

Adoption: Not Just for Kids Anymore

You are passing through a different dimension than what is known to humankind.

It is a dimension as deep as your pockets and full of opportunities. It is the staging ground between fan and fiction, between patron and creator, and the rules of reality are malleable as long as the price is right.

Within it you may see beloved characters from other works, but they may act differently. Almost as if someone else were writing them. This is a dimension fueled by imagination.

You are entering...

*The **Commission** Zone.*

The car door crept open, a dry heat snaking into the air-conditioned taxi. "Thanks for the ride!" A cheery voice cut through the silence as her footpaw touched down on the dirt road outside the car. A lynx, her fur a sandy yellow, dotted in places with spots, folded her arms behind her head to stretch, letting her back crack. "Give me a moment. Three hours in a car, I need this." As she ran a paw through her hair, pushing strands of gold and pink back between her ears, the trunk of the vehicle popped open. "Oi, don't be so impatient!" With a slight grumble in her voice, she retrieved her luggage and let the taxi make a circle and drive away.

The dust was dispersing as she turned to stare up at her home away from home for the next few days. The building was a three story structure, a recent coat of white paint covering wooden walls. A pie was resting on a windowsill. Flowers and shrubs were growing along front deck, spotless of weeds or overgrowth. A small road made of shaped stones lead up to a large wooden deck out in front of the building. Someone had crafted a large, modern looking sign reading "Moomoo's Ranch and Spa" a few feet away from the lynx, pointed towards the road. When she turned her head, she could see a bright red and white barn a short walk away. Livestock pens were arranged outside it. There were other buildings dotting the wide open space the house on the hill overlooked as well.

The whole place looked exactly like the sleepy, bucolic building she'd seen in the pictures. "Right. No sense in lollygagging around." She tilted her luggage, letting the wheels pop out of the bottom, and strolled up towards the front deck. Two other people were sitting in colorful yard furniture on the grass in front of the building, luggage sitting next to each of them. Her ears perked as she approached the two of them. "Hey, are you two here because of the contest too?"

The girl nearest to her perked up a floppy brown ear, revealing an underside of pale white-brown fuzz. "Huh?" Tilting her head up, she flashed the lynx a smile. "You mean the 'Meadowlarke Getaway From Your Problems With Us' contest? Yeah, the two of us are the two other grand prize winners." After another moment, the bunny girl stood up to face the Lynx. "The name's Fudge! I like your shirt!" She pointed a finger at the lynx's shirt.

"T-thanks. My name's Star." She looked down, purely on instinct, to her shirt. Various shades of green dabbed next to one another. A pair of dogtags around her neck jingled as she grinned. "Kinda got into the habit of wearing camo. Comes with being a military girl."

Fudge twitched her whiskers, and Star had a moment of watching her little pink nose wiggling while she listened to the feline talk. "Military? Woaaaaah!" She flicked a bug off of the pink blouse she was wearing. "That's sooo cool! Do you get into a lot of fights?"

Star grinned, looking away. "Not really... I mean, not that I'm supposed to--"

She watched as Fudge bounced eagerly on her footpaws. "That's just so cool! I can't wait to hear all about the stuff you do on the job!" Her orange-brown hair bounced with her, going every which way around on her head. Brown eyes shone at Star. "Sorry, sorry. I just really like getting to know people! I can't wait to hear all about your adventures in the U.S Army."

"British Armed Forces, actually." Star held up a finger to correct the bunny. It was a matter of personal pride!

Fudge nearly exploded in energy. "THAT'S EVEN COOLER!" Her ears were perked, her body practically vibrating. If she were a tot, Star might have expected her to wet her pants from how excited she was. "Sorry for assuming, I just didn't know how far reaching this contest was. I mean, we just were supposed to write down and mail in what we do for a living and what we wish we could do instead, and anyone could get the instructions online, but--"

The lynx decided to cut her off at the pass. "Yeah, yeah. So why are we just standing out here with our things? I mean, we won an all-expenses paid week long stay at the ranch! Why not find our rooms and get our luggage put indoors?"

A cough caused the two of them to turn their heads. "The management of this Spa left a sign taped to the door indicating they'd be out for a few hours." The girl still reclining in a lawn chair was a red-furred squirrel, her chestnut fur gleaming in the sun. Her front paws were folded along the lap of her khaki chinos as she basked in the sun. "Given how we haven't seen head nor tail of any employees, I thought it would be best for us to wait outside instead of barging in and possibly breaking the law. It's the responsible thing to do." Star watched as the girl sat up, her bark-brown hair clashing against the collar of her yellow shirt. "And incidentally, it's 'more cool', Fudge, not 'cooler'."

Fudge scrunched her face into a scowl and stuck her tongue out. "Ugh, it's not like we have any grammar judges out here to dock me points or nothing. Relax, Kayla!"

The squirrel apparently known as Kayla walked up to Star, a slight smile tracing along her face as she held out a paw out for a shake. "As she said, I'm Kayla. It's a pleasure to meet the other grand prize winner, Star." She raised an eyebrow. "Though I will admit this is my first time meeting anyone actually named Star." Her bright brown eyes seemed to stare deep into Star.

Star chuckled, closing her eyes in the face of Kayla's gaze. "Eheh. Actually, it's Anastasia, but I really prefer everyone call me Star. It's simple and not nearly as girly."

At this, Kayla laughed. "That's disputable."

Star narrowed her eyes. "It is!" Her voice was an annoyed hiss. "I'm tough, you know? I could probably lift either one of you on my back if I wanted!"

Kayla's expression had settled into an amused smirk. "As fascinating as it is to learn that Star goes around picking up strange women-"

The brown bunny folded her arms, glaring at Kayla. "I'm not strange!"

Star matched her glare. "Oi, I only said I *COULD*!"

The squirrel wasn't looking up at them, but had her head turned elsewhere. In a lazy gesture, she held her right arm up to point towards the house. "-but we should really talk about what we're doing about this situation. We haven't seen anyone other than ourselves since we arrived. This is supposedly a ranch and a resort. Where are all the people?"

Fudge perked an ear. "Dunno. There's a sign on the front door saying the owners are out, but that's the only sign of life I've seen since I rode out of town towards the ranch. And I got here first outta the three of us."

Star rubbed her chin as she looked around for any people. What Kayla and Fudge had told her seemed true: Though the facility looked to be large and well-kept, there weren't any ranch hands around. Nor had anyone been there to greet them when they arrived. "Well, it's a weekend. Dunno if that matters for ranches though." After a moment, she decided to ask what was on her mind. "Do you think this is some kinda scam, Kayla?"

The squirrel twitched her tail, curling it into itself as she lowered her paw. "I don't know quite what to think. Let's review what we know: Each of us entered and won a contest online, presumably-" She looked up at Star and Fudge. The lynx nodded in agreement. "-and won the grand prize, which was an all-expenses paid week-long vacation at a small ranch and spa near

Meadowlarke, Idaho. Everyone on the same page so far?"

"I signed up when the contest promised grand prize winners would 'have their every need taken care of for them!' Fudge said with a grin. "It sounded like the perfect way to escape the stresses of work."

Kayla nodded. "And our flights were paid for by the people who held the contest... at least mine was. Is that true for you both as well?"

Star nodded back. "Yup. I was worried I'd be forking over all the money to visit the states and they'd just pay me back, but they were super generous. The ticket was coach, but at least it was paid for up front!"

"So if it was a scam, they've already lost money on this deal." Kayla looked between the two other girls. "And if it was some kind of way of abducting us, I'd have expected someone here to subdue us here before we had a chance to question what was going on. Especially since the instructions I was given were to call the ranch when my plane set down. They'd know when we were coming. Based on the facts as I see them, I think we might just have sloppy hosts, but that's just a guess with the info we've got on paw."

The lynx's response was a low whistle. "Wow Kayla... you're really smart!"

"Thank you." Kayla smiled back.

Fudge reached into her pocket to pull out her smartphone. "No emails saying they'd be delayed, either. Not that I've got great signal out here in the sticks." She looked back up from her uPhone to the other two girls. "So what do we do now?"

"I say we wait, for a bit longer." Star walked over to one of the lawn chairs to take a seat at it, dragging her luggage behind her. "I just got done riding in a car and a plane, and I'm tired anyway, and-"

It was at point that a ochre truck pulled up towards them at a leisurely pace from the dirt road leading up to the building. The vehicle was spattered with mud and trailing dust behind it as it drove up the dirt road. Pulling in a circle around them, it drove up towards the house and parked just outside. Star turned her head towards the vehicle, watching as the dust settled. The doors lurched open, tinted windows gleaming in the sun, as two figures stepped out.

HE was tall and hulking, and even stepping out of such a huge pickup truck he looked like he'd had to cram himself inside. Two pink horns burst out of similarly colored floofy mane around his head, trailing down under his black leather jacket. Two tiny wings, covered in pink-tipped white feathers, stretched out in the sun. His arms and legs were covered in a rich pelt of shimmery peach fuzz, but his tail, enormous and shifting, had the same deep pink of his

mane running down it. It was almost a combination of an otter and a skunk's tail, at least to Star. He stood on two hooves, looking around at the three of them before settling his gaze directly on her. "Well hey there, kitten." Two golden eyes gleamed at her, as Star felt a shiver run down her spine. This man was a dragon. And that tone of voice made her feel like he was talking to a toddler.

Meanwhile, SHE was covered in pastel pink fur from head to hoof. Two patches of bright white fur circled her arms like armbands. Lifting her arms behind her back, the trio watched as her ample bosom hefted up and down. A tattoo between her breasts, a half circle with lines radiating out of it like a sun, jiggled as she finished her stretching. A ropey, slender pink tail with a dull gray tuft of fur swished behind her as she looked around, taking in the environment around her. As she moved, an udder swung between her legs. At last gazing over at Star and the others, her blue eyes lit up and her snout curled into a wide, white smile. "Oh! Hello, sweeties!" She waved a hooved arm over her head for them, as if trying to catch their attention.

It was a pointless effort, at least for the lynx. The cow lady already had Star's attention.

Because she was entirely naked.

Before Star or any of the other two guests could respond, the cow stampeded over towards them, her body bouncing and wiggling back and forth. Star's eyes were wide at the sight: The cow looked like she didn't have any trouble moving so quickly at all, even with sizable assets unrestrained like that. For a moment, she wondered what it'd taste like if she-

"Gah!" Star shook her head to clear the mental image out of her brain. "Don't go barmy, Star." She muttered to herself. There was no way she could let herself consider entertaining that fantasy. It was too embarrassing, and besides, the cow probably didn't enjoy people suckling her like a newborn kitten.

"I'm so terribly sorry!" The cow stopped right in front of them. "We were so excited for your arrival we wanted to cook a special dinner, only we needed to pick up ingredients for it, so we drove into Meadowlarke to visit the grocer, and sort of lost track of time-"

"Lady, you're naked!" Star found herself grateful for Fudge's outburst. If the bunny hadn't blurted it out, she probably would have.

The cow giggled. "Oh! You don't know many bovine ladies, do you?" She pointed at her udders with a hoof tipped finger. "We have to be milked daily, and can shift sizes depending on the time of day. Clothing's not always practical or comfortable when it gets tighter the more you need to drain your tits. Not to mention this thing..." She reached her hands under a large pink udder between her legs, four teats swollen and wagging as she lifted it up, only to let it flop down to a resting position a moment later. A drop of white fluid splattered onto the dirt below her.

Fudge blinked. "You milk yourself?!?"

With a wink, the bovine lady moved a hand back to between her hips, gently grabbing a teat and pinching it. A fresh bead of bright white fluid formed on the tip. "Daily, in fact. Would you like a taste, little one?"

Star's face was getting uncomfortably hot. "A-Are you two our hosts?" She blurted out, eager to change the subject.

"Oh! Yes, how rude of me!" Her pink ears perked as she looked over at Star to acknowledge. "Yes. I'm Moomoo, though you can call me Mommy Moo if you want. It's what most people around here call me as it is." She jerked her right hand up, pointing her hoof-tipped thumb back at the dragon left standing back at the pickup truck. "And that big bundle of floop is my husband, Alister!"

Kayla gasped, her eyes wide. "He's lifting four bags of groceries at once!"

Moomoo nodded, mooing loudly. "Yes, my hubby is enormously strong! Why, he could carry one of you on each shoulder and still be able to move even if the smallest of you rode on his tail." Her voice was cheery. "I'm so sorry we kept you waiting! Come in, come in!" She turned to trot towards the house.

