

Cradle Robberz

By: Terinas Tiger

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.*

Chapter 7: Maximilian's Fate

The walk to Paulie Leon's "Home" was long enough away for Maximilian to forget he was wearing the gag. Trying to speak with it would have been embarrassing enough, but when he managed to make sounds, the wolf incubus just laughed and turned to face him. "Aww... is the widdle kwidden twin' to spweak?" Paulie Leon laughed, his eyes blazing with hellfire for a moment. "That's adorable. A little baby like you isn't old enough to use words yet." Maximilian had growled, the big lion's tail thrashing with irritation. Paulie Leon had just laughed before turning and walking ahead, pulling the diapered cat behind him with another swift tug on the leash.

A long concrete sidewalk had led him here. To an enormous red three story mansion, with an unsettlingly large playground Maximilian could see set up in the front yard, and what looked like a pool set up in the back. "Right this way, kitten!" Paulie Leon grinned, tugging the lion through the front door and down a hall into a large, lavish green living room. The furniture all seemed just a foot or two too large as Maximilian stared at them. He'd almost have to crawl up onto the emerald couch or into a chartreuse chair, if he wanted to sit in them. And yet, Paulie Leon, who was slightly shorter than him, seemed to sit down on the couch impossibly easily, flopping there and somehow managing to loom over the lion as if the wolf were ten feet tall. "Welcome to your new home, kitten. What do you think?"

Not willing to fall for the bait again, Maximilian pointed one of the baby blue mittens trapping his front paws up at the gag. "Mmmph!" He made noise, as if to illustrate his point.

Which caused the ashen-furred wolf no end of delight, his tail wagging as the demon's eye

motes lit up. "Aww... how adorable! Do you want to talk like a big boy, Maxie?" Those smokey, glowing motes of light the wolf demon seemed to use for eyes narrowed a bit. "Then be a good kitten and crawl onto the changing table." Pointing out behind Maximilian, Paulie Leon waited for the big lion to turn his head around. Behind him was what looked like an enormous changing table, the bright white padding along the surface of it standing out against the shades of green all around them. It was puffy, almost like a cloud. Maximilian could see leather restraints fitted around where arms and legs might comfortably rest. Turning back, he narrowed his eyes to glare at the canine incubus. Who merely shrugged. "Daddy simply can't trust you to behave yet, so the only way he's going to let you have your big-boy words back is if you let him bind you up for your own safety first." The incubus Apollyon leaned forward, smirking. "Or you can stand there and let Daddy watch you trying to take your gag out with nothing but those thick baby booties on all four paws. It'd be so cute, watching a little kitten try to use his hands like a big boy, only to fail again and again. How many times would it take before you get frustrated and start crying? It's so simple to undo a few latches, but you can't even do that, can you? Instead you have to ask Daddy to take them off you. You have to **DEPEND** on Daddy Wolf."

Growling again, Maximilian hesitated. If he could get the gag off without Apollyon's help, it'd be the perfect thing to wipe that smug smirk off the stupid canine's muzzle. But could he really do that with his front paws trapped in thick, puffy pastel blue mittens?

"I might even film the whole thing." Apollyon said, pulling a smart phone out of the pocket of his jeans. "Kitten's first crying fit! It'd make an adorable home movie, wouldn't it?"

Not wanting to give his captor the satisfaction, Maximilian just walked over towards the changing table. Climbing on was more difficult than he wanted it to be. It went almost up to his pecs, and with the pale blue baby mittens on his paws, he found getting traction to climb up difficult. He slipped once, nearly landing on his padded bottom, before he finally managed to climb up and rest his backside onto the changing table's pillowy peak. A cloud of talcum powder kicked up as his butt pushed into the table. The scent was sweet and Maximilian hated how nice it smelled.

"That's a good cub." He also hated how amused Apollyon's tone sounded, as the wolf rose up from the enormous couch effortlessly, walking over and then standing up over the changing table. Was he suddenly larger than Maximilian? How was he looming over an apex predator? "I think home movies are more Stephie-Pony's thing anyway. You have other buttons to push." The big bad wolf smirked, bending down to strap Maximilian into the changing table. The feline suppressed his urge to resist. He already knew that Paulie Leon had some way to control his body. The lion could be forced into these restraints if the wolf wanted. At least if he went willingly Maximilian might encourage his captor to let his guard down. Once Maximilian was bound at every wrist and ankle, Paulie Leon chuckled and traced a finger along his naked stomach. "A good cub indeed. Look at you. Entirely helpless without Daddy's help. At my mercy." The finger slid down to the crotch of the diaper wrapped around Maximilian's waist. "How does that make you **FEEL**, Kitten?"

The finger pushed up against a half erect feline cock. “Mmmmmph!” Maximilian squirmed and blushed, thrashing his head back and forth as he felt that offending digit rubbing his cock through the diaper.

“Oh right, I promised to take your gag out, didn’t I?” Paulie Leon put a finger to his chin. “Mmm... I suppose you’ve been well behaved enough.” Leaning forward, the infernal wolf moved both his front paws to begin undoing the leather straps holding the gag in the lion’s muzzle. After another moment, Maximilian felt the gag release, the muscles of his mouth thanking him for the choice he made as they finally relaxed once more.

He took a deep breath, actually a bit grateful for the chance to move his jaw freely again, before snarling. “Can you get this shit off of me now?” Lifting his head up as much as he could, the lion tried to appear ferocious.

Only to be met with a wagging finger. “If you swear again, kitten, I WILL wash your muzzle out with soap.” Apollyon growled back. “As adorable as it is to watch you try to resist, a dirty mouth won’t get you what you want.”

Squirming, the fires of his fury doused as the motion reminded him how trapped he really was, Maximilian felt a growing sense of anxiety replacing his anger. “W-well, can you PLEASE take the diaper and mittens off, then?” With the freedom of speech he’d forgotten how much in this demon’s power he really was. “I mean, I did what you asked.”

At the nicer request, Paulie Leon’s eye-motes glinted. “Mmm.. maybe later. You’re a new baby kitten, you ought to look the part.” Maximilian watched him reach under the changing table, and heard a wooden drawer being slid open. “Speaking of which, I suppose I should get onto the other reason I wanted you restrained.” He held up an electric razor, the metal blades gleaming, the handle a crimson red plastic. “Little lion cubs don’t have manes, so that’s something we need to fix.”

The lion’s eyes went as wide as dinner plates. “N-no!” He squirmed against the changing table. “No, please, don’t shave my mane!” He whimpered, anxiety giving way to full blown panic. “I’m an adult! A man!” He’d spent years growing out his mane. He’d taken pride in how thick and lustrous the russet floof was. A lion’s virility was tied with his mane. “N-no matter how you treat me, I’m not a cub!” That was the reality of it. He was a man fully grown.

The wolf incubi’s right eyebrow arched up. “ARE you, though?” He plugged the razor in and slid a latch on it, the engine growling as the blades began to move. “You were still living with mommy and daddy when I met you. Eating their food and sleeping in their bed. Even in your supposed ‘adulthood’.” He leaned forward, pressing the razor in to dig into Maximilian’s face-floof.

The lion heard a loud buzzing sound, and watched a patch of his beautiful mane fall away, landing on the ground. “L-lots of young adults are boomerangers after college.” He tried to pull

his head away from the razor. There was only so far he could squirm, however, with his wrists and ankles bound.

"Maybe." Paulie Leon didn't stop, as Maximilian felt the razor moving up his neck, severing strands of mane with every second. "But instead of looking for an adult job, you kept playing around with your friends in your parent's garage." Scraps of mane drifted to the carpeted floor, bit by bit. The wolf incubus tilted his head back, rolling his eyes. "And then when it became too haaaaard to manage your own affairs, you came to me." The wolf smirked. "Looking for someone **else** to take care of you. To do all the hard work so you could just play music and have fun."

One half of his head felt so naked, the right side of his mane sheared away. Maximilian whimpered, tearing up. "B-but plenty of bands have agents!" He sniffled, feeling smaller and smaller with every teasing word from his canine captor. The worst part was that his diaper was tenting, his erection a traitor rebelling against his brain. He felt more like some kind of *baby kitten the more he listened to the wolf's teasing temptations. The more his Daddy stared at him.*

He felt like a happy, horny baby kitten just trying to play pretend.

And part of him didn't hate it.

The lion's head felt fuzzy. Was that voice his, or Paulie's. Did he really like this, or was he just being warped? He remembered how the wolf said his magic couldn't affect anyone who truly didn't want it. Was that a lie, or was he really *happier as a horny baby kitten*? He groaned, as Apollyon kept speaking. "Do plenty of bands wet their pants in front of their future agents?" He moved a paw down to Maximilian's crotch, rubbing the tenting bulge in the diaper gently. "You wanted SO badly to let Papa Wolf do all the hard work that you wet yourself just to show off how you weren't ready to be a big boy yet."

Maximilian huffed at the rubbing. The faint sensations of pleasure were making it hard for him to think. *And that was ok, because happy, horny baby kittens let their daddies do the thinking for them.* "Nnngh!" The lion grit his teeth. "I didn't start this—"

At that, his Demon Daddy growled. ~~"Don't Lie"~~ Paulie Leon rubbed the front of his diaper, with a sadistic grin that looked to the lion like a mix between fury and joy. "YOU came to me. And when I told you no, you refused to leave it at that. You pushed. And YOU decided you'd do anything to get what you wanted. You peed your pants at my request because you wanted my aid. You started all of this. All I did was give you an offer when you wouldn't leave me alone." The wolf loomed over him, looking less humanoid and more monstrous by the second as more bits of Maximilian's mane fell away. "Don't blame the devil for the price after YOU demanded a Faustian bargain. It's immature."

Tears were in Maximilian's eyes. Above him, he saw burning, fiery fur. Teeth as long as he was tall. Long, gnarled claws stained with the blood of countless mortals. He saw his own death

looming over head.

Hsssssssssst.

And then, he realized he was peeing himself. Using his diaper like a scared little kitten. Blinking, Maximilian saw the wolf again, all his demonic features gone. He even had proper eyes again, his irises a deep red. "Aw... see? You can't even go a whole day without wetting yourself, Maxie!" The wolf chuckled and rubbed a soft, fluffy paw against the lion's swelling diaper, while using his free paw to shave off the rest of the lion's mane. "You're not ready for potty training yet, much less a big boy mane!" With a chuckle, he tucked the razor away back into the changing table, before walking over to a closet and pulling out a vacuum cleaner. "And after today, you'll never be a real man." Lifting the machine over to the changing table, he began sucking up and away proof of Maximilian's adulthood, before pausing midway through to lean down and kiss the de-maned lion on his left cheek. "Not that you ever were anyway! No need to shed tears, though. Daddy loves his liddle lion cub!" He wagged his canine tail and rubbed at the overgrown kitten's wet crotch. "And I know deep down, you love being Daddy's happy, horny baby kitten!"

You love being Daddy's gay, horny baby kitten

Maximilian's head felt fuzzy as he ground against the wolf demon's paw, feeling his cock rubbing against that firm, manly hand on his crotch. He couldn't move. Couldn't escape. He was trapped in this bondage gear, unable to move even a muscle against the restraints. "Aaaaaah!" He huffed, eyes rolling back. It was harder to think of why he needed to escape. For just a moment, he felt lost in the lust of the moment. *Every sensation felt like a taste of heaven, his mind erupting in pleasure as he humped his Daddy's paw.*

"There we go... doesn't it feel nice to give into the urges you try to repress?" Paulie Leon chuckled, pushing his paw down a bit further. Maximilian could feel his cock rubbing against it through the soggy padding. "I bet in no time you're going to be so brazen about using your pussy potty pants. I know your type."

