

Goddess Mommy's New Bundle of Joy

Story by Terinas Tiger, written as a gift for Jimmy Wuffster

Jimmy awoke swaddled in warm fluffy cream colored blankets, with something pushed between his lips. “Hwuh? Wha hwappended?” He mumbled around the obstruction, a squishy rubbery thing pushing back against his fangs as he talked. Spitting it out, he opened his eyes to stare down at it. Even with his vision blurry after a long nap he didn’t remember he’d taken, he could see what it was: A bright yellow pacifier, the mouthguard shaped like a plastic sunflower. “Why was I sucking on-” Rubbing his eyes, the young man looked up and around him.

He was surrounded by wooden bars painted a bright pastel yellow. Above him, a little mobile with small suns and moons dangled and spun. “Why am I in a-” Before finishing his statement, Jimmy squirmed to disentangle himself from the blanket’s he’d somehow gotten wrapped up in. It was a bit concerning to him that as he squirmed he could feel something squishing against his lower regions. Once he’d gotten his body free, he could see why. Around his gray, fuzzy waist was what looked like a bright white diaper.

Well, a diaper that had once been white, at least.

Now, it was swollen and bloated like a beach balloon, the plastic not hiding a thick yellow stain that had formed around the crotch and along the bum. With a whine, Jimmy looked around the room he was in, and stared at himself in a mirror.

What was staring back was a gray furred, anthropomorphic wolf wearing nothing but a soggy night time diaper.

“I can’t believe this...” Through a sleepy haze, he tried to remember exactly how he’d gotten from stumbling out of a pub the night before, feeling chipper, to waking up clad in an oversized baby’s diaper inside what appeared to be a giant crib. The last thing he remembered was seeing someone standing across the street staring at him: A golden furred wolf clad in a white dress, and with a sunny smile on her muzzle.

Across what looked like an oversized nursery room floor, a door creaked open. The door was painted a pale sky blue, just like the walls around it, dotted with white, wispy clouds. As it opened, a whole dresses worth of “white” and “wispy” sauntered

in. "Aww... good morning, my little pup! I'm certain you were able to sleep well, with your tum so full of those icky-wicky adult beverages you got into last night!" It was the same woman from the night before: A golden-furred wolf like him, with brown eyes that glimmered like polished citrine. "When I saw how cute you were, and how no one seemed to be taking care of you, I just had to swoop in and adopt you!" The woman swept across a carpet printed to look like a cartoonish city, her footpaws leaving no footprints in the printed carpet as she walked, to approach his crib. "Did you have many pleasant dreams?"

There was just one word she'd said that stuck in Jimmy's mind. "ADOPT?!?" He blinked and stared up at her. Somehow she was standing over the walls of the crib, but they looked to be at least four feet tall. Was she just extraordinary tall or was the crib sunken into the floor? "Miss, what you're doing is kidnapping! And not even to a kid! I'm a grown canine!"

A smile never leaving her muzzle, the sunny woman just reached down to grope at the swollen plastic diaper wrapped around Jimmy's waist. "Of course you are, sweetie! That swollen nappy certainly feels like a grown canine's undies, doesn't it?" Her tongue stuck out at him.

As heat washed over Jimmy's muzzle. "I- I just had too much to drink last night!" He huffed and snorted at her, trying to wave her paw away. "And even so, I'm not a baby! I'm an adult, nearly thirty years old, and that's-"

"Oh pish posh!" The female wolf waved a paw dismissively. "Thirty years? How can anyone less than five hundred be anything more than a child? You're still maturing, making mistakes, soaking your diapers..." She bent down, arms reaching out towards Jimmy. And as she leaned forward, cleavage hanging over the bars of the crib, Jimmy could swear he saw a halo of gold gleaming around her. "I was a child when the suns in the sky were young, puppy." A titter escaped her lips as her arms wrapped around his body. He found himself still staring at the glow of light around her. It was impossible to look away, impossible to even think of doing anything other than staring. A glorious golden aura of light dancing and flickering like the flame of a candle; that seemed at once warm and nurturing while also so alien and unnatural, all at once. "So I know what I'm talking about."

The glow around her body was so surprising that Jimmy didn't even think to resist her. The next thing he knew he was suddenly being scooped up, cradled in the matronly canine's arms like a bride carried by her husband across the threshold.

“Eep!” He found himself whining, while she carried him over towards a large rocking chair. “H-how are you this strong?” She didn’t look that much taller than he was, and her arms and legs were a bit more slender. “I’m a grown man!”

“Mommies can always carry their little puppies around, silly Jimmy.” The woman cooed, taking a seat down on the rocking chair with him on her lap. “Even little babies know that.”

Her logic made his head hurt a little, but Jimmy couldn’t deny she moved around while holding him almost effortlessly. “Ok, but really, you need to let me go! I’m notta-huh?” He blinked as the woman claiming to be his “Mommy” began to pull one strap of her dress down the side of her shoulder. “W-what are you doing now?!?” The dress was peeling off of her, revealing a blonde, fuzzy breast that smelled a bit like cream and cinnamon, crowned by a pink nipple where a small bead of white had pooled.

“Giving my puppy his breakfast, of course!” The woman lifted a paw to the back of his head, coaxing Jimmy down towards her tit. “Mommy Freyr knows her teeny tiny puppy is all fussy and cranky because you’ve got an empty tum and a soaked diaper.” Jimmy responded by clamping his muzzle shut and turning away. This whole situation was already too weird, and he wasn’t going to just nurse from a strange woman’s tit because she had decided he was her baby! In response to her silent protest, however, he watched her smirk before a paw shot to his tummy, tickling him all over. “Isn’t that right? Isn’t that right?”

Jimmy squirmed and wiggled, his diaper crinkling and squishing as she hit sensitive spots all over. “Stoppit! Stoppit!” Despite his best efforts to be taken seriously, he broke down into loud laughter, unable to escