

# Door-to-Door Moommy

By Terinas Tiger, For Frozenpawpadz

He awoke, in a shock, to the doorbell ringing.

Tony Chestershire had fallen asleep on the couch in his family's living room. His parents were out for the summer, and he was watching the house for them until Summer's end. Working a part time job between his junior and senior year of University had been proving to be a good way to salt away some extra cash. Jerking upwards to a sitting position, he looked around the living room, trying to clear the fog of fatigue from his mind. He'd been watching a football game and nodded off. He couldn't remember his dreams, except that he'd been held in the arms of someone with bright pink skin, looking down at him and speaking sweetly.

And he'd been... sucking on something?

With a snort, Tony shook his head and ran a hand through his mane to flatten it down. "Gotta look presentable fer whoever's at tha' door." He muttered, standing up on his hooves and trotting through his home's kitchen to make for the front door. On the way, he stopped by a mirror hanging in the entryway, looking up at himself in it to make sure he didn't look gross. A pair of bright blue eyes stared back at him. His mane, cut short, was laying flat. "Oooh yeah..." Tony gave a snort as he flexed an arm rippling with muscle. Standing at six foot five, Tony Chestershire was a hulking young jock of a stallion; a horse who had spent the last few years of his life lifting weights and wrestling past other men on the football field. His cinnamon pelt of fur was decorated with a star of creamy white along his long face, between his snout and his eyes. With a grin, he admired himself. "Eeyup. Handsome stallion, right 'ere." With a wide grin, he flashed his reflection, admiring his pearly white teeth.

A second ring of the doorbell made his teardrop ears perk up. "Aw, horsefeathers." Tony turned to gallop towards the front door, walking through the entryway after cursing himself for his own vanity. Flattening out a few wrinkles on his navy blue tank top, he opened the door. "Howdy! What brings yah to th' Chestershire Home-" His jaw dropped when he saw the woman at the front door. "M-miss?!?"

Standing on his stoop was a bright pastel pink cow woman, white stripes around her arms right up around the shoulders. She was entirely naked, and her body gleamed like polished latex. Though she was over a foot shorter than Tony was, she gazed up at him with a warm, maternal smile. Tony barely noticed it however. His eyes were locked upon

a pair of enormous breasts hanging from her chest, pert and plump nipples pointing up at him. A tail as long as her legs were swished behind her like a cat's tail, as the creature looked up at Tony. "Well hello there, sweetie! I'm from Enalia Nannycare, here at someone's request for a Mommy and Caretaker?" The cow woman's snout broke into a wide smile, as she reached down to adjust an udder hanging between her legs. Tony could hear it sloshing, and suddenly realized how dry his mouth had been since he'd woken up.

It took him a moment or two to stop staring at her.

She was just so naked, standing out in public with no shame, as if nothing was odd about it at all. How could he not stare?

"Hello? Sweetie?" A pink hand, fingers tipped in gray hoof, waved in front of Tony's eyes. "Aww, are you distracted by my chest? I know a thirsty foal when I see one..."

The words were just enough to make Tony lick his lips. "Ah... um..." Her breasts bounced gently, as the pink bovine reached up to cup at them, her fingers making a slightly squeaky noise as she hefted them, bouncing the bosom gently. As he gazed at them, he tried to make his mouth move enough to talk. "Ah MEAN, ah think you have t'wrong house, ma'am. There ain't any colts here." Though Tony's little man between his legs was certainly making its presence known as he stared at her.

Stared at her as she bounced her breasts up and down. "Aww... Mommy Moomoo knows a baby when she sees one, little colt!" A soft chuckle crossed her lips, as she took a step forward towards him. Bouncing her tits up and down. "I bet you've just gotten up from a nice pleasant nappy, haven't you? And you didn't even think to use the potty when you woke up, did you?" She cooed. "**Momma knows** that your bladder is just soooooo full, little colt. Near to bursting."