The inside of the farm house was austere, but comfortable. The floors were wooden, stained a dark brown and glistening slightly under the gleam of the overhead lights. The front door opened to a long hall with two branching rooms going off in either direction. While the other two guests followed Moomoo down the hall with their luggage, Fudge found herself turning to one side to look at one of the open rooms. She was curious, after all.

The rabbit found herself staring into a darkened living room, the blinds on the windows drawn shut. A large couch dominated one wall, lined up to face a widescreen TV. Along the floor was a large spread out carpet that looked like a cartoonish city-scape, complete with little printed people and buildings and roads that looked large enough to drive a toy car on.

"Huh. This room seems out of place with the decor in the hallway." Fudge walked into the room. In one corner of the room was something large, covered with a big white sheet. Along the toy city rug there were scattered a wide variety of infantile toys: Soft rag dolls, translucent balls with glitter and fluid dancing around in them, even a stuffed pink platypus plushie with a purple bill which almost seemed to be glaring menacingly at Fudge as she passed by. She gave it a wide berth.

On the far end of the room, obscured by the darkness, was something large and lumpy. Both taller and wider than her, it was difficult to make out exactly what she was looking at because of the dusty white sheet draped overtop it. "Curious..." Her eyes fixed on it, ears perked in interest. None of the other chairs or other furniture in the room were covered up. So why was it? She'd just take a little peek to find out. Her footpaw kicked a soft alphabet block as she walked across the room. It jingled as it rolled across the carpeting.

And a firm hand grabbed her from behind on the right shoulder. "Shouldn't you be with the tour, little bunny?"

Fudge jumped, bounding forward away from the hand. Her pulse jumped from zero to maximum as she darted for one leg of the couch, racing to get something between herself and whoever was touching her. Warmth trickled down her lower body as she worked her legs. In just a moment, she'd spun around, back against the wall, body in full blown panic mode. The warmth spread down along her legs, muscles tensed in case she had to retreat again. From her vantage point, she gazed up at the person who'd touched her.

"Woah, woah!" The hulking body of Alister, the pink and white furred creature from the pickup truck, stared back at her. His paws were held up against the flaps of his black leather vest in a non-threatening gesture. "No need to build a pillow fort and hide, little bunny!" He chuckled. "Just thought you'd want to stick with the other girls while my wife was showing them around. You know, so you know where everything important is."

The rabbit felt the fires of her panic dying down to gentle embers. She still kept her position with the side of the couch between herself and him, though. "Oh, ah... sorry about that." She brushed her hair and ears down. "I'm sorta high strung, you know? Don't like sudden surprises that much."

The floofy creature put his hands on his hips. "I can smell that."

The sentence was odd, but Fudge was eager to change the subject and put some distance between her and the moment of her panic. "So, uh, what's with all the baby stuff? Do you and Miss Moo have kids, sir?"

His response was a sigh and a dismissive wave of his paw. "Call me Alister. Or 'Mr. Dragon', if you want, since that's what I am. But anyways, our marriage has been fruitful but childless." He pointed down at the rug. "But we do some babysitting and childcare for local couples who need a break." Scratching the back of his head, he laughed a bit. "Guess I forgot to clean up before you gals got here!"

That made some sense, once Fudge started thinking about it. The house certainly looked too large for just two people! "Huh. So is that why you and your wife are trying to start this whole bed and breakfast sort of jobby, Mr. Dragon?"

"It's a Spa." He folded his arms. "And a Ranch. We're just still looking to hire employees, is all. Got a ranch hand or two, but still need more workers to fulfil our dream." He twitched his nose. "So are you going to keep hiding over there, or are you going to come with me to the bathroom so you can get a quick change of pants before we rejoin the others?"

"Why would I need a change of pants?" Fudge rose an eyebrow.

The dragon reached up to tap his snout. "This nose always knows, baby bunny! But if you can't smell it, just look down."

Fudge decided to humor him, looking down... and seeing a yellow puddle on the floor at her feet. And a dark spot along her crotch. Her face got hot.

"O-oh..."

Kayla was following their hostess diligently, paying special attention to everything she was saying. She'd been given time to set aside her luggage. Her room and Star's were right next to each other's. From what she'd seen, the rooms were rustic-decorated bedrooms with murals of brightly colored landscapes painted along the walls. She'd gotten a shaded, forested landscape, Star's was a sunkissed field of grass and blue skies. Their beds were big and comfy and had too many pillows; Kayla could almost imagine they were staying at some esoteric hotel.

"And that concludes the tour." Moomoo smiled at the two girls, turning to bow to them both. "Do you have any questions?"

Star raised a paw. "Yeah, uh, where's that bunny that was with us?"

Moomoo rubbed her chin. "I haven't the foggiest. I thought she was following us when we entered the house, but..."

"She took a right once we walked in, and darted into a darkened room." Kayla had noticed it even when no one else did. "I don't think it was intentional, she just probably got distracted. I saw your husband walking into the house just as we got to the stairs, so I figured he'd probably show her around a bit too."

The bright pink cow's reaction was to move forward, opening her eyes to grip Kayla in a tight embrace. "Oh! Thank you so much, I was worried the girl had lost her way! You're such a mindful little girl, I'm so happy you're so helpful!"

“Gack!” Kayla gasped as she felt her hostess’ soft chest squishing against her body and forcing the air out of her lungs. It almost felt like a warmth was spreading between the two, as the squirrel squirmed and tried to escape without any fortune. Moomoo was stronger than she looked, and there was no escape from her hugs. She opened her mouth to speak, but had no air to work with. Caught entirely off guard, she gazed over towards Star, silently pleading for some sort of help. The lynx chuckled nervously, taking a few steps back but otherwise being quiet and uninvolved.

Air at last returned to her lungs, when Moomoo let go of her. “That-that’s fine. I’m glad I helped.” Kayla found herself babbling out between deep breathes.

“Well, with your luggage stored away, shall we return to the dining room?” Moomoo’s tail swished lazily behind her as she walked ahead of the two girls again. “Dinner’s mostly already ready. I simply have to heat some things back up.” Trotting for the stairs, Moomoo gestured for the two girls to follow her.

Kayla hesitated when she heard Star snickering. “Something funny?” She scowled, her russet-colored tail curling as she folded her arms.

Star couldn’t keep a straight face as she pointed at Kayla’s chest.

The red squirrel turned her head down. There were dark wet spots all over her top. A few beads of white fluid were dribbling down the sides of her shirt, slowly absorbing into the material. “What the?!?” She facepalmed. “Miss Moomoo must be a bit leaky to have done that.”

“You’ve got milky boobies!” Star laughed, unable to keep her voice down as she turned to follow the pink cow down the stairs.

“Oh *real* mature...” Kayla rolled her eyes, walking downstairs to follow the lynx. Her arms were folded in frustration. She considered changing tops, but that would only invite discussion about why she’d changed clothing so soon, and Star couldn’t be trusted to stay quiet about it. Instead, she just fumed, keeping her arms up and folded to try and cover the milk stains.

The two girls waited for twenty minutes in a living room, taunted by increasingly delicious smells coming from the kitchen and dining room nearby. The wait involved a few casual conversations, but while Kayla was chatting with Star (who kept reminding her of the soggy hug she’d gotten, usually while tittering) Kayla wondered where Fudge was. Their whole trip hadn’t exactly been normal, but Fudge’s sudden disappearance piqued her curiosity. But her chain of thought was disrupted when she heard a loud triangle ringing. The deep, bassy voice of Alister cut through the house like a blade. “Come an’ gettit!” he cried out.

Dinner turned out to be quite the spread: A large pot roast surrounded by baked mixed vegetables, seemingly fresh-baked rolls with a stick of butter set up next to them, and ears of

sweet corn with steam still rising off of them. As Kayla and Star entered the room, they saw the male dragon pouring milk from a pitcher into a glass. Holding the glass was a familiar face.

"There you are, Fudge!" Kayla's tail twitched as she walked up to the bunny. "Where were you?"

Fudge jumped in her seat a bit. "Oh! U-um, I was, uh, helping Mr. Alister with something." As she squirmed in her seat, Kayla almost thought she heard a faint crinkle coming from somewhere.

The dragon gave a short laugh, and Fudge turned to glare at him. "Don't say a word!" She spat out, before turning back to Kayla. "It was just something sorta embarrassing. That's all!" The bunny squeaked, blushing as she took a long swig of the milk in her cup.

Kayla raised an eyebrow. "Uh, is that milk from, um, our hostess?"

Alister nodded, as he cut a slab of pot roast and set it on Fudge's plate. "Yes." After a moment, he took the bunny's fork and knife and started cutting the pot roast up into pieces on her plate. "If you're squeamish about that, we also have pink lemonade and some fruit juice."

"H-hey, you don't hafta-" Fudge started.

The dragon gave her a firm look. "I think I do, Puddles." His voice dripping with finality as he spooned some vegetables onto her plate, and finished it up with a roll and an ear of corn. "Do you want butter?"

Fudge swallowed, shaking her head.

Alister nodded, before setting Fudge's fork and knife down and tussling the hair on her head. "Make sure you clean your plate, ok? No fussing."

Fudge, pulling her ears down in front of her eyes, looking away from everyone, just managed to squeak out a single, quiet "Ok..." before reaching down to start eating some of the cut up meat.

The whole exchange left Kayla confused, as she silently watched it. When she met Fudge, the girl had come off as energetic and just a bit boisterous. Certainly someone to talk more than listen. Why was she suddenly so timid around this big man? And also... "Puddles"?!? Kayla rubbed her chin, losing herself in her musings.

It lasted a whole seven seconds before her train of thought was derailed. Star bumped into her on a route straight up to the dragon, holding her plate up. "Oh hey, are you serving everyone the meat? Can you cut me a few slices of the meat please? The meat smells really

amazing I really want to try some of the meat please. Thank you!" She flashed Alister a wide grin. Kayla had to put a hand on the chair in front of her to steady herself. Looking back and glaring daggers at the reckless lynx, she grumbled about the girl acting like an overgrown kitten while watching Alister slice a few cuts of the meat and stack them on Star's ceramic plate. Heaving a loud sigh, she turned around to get in line. There was no point in fussing about it, especially since the trip was starting on an otherwise high note. But she did want to ask Fudge about what she'd been up to later. But not before drinking some lemonade!

Dinner was relatively pleasant. Moomoo and Alister were gracious hosts, insisting on serving the girls. The pot roast was delicious but very salty. The pitchers of lemonade and milk kept draining as Kayla and her two fellow guests kept reaching for more. And the couple running their getaway always made sure Kayla and the others had more to drink. The squirrel found herself sincerely smiling as she accepted another glass of lemonade from the big floofy dragon, her throat a bit parched from her most recent bite of food. Towards the end of the meal Alister excused himself, walking out of the dining room and down the hall. As she watched him leave, Kayla was reminded of how forceful he'd been with Fudge at the start of the meal. And just how timid the brown bunny had suddenly been around him at the same time.

"Pardon me, Misses Moo, but where is your husband going?" She gazed up at the bovine lady, who was pouring a pink powder into the now-empty pitcher of lemonade.

She broke into a rosy smile. "Aw, aren't you a polite little one!" Pouring some water into the pitcher, along with a white powder, she started stirring. "But you needn't be so formal, Kayla. Just call me Moomoo. Or Mama, if you'd prefer."

Kayla found herself staring at her hostess' heaving bosom again, her face hot. Calling this lady "Mama" had far too many weird connotations for her. "I... would prefer to just stick with Moomoo for now." She squeaked, folding her arms against her full tummy. "But really, I am curious, where is Mr. Dragon going?"

"Oh, that man's always working on some project or another out in the garage." Moomoo waved a hooved hand in front of her, rolling her eyes. "Some new surprise for the little ones we babysit, most likely. I've honestly stopped wondering where he sneaks off to!"

"Speaking of-" Star looked up at Moomoo from across the table. "C-could I ask where the loo is? I think you may have left that outta the tour..."

The cow just smirked and pointed in the direction Alister had left in. "Down the hall, third door on the left, kitten."

Star stood up, pressing her thighs together and squirming. "T-thank you!" She took off like a gunshot.

Fudge watched her race off, heaving a heavy sigh and patting her stomach. "That was a good meal, huh Kayla?"

The squirrel blinked. "Huh? Oh, yes! My compliments to the chef!" She grinned at Moomoo. A moment later, she felt a pressure growing between her legs, causing her to shift in her seat. Pressing her thighs slightly together, she let out a soft huff and looked up. "Um, I think I may follow Star, actually... third door on the left down the hall, you said?" She stood up, feeling another surge of pressure from the motion, this one more intense.

Moomoo giggled. "Of course, dear. There's only one bathroom in the house, but Star shouldn't be long."

One bathroom in a house this large?!? For a moment Kayala felt surprised at that. But then the dam threatened to burst again. Wincing, she darted down the hall. Every step seemed to double the agonizing tension; she was trying to hold back the waves of the ocean and it wasn't working. The third door on the left was dull was made of wood and painted a dull white, carved with rectangular patterns.

It was also locked.

Kayla whimpered, leaning against the door and trying not to think about her almost overwhelming need to pee. Doing a bit of a potty dance, she felt her weight shifting from one footpaw to another. This close to the door, she could hear some muffled mumbling. And breathing. She couldn't figure out who the voice belonged to. It was too deep to be Stars, or at least it sounded like it. As she stopped to think about it, it happened. She felt her control slip, warm droplets of piss spattering into her panties. She groaned, clamping back down after a moment, but the damage had already been done.

She needed a toilet, and she needed one NOW! Shuddering, she smacked the door with a paw. "Star? Star, are you in there?" Her desperation was at a peak. "C-can I come in for just a second. If you're not using the facilities anymore..." There was no response. Just more muttering. Kayla's tail was curled so tight she felt like it was about to twist into a knot. "What's going ON in there?!?"

"There we go. No more silly squirming or fussing. You can be a good girl, stop fighting it and enjoy the feeling, can't you?"

Star shuddered as she felt one of Alister Dragon's fingers running down one of her blonde and pink bangs. It barely registered in her mind beyond the sensation. "You can be a good girl for Daddy Alister, can't you? I need to be sure." His words were a firm whisper, quiet yet fraught with intensity. But she was only listening with half an ear. "After all, you've been very

naughty just now. Busting into the bathroom while I was sitting on the can was one thing. I could forgive that, really.” He stopped speaking for a moment to give her a low, horse chuckle. “You got an eyeful of dragon dick you weren’t supposed to see, but that’s really my fault for not locking the door. Hey little kitten, are you listening to me?”

With a flex of his arm, Star felt the headlock tighten against her body. “Yes!” She hissed under her breath, one of her paws still pressed against the darkened spot on her pants. “And I’m not a little kitten!”

“I beg to differ.” The dragon snorted. “Look at the sorry state you were in when you barged in on me: leaving a trail of puddles along our lovely hardwood floor, struggling to even make it to a toilet, so focused on not wetting your knickers MORE that you didn’t even do the polite thing, the adult thing, and knock on a shut door before throwing it open unannounced.”

Star squirmed underneath his grasp. She was trying desperately not to give in and finish wetting herself. The dragon’s lecture wasn’t helping matters. She whimpered, feeling herself lose the battle with her body a little more, another small spurt of fluid warming her soggy pants. Pressing her body against his, she tried to force his arm out of the hold he’d gotten her stuck in.

“And then you doubled down on your naughtiness. Throwing a punch at me when I suggested you weren’t a big enough girl to use a potty?!? After barging in without even so much as a knock?” His tail thrashed in irritation. “Any parent less forgiving would have done a lot worse than just restrain you.” His snout curled into a smug smile. “Let me explain how this is gonna go, kitten. You’re going to be wearing a diaper whenever this-” He squeezed his arm around her again to reassert his position “-is done. You piddle on my floor, I’m going to insist on some precautions so it doesn’t happen again. Simple as that.”

Star twisted in his arm, redoubling her efforts once she heard his intentions. Diapers?!? Her face in the mirror was beet red. If... if he actually did- her mind was buzzing with the possibilities. But she couldn’t just let herself go along with this! She was an adult! A military soldier! She was tough! But... at the same time... she whimpered, feeling two conflicting urges in her mind. Which didn’t help with the struggle to resist the dragon’s grapple OR keep her focus towards not hosing down her knickers. Not to mention the growing blush on her face. The idea of being put into a diaper had stuck in her mind and wasn’t leaving!

The dragon continued. “But you can get out of this without a punishment, baby Star. All you have to do is be a good girl for Daddy and Just. Let. Go.”

“I... I...” Star whimpered. Hanging her head low, she let her inner conflict resolve itself. The dark spots on her pants blossomed larger and larger, as a puddle of yellow formed under her footpaws. As embarrassed as she was, it also felt a bit nice to just give in and let it flow. A soft, happy sigh escaped the lynx’s lips as the tension left her body.

The second she started to pee, Alister relaxed his hold on her head. A hand began petting her, running fingers down her hair and along her neck. "Good kitten. Daddy's very proud of you for embracing it." The petting felt nice. Star surprised herself when she found she was starting to purr! "I knew we made the right choices, picking the three of you."

Star froze, eyes as wide as dinner plates after that statement. "Wait, what do you mean by that?"

She didn't start crying until after she felt her bladder slip. Kayla the squirrel felt the hot pee soaking into her panties, spreading out and sweeping across her chinos. The pearl fabric did nothing to hide the accident. Her legs wobbled, as she fell to her knees, slumped against the bathroom door as the leaks spread, a puddle forming on the hardwood floor. "I... I'm going pee..." She mumbled, reveling in the cruel irony of it all, and watching her own puddle merge with another one on the floor that she'd missed in her rush. The feeling of letting go and just soaking herself would have felt good, had she been doing it behind closed doors. That's what made it so horrifying. She'd had fantasies about this very moment, but now living it in real life, where there were repercussions... She felt herself sobbing, face hot as she buried her soggy face in her paws. At least no one was around to see her blissful shame.

"Awww, what do we have here? A sobbing little baby?"

Kayla froze, turning to gaze up at the bare, bouncing pink tits of her hostess. Moomoo had disrobed of her apron, walking around buck naked once more. "You should have told me you had trouble holding your bladder, Kayla!" Slung over one of the cow's shoulders like a sack of potatoes was Fudge, her head turned away from the squirrel. Her face was buried in her paws, but she wasn't wearing the pants she'd had on at dinner. Instead, she was wearing a bright white plastic thing around her butt, with a bright yellow stain along the seat of it. "You don't need to cry, little one. Momma knows it can be EVER SO HARD for such a little creature to keep her pants dry." She bent down to pet at Kayla's head, and chuckled. "As the little bunny here can attest, it's nothing I haven't had experience with."

The big pink motherly cow's tone of voice was soothing. That and the petting was definitely helping Kayla calm down. She let out a giggle, tears in her eyes. It was so easy to let her guard down around the giant lady. "Y-you're not mad?" She sniffled.

"Of course not, sweetie." Moomoo's tail swished. "Can you be a big girl and stand up for Momma?"

"Y-yeah, of course." Kayla put her front paws on the ground and lifted her butt up, wiggling her tail as she tried to stand back up. As her floofy tail hit the door behind her, something else hit her. "Wait... why are you calling yourself mommy?" She looked up at Fudge.

“Why is she in a diaper? Why did we both seem to wet ourselves after dinner?” Her muzzle curled into a slight frown. “No... Star ran off for the bathroom too. All THREE of us?” She felt her paws balling. “What exactly did you do to us?”

Moomoo’s face broke into a very warm smile for a moment. Before she darted forward, Fudge’s weight and size seeming almost negligible, as she grabbed Kayla with one arm and swung her over her free shoulder. “Such a smart little darling kit! Momma is so very proud of you.”

The whole thing had happened so fast that Kayla hadn’t even thought to react. She felt her tummy settle in against Moomoo’s shoulder, an involuntary huff of air escaping from her lungs. Her head was spinning as she felt the big motherly cow’s arm hold her down.

“But you really needn’t think so hard.” Moomoo chuckled. “Baby kits don’t have to deal with all the stresses of adult life.” Her hooves clacked against the hardwood floor as she hefted Kayla and Fudge down towards the living room.

Kayla grunted, still loopy from the sudden exhalation. “I’m... notta baby...” she said weakly, gasping for air.

Moomoo’s response was an amused snort. “Oh really? So you didn’t say you wished for a chance to escape the trials of adult life, deary?”

“Kayla...” Fudge looked up from her paws, chewing gently on her lower lip. “They were planning on diapering us from the very start.” She whimpered.

A colorful quilt had been stretched out along the carpet on the living room’s floor. The patches were pink and blue and yellow and covered in smiling cartoony fabric characters. A box of wipes had been set on one side, next to a large plastic pack of thick diapers, bearing a logo of “Pawsies” on the front of it. Just to the right of it was a large bottle label “Babbeh Powder!”. The quilt was quite wrinkled, especially around the center. As if someone had been laying down on it.

Moomoo smiled. “Here we are! A lovely spot to change two lovely little ladies!” She smiled, crouching down to set Fudge on the couch and flip Kayla off of her back and lowering her gently down onto the quilt. “I know you’re full of questions, little flooftail.” She reached down and tickled at Kayla’s tummy. The squirrel had mixed feelings about the fact that she giggled at the tickling. “But it’ll all make sense in a bit. For now, Momma just wants you to relax and enjoy these feelings.” She slid her fingers down the hems of Kayla’s chinos, closing her hands around them. Tugging them down the squirrel’s hips, she broke into a chuckle as she disrobed the squirrel. “Oh my! Fudgey, take a look.”

Kayla felt her face getting hot. “N-nooo!” Her hands shot down, but it was too late.

Fudge's embarrassed face broke into a smile. "Hiya Kitten panties?!?" She started to giggle. "You're wearing *little girl's* underwear?"

"T-they're soft and feel comfy!" Kayla squeaked, covering them up and feeling the wet undies press against her naughty bits. Her tail floofed out in her shock.

A hooved finger wagged at her. "Now kit... you can't stay in soggy big girl panties all night! You'll get a rash and get all cranky and fussy. Besides..." Her eyes narrowed. "This wouldn't be the first time you've been swaddled up, will it?"

Kayla squeaked. "You k-know?!?"

"Mmm-hmm!" The big cow chuckled, as she slid the girl's undies down. "That's the whole point of this spa, after all." She giggled. "We picked three entrants who, deep down, wanted to be sweet little girls again." She hummed, setting the undies aside and reaching over to the pack of diapers. "You three little darlings are the proof of concept for **The Moomoo Ranch**, the world's first **Adult Baby and Diaper Lover spa and resort!**" She clasped her hands together, letting her hooves gently clack as she smiled and closed her eyes. "Just imagine it! An endless supply of little crinklebutts running around, getting a chance to laugh and play under the watchful eyes of a Mommy and Daddy on duty." With a dreamy sigh, she bent back down to her work.

Kayla stared up at her, eyes wide. "You... you... you're going to-" She turned over to Fudge. "You're already in diapers. Did you KNOW?"

Fudge grabbed her ears, pulling them down and whimpering. "No! I just-"

"Baby Fudge Sundae wet her pants all on her own." Moomoo reached back and gave Fudge's diapered butt a pat, the bunny wincing at the crinkling sound. "We didn't even have to wait for the diuretic to kick in." Fudge blushed, covering her face with her ears. "She's such a good baby bun, her body already knows it isn't ready for potty training yet. She even wrote on the application form that she still wet herself sometimes when she got scared!"

The bunny snorted. "I-in the 'secret shame' section! I wasn't proud of it!" She was practically curling up into a little ball.

"But you should be proud!" Moomoo reached up to pat at Fudge's head. "You're already in diapers! Way ahead of the little kitten and the kit down here."

Kayla had fallen silent. It was embarrassing to be nearly naked with the big motherly cow over her, sure. But she'd said something that struck the squirrel as odd. "Diuret-" Her eyes went wide. "You DRUGGED us?!? Do you know how much trouble we can make for you if we-"

Moomoo put a finger to her lips. "Sssh. There's no need to get fussy, little kit." Her expression lost its smile. "A full description of the treatment you could expect from the spa was in the waiver and release you had to sign to get the All-Expenses Paid vacation. Daddy Alister and I've done nothing wrong." She tilted her head, mooing and rubbing her chin. "I suppose you already knew that, though? I mean, if you really are a big girl, you must have read all the paperwork, right?"

The way that question was phrased was murder. Either Kayla claimed she read the paperwork and came expecting to be babied, or she claimed she didn't and had no one but herself to blame. "I-I-I... you can't just-" She sputtered, only to be silenced by that hooved finger against her lips again.

