You know none of the other big calves at the Steel Daycare are any

different. Their daddies and mommies all love them for being good boys and sissies and using their diapers. Why would I be any different?" He leaned in and kissed the bull on the cheek.

Rainy yawned and rubbed his eyes. "Oh yeah..." The daycare. Yeah, the monitor had mentioned it, hadn't it? Or he'd thought about it earlier. He was still a TINY bit sleepy, so he didn't quite remember what had happened. But the more he woke up, the more clearly he remembered it. He was part of a herd of good little moocalfs, playing every day at the Steel Daycare facility. His daddy and he were so lucky to have found a whole bunch of other bulls into ABDL stuff like he was in the midwest, all with their own mommies and daddies to keep them in diapers. It had only made sense to herd all of them together so they could play and hump and cuddle and be cute for their significant others. After all, it wasn't like any of the little ones could be trusted to have jobs... he giggled. His life was so convenient, it almost felt unreal. Like something out of his wildest fantasies. With a playful snort, he looked into his daddy's eyes. "Daddy..." He kicked a hoof while looking away, coyly. "It's still not time for me to go pway with the other calfs yet. Can you let Rainy Soar?"

The fake shy routine provoked an eyebrow waggle from his lover (but also his daddy!). Soren flashed him a wide grin. "You know, with as often as you ask for that, I'd say you almost want it to become a morning routine!" He reached up to unlock the crib's wall, letting it slide away and fold underneath the crib proper. On remembered instinct, Rainy fell to all fours. Which was easier anyway. He didn't like walking unless he had to, or unless Daddy was squeezing his hooved paw. Crawling, his thick padded butt wiggling behind him for all to see, was so much more fitting for a cute big sissy like him. Licking his lips, he watched as Daddy Soren unzipped his pants, letting a fat, black leopard cock flop out. He wasn't wearing any underwear, and if Rainy knew any better, he'd have guessed the cat was hard from the second he walked into the nursery.

"Ooo... Daddy so big and pokey!" The little sissy Moo, once a Bull in some long-forgotten now-alternate reality, licked his plump, pouty lips, his hazel eyes never leaving the cock.

"For my little Moo? I'm always ready to Soar, Rainy Skies or not." The leopard stepped forward, rubbing his cock against the moocalf's moist lips.

Rainy swallowed it like a pacifier, suckling with a snort of contentment. A little rainbow stud in his nostrils, which his daddy had insisted on getting pierced so they could show how gay and girly he was, shimmered as he bobbed up and down on his favorite toy. Reaching a paw up, he stroked at Daddy's balls while rubbing his tongue along the top of his leopard's cockhead. He was rewarded with a long, rolling purr and a splash of salty precum. The greedy little calf nursed faster. At any other moment, he'd have taken his time. But his tummy was grumbling, and he wanted his daddy's salty milk to fill it. Pulling off to just nurse on the head, he squeezed Soren's balls, his own tail whipping back and forth as he felt the leopard tensing his body. A load of his favorite cream, hot and slick and salty, spurt into his mouth, making his

cheeks puff out. As the second wave hit, he felt a little bit running down his lower lip. His cock twitched in his soggy diaper... he was such a naughty calf, wasting some of his treat like that! But he didn't swallow yet, as a third ribbon of cum flooded his mouth. He wanted to feel like a messy little Moo. He wanted to leak. As a reminder that he wasn't ready to be a big bull yet. That he'd never be ready.

Sighing in bliss, Rainy opened his eyes again as Daddy Soren patted his head. "Yeah... we'd better make this a routine, little Moo. I think it'll help you wake up each morning."

The End!