Almost as if she made it real by saying it, Tony could feel his bladder making its need known. He had needed to pee when he woke up from his nap, hadn't he? But he'd ran for the front door instead... that was the polite thing to do, wasn't it? Up and down. Up and down. Her breasts bounced up and down and it was hard for him to think clearly. "B-bladder... so... full..." Tony felt his thighs pushing together, squeezing, as he tried to hold it, the stallion's gaze utterly transfixed on the bovine lady calling herself "Moomoo" and especially her breasts. How was no one freaking out that a naked woman was standing out in the middle of the street?

"It's ok, little colty-Tony." The cow matron just cooed. "**Momma knows** how hard it's

always been for you to stay dry after a nappy...”

All of a sudden, Tony felt his head getting fuzzy, memories of past pants wetting accidents after naps filling his mind. Had those all actually happened? It was so hard to think while staring at the cow! His bladder throbbed. “I- I gotta pee...” he mumbled, while feeling his face getting flush while staring at her naked body. Maybe no one was minding because she looked so lovely... and soft, and rubbery... and he could hear Momma’s breasts sloshing as he watched them bounce up and down, up and down... sloshing and reminding him how full his bladder was with all the liquid noises. “Momma- ah c-can’t hold mah-” Tony mumbled, still not able to think clearly about what he was saying. By the time he’d started the sentence, his cock throbbed one last time and it finally happened.

*“Hsssssssssssssssssssst!”*

If the stallion had been in his right mind, he might’ve been more embarrassed as a dark spot began to blossom on his crotch. “Aaaaah... ah’m going peepee...” In his right mind, Tony might’ve tried to stop the leak as he hosed down his boxers and pants with hot pony piss. He might’ve been perturbed by the fluid running down his fuzzy thighs as it began to puddle in his home’s entryway. “m all soaked now...” Instead, he was just blushing, looking down with a sheepish smile at his own accident, like a toddler who had wet himself on the playground because he’d been so engaged in playing.

Moomoo just gave a knowing chuckle. “Aww... Looks like Mommy was right, wasn’t she? Some poor pony just didn’t think to use the potty in time...” Taking a step forward, she moved a paw down to feel at Tony’s crotch, rubbing at his cock through the soaked pants. “Yup! Definately a peepee pony.” She cooed and leaned up to kiss his cheek. “But it’s ok. Moomoo knows accidents happen for little colts. There’s no reason to feel ashamed about it.” With a smile, she stroked his cheek as she spoke in a gentle, reassuring voice. “Now let Momma in so she can get your butt out of those soaked things and into something nice and clean and dry.” Tony felt a hand of hers gently pushing him to one side.

As she did, he found himself letting her. “Momma? You’re my momma?” He mumbled, his brain trying to grapple with what was going on.

The squeaky cow woman cooed. “Of course I am, little pony! Momma loves you, and is here to take care of you and make sure you’re happy and safe while your parents are away.” Her words made some sense to his confused mind as Moomoo let herself in. He didn’t try to resist her, after all she was his Momma! With one arm, the pink cow closed

the door behind them. Looking around the entryway of the house, the creature put a hand to one side of her muzzle, her azure eyes widening. "Goodness, look at this place! No hint of coltproofing at all!" Taking Tony's hand, she led the soggy stallion behind her, walking into the living room. "Uncovered electrical sockets, grabbable cords hanging near the ground... is that a full bathroom with no changing table?" She frowned and looked back to Tony. "This isn't a safe place for a little baby at all! Good thing Momma's here to fix that." Letting go of Tony's hand, she trotted into the center of the living room.

Clearing her throat, she began to speak. "**Momma knows** that any house Tony's living in would be fully baby-proofed and stocked with all the things her sweet little colt needs: A baby crib, changing tables, toys and baby clothes... and of course plenty of diapers!" Around them, the living room seemed to shudder for a second. The changes seemed to sweep out of one corner of the room to the other, moving like a wave. A comfy gray chair became a bright yellow baby bouncer large enough for Tony to sit in. Near the television was an oversized playpen, made of pastel colors and with a number of soft toys scattered inside. Any possible dangers to a young baby simply vanished, as the wallpaper of the room turned from a dull brown to a bright vibrant teal. Near the television a number of childish cartoon DVDs appeared, replacing former classic movies like Stampede Hard, and Stampede Hard 2: Stampede Harder.