"Sssh." Moomoo gave her a smug smile, two icy blue bovine eyes staring into her soul. Seeing all her secrets. "I've seen a lot of fussing but not a lot of fighting." She pressed her finger down into Kayla's lips ever-so-slightly. "If you didn't want this, you'd have gotten up and tried to walk away. If Fudge didn't want this, she'd have run out while my back was turned... or told you all what had happened when she was at the dinner table with you." Her tone grew amused. "You protest and stomp your feet like a toddler, but deep down, you're enjoying this, aren't you? No, you don't have to say anything. You don't have to admit I'm right. You can let the silence keep your feelings ambiguous." The smile on her face heated up from a cool smug grin to a warm fiery loving smile. "All I ask is that you lay back, close your eyes, and experience the feelings. If you really want us to stop once you're swaddled up, then we'll let you be a big girl for the rest of the week. Understand?"

The quilt was a lot more comfy against her bare bottom than Kayla wanted to admit. After a moment's indecision, she closed her eyes, letting her panicked thoughts cool. She could feel the big bovine lady's hands wiping her crotch and bottom down. The baby wipe left a tingling feeling along her skin. She caught herself huffing slightly at the attention. Momm- **Moomoo** was humming a cheery little lullaby. With her eyes closed, it was harder to freak out. Harder to work up the energy to squirm or struggle. It was so easy to just relax. Even when her compulsory caretaker lifted her legs up and slid something thick and crinkly underneath, she didn't seem to snap out of the reverie she was sliding into. The scent of baby powder tickled her nostrils, and she felt the cool powder hitting her bare bottom.

"See? It's not so scary when you trust Momma, isn't it?" Moomoo gave a happy moo, while massaging baby oil into Kayla's bottom. The squirrel sighed, hearing her diaper crinkling from the motions. Her diaper? She... supposed she'd have to get used to it. "Good little baby. Momma's little baby." Moomoo cooed, as Kayla felt someone tickling her tummy. She squirmed and fussed for just a moment, laughing until the sensation stopped. She felt something pulling up around her waist, soft and pillowy. She could hear more crinkling when she wiggled her thighs. The thing was thick enough to spread her legs. "Fix the tapes up, like so. Aaaand you're diapered, little missy! Why don't you open those eyes up?"

Kayla's chestnut eyes fluttered open. Moomoo was smiling down at her before pointing down. "Take a look at your underwear, dearie."

Her diaper had pink along the sides of it. Little shimmery ruffles of plastic pink material bunched up on either side of her outfit, crimping a bit with every motion of her hips. The front and back, however, were thick and bright white. Little multi-colored pawprints were running up and down the crotch and bottom of the diaper, a rainbow of colorful little prints. "When your cute little pawsies go bye-bye, that's how Momma knows to give her little girl a new nappy." Moomoo moved a hand down to tickle Kayla in the tummy. "Goochie goo! Goochie goo!"

The sensation caused Kalya to laugh and squirm. "M-momma! Stoppi-" It was too late. She felt her diaper dampen a bit, even from the momentary sensation. But thankfully, it made the big cow stop. Looking down, Kayla sighed in relief, noticing none of her paws were gone. Yet.

She didn't have long to look. Fudge was giggling, and Moomoo swept her into a large hug, pushing Kayla between the big woman's udders. "You called me MAMA! Oooooooo, I'm so proud of my little nutmuncher! The first of my little triplets to call me by name!"

Kayla would have responded, but she was dealing with being crushed to death by breasts. She let out a faint gasp and twitched her legs, feeling her face pushed down tight into the larger woman's mammaries. She swore she was about to white out when the hug ended. Kayla gasped, looking around. Fudge, that treacherous bunny who hadn't warned her about any of this, was laughing her diaper off on the couch nearby. The living room was brightly lit. The dragon and Star were still nowhere to be found, but she heard heavy footsteps coming down the hall. As the source became clear, Kayla whistled. "Speak of the devil..."

"Evening, honey!" Alister crowed, as he walked into the living room with someone cradled in his arms. "Sorry for the delay. I had trouble with a Shooting Star in the bathroom, and-" He paused, furrowing his brow. "Well, more like a Punching Star, but that sounds much less colorful, doesn't it, kitten?" Cradled in his arms like a bride carried across the threshold was the third guest of this resort, though looking substantially different than she had been before. Star had her same shirt on, but two large thick purple mittens on around her front paws, tied on with shimmery metallic purple ribbons done in little bows. Down below she was wearing a diaper that seemed much thicker than either of the other girl's own pairs of padding. The fabric was a pale pastel blue violet, with clear white stars dotting the fabric, as if she were wearing a painting of the night sky along her crotch.

She was glaring bloody murder at the three other ladies in the room. "Not. A. Word." She hissed, narrowing her eyes, her ears drooped on either side, a deep red blush peeking through the gold and white of her face-fur.

"What's with the mitts?" Fudge said from the couch, having strategically pulled a pillow over her crotch to hide her yellowed diaper.

"Well, I-" Star started to speak.

And then Alister cleared his throat. "See, the little kitten proved by her actions that she doesn't really play well with others yet. So I decided that until she's a bit better socialized like her big sisters-" This provoked a titter from Fudge. "-She's going to have to wear some mittens until she can learn to behave and play nice."

Star had her arms in front of her face. "I'm still tough!" She squeaked out.

Something was niggling at Kayla, though. Getting on all fours, she pushed herself to her back paws with a slight wobble. The diaper made it hard to balance, but she managed. But why was Alister CARRYING Star? Why not just let her waddle on her own? She walked up towards the kitten, looking at her. "Your diaper looks awfully thick, though..." She reached a paw over to poke at it, hearing it crinkle.

Star hissed a warning. "Oi, DON'T."

But Kayla did. As she pushed on the crotch of the diaper, she saw exactly what she suspected: the tips of another diaper poking out underneath the first. And a third, right underneath that. The red squirrel's eyes went wide. "You're wearing multiple layers?" No wonder she couldn't walk!

Fudge found this hilarious, falling back onto the couch and laughing loudly. Alister opened his mouth to say something, but Star, growling and fuming, leaped from his grip at Kayla. "YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO POINT IT OUT!" She said, smacking into the girl as everyone stared in shock, her face beet red and her mouth in snarl.

Moomoo gasped. "Star, that is NOT appropriate behavior! Naughty!"

The evening went by fairly quickly. Alister and Moomoo popped in a DVD of a very colorful, cheery cartoon that taught cubs and pups and kits how to count to three. Alister scattered some toys around the carpet and set up a colorful plastic baby barrier to keep the three of them from waddling off. Meanwhile Moomoo knitted, clicking her tongue whenever the girls seemed to make a move to get up off the floor. For the moment, Star supposed, the bovine caretaker and her husband had them all entirely, well, COWED. The lynx wasn't exactly ready to struggle against that brawny dragon again. Besides, she had other things on her mind.

Star was fuming, as she let her gaze fix upon Fudge, who was stacking alphabet blocks for lack of anything else to do. She felt hackles rising on the back of her neck. The bunny had laughed at her predicament. Looking over towards Kayla, she watched the red squirrel, sitting against Moomoo's back hooves, looking at the television, a bored expression on her face. That squirrel had made the whole experience tons more embarrassing than it already was. And why was SHE the only one in mittens and multiple layers?!? It felt like they didn't trust her. Like she was the only one too little to be trusted. She growled, fuming the entire experience, her face beet red. "Rrrr.. if that darn dragon hadn't yanked me off of her..." Star flexed her fingers, feeling how puffy and constrictive the mittens she was trapped in were. "These things are so stupid!" She grumbled, lifting one up to her mouth and trying to tug open the velcro seal keeping her paws sealed with her fangs.

From behind, two strong hands wrapped around her and yanked her up. "Meep!" She felt the air escaping from her, with a soft huff.

"Ut ut ut ut!" Alister, the bright pink floofy dragon, waved a finger at her. "You should know better, kitten. You don't damage the clothes Mommy and Daddy set out for you." He sighed. "You're such a naughty kitten, I wonder where you get it from?"

Star folded her arms against her top and scowled. "I'm not your little kitten!" She hissed. "I don't care what I agreed to on some form."

The dragon gave a loud laugh, his bright pink floof bouncing from the gesture.

Star paused. "What's so funny?"

Alister winked. "I never called you little." He narrowed his eyes, bouncing her in his arms, a paw along her padded bottom. "I think you might be enjoying this a bit more than you pretend you are." He sighed. "But there's always little ones who like to be pressured a bit more heavily than others. And since you can't even be trusted to keep your fangs and paws to yourself, I think it's time to put you to bed early, without a bedtime snack or anything."

"W-what?!?" Star squirmed in his embrace. "H-hey! Leggo!" He turned to walk out of the room. "I'm not tired! I don't like this! I'm not gonna go to sleep!"

As Alister started stepping over the plastic baby wall to enter the hallway, Moomoo looked up at him. "A bit over excited to try one of your new creations, honey?" Her voice was dribbling over with an amused sweetness to it.

The dragon looked back at her. It might have been Star's imagination, but she could have sworn she saw a terrifying golden glint in his eyes. "Bedtime for babies is in a half hour anyway. I'm not really jumping the gun that much, am I darling?"

Moomoo smiled, while she purred the pastel yellow wool she was working with. “No, not really. Just amused that you’re so excited about playing a new toy that you use the first excuse you get to break it out.”

Kayla twitched an ear. “What do you mean?”

Moomoo’s lips were quivering. To Star, it looked like she was trying to avoid laughing. “Y-you’ll see.” She said, tail whipping against the couch to one side of her like it was beating a drum.

Star was not liking how this conversation was going. “W-what kind of sick, depraved things are you going to do to me?!” But Alister just started carrying her down the hall. “Wait! Stooooop! Don’t I get a safeword or something?” She yowled as Alister just clutched her against his chest, pushing her face into his floss where she couldn’t quite see where they were going. His fur smelled of cinnamon and cedar. She squirmed, but she already knew from experience that Alister was stronger than her. So she didn’t fight it too badly.

When next she could see, they were in quite a different room. “Welcome to the Nursery Room, baby!” Alister’s voice was cheery, as he lowered Star down onto a padded changing table, giving her a moment to breath.

“W-what are you gonna do to me?” She exclaimed, gazing up at him.

The dragon had a malicious grin on his face. “Oh, you want to know, do you?” He showed her his pearly white teeth, eyes glinting. “It’s quite simple, my dear kitten.”

“Send you to bed early, without a bedtime story.”

Star blinked. “Huh?” It didn’t sound tremendously menacing.

Alister broke down laughing, wiping a tear from his eyes. “Kitten, my wife and I were just leading you on.” He let off a dreamy sigh as he started to check her diaper. “We wouldn’t do anything to you without your consent! We’re not monsters, little twinkle. We want you to have fun and be happy here. Even the contracts are just for show: A legal defense if we accidentally cross a line and someone won’t let a bruised ego go, but if any of you ever told us specifically to stop, we WOULD. But there are times, especially when you’re naughty, when we both just can’t resist pushing buttons to see if we can get a reaction.” He pushed two fingers down the front of her diapers. “And it looks like we did! Woof, what a soggy little kitten!” He chuckled again, giving her a smug grin.

“I-I, hey, you scared me!” Star growled, looking away. “I wouldn’t have wet otherwise.” After another moment, she flopped her ears down flat against her head and gazed back up at him. “S-so you’re not gonna torture me or anything?”

The floofy dragon's response was to wave his hand around the room. "Does this look like some kind of dungeon to you, kitten?"

Looking around, Star took in the sight of the room. Just as Alister had said, it was a nursery. The walls were painted to look like a bright night sky, with swirled shades of blue and violet along the upper walls and ceiling. They were dotted with little plastic stars of a pale whitish yellow color. The lower part of the room was painted to look like a grassy field. She saw a row of four cribs lining one wall, one blue, one green, one yellow, and one pink, each one scaled up so it looked like it could hold at least one adult comfortably. An enormous rocking horse sat on a fluffy rug on the floor, right next to a brightly colored purple chest with "TOYS" printed on the front in alphabet block lettering. Star was laying on a changing table designed to look like a fluffy cloud, the pillows ballooning around the surface of the table, obscuring drawers underneath. A pile of bean bag chairs lined another corner of the room, circling a rocking chair. Nearby was a wooden sign reading "Storytime".

It wasn't what she' expected. "N-no? But Moomoo talked about you wanting to 'try your new creation' or something." She raised an eyebrow. "You're really not gonna put me into some weird device or something?"