The words snapped him out of it. With an embarrassed snort, Maximilian turned away. "I'm NOT a cub!" He grumbled.

"The lack of a mane doesn't do you any favors there, champ!" Apollyon patted the crotch of the lion's wet diaper, before taking a few steps around the changing table to stand near the lion's head. Maximilian found his eyes staring at a large bulge between the wolf's thighs, covered only by a pair of blue jeans. When had the demon even had time to put on pants? Suddenly, Maximilian could feel the wolf's breath on his exposed ear. "Don't worry, Maxie-kitten. Your mane will grow back. And whenever it does, Papa wolf will shave it right off. You'll see yourself un-maned again and again. Brought back to being Daddy's perfect little gay cub." The demon moved a paw back to the front of the lion's diaper. "Over." He rubbed once against Maximilian's feline cock. "And." And then a second rub. Maximilian couldn't keep himself from groaning.

“Over.” That last word was too much. Maximilian groaned, feeling his balls churning. His muscles tensed, as he felt his cock erupt, white feline splodge soaking into the absorbent padding of his diaper. “Theeeeere we go!” Paulie Leon wagged his tail, pushing his crotch into the lion’s muzzle as he leaned forward to give the panting, horny feline a few more rubs. “The first of many sticky messies in your diapers, I’m sure. You’ll learn to love them.”

As Maximilian huffed and gasped, the scent of his Daddy’s musky cock close enough to give him a whiff with every breath of air, some words stuck in the back of his mind. Something he wanted to deny so very badly, but couldn’t stop thinking:

You are a gay, horny baby kitten

Closing his eyes and trying not to think about it, Maximilian ignored the blush on his cheeks and leaned his head up and away from that fat, erect incubus cock. “So are we done?” He at least could pretend like he hadn’t enjoyed that.

The wolf nodded, turning and walking away from the changing table. “Sure, champ! Let’s get you dressed and ready for some playtime.”

Something about that statement confused Maximilian. “Wait, aren’t you going to change my diapers?”

The wolf turned around, a smirk that Maximilian found insufferable on his snout. “Should I? I rather like the idea of leaving you in your soggy, sticky diaper for a bit. Something to remind you how much of my kitten you really are.”

“Well, if you’re gonna be a shi- a bad father, sure!” Maximilian whimpered.

The wolf rubbed his chin, leaning forward. “Are you asking to be changed, cub? Does wittle wion Maxie want a cwean diapey?”

“NO!” Maximilian growled. “I’m NOT your cub! I don’t need diapers!” He growled and huffed. He wasn’t going to give this ass of a demon the satisfaction of asking for a diaper change.

And the wolf turned away. “Fine! Then you can stay in that one, champ. No skin off my nose if you get a rash. I’ll be right back after I pick out today’s outfit.”

“Today’s... outfit?” Maximilian arched an eyebrow.

And the wolf demon turned back to nod. “Of course! Everyone knows little cubs can’t dress themselves.”

Still stuck in a doubly soggy diaper, Maximilian at least enjoyed a moment of freedom when Daddy Leon came back to undo the changing table's restraints. It was nice to be able to move his arms and legs again, even if the big wolf refused to take off the booties and mittens. It was surprising when Maximilian felt two paws snake under his arms and the wolf lift him up effortlessly, carrying him like he was two years old. His footpaws didn't even touch the ground as Apollyon carried him from the changing table and out of the living room and into a large nursery, the walls decorated with a whole zoo of cartoon jungle animals, all in thick diapers and with big happy smiles on them. He even saw a big maned lion caricature, squatting with a lifted tail while groping his diapered crotch. Something about it struck Maximilian as absurd as he felt Paulie Leon setting him down. Weren't lion cubs in diapers maneless? Still it wasn't as confusing as how the wolf was carrying him. "How are you so much bigger than me? Am I shrinking?" Maximilian looked around. Everything in the Nursery seemed big enough to easily fit him. Yet Paulie Leon still towered over him.

His question was answered by a pat on the head. "Don't think, cub. It's too hard for a baby to understand." Paulie Leon looked down. "All you need to know is that Daddy is big enough and strong enough to carry you like the cub you are, and always will be." They were equal in height. Maximilian could stare him in the eyes. But just a moment ago, he'd been carried like a two year old by the same wolf.

The impossible physics of all this made Maximilian's head hurt.

But not for long. "I'm sure you're excited for your new outfit, champ!" Daddy Leon patted Maximilian's shoulders a few times, before walking to a closet with a mirror fitted over the door. Sliding it open, he revealed a bright blue onesie, with snaps along the crotch.

The lion blinked. "That's... it?" He'd expected much worse, in all honesty. While it was a relief, he also felt oddly let down.

"Well, little cubs your age don't really have a lot they need to wear, and what you've got on now already matches it." Paulie Leon said, almost apologetically. "But no worries, cub! Let's get you all dressed up!" Maximilian played along, lifting his arms up as Daddy Leon slipped the soft terrycloth garment over his maneless head and down his legs. It felt sinfully comfortable, and the musician felt a bit weird that he didn't hate it. "Now get down on your butt so Daddy can do the snaps for you!" Paulie Leon chuckled.

Maximilian's ears drooped down. "Can't I do them myself?" His diaper was squishy. If he sat down, it'd only spread the contents around, or so he feared.

"Can you?" The wolf arched one eyebrow.

What followed were three minutes of pure frustration. Maximilian tried to close the snaps on the onesie several times, brow furrowing with exertion. But the mittens on his paws were just too thick, and he had almost no dexterity. In the end, it was just easier to sit down on his bottom,

squishing and blushing as he felt the diaper adjust as the floor pressed into it. Paulie Leon crouched down, closing one, then two, then the third and final baby blue snap, before patting Maximilian's crotch. "There we go! Such a good little cub, listening to your daddy. And it only took a few minutes before you realized that Daddy was right!" With a pat on the head Maximilian found utterly condescending, the wolf reached behind his back. "Now you're all dressed! Or are you?" Slowly, he started to pull something blue from behind him.

A large baby bonnet, powder blue, with a white ruffle sewn along the edges. "Why, it's your new mane! Of course, Silly Daddy forgot about this one!" It had the words "Daddy's Little Stinker" sewn on the wide brim in bright yellow felt letters. As he stared at it, the lion felt a thought creeping out of the back of his mind again.

You are a gay, horny baby kitten

"No!" Maximilian felt panic flooding his mind, as he flipped himself over and tried to crawl away. "No bonnet! Nope! Nope!"

The lion's attempt to escape was painful. "Where do you think you're going, champ?" Mainly so because Apollyon had him by the tail. If the musician tried to escape, he'd just yank his own tail as the wolf gripped it. "Come back, kitten. You're not getting out of this."

With a grumble, swallowing whatever was left of his masculinity for the moment, Maximilian turned around, snarling and pouting, as he crawled back towards Daddy Leon.

"Aw, don't give me that sour expression!" The wolf chuckled as he tied the offensive article of clothing around the lion's maneless head. "What better way to show the world you need diapers than a baby bonnet that tells everyone what you do in them?"

With a scowl, Maximilian glared up at Daddy Leon. "I don't poop my diapers! I-I mean ANY diapers!"

That evoked a laugh from the wolf incubus. "Seems like an odd line to draw in the sand, given that you're not exactly the potty training champ lately, champ." The wolf poked at Maximilian's chin, before turning his head to gaze towards the mirror. "Look at you, Sitting on your butt on the floor in a nursery. Your diaper smells like cat peepee and you don't even have a mane anymore." Paulie Leon rubbed at the cat's head, stroking it gently. "You didn't even fight the onesie. You're still in a wet diaper because you can't bear to ask for a clean one. So instead you're sitting in your own accident like a baby who doesn't know any better." The wolf growled slightly into the lion's ear. "Admit it, cub. You're loving every minute of this. I bet if I touched your diapered front, I'd find your pokey stick was hard again. Even after you just came minutes ago." The words crept out of the back of Maximilian's mind again.