And of course, the living room had a changing table stocked full of diapers.

Tony could recall that nearly every room in the house had a changing table. Momma had insisted. "Aww... Momma Moomoo..." Some were cooler than others, though. The changing table in the Living Room was only stocked with the dull pink diapers. "Can't ah be changed in the upstairs bathroom?" That was where the cool diapers with the fun printed designs were.

Moomoo just shook her head, pointing down at her overgrown colt's crotch. "Tony, what did you do again?"

The regressing stallion looked down at the enormous wet spot he'd made on his big boy pants. "Um... I peed..." The admission made his teardrop ears droop.

The squeaky rubber cow managed to look down on her baby while still being shorter than he was. "And did you pee in your diapers like a good pony, or did you leak all over the entryway floor?"

His face grew hot as Tony squirmed against her gaze. "I- um, I leaked, Momma..."

Momma Moomoo trotted over towards him, moving a hand to rub at his soggy crotch. "That's correct! You're such a big smart baby colt, Tony... but that's why you can't be changed upstairs. You're still dripping all over the floor, and we're already going to have to shampoo the carpets later." Kissing his cheek, Moomoo led him over to the changing table. "If we went upstairs you'd be dripping all over the carpets and floors for Momma to clean up. Besides, you can wear a pink diaper for just a little bit, can't you?"

Tony allowed Moomoo to lead him to the changing table, lowering his head and poking his pointer fingers together. "B-but pink is a GIRL color!" He whinnied. "Someone might see me an' think ah'm a girl!" He lay down on the changing table anyway. Protesting was one thing, but if he refused to listen to Momma, he'd be being a naughty boy.

The comment made Moomoo roll her eyes. "Tony, no one's gonna think you're a girl for wearing a pink diaper." She reassured him, before tugging down his big boy pants and the yellowed tightey-whities he'd been wearing... "Mmm... goodness, Momma's little leaker certainly ruined these things! I guess that's why you're in diapers, Tony. Horsies never do anything small and with a stain this big, no one would ever think my Tony is potty trained yet."

Though Tony couldn't remember ever being potty trained, her comment still made him blush a bit. "A-ah could've held mah pee...."

Momma Moomoo looked into his eyes. "But why would you want to? **Momma knows** that it feels better for you to just let go into your diapers."

Tony's eyes glazed over for a moment, as he drooled. He suddenly started thinking about nothing at all, unable to string together a coherent thought. And then in the next moment, his head cleared. With a giggle, Tony spread his legs to make the diapering easier for Moomoo. "Mommieeee!" He giggled. "Ah wanna be in a new daipee!" He couldn't wait to use his new padding like a good colt. It felt so good!

"That's right, Tony-pony!" Moomoo tickled at her overgrown colt's tummy, evoking another titter from him as he squirmed and kicked his hooves around her. "Such a good pony, loving his diapers like he should." Pulling open a drawer on the changing table, the caretaker's pink, hoof-tipped fingers traced along a number of thick plastic pink diapers with small ruffles running along the crotch and ending at the backside. Grasping at one, she tugged it out, and held it up for her colt. "Look baby! Do you see? It's your newest daipee!"

The rhyme was remarkably simple, but it made Tony break into a fit of giggles which

only ended when Moomoo lifted his butt up and slid the diaper under him, threading his long, ropey tail through the tailhole. Tony watched from the changing table as his Moomoo sprinkled talcum powder all along the backside of the diaper, and then lowered him down onto the soft, pillowy padding. His muscular brown fuzzy bottom sunk into the padding, and the sensation made him shudder. "Mmm... feels so good, Momma..." A clean diaper always felt so nice to be changed into.

"I'm glad you think so." Moomoo said, as she stared up at Tony's big meatstick, erect between his legs and drooling. "Because Mommy doesn't think she'll be able to finish diapering you up with this thing all pokey between your legs."

A blush crossed Tony's face again. "Ah'm sorry Momma... ah just love mah diapers so much!" He couldn't help but get pokey from the diaper change. What big baby colt COULD?