"Hah!" Alister pulled away from checking Star's diaper, looming over her. "I love building things, kitten. I built a two baby bouncer in the living room downstairs. I built the cribs in here, too. I'm always creating SOMETHING. We were talking about the cribs I literally just finished building and painting last week for our three lovely baby girls!" He reached down to pat on Star's head, as if she were a pet. "Don't get me wrong, we're fully equipped for more naughty babies too. I've got a specially designed bondage-crib in the closet over there-" He pointed a thumb over to a pair of bright blue doors. "For when a baby is too naughty and fussy and needs to learn that moving around is a privilege, not a right." And all the cribs here have clip-on mobiles that play hypnotic melodies designed to encourage our little ones to behave more like the babies they want to be." His tail swished. "And lots more stuff, too. But that's for little girls and boys who want a more intense experience, like being punished every so often for being naughty. You and your siblings never asked for any of that on the form. And we're big on consent here."

"O-oh." Star closed her eyes, feeling her face getting hot. "I guess that's fine."

There was a pause between the two of them.

"Um, b-but what if I asked for something like that?" The words just sort of popped out of her muzzle.

Alister's amber eyes glinted. "Oh?"

Star really wished he'd said more. Taken control of the situation. The more she had to say, the more hot her face got. "W-well, I was a naughty kitten, wasn't I? I should be punished for it." She covered her face with her mittens. "R-reminded I'm not in control. T-that I'm just t-the littlest kitten and Mommy and Daddy make a-all the decisions." She whimpered, her face feeling hot. "Oi... listen to me."

The big dragon folded his arms in front of him. "And if we did this, going outside your comfort zone, then what would your limits be, little twinkle?"

Star blushed, her voice barely a squeak at this point. "N-no sex stuff. I j-just wanna feel like a little baby." She wished she could shrink into the cloudy mattress beneath her body and melt away. She was blushing hard enough that her body felt almost like it was on fire.

"So then, yes on the Punishment Crib?" He said. "And on the spinny, trancy mobile? Last chance to have this just stay between the two of us. I'm already hearing Moomoo starting to trot upstairs with the other girls."

Star closed her eyes. "Y-yes." She squeaked.

And then she felt a firm pat on her head. "Daddy is so very proud of his baby cub." Alister loomed over her as she opened her eyes. "So very clear in what she wants. So ready to ask to be sent back to the playpen like the little kitten she knows she is." His tail swished behind him as he reached down to scoop her up. "And just so we're both clear on the rules here... if you ever start to get uncomfortable with ANYTHING, you say the word "Tadpole" and we stop." He cradled her in his arms, leaning down to nuzzle her face-floof.

"Oi, I thought you were gonna get the crib out?" Star tilted her head, raising an eyebrow and perking her ears. "Why are you holding me?"

The big strong arms of the dragon tightened around her like a snake gripping into her. "I'm just so proud I needed to cuddle my little kitten!" He said, squeezing her tight. "Just sit tight. Daddy will get the bondage crib out. Rocking her a bit in his arms, the big fluffy pink dragon walked over towards the closet. "Oooof! Gotta put'cha down now." He puffed, before bending and setting Star on her bottom, the lynx feeling painfully aware of the plastic diaper crinkling against the carpet. "Now before we get you all suited up, can you be a good girl and open your mouth for me?"

"L-like this?" Star opened her maw. "Aaaaa..." With a single motion, Alister pulled something out of his muzzle and popped it into Star's mouth. "Mmmph!" Straps of pink fabric and velcro clacked against the fuzz of her cheeks. A large, rubbery thing pressed against her tongue.

Bending over, the burly man grabbed the straps. "Now then, don't fuss or fret. This is just part of your punishment. A pretty pink glittery butterfly pacifier you can't spit out, with straps around your head you can't take off with those mittens on." He wrapped the pink nylon straps around her head, the pacifier pressing in a bit tighter against her lips.

"Howff wong iff diff sayum in?" She managed to garble out, seeing just how hard it was to talk with the pacifier in.

Alister laughed, his tail thrashing behind him as he opened the folding closet door. "Hahaha! Such a silly little baby kitten, trying to talk like a big girl." He patted her head between the ears. "Keep practicing, maybe someday you'll figure out words." He tugged out a bright eggshell white crib on wheels, squeaking as it pulled out. There were a number of bright red letters painted on the white bars of the crib, spelling "Y-O-U-V-E-B-E-E-N-B-A-D" out on either side of the big thing. "Now to make room!" The wheels squeaked as Alister pushed the crib out into the center of the room, replacing the blue crib in position on the far side of everything. As Star watched, he pushed the baby blue crib back into the closet.

"Whaff maxix ah bonndiz cwib?" The little lynx managed to babble, feeling embarrassed. She couldn't even talk like a big girl. She might as well has been a little tiny kitten, babbling incoherently. Golden eyes glinted with mischief as Alister bent down to pick her back up. How easily he handled her, as if she weighed almost nothing, made her tremble. "M-mewf!" She squeaked, as the big floof-dragon led her back over towards the bright white crib.

Inside, there were what looked like more nylon straps, bright pink in color. They looped around the bars of the crib, splitting the pressure along several bars. "Down goooooes baby!" Alister cheered, as he lowered Star into the crib, dropping her the last inch so she felt herself sinking into the blankets and mattress. "Memory foam in there, so you'll sink in and have trouble getting out of your own indentation. Plus pillow plethora, so you'll sink your head into the softness." He chuckled. "But this isn't meant to be a reward, soooooo..." He grabbed Star's right paw, tugging it out away from her body. One of the nylon straps wrapped around her wrist. "And now we tighten it just so-" The big floof dragon had a tone of cheer in his voice as Star felt the material tightening against her wrist. "Between the thick kitten mitten and the tightness of the loop, you're already trapped." He reared back up, folding his arms with a wide smirk crossing his snout. "Go ahead and try to pull your arm free. You can't."

Star tried anyway. Each tug only made it more clear she was stuck. The straps fitted into divets in the bars of the crib, and the nylon strap split the weight along 3 different crib bars. She couldn't even rattle the wall of her new prison. On her third try, she grunted with exertion, prompting her captor to laugh. "Oh? What was that little snort?" Alister's voice was almost insufferable in the amused tone. "Is my widdle kidden leaving a present for daddy? Maybe I should check!" Star tensed her body as she felt his paw going down to her diaper, patting the butt. "Nope, nothing smushy-mushy down here yet. We'll wait for a diaper change until the morning, I think." He grinned, as he grabbed her left wrist. "For now, let's just get papa's little

tinkle-twinkle back into her reward-punishment for being a naughty little girl who played rough and for being a good little girl who asked for what she wanted.”

A few moments passed, as the kitten realized how well and truly trapped she was. Each of her limbs were spread out, and Alister had tightened her bonds enough so that she could just barely relax her muscles, but couldn't pull her body back all the way. She could just wiggle and squirm, like a two month old who couldn't even support her own weight yet. And the bondage gag even ensured she couldn't scream for help. She was incapacitated, restrained, and had nothing she could do but squirm in futility, stare up at the ceiling, and suckle herinky. And despite herself, the thought of being here until Alister or Moomoo came to let her free made her start purring loudly.

Another few moments later, she heard a clicking sound, and saw a mobile above her head, little dangling plastic sheep swaying back and forth above her. Each sheep had a different pastel color, big goofy smiles on their faces. “And now for your mobile, miss immobile!” She watched as a pink taloned arm flipped a switch on the device. The sheep began to spin in a circle slowly, while a lullaby began to play. Star watched them slowly beginning to dance and spin, a muffled yawn escaping her lips from around the pacifier. As she tried her best to relax and calm down, something occurred to her: Didn't Da- Alister say that the mobile was meant to be hypnotic?

Sleepy baby. Comfy baby. Little baby. Just a baby. Leaky baby. Happy baby.

Star felt her eyelids getting heavy. She yawned again, squirming in vain to try and get more comfortable. As much as she felt like she couldn't sleep with her limbs all stretched out like that, the longer her head rested on the pillow, the more of a *sleepy baby* she felt herself becoming. Her eyes narrowed as her eyelids slid down lazily. She couldn't help it though, the whole crib was designed to make her a *comfy baby*. Her tail was twitching as she watched the sleepy sheepies spinning round and round in slow, deliberate circles. She felt like she was a *little baby* at that moment, *just a baby* resting in her crib, and not even a big one, either. Just a *leaky baby* who had wet her knickers in her fright. The room filled with the soothing sound of the lullaby. Star's eyes gradually shut themselves, and she felt her whole body rumbling with a welcome purr. The feelings, the sensations, they washed over her, making her a *happy baby* too.

Silly tot. No control. No potty training, just totty playing. Loves their mama. Loves their papa. Good little babies obey and listen...

Fatigue finally caught up to Star, as she slipped and slept away into a nice, deep trance.

“Haha! Look at Star!” Fudge giggled, peering through the bars into the bondage crib. “She’s all tied up and stuff!” She pointed at the bondage crib, the tinny melody from the hypno-mobile filling the air.

Moomoo put a hooved hand on the brown bunny’s shoulder. “It’s not polite to point, dear.” She smiled, moving her arm down to pat at the bunny’s crinkly bottom. “Besides, we’re supposed to be getting you and Kayla ready for bedtime, aren’t we?” She found herself yawning a bit. That mobile DID have quite the oomph to it, didn’t it? “Come over to the closet, so we can get you both dressed for beddybye.”

“Aww... ok.” Fudge grumbled, turning to prance over with her new moo-mommy and the red squirrel she was sharing her mommy with. “But we’re still bigger girls than she is, right?” Fudge grinned. “We get a bedtime story. And our pick of cribs.” Her little cotton tail twitched as she held her arms up for the big pink cow to dress her up.

As Fudge felt herself getting put into a nice, thick yellow sleeper that spread her legs apart, Kayla turned to stare at the lynx in the bondage crib, whistling. “She did pounce you earlier, Fudge.” Her fluffy, rufous tail curled as she folded her arms. “Might be wise not to get on her bad side.”

Fudge shook her head. “At least I’m a big girl. If she got good-night juice like we did, she’d just get it all over her face-floof like a messy infant.”

Kayla rolled her eyes. “I know Moomoo asked us to tease her a bit to help make Star feel little, but aren’t you taking it a bit far? She’s not even awake.”

This got the coffee-brown bunny shaking her head, her ears bouncing as Moomoo crouched down to zip up the back of her sleeper. “Nuh-uh! She pounced me. I want a little payback.” She smirked. “Besides, in all those layers of diapers, we all know who the littlest sister is, huh?”

Fudge watched Kayla’s eyes roll a bit. “Sure. And when she’s awake, we are SO never letting her forget it.”

A hand fell on Fudge’s shoulder. She saw another one was resting on her squirrely comrade’s shoulder as well. “That’s enough teasing for now, girls.” Moomoo wasn’t chiding, but she did look over towards Star’s crib. “As Kayla said, she’s either entranced or asleep already, so she won’t really be able to enjoy it. Save it for tomorrow. Fudge, go take a seat in the bedtime nook and await your story. Kayla, we need to get you dressed for bedtime too.”

She didn’t need to be told twice. Fudge turned and started waddling off towards the rocking chair in the corner surrounded by bean bag chairs. She heard the whine in the tone of Kayla’s “Awwwww!” and the tense tone of Moomoo’s chiding response. She was gonna stay out

of any risk of getting on the mommy-figure's bad side. Flopping into a yellow bean-bag chair, she flopped over to stare up at the ceiling. The plastic stars affixed to it were glowing faintly as it got darker out. She found herself yawning as her head sunk into the bean bag chair, listening to the music playing from Star's mobile.

Sleepy baby. No getting up for bathroom breaks. Cuddly baby. No need to wake up, just let it all leak out.

Fudge yawned. All of a sudden she felt like such a *sleepy baby*. Moomoo had warned her about the mobile Star might have had on her crib, but she hadn't expected it to be this effective so quickly. She stirred, wanting to stay awake for the story at least. There was a pressure between her legs too. She had stayed dry for this long, maybe she should- *No getting up for bathroom breaks*. Her muscles relaxed as the bunny felt that familiar warm wetness blossoming out into her diapers. The good night juice she'd sucked in her just a little while ago already on it's way out of her. Nuzzling into the bean bag chair, she closed her eyes and let her ears flop against the soft material. It felt nice to be such a *cuddly baby* right now. Her crotch grew warmer and wetter as she settled down to snooze. *No need to wake up, just let it all leak out*. Fudge's last thoughts before she fell asleep was how wonderful it felt to be in a soggy, squishy diaper as she napped.