You are a gay, horny baby kitten

“N-Nuh-uh!” Maximilian looked away from the mirror, his face hot. He’d seen the blush on his reflection’s cheeks. “You aren’t in my head, D- Apollyon. You aren’t.” The musician grumbled. Before hearing his stomach do the same.

From the twitch of Daddy Leon’s ear, Maximilian guessed that the wolf heard it too. “Aww! Does my little kitten need to be fed? You’ll have to forgive me, it’s my first day being a daddy!” He laughed, before bending down to pick the lion up again, cradling him like a baby in Daddy’s strong arms...

“You know, I’ve heard adult cats can’t digest cream, but I guess I don’t have to worry about that with you, huh champ?”

Maximilian’s head was resting on the big wolf demon’s thighs, his cheeks puffing in and out with exertion. Stuffed between his lips was the large, rubbery nipple of a bottle. Flowing down his throat as he suckled was warm, creamy milk. He stared up at the smiling embodiment of condescension holding the bottle for him. It had just slipped out of his grip with the mittens on. As much as he hated this moment, he was hungry. He’d skipped lunch the day they were abducted. And Daddy Leon had made it clear this was the only dinner he was going to get.

Besides, the milk tasted good. Why hadn’t his parents ever kept milk in the house? He didn’t really know. The lion just suckled down the milk, nursing as the big wolf petted his stomach. Unbidden, a thought filled his mind once more.

You are a gay, horny baby kitten

Blushing, Maximilian admitted to himself that this wasn’t a terrible experience. Every time he squirmed he felt his prick rubbing against his soggy diapers, and it didn’t feel bad. The outfit was embarrassing, but it also felt nice to have someone else taking care of him. And milk was an unexpected treat he hadn’t realized he’d been denying himself.

If he hadn’t been kidnapped forcefully at the start of all this, he might even be enjoying it.

His train of thought was derailed by the tugging of the nipple out of his muzzle. “H-hey! I wasn’t finished!” Maximilian made grabby paws for the bottle, as the wolf held it up over his head.

“The bottle’s been empty for the past thirty seconds, champ!” Daddy Leon just laughed, setting it aside before lifting up the adult lion to a sitting position on his lap. “Now hold still, Daddy’s gonna just...” Maximilian felt a firm patting against his back, as well as something pushing against the bottom of his diaper.

He gasped. “Are you aroused by burping som-” With a loud urping noise, Maximilian expelled gas from his throat. “That was... weird.” He blushed, feeling Daddy Leon grinding into his soggy

bottom.

"I'm aroused by a lot of things, champ. If you're a good cub, maybe I'll even play some big boy games with you sometime!" The wolf incubus patted Maximilian on the head again, before standing up and lifting him, slinging him over one shoulder. "But Daddy's got some business to take care of now that you're fed. Since you still won't ask me to change you, can you be a good cub and play by yourself for a bit while I go into another room to handle things?"

Maximilian found himself gently lowered into a large, soft, padded playpen. Around him were strewn a number of baby toys. "Ok, Daddy." He said, sitting down in his soggy nappy before popping a thumb into his muzzle. Maximilian sucked on it, watching the wolf putter about for a few minutes, before the incubus finally left the oversized living room.

"At wast 'm awone..." Maximilian mumbled, before realizing his thumb was still in his muzzle and yanking it out. "Er, at least I'm alone." His mouth felt surprisingly empty now. "Now I can try escaping!" The sentiment made him look up. The walls of the playpen were taller than he was, even standing. "This place doesn't even make sense!" The lion grumbled, folding his arms against his onesie's chest and fuming for a moment. "Ok... um, I can get out of this..." He looked around to see what he had to work with. Scattered along the playpen floor were some cloth dolls, plush alphabet blocks, and even a rattle half the size of his head. "I think I've got an idea..." Getting each of his toys all together wasn't easy, especially since he could barely grip anything with his mittens on. Daddy Leon had told him he wasn't trusted with his free paws yet. Still after what felt like nearly an hour of work, the lion managed to pile every toy in the playpen into one big pile that felt like it'd support his weight. Standing on it, he found his shoulders just narrowly rose over the wall of the playpen. "Ok, this is progress. Now I just gotta..." Hooking his arms up over the playpen wall, Maximilian tried to jump high enough to get one leg over.

