

“And welcome folks, to Pride Rawk!”

Daddy Pride, the rainbow-maned lion mascot character of the show, waved out to you and all the regressed men out in the audience. You knew, of course, that you were supposed to be an ad- a big boy. You couldn't even really think the other word anymore. You'd been going to the Pride Rawk show for too many weeks. A giggle escapes your lips, as you kick your legs in the audience seat and hear your diaper crinkle. Every audience member gets a free extra-large soda, so you're going to leak eventually. But for now your diaper is plesanatly sogged, enough that you can just enjoy the sensation of being wet and warm and squishy while watching your most favoritest show ever, live on stage.

Pride Rawk was a show about a very gay, very friendly Daddy Lion living in the Savannah, teaching all his little Cubs and Sissy Kittens how wonderful it was to stay Forever Young, and play all day, and learn lessons about sharing and numbers and letters and stuff, and especially to embrace their love of diapers and cock. You think the show used to be about something else before that, but you don't remember. It's all kinda foggy, and you don't care. It's so much more fun now! You see Daddy Pride humping the air on stage, his cock tenting in his bright rainbow diaper. The music and the lights make you giggle, as you stare at the rainbow set in the background. You find yourself wishing that you could go to the Color Savannah and be one of Daddy Pride's cubs forever and ever..

And then you hear him clap. The music stops. Daddy Pride lifts his paws up to get the audience's attention.

“Alright kiddos! It's time! One lucky Big Boy in the audience who raises their hand will get to be put into a rubber lion cub suit and get to become one of Daddy's boys on the Color Savannah!”

You can't raise your arm fast enough. Loudly slurping your soda, you feel a new warmpth spreading down your diaper as you soak yourself in excitement. “Mmm... made wee...” you mumble, watching as Daddy Pride makes a show of looking around the studio for a hand to pick.

“Let's see... eenie... meenie... minie... YOU!” That last word is roared loudly, as the big strong lion, points at you.

All your friends laugh and cheer as you see two other of Daddy's cubs, both in brightly polished inflatable suits, squeaking up to you, soggy swollen diapees between their letgs squishing and squeaking against their second skins. You giggle as your future brothers scoop you up. “I'ma gonna be a wion!” You cry out cutely, as the two overgrown squeaky cubs rub the front of your own diaper, sending a rush of pleasure up your brain as you feel them teasing you, giggles and titters escaping their cartoony oversized muzzles.

On stage there's a large limp suit waiting for a wearer. The lions carrying you are Green and Blue. It looks like your inflatable suit will be pink. You coo, feeling them lowering you in. Daddy Pride pats your head. “Welcome to the Pride, Pinky Pottypants!” You blush at your new forever-name, as your nappy tents. “Can you tell Daddy you love him?”

“I- I wuv oo!” You coo out as your legs slide into the footpaws first. At the touch of a wearer, they inflate, the squeaky, soft surface filling up and pillowing out along your feet. You can barely feel them anymore, the surface of the suit feeling more like your actual footpaws than your real feet did. As you're

lowered into the Pinky Pottypants suit, you become aware of how tight it is. The inflatable surface is pushing up against your thighs, never painful or constricting but just tight enough to make you feel trapped inside it. And trapped you'll be. Both the lion cubs who are pushing you inside have locks on the zippers in the backs of their suits, preventing them from ever being taken off, save by Daddy Pride himself. And even then never on stage.

The suit is up to your waist now... the outer diaper of Pinky Pottypants forming a second layer over your own soggy shorts. Before it's all the way on with the flick of a claw Daddy Pride slices open the front of your diaper... you'll leak out into the outer one so everyone can see when you go potty, even with the suit on. You can't wait. You're quivering with excitement as the suit goes up to cover your chest... your neck... if you hadn't already peed from the excitement of being picked you'd be doing it again. And then, your new head is fitted over your old one. A bright, smiling pink lion cub head, maneless and with Daddy's musk filtering into your nostrils endlessly. You can smell your Pride's alpha male with every huff, and it makes your cock drool and moan in your soggy giant nappy.

Daddy rubs your tummy. It feels good, even through the inflatable suit. Especially good, actually. "There we go, Cub! Why don't you turn around and show all your little friends their new Cub!"

You turn around, forever smiling, as you bounce and skip up to the front of the stage, waving a squeaky paw to them all. "Hello there! I'm Pinky Pottypants!" Almost as if on cue, your tail lifts. With a helpless grunt, you feel warm hot mush filling the backside of your diaper. You're literally going potty in your pants, and it feels good. As a reward, you feel your diaper buzzing gently against your naughty stick. Isn't that right? Daddy's cubs are edged for hours, not allowed to cum until the end of every performance. Every long, 8-hour brainwashing performance.

Your diapee has a vibrator built into it just to keep you horny and attentive during those performances. Endlessly edging, endlessly pissing, endlessly going potty into your pants.

A life of heaven as a squeaky inflatable lion cub.

Daddy's paw touches your shoulder. "Say Pinky, do you wanna sing a song with me about the Alphabet?"

You hear yourself purr like a baby housecat. "DO I!?"

And so your new life begins... Pinky.