"Huh. Guess Fudge was pooped." Kayla loomed over the padded bunny, sprawled along the bean bag chair and quietly snoozing. "Didn't wake up after two pokes. She's out cold." Looking up towards Moomoo, she tilted her head. "Guess it's just me for storytime, huh?"

Moomoo patted at Kayla's head, showing the big little squirrel a warm smile. "Perhaps. But it is getting late for little kits... I think I'm going to skip storytime tonight, Kayla."

Kayla curled her lower lip into a decidedly pronounced pout. "Awww..." She folded her arms and tried her best to look indignant and childish. "I wanted a story!"

It wasn't long before she felt arms wrapping around her armpits, scooping her up. "There'll be plenty of other opportunities, little one." Moomoo bent down to kiss her on the forehead, pressing Kayla up against her squishy chest. Kayla felt a wetness leaking onto her sleeper, seeing a dark spot where the cow's nipples rubbed into it. Moomoo just gave a wide grin and laughed. "Ah... sorry. In all the chaos of the day, Mommy didn't get a chance to milk herself. I may be a bit juicy right now." She slid an arm under Kayla's bottom, carrying the red squirrel over towards the pale blue crib next to Star's bondage crib. "But you let Mommy worry about that! You just worry about getting comfy in your crib." The music from Star's mobile was playing in Kayla's ears as the pair of them got close.

Sleepy baby. Obey mommy. Snuggle soft baby toys. Be cute and cuddly with other babies.

"Aww..." Kayla yawned, still pouting, her eyes blinking slowly. Like a *sleepy baby*. "I'm not sleepy, mommy!" The m-word was starting to just feel so natural on her lips now. She felt her body sinking into the mattress as Moomoo placed her in the crib. "... I can stay up..." She mumbled as she stared up at the big cow, who just silently winked at her, while setting up a second mobile matching the one above Star's crib. In sync, it began to turn and play music, both mobiles somehow playing exactly in time with each other. Kayla, in spite of her protests, didn't seem to struggle or try to get up as Moomoo walked away. She just wanted to relax and *obey mommy*. But something didn't feel right. She was tired, but she couldn't quite sleep. Looking over at Star, she saw the Lynx's head had pressed up against a stuffed mountain lion someone had placed in her crib. That looked like a fun idea, and her bright blue crib had way more toys than Star's naughty punishment crib. She reached out to grope for one, finding a stuffed brown furred chipmunk plush and pulling it up against her. Now that she was able to *snuggle soft baby toys* she felt like she could relax fully. She'd almost fallen asleep when she heard a rustling in the crib. Turning her head, she looked to see a familiar dozing brown baby bunny placed alongside her. Moomoo reached a hoof down to tuck the two of them in under soft, fluffy covers. Kayla gave a weak smile. Rolling over, she placed her stuffed chipmunk between the two of them, and cuddled up against her bunny sister. She wanted to *be cute and cuddly with other babies* so she could go to sleep. Kayla yawned, tucking her head against Fudge's chest as she closed her eyes once more.

And fell asleep to the sound of the tinny hypnotic lullaby filling her mind.

Light from the morning sun peeked through the window blinds, kissing Fudge's eyelids as she twitched. She felt warm all over and was snuggled up to something soft and squishy. "Mmm..." She mumbled, licking her lips and tasting cloth. Someone had their arms wrapped around her. For the sleepy rabbit, it felt nice. Tucking her head down to avoid the sun getting in her eyes, she sniffed the air, her nose twitching.

Something stunk. Grumbling, she pushed her head up and sat up in her crib with a squish. Opening her eyes, she rubbed at them with her paws. "Nnngh..." she mumbled as she wiped the sleep from her vision and looked around. The last thing she'd remembered was not getting a story because she fell asleep in the bean bag chair. She felt different this morning, though. Sleepy, sure, but little as well. She was a good little bunny baby. Kayla was cuddling a little chipmunk dolly, her head buried into the plush toy. Fudge scowled, reaching down to gently rock Kayla. "Kaykay. Come on, Kaykay, wake up!" She sniffed the air again. "Someone's stinky and I don't like it!" She whined, grumbling.

It took a few moments of rocking before Kayla groaned slightly, sitting up, her hair a mess from the night of cuddling. "Fudge-" She was interrupted by a yawn. "What am I 'sposta do if someone's stinky? We're babies, remember?" She narrowed her eyes and scowled at the bunny. "Go back to sleep. 's too early for little bunnies to be fussy."

Fudge shook her head, reaching a paw down to the backside of Kayla's diaper. "Nuh-uh! Come on, lemme check you!" She patted the backside of the diaper. There was a crinkle but no squish. "Ok, you're not messy." She folded her paws and scowled over at the bondage crib. "I guess it's LITTLE sister." She huffed and rolled her eyes. "Figures Mommy and Daddy would stick us in the same room as the stinky mudbutt baby."

"Fudge..." Kayla warned. "Just let it go."

She threw her hands up in the air. "Why?!? If she can't even hold it through the night-" Behind Fudge, the door to the nursery opened.

The rabbit ignored it, watching as Kayla yawned again and rolled her eyes. "We're babies. We should probably get used to it, at least until the week's vacation is up. Besides-"

Fudge scowled. "Besides what?!?" She was annoyed at how nonplussed Kayla seemed to be about this.

"Besides, little bunny, you're the one who made your name literal." Fudge felt a firm hand patting the back of her sleeper, a decidedly squishing sound hitting her long fluffy ears. She heard a deep-voiced laugh, as Alister rested against the crib on his left arm, patting her backside with his right. "Looks like you Fudged your diapers. Didn't even notice, did you?" His voice was a smug dagger plunging through her mind. Her face was hot and her pulse raced. She hadn't even noticed she'd had to go... "I was going to ask who was first for diaper changes, but I guess if you mind messy babies so much, I'll be nice and make it you." Two arms hooked under her arms.

Fudge whimpered, squirming as she felt the dragon's hand press into her bottom, sinking into her diapered bum. "I can't believe I diiiiiid that!" She covered her eyes with her ears, tugging on them and whimpering as she felt Daddy Alister putting her gently onto the changing table. The pillowy surface squished the mess against her bottom, and she felt herself wincing.

Daddy dragon chuckled. "Well, what else is a baby supposed to do when they have to go?" He reached out to tickle along Fudge's tummy. "Besides, you've grown up with potty problems, didn't you? Saw it on your sheet. So you should be used to this. No tears now." His fingers danced along her body as he used his free hand to unzip her sleeper. "Lemme see a smile."

She tried to hold out as long as she could, but Fudge eventually felt Alister hit the sweet spot along her armpits. She laughed out loud, squirming. "Hahaha!" She giggled and squirmed her arms and legs. It took a moment for her caretaker to get the sleeper off her, but she was smiling again.

"There we go!" Alister tugged the diaper open. "Peeyew. Yeah, I can see why you were grumping about this, little brownbottom." He tore the tapes on the diaper open and began to wipe her bottom clean. "Clean and nice, nice and clean." Fudge felt the cool moisture of the wipes running along her bottom. "Just relax and enjoy it..." He leaned forward to blow a raspberry on her tummy, provoking another giggle. "Because I know I'm loving every moment of this." His grin was incorrigible as he folded up the used diaper and taped it shut. "Smells much nicer in here already, huh?" He disposed of it in a diaper genie nearby. "Now then, let's get little miss bunnybutt ready for her day." Fudge's keen ears heard one of the drawers on the changing table slide open.

When the pink-maned creature held up not one, or two, but three diapers pressed between his fingers, Fudge's eyes bulged. "THREE?!?"

He chuckled. "Well, you were wetting yourself before we even got you in diapers, little bun!" He reached up to pat her head and tussle her hair. "Not to mention last night's messy nappy." He lifted her body almost effortlessly, reminding her exactly how strong he really was. "I'd say adding some extra layers seems like a reasonable precaution." He sprinkled some pink powder along the diaper's length, and then foofed some more of it onto her crotch and bottom. "We'll cut slits in the inner two diapers so accidents can leak out into the second and third, and you'll be good for the whole day, more or less." Her nose twitched. It was rose-scented talcum powder.

"B-but... but I'm a BIG sister!" Fudge huffed, folding her arms and glaring her most bratty glare at her daddy. "If you add that, then I'm-"

Said caretaker's initial response was to tug the first diaper up over her waist and tape it shut. The diaper was pale white with purple tapes, covered in little golden shooting stars. "If it helps, we'll probably diaper all three of you like this as a standard procedure once the other two girls start having potty problems." He grinned. "You're really just about as little as Star is, and this makes it official. Neat, huh?"

"Nooooo!" Fudge grumbled, watching him slit the front with his claws, cutting through the shooting stars on her diaper.

"And oooooon goes the second layer!" Alister lifted her crinklebutt, sliding the second diaper on, as it spread her legs apart. "You'll be waddling, but at least you can still walk in this while it's dry. Once you've wet enough, you'll probably be crawling everywhere!"

Fudge sighed as the second diaper was put on. "Can you at least triple-diaper the other two girls this change too?"

"Hey!" Kayla was standing on the mattress in their crib, clutching her stuffed chipmunk while resting her arms on the railing of the crib. "Leave us out of this!"

"Ymmph!" Star said in what Fudge could only assume was an affirmation.

She watched her daddy rubbing his chin. "Hmm... I suppose I could..." But then he shook his head. "Nah. You were acting pretty big for your britches last night, little missy." He finished taping the diaper shut, before getting the third layer slipped under. Alister raised his hand up to pat her on the head. "So I think for today, you're gonna be the first waddlebutt for a while. We'll see how the other two girls do today. Maybe if you're lucky, you won't be the only one in three diapers by the end of the day."

Fudge turned back to look at the other two girls. "A girl can hope." She giggled, as she pushed herself off of the changing table.

"Ok!" Alister turned around. "So who's next for a diaper change! Don't be shy..."

Stretching her legs, Fudge looked over at the two of them. She watched Kayla looking over at the changing table, and then pointing over at Star. "Do my littlest sister next." She patted her tummy. "I'm, um, gonna go last."

The stomach cramps let Kayla know that if she had gotten a change then, she'd have needed another one right after it. So she passed the buck to Star, watching Alister walk over and start unhooking her, Kayla just slumped over against the wall of her crib and clutched at her toy chipmunk. Her tail flagged up. It was coming. A low, quiet fart escaped her backside, barely audible to anyone other than her.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Fudge walked over towards the crib after retrieving a drab-hued stuffed rabbit plush, which she had clutched against her chest.

Kayla grunted. "Messing my diaper." She had no hesitation in her response, closing her eyes.

There was a tone of shock in Fudge's voice. "Wait, what? Why!?!!" Kayla didn't dignify it with a response, feeling the mess emptying out into the back of her diaper, pushing the soggy mass out in the back. "I mean, when I messed it was at night. I didn't know any better. Can't you just hold it?"

“Could.” Kayla was focused on enjoying the sheer release of it. The air was starting to get a bit stinky around her. “Won’t.” She opened her eyes to give Fudge an amused stare. “We’re juuuuust babies, Fudge. Where else am I gonna go? You think little babies know how to use a toilet?” She let out a soft huff, her tail curling and tensing as she the rear of her diaper sag down. “Better I get changed once than twice in a few minutes, you know?”

Fudge held the gray bunny up in front of her face. “Geeze. Going native so soon?”

A long, pronounced sigh escaped Kayla’s lips, as she stared off into nothing. “Might as well enjoy it, we’re here for the whole week.” She focused her glare to look over at Fudge shielding herself with the soft, fluffy doll. “Or are you going to throw a big fuss when you have to mess in public?” As Fudge sputtered, Kayla turned her gaze over towards the changing table. Star was almost done, some new diapers on her bottom and Alister working on getting her dressed in a bright pink onsie with little baby ducks printed all over it.

That was good. Kayla might put on a brave face because Fudge was fun to provoke, but she didn’t want to spend too much time messy. “I’m just saying, Fudge, that we’re all gonna have it happen.” She raised a paw up in front of her. “Why fight it pointlessly?” She watched Alister zipping a fussing Star up and ending it with a pat on her butt to encourage her to go play.

“Daddy, I fudged my diaper.” Kayla spoke up as she saw the lynx retreating from the dragon.

Fudge sputtered. “That’s not the new term for it!” Fudge was easy to tease, and after everything, probably deserved a little bit of it. But not much. Kayla didn’t consider herself to be mean.