"I think I've got an idea." Moomoo would trot off, her breasts and udder sloshing, and leaving Tony on the changing table. He considered getting up to follow her and see what she was doing, but knew that doing so would make a mess of the diaper change... so instead he just relaxed by pushing his left thumb in between his lips. With a few loud smacks, Tony began sucking his thumb, enjoying how little and innocent it made him feel. It only took a few moments for the maternal pink bovine to return, holding an ice cube in-between two fingers. "Here we go! Momma's special trick for little boys who can't control their little toys!"

"N-nnnnfff!" Tony whinneyed around his thumb. "Bwut Mwaamwaaa..." He lisped around the tongue, but his protest fell on deaf ears. Soon a frozen fate awaited his cock. Momma Moomoo pressed the ice cube up against it, and a shiver ran up Tony's spine. "C-cwold!" He mumbled, shuddering, as his arousal began to fade. With a shudder, he twitched on the table, squirming and trying to get away from the chilly cockshrinker.

"Just a bit longer now..." Moomoo said to reassure her baby, reaching down to stroke at his tummy. "Hold still... allllmost there..." Eventually, she'd pull the half-melted ice cube away, her tone turning sing-songy. "All done, Tony-Pony! That wasn't so bad, was it?"

Tony just snorted and looked away, his thumb bobbing back and forth in between his lips with soft smacking sounds.

"Now it's time to finally get that diaper on! But first..." Moomoo sprinkled some more talcum powder all over Tony's crotch. Despite how grumpy he was over having to endure the ice, the sensation tickled and he found himself smiling again. The Moomoo's

squeaky hands began to rub the powder into his crotch and Tony found himself doing more than smile! The thumb slipped out of his mouth as he shuddered in pleasure. "A-aaah..."

"Uh oh! Let's get your nappy on before my boy's pony peepee gets pokey again!" Moomoo lifted the nappy front up, and Tony felt it pushing down along his crotch with a loud crinkle.

Almost on instinct, he thrust his crotch forward, letting his cock rub against the dry, powdery material. "A-aaaaaaah..." He sighed, feeling how nice it was to hump Momma's hand through the diaper.

"Don't get too playful just yet, sweetie! I still have to do the tapes." Moomoo worked swiftly, Tony watching her tape the diaper up so it snugly gripped at his shaft. "There we go! Now my pony's all padded up! Isn't that alllll better than trying to be a big boy?" She tickled at Tony's tummy.

And he giggled. "Uh huh! Ah'm just Momma's lil' colty-wolty an' ah love it!" He sat up, but before he could scoot his bottom off the changing table, Momma's arm snaked under one knee. Another arm wrapped around his back.

Moomoo lifted him up almost effortlessly... the muscular colt momentarily surprised before finding it confused that he'd felt that way. Wasn't it normal that mommies could carry their babies around without any problems? Why would him being a big baby make it any different. Tony tried to think about it for a moment, falling silent while the pastel pink cow's body squeaked as it rubbed against him. His body pressed against one of her breasts, and he could feel some of Momma's milk leaking onto his shirt.

The cow carried Tony over to the couch, taking a seat there and resting the upper parts of his body on her legs and udder.. "Before you can go play with your plushies, Momma has to make sure you're eating healthy. It's time for Dindin, Tony-Pony!"

The confusion continued, as Tony stared up at his Momma. "But don't we eat in th' kitchen, Momm-mmmph!"

His open muzzle had a teat pushed into it. "Little babies eat wherever Momma needs them to." Moomoo cooed, as she rubbed at Tony's tummy again. "And you are Momma's lil' sissy colt, aren't you? All cute in your ruffly pink diapers... Moomoo's milk is gonna help you grow up all girly and pretty, so you can make all the big baby boys wanna cuddle and kiss Momma's pretty princess pony."

Tony didn't really know how to feel about that. The crinkly colt wanted to push away and fuss and protest. He wasn't a sissy! Momma had said so. But there was a breast against his lips, and as taste of a drop of her milk hit his tongue certain instincts took over. Any desire to protest was overwhelmed by the desire to suckle on her sweet strawberry-flavored milk, his cheeks puffing out as he pulled and suckled from her tit. "Mmmph..." Tony just let his protests die. His baby brain was telling him nursing was more important. And it wasn't like the milk was going to make him a sissy, was it?"