It took four tries, but he managed it. It was at that moment that he felt his balance shifting, the playpen teetering and wobbling, falling over onto its side as he placed too much weight on the wall. Trying not to cry out and draw too much attention to himself, Maximilian fell to the carpeted floor with a thud and a squish. The playpen was on it's side and all his toys were scattered along the carpet.

But he was almost free!

Wasting no time, Maximilian pushed himself to his feet, with a wobble. As swollen as his diaper was now, standing and balancing was a bit harder. But by bracing himself up against an endtable, he was able to stand again, even with his baby booties on. "Ok, I think I know the layout of this first floor well enough to find the front door..." Maximilian raced towards the exit. The front door was closed. Gripping it with his paw, he found turning the doorknob hard. "Come on, come on!" He felt the soft fabric of the mitten sliding around the metal of the knob. Again and again he tried...finally resorting to swatting at the doorknob like a housecat.

Eventually, it worked. He watched as the door popped open.

Maximilian could feel the sun beating down on his face fur. He could see the walkway down to the sidewalk.

Freedom was just within his grasp. He didn't know if he could get back to his world, but at least escaping would let him hide. Give him the freedom to plan. To try and escape this absurd, tempting diapered reality. He might never get this chance again.

Racing outside, the big baby lion waddled as fast as his legs could carry him. As humiliating as all this was, he still had his pride. He wasn't some baby kitten who needed diapers. He was a big boy!

A big boy with a grumbly gut!

Maximilian stopped, feeling his tail lifting on it's own. His stomach ached. He felt a stab of pain from it. "W-what? No!" He knew what was going to happen even before he felt himself passing gas. "No no no!" As his mind began to panic, something stuck in his head.

Didn't his mommy say once that big lions were lactose intolerant?

The stomach pains came back again. Maximilian whimpered, feeling his legs squatting of their own accord. He felt tears in his eyes as he tried to hold it in. He had to keep SOME of his pride. He wasn't a baby kitten like Daddy said. He wasn't! The more he tried to fight the pressure against his bottom, however, the more of a losing battle it felt. Maximilian felt his sphincter give way, as the backside of his diaper sagged out, the snaps on his onesie popping. He felt his body empty itself, stinky mucky mess filling the back of his diaper. It sagged down, barely staying on his waist. If his cock wasn't erect, it probably would've fallen off. "I- I-"

People were staring at him as he felt the relief and shame of his release.

Another reminder that he'd been the first.

He'd been the first to go peepee, the one to lead his sexy friends down a well of infantile lust.

And as shameful as it was, there was a part of him that loved this.

A part of him that loved being nothing more than an overgrown lion cub.

Too little and helpless to even keep his diapers clean.

Just a big gay baby with no responsibilities.

Not even to change his own diapers.

Maximilian felt the last of his pride emptying into his diaper with his mess. "I- I-" The lion's mind was a mix of pleasure and shame. People were watching him fill his baby kitten pants. And yet his cock was never harder. He couldn't handle the paradox of emotions. He was a big boy. He was supposed to act like an adult. But he was loving shaming himself like a stinky baby kitten. "I- I want-" Maximilian didn't know what to do. So his mind latched onto the first thing that it thought of.

You are just a horny gay baby kitten.

"I- I WANT MY DADDY!"

Baby Maxie fell on his butt with a squish and bawled in front of the people watching him. His paws shot up to his eyes as he howled and cried, wanting nothing more than a change and a good fucking up his kitten bum.

TO BE CONTINUED!