The big fluffy dragon walked over towards the crib, putting his paws on his hips. “I can tell, little kit!” He reached down to squish her bottom. “Did someone leave a present for daddy?”

This time, Kayla held her own stuffed toy in front of her face. “Y-yes...” It was catching up to her exactly how she was acting. She’d just willingly messed her diaper. Not even on purpose, but it’d wanted to happen and she’d let it happen. Without her controlling it. And she’d ENJOYED it.

Her reverie was interrupted by the paw on her bottom, pulling her up out of the crib. “Well, better now than the second after you get into a clean diaper.” He held her up against his body, while patting Fudge between her ears and tussling her hair. “Go play with Star, ok? She needs a bunny to play with right now.” As Fudge crinkled off, Alister turned his gaze down to Kayla. “Don’t think I forgot about you, little nutmuncher.” He broke into a smile, leading her over towards the cloudlike changing table. Setting her down, he tickled her tummy, making Kayla squirm and giggle. “Don’t think you’re not special too.” He unzipped her sleeper, letting it fall to the ground on the right hand side of the table, with the other stripped sleepers.

Kayla's face was hot. "S-sometimes I feel like I'm too boring. Quiet. Always a wallflower. F-feels nice to hear that someone is remembering me."

The dragon made a show of shock, eyes comedically wide and his mouth curled into an "o" shape. He raised a paw in front of his face. "Why, I am AFFRONTED, kit!" He bent down to start un-taping her diaper. "How could I forget such a lovely little princess?"

"Princess?" Kayla gave a weak smile that turned into a frown when the full scent of her accident hit her. She was stinky, and it'd take some getting used to.

A cool, moist sensation hit her mind as Alister worked on cleaning her bottom off. It tickled, making her squirm and giggle. "Of course! All my girls are special, pretty little princesses." He laughed as he tossed aside one wipe to get another one ready. "Gonna need a few of these..." He mumbled as he continued his ministrations. "And I can't wait to break out the outfits we have prepared for the role!"

"I like that... you think we could play dress up later today?" Kayla clasped her front paws against her tummy, relaxing. Being taken care of was nice. She had absolutely no cares in the world, and it was very freeing.

Alister lifted her up to wipe along the fur along her upper bottom. "Regular talcum powder, or the flower-scented stuff?" He lowered her body again, reaching down to open another compartment on the changing table.

It was a harder decision than Kayla thought. "Regular, please." She craned her head up to see what was going on. Moments later, she was rewarded for the decision by a gentle sprinkling sensation hitting her fur. The pleasing scent of baby powder hit her nostrils. Closing her eyes, she sighed in contentment.

"Someone really loves getting changed, huh?" Alister's tail thrashed behind him. "Glad you approve." He pulled out a few of the shooting star diapers. "Probably should put you in the same three layers as the other two girls..."

"Can I just have the one, please?" Kayla lifted her head up again, giving him a nervous smile. "I, uh, kinda want people to smell it if I-"

A wide draconic smile crossed her new daddy's snout. "Just this once, alright." His voice was quiet, so the other two didn't hear. "Because you're daddy's favorite. If anyone asks, you can just say it's because you're the big sister. You get to flaunt it." He put most of the diapers away, lifting her bottom and sliding the diaper underneath it. "There we go." He added a bit more talcum powder, before folding the diaper up and taping it shut. "Nice and tight?"

Kayla kicked her legs a bit, testing it. "Yeah, feels snug!" She sat up, a little cloud of white puffing out of her new padding. She slid off the changing table. "Thankoo, daddy!" She slurred her word cutely and bowed to him, retrieving her stuffed chipmunk dolly.

Alister tussled her hair and smiled. "There we go! It's warm enough, I think you'll be good in just your sleep shirt and a diaper for a little while." He bent down to peck her on the cheek. "Girls, come here!" He held out his arms to wave Star and Fudge over. "You're all clean and more or less dressed now. Time for breakfast!"

Star and Fudge padded over, the lynx's ears perked. "Ooo, after how yummy dinner was, I can't wait to see what Breakfast is!"

"Wait, breakfast is WHAT?!?"

Star's arms were pressed against the onesie wrapped around her hips, a fresh pair of thick pink mittens fastened around her paws. Kayla, who was standing right behind her, personally felt like Star was protesting a bit much. But she stayed silent and let the lynx protest. It wasn't Kayla's bottom that might get paddled, after all.

Moomoo chuckled, pursing her lips and moving to slide a pink-furred arm under her breasts, pushing them up with a bit of a bounce. "What's best for growing baby girls, of course! I need to be milked anyway, and you're all hungry and thirsty, aren't you?" A bead of white cream formed around the right nipple. "See? I'm practically bursting."

"I am hungry..." Star's ears drooped, as she poked her fingers together in front of Kayla. "B-but I was hoping for some bacon or something! Not, you know-" Kayla walked forward to stand next to Star as the feline thrust her paws forward to gesture at Moomoo's bosom. "-THAT!" This provoked a snicker from the Red Squirrel. Star was such a fusspot sometimes. She watched as the kitten tilted her head. "Wait, but there's three of us and only two of, um, those."

Kayla looked over towards Moomoo. It was a valid question.

At this, Moomoo spread her thighs. "I have udders, sweetie. One of you little dears can crawl up between my legs and nurse there." She smiled. "It'll be just like my little Varden used to!"

"B-but-" Star began.

Kayla darted in front of her. "Dibs on a breast!" She said, seeing an opportunity.

The red squirrel ran past Star over to her surrogate mommy, as the Lynx's face fell and she sputtered. "H-hey wait--"

"Me too!" Fudge waddled forward with purpose and alacrity as Kayla embraced the bovine, seeing the bunny pass the kitten. With each step the rabbit's diapers gave a painfully audible crinkle as she approached. Kayla flagged her tail up, sitting down on Moomoo's right thigh as she watched the bunny's ears bounce as she jogged past. "Big sisters get to sit! Little sisters crawl like the babies they are!"

Kayla snickered. Star just scowled. "Oi, you're wearing three diapers too, FUDGEY!" The lynx stomped a footpaw in front of them, and for a moment, Kayla thought Star was about to throw a tantrum.

"Little. Twinkle." Moomoo said, her voice firm, her eyes narrowing, her smile never leaving her face. "Naughty girls at night get the bondage crib. Do you want to find out what happens to naughty girls at day?"

Star was a sight to behold, stiffening up and almost saluting at the admonishment. "N-no Mama!" She spat out, panic in her eyes.

Moomoo just chuckled. "Thought so. So get down on all fours and crawl here, kitten. Or don't you want any breakfast?"

As Kayla watched, Star fell to her knees, putting her front paws forward on the ground. It was so interesting to see how tame Star was now, Kayla thought, compared to how she'd been yesterday. A night in the bondage crib had sparked a fear of Mommy and Daddy in her. She was so long in thought, watching Star crawl forward with her bum wiggling back and forth in the air, that she didn't feel one of Moomoo's hands pressing on the back of her head. "Now little nutmuncher, don't be shy." Kayla felt her head being lowered towards the puffy nipple on Moomoo's breast. "I do need my milk tanks drained, and you need to fill your tum." Across from her, Kayla watched Fudge getting the same treatment.

It was one thing to say you were going to do something, but another entirely to have to do it. Kayla had never nursed on anything before. She squirmed, her fluffy tail twitching and trembling. "W-well, I uh-mmmph!" She was silenced entirely when her lips were pressed up against the breast. She felt warm, wet milk leaking against her face fur. After another moment to steady herself and get some courage, she opened her mouth slightly and began to nurse, a spurt of the sweet cream filling her mouth. And even though it was the same milk they'd had available last night (At least Kayla was pretty sure it'd all come from the same tap), at the time...

It tasted like the best thing in the world to her.

There was something better about it this fresh. Kayla felt relaxed, closing her eyes to tune out everything except the activity of nursing. She snuggled up against Moom- her mommy cow, resting her head against the soft fuzzy body of her caretaker and enjoying the strawberry scent clinging to the cow's fur. The more milk Kayla swallowed, the more she wanted to drink. She realized a few moments too late that she was already wetting her new clean diaper, and found she didn't care. Wrapping her arms around her mommy's body, she pressed in on the breast a little, trying to coax more milk out. How long had she been drinking of the saccharine white nectar? Time was hard when she was so utterly focused on nursing. She let out a huff of warm air from her nostrils as she swallowed another mouthful of milk. Everything about the experience was embarrassing and humiliating but addicting at the same time!

Moomoo at some point started to tremble. For a moment Kayla's tranquil reverie faltered. Was the cow in pain? But a pat on her bottom reassured her and kept her feeding. "You have noooooo idea how good this feels, babies..." Moomoo said, her voice flush with a blissful tone. Star was pressed up against Mommy Moomoo's udder, making loud sucking noises as she tried to keep nursing on one of the four engorged teats between the big cow's legs. From the looks of it, she'd gotten a lot of milk all over her facial fur. Fudge was draped along the big pink cow's left side like a piece of clothing, practically trying to climb inside the maternal bovine. Though Kayla, her lips never leaving the nipple, supposed she was just as bad. As Kayla drank her fill, she became aware of fingers stroking her hair. "Drink as mooooch as you need, little one." Moomoo whispered, smiling down at her. "Mooodoommy knows her baby girls need their milk."

Eventually, it had to end. Kayla's well ran dry, there was no more milk for her to drink. She felt Mommy pressing her forehead gently away from the tit. "You're a greedy one, Kayla." She flashed the squirrel a smile and laughed. "Star and Fudge were full a few minutes ahead of you!"

Kayla's face was flush. She laughed. "G-guess I was just dehydrated. Ahahaha..." She put her hands on the cow's thigh to help herself up to her feet.

And Moomoo put a hand in front of her. "Ututut." She shook her pink head with a snort. "You're not done, little missy." Mommy turned Kayla up to rest her head on a shoulder. "Not until you make some noise for me. You might not have noticed, but no little girl goes away gassy in this house."

"But-" Kayla protested, seeing Star and Fudge behind her, both grinning while they watched. She heaved a sigh as she felt Mommy patting her back firmly. Nothing was going to happen. She wasn't LITERALLY a baby- "Urp!" She whimpered as she realized what had just happened. She'd just been burped like an infant. And it was actually kinda nice. She spent a moment hugging Mommy before letting Moomoo set her back up. Balancing on her footpaws was a bit tricky with her swollen, soggy diaper. But she managed. "So what's the plan for today, Mommy?" She waddled over towards the other two girls as she spoke.

Moomoo was wrapping a frilly pink apron with white trim around her naked body. "Oh, I was thinking we'd let you three play in a playpen for a while while Alister and I handle some bookkeeping, and then wheel the three of you down to Meadowlarke Bluestone Park for a chance to stretch your legs and get some fresh air." Her voice was full of bubbles and cheer as she stood up and clipclopped along the tile of the kitchen floor. "But first, I'm making a cake!"

"Oi.. everyone seeing us like this?" Star's paws pressed up against her face. "W-with everyone having a chance to stare at us?"

Fudge snickered. "What, is LITTLEST sister gonna cry?" She poked at Star's shoulder. "I could see it. You needed mommy to clean your face off from breakfast, after all. Can't do anything for yourself at all, can you?"

Star scowled. "Don't push it, Fudgey! Don't forget we're both triple-diapered right now." She stuck her tongue out and folded her arms in front of her.

"I wish this didn't have to end in a week." Kayla said quietly.

And everyone turned to stare at her.

Star tilted her head. "Huh?"

Fudge frowned. "Bwa?"

"This is a vacation, remember?" Kayla sighed, closing her eyes. "But even with all the fuss last night, I've had more fun in twenty four hours than I have had in weeks. Getting changed by Daddy and Mommy was really relaxing, too. I think I really needed this. Didn't each of you?"

The blush was visible on Star's face. If Kayla didn't know any better she'd have expected steam to rise from the Kitten's forehead. "Y-yeah, I guess I'd want that too..."

Fudge smirked. "If we could just act like kids all the time? No need to worry about big kid stuff? Sure, sign me up."

Kayla lowered her head. "But eventually the bubble pops, the spell ends, and we wake up from the dream. Sorry if I'm being a downer... just kinda feeling a bit sad that it has to end, you know?"

"It doesn't have to." Moomoo said, nonchalantly from the fridge, pulling out some eggs from it.

The three girls all spoke at once. "Huh?!?"