Momma Moomoo's hands ran down the far side of his body, holding him against her as he drained her teat. "MooooooooooooOOOOOoooooooo... Mmm... baby, this always feels so very good." She said, in a soft huff. "Momma's gonna have to make sure you're her daily milker... you'd like that, wouldn't you? Drinking from Momma every day?" Her fingers caressed up and down his side, pleasurable petting that helped reward him for being good and drinking. "Oh, I know you would. After all... **Momma Knows** that her magic milk turns anyone drinking it more and more into a pretty sissy baby... and **Momma Knows** her Tawny-Pony wants to be the cutest and sissiest little mare-boi in the world, doesn't he?"

The double-whammy hit Tony's mind like two sledgehammers... For a moment he stopped swallowing her milk, lips breaking away from the teat as he started to drool, his eyes glazing over. After a few seconds, it didn't seem to fade. However, Moomoo's breasts seemed to swell slightly, little swirly patterns of silver forming around them. "Mmm... Ooo, Momma's never warped her OWN reality before, Tawny... aaah, it feels so nice! Have you started thinking again, sweetie?"

The overgrown colt blinked. "M-Momma?" He shook his head, licking around his lips to clean some pink milk away from them. "Ah, um, dunno what ah was thinking 'bout... can ah have more milkies, Momma? Tawny wants t'get more sissy an' pretty!" For some reason his voice sounded too deep and bassy. Masculine. It didn't sound like what he wanted to be like, and Tawny hated it.

Thankfully, Momma Moomoo was there to help him. "Let's switch you to the other breast, Tawny. Get Momma evened out." She cooed, helping the stallion switch his position. In no time at all, he was pushed against his Momma's other teat, closing his eyes and swallowing her warm, nurturing strawberry milk while pressing into his momma's smooth, squeaky body. With every drop he guzzled, the brown furred stallion's muscles began to shrink, his body seeming to almost compress itself. His Adam's Apple was sanded away until it vanished, and his thirteen inches of cock began to shrink away, losing at least an inch every minute until it had shrunk down to a tiny



little three inches. Tawny was losing every sign of the masculinity he wanted to throw away, his mane growing longer and more voluptuous as his muscular body shrank down to a slender, twinkish frame. The only part of him that seemed to change less than the others was his rump, which blossomed out of his new body like a ripe peach. The new sissy mare-boi's diaper barely loosened up. Swallowing up all that milk certainly did mean Tawny needed to make room, however, and eventually Moomoo would hear a much fainter "Hsst" noise as she watched her charge's diaper swelling out.

"Aww, did Tawny make a tinkle?" The matronly bovine just cooed and reached down to rub at the diaper, while the sissifying stallion finished his meal. "It's so easy to wet when you're drinking from Momma, isn't it? A few weeks of this, and you won't even notice when you're going, pretty princess." The big cow tugged the former Tony away from her tit, lifting him up and carrying him towards a playpen in the far side of the living room. "Momma's so proud of her little girl. But now SHE needs to go make something to eat!" Lowering Tawny into the playpen next to a large stuffed teddybear bigger than the sissified ponyboi was, she patted him between his ears. "I'll get some cartoons on for you. Can you be a good sissyboy and play with your stuffies until I get back?"

Tawny already had his thumb back in his muzzle, as he looked up from sitting on the floor in his crinkly butt. "Uh-huhs." Tawny hoped Momma would put on The Last Unicorn... he liked pretending he was her!

"Good... now have fun, baby!" Tawny would watch Moomoo turn away, her naked bottom jiggling as she sauntered off. "Because we've got quite a summer of fun ahead of us..."

Tawny only watched Momma leave for a little while though... he had another thing on his mind. Momma's diaper change and dinner had left him all worked up! Crawling up to his stuffed teddybear, he pulled it down and spooned into it... "N-nnnfff... Mistah Bwear... you're fun to hump..." The sissy stallion grunted, sliding back and forth in his nappy as he thrust into the bear's plush bottom.

Tawny grunted in sissy bliss as she humped and wondered what fun Momma had in store for the rest of the summer!

**THE END!**