"You remember that you're a proof of concept, correct?" Moomoo put a metal bowl on the counter in front of her, tapping an egg against the rim of it, breaking the shell. "After this week, Alister and I are going to be accepting other big baby guests to come visit, be taken care of, and just in general pay to be babied." She plopped the innards of the egg into the metal bowl. "To help complete the experience, our guests will need playmates." She picked up a second egg, cracking it in a swift motion against the metal rim of the bowl. "Alister and I could hire you three as full time babies, to play, tease, and interact with our guests."

Kayla's ears perked straight up. "You'd... let us stay as babies?" She was tensed. This sounded too good to be true. "And take care of us and stuff?"

The maternal moocow just smiled. "You've been quite nice and sweet. And the house is so quiet without babies padding around in it. Of course, officially you'd be employees of the Spa. We'd have to pay you all in addition to taking care of you."

"You'd pay us to BE babies?" Fudge pressed her paws together in front of her. "F-for real?"

The cow nodded. "I'd say the past twenty four hours were sufficient as an interview, so yes. Consider it adoption if you want."

The girls just stared at their would-be mommy in stunned silence.

"Y-yes please!" Star stammered out.

"I'm in." Fudge grinned.

The two of them looked over at Kayla. She hesitated. This was a big change. Could she really go twenty four seven in diapers? It seemed like that'd be what she'd be looking at. But... it was fun having Fudge and Star as sisters. And she'd been sincere about what she'd said before. Heaving a sigh, she closed her eyes. "I suppose. Someone has to be the big sister to the two of you."

"Oi!" Star scowled, putting her hands on her hips. "Who says YOU get to be the big sister?"

Kayla snickered. "Because you got put in the bondage crib for being naughty, and Fudge is too bratty to be trusted in the role. AND you're both in multiple layers of diapers. Someone has to be the well behaved older sister."

Any further debate was interrupted by a sniffing. Kayla looked over in the direction of the sound. Moomoo was crying. "Mama, what's wrong?" The red squirrel waddled over towards the bovine, concerned.

Moomoo wiped a tear from her eye. "I'm just... sooo happy." She smiled at Kayla. "This is going to be so fun for all of us! Thank you. Thank you all." She smiled, her tail whipping back and forth as she hugged Kayla tightly.

There was a knock on the door as Moomoo let go. "Oh, yes, that'll be the ranch hand to take you to the playpen." She patted Kayla's bottom to hear her crinkle. "I'll speak with my husband about the necessary preparations. We'll have some forms for each of you to sign- and not in crayon- this evening."

Kayla raised an eyebrow. "Wait, ranch hand to TAKE us to the playpen?"

Moomoo had an impish smile on her face. "Well, I didn't say the playpen was in the HOUSE, did I? Star, I'm going to need your big sister to help me get ingredients out. Be a dear and go get the door, will you?"

"Eh heh..." Star swallowed, her face hot. She supposed it had been inevitable that someone else would see her trussed up in a silly baby outfit sooner or later, especially given how she'd just accepted a job as a PROFESSIONAL baby. But that didn't mean she wasn't nervous about people seeing her done up like this. Waddling and crinkling up to the front door, she struggled for a few moments with the doorknob. "Sure, send the little kitten in mittens to open a door, I see how it is." She grumbled and hissed as the fourth attempt she made to turn the knob failed.

By her seventh try, feeling like such an overgrown toddler, Star managed to succeed. As she opened the door, the person she found staring back at her was a bright pink-furred vixen. The new face was clad in a smokey white top cut low, the lower fabric tied under her bosom to expose her midriff to the open air. "Awww..." She cooed, tilting a white cowgirl's hat up, platinum blonde bangs poking out from under it. "Well hello, little lady." She bent forward to loom over the lynx, bits of a bright yellow bikini poking up above the cut of her top. As well as a bit of cleavage that made the blush on Star's face increase the longer she stared into it. "And what's your name, little one?" The fox spoke with a subtle hint of a southern accent creeping into her voice as she spoke.

"S-St-Sta-" The lynx's ears were flat against her head, as she raised a trembling paw up to shake the foxy lady's own. Her head drooped to avoid staring at the other girls' chest, staring down at the navy blue jean booty shorts wrapped tightly around the vulpine lady's waist.

Instead, the pretty vixen grinned and pat her on the head. "Sta Sta? That's an adorable name, kitten." With a light chuckle, she locked her brown eyes with Star's own amber set. With her free paw, she pointed at her chest in an exaggerated gesture. "My name's Kimberly, or Kim if you're still having trouble with big words." She pet the diapered kitten between the ears. "Your mama asked me to babysit her three new little girls for the morning."

Star blinked. "Wait, BABYSIT us?!?" Star's mind was reeling. She'd just now started to trust her mommy and daddy with this side of her. Everything felt like it was going too fast. When had Moomoo even had time to get a babysitter?

"I can tell you're confused, kitten." Kim leaned forward, her muzzle sliding up next to one of Star's ears. "But don't worry, mama also told me about your, ah, 'tadpole' rule." She stopped scritching Star. "If things ever get outside what you want, just say the word and the experience stops. No ifs, ands, or buts."

With the mention of her safeword, Star relaxed a little bit. "Oh, ok, that's good to--"

The pink vixen straightened back up. "Speaking of mama, can you be my special helper and give me a hand finding her?"

Star opened her mouth to reply, but never got the chance. Like a darting snake, the fox's paw shot out to wrap around her padded bottom, scooping her up. With a fluid motion and with seemingly no exertion, Kim pulled the biglittle lynx up against her hip, slinging Star's head against her right shoulder.

"W-wait a moment!" Star stammered, but a pat along her back made her lip tremble and a gentle rumble escape her lips. Part of her wondered how everyone around here seemed capable of picking her up like that. But it wasn't a concern she held for long. The little lynx fell silent as Kim carried her back into the house, watching the pink vixen's dark brown leather boots tapping against the floor, laces bouncing as she walked.

Moomoo was busying herself blending cake batter in the metal bowl while Kayla and Fudge watched on either side. "Well howdy, ma'am! Motherhood treating you well?" Kim bounced Star a bit against her body while walking up to the kitchen counter Moomoo was working at.

Fudge tugged at the strings of Moomoo's apron, paw in front of her lip as Star turned to stare at them. "Mama, whose that?"

Kayla tilted her head. "She's really pretty!"

"Aw, why thank you." Kim flashed a smile to the red squirrel, before looking up to the plump pink bovine. "So I've met Sta Sta, but who are these two?"

Star's ears perked. "Oi, m' name's actually-"

The vixen interrupted her. "Sweetie, not now, ok? Grown ups are talking." Star felt her body being bounced a bit. The condescension made her bury her face in Kim's shoulder and purr. She was being treated just like a real baby.

Moomoo chuckled as the two of them talked over Star. "I can see why you came highly recommended, Kimberly." She lifted a hooved hand to pat Fudge's shoulder. "This little brown bundle of joy is Fudge. And the big girl over here is..." She reached up to give a scratch between Kayla's ears. "Is Kayla."

Star watched the fluffy tail of her captor swishing back and forth as Kim looked over at the two of them. "Aw, so cute. Welcome to the family, both of you."

Fudge giggled. "Sta Sta is a really adorable name, isn't it?" Star shot her a glare, folding her arms and fuming a bit.

"Now now..." Kimberly grinned. "I'm sure given time I'll come up with an equally cute nickname for you."

The red squirrel standing next to Moomoo nodded. "Yeah, maybe you'll be Fudgey or something."

This brought a snicker to Star's lips as Kim's ears perked. "Ooo, that sounds like there's a fun story behind it!" She turned her head over to stare at Kayla. "Maybe I can get a clever little squirrel kit to tell it to me later?"

Kayla's eyes glinted. "We can make a deal, yeah." She tilted her head up to lock eyes with Star, looking envious to the little lynx. "I'm easily bribed by being carried."

"Hey, I didn't-" Star began, but was silenced by another bounce and a pat on the bottom.

Kim made a shushing sound, crinkling her butt as she patted the lynx's diaper. "We'll play in just a little bit, ok? For now I need to speak with your mama." Star whimpered and purred as Kim turned her gaze back up to the cow, she nodded. "So how many hours am I babysitting today?"

With one hand, Moomoo was pouring semisweet chocolate chips into the cake batter. "Just a few hours. I need to meet with my husband to get the paperwork drafted up. And a few other things set up besides." She chuckled. "Plus, I figured the girls needed some time to get used to their new home. You can let them play for a bit in the barn and then give them the tour."

“Eyup.” Kim tilted her hat forward as Star watched. “Sounds like a plan. I know a few faces who’ll adore meeting these little ones.” She rubbed at the diapered butt of the lynx in her clutches. “Mind if I use the Kid-Leash on this one? She seems like a bit of a handful.”

Star’s ears perked, her body tensing. “That’s not-”

A light, airy chuckle escaped Moomoo’s lips as she reached up to put two fingers to Star’s lips. “I don’t see any reason why not. It’ll let our little kitten get some exercise without getting too far away.”

Star squirmed as Kim turned her back to the group of them. “Thank you, ma’am! Now can you two be good and follow me and Sta Sta to the Barn?” She strode forward, as Star turned her head back to watch her two new sisters following the vixen out of the house. “Have a nice day, Ma’am. Congrats on the new adoptions.”

The sight of Kim wrapping Star in a baby leash caused Fudge to break down into giggles after a short time. It took several minutes of the Vixen’s fussing to get the straps loose enough to fit Star, while also not too tight as to be uncomfortable. And all the while, Star was fuming and hissing, red peeking through her face fur as she folded her arms and tapped a footpaw impatiently. Eventually, it was tight enough. The fox grabbed the leash attached to the straps, tugging Star behind her with the bright pink leash in her hands.

No, the whole affair carried her beyond just giggles; Fudge almost fell over, laughing. The sight only seemed to incense Star to fume further, stomping her footpaw while Fudge clutched her stomach and doubled over.

“Glad you’re amused, Fudgey, but don’t spend your whole day laughing.” Kim sauntered over towards the rabbit and the squirrel, reaching into her pocket and pulling out three pastel pink binkies. “Come on, first rule of Kim’s babysitting service is that these stay in unless I say you can talk.” She smirked, pointing at Fudge and Kayla with two of the pacifiers in her free paw. “Star gets one too, but you both first.” She took a step towards Kayla, tail swishing behind her. “I’m supposed to take you girls to the barn. We’ve got a playpen set up for you all there.”

“Why the b-mmmph!” Fudge felt a pacifier popped into her open mouth. Folding her arms, she suckled on it. Babies didn’t get a chance to argue with grownups and their rules, and she’d heard what came of Star’s protesting. With the other two girls soon nucking in unison with her, the babified bunny followed Kim the foxy ranch hand as the three girls crinkled on down to the barn, Star in front, being dragged behind Kim from the leash of the Kid-Leash.

Moomoo sighed in contentment as she felt her husband's arms kneading her shoulders, relaxing into the massage. "Mmm... a bit lower, honey..."

Alister followed her directions, whistling. "So they all said yes? I'm surprised they jumped into it so willingly." He leaned down to kiss his wife on the back of the head.

"Well, I think this might have been something they'd been craving for quite some time." Moomoo closed her eyes. "Plus, with Meadowlarke being what it is, it's not like they wouldn't fit in."

A moment of silence passed between the two. Alister raised an eyebrow. "Say, darling..." He coughed. "Did we, ah, ever tell them the secret of Meadowlarke?"

The playpen was a bright yellow thing set up in the center of the barn. A few toys were all scattered around in the center of it, all of them soft baby toys waiting to be played with and sucked on. But Star wasn't exactly staring at the playpen. Her jaw dropped, the pacifier falling out from between her lips and hanging from a cord against her stomach.

Each stall of the barn was occupied. There was a literal herd of anthropomorphic, naked milkcows, each with a different fur color. Milking aprons affixed to their breasts, white fluid flowing out of them up to tubes. Kim whistled as the lynx stared in shock, her new sisters equally shocked. "Quite a sight, huh? Everyone's stunned at first."

One of the milk cows turned and pointed at the group of them. "Ooooh! Those must be the new babies that Moomoo said she might adopt!"

The whole herd stopped to stare at them, an uproar filling the barn.

"Hey, the little squirrelgirl's tail is so fluffy! I wanna hug it and brush it!"

"Aww, that little kitten's blushing so hard! Do you wanna nap on your auntie's chest, sweetie?"

"A bunny! Such a cute little hopper... can I massage your footpaws for luck?"

Kim grinned. "Meet the herd, babies. You've got a looooot of new aunties to dote on you until it drives you nuts..."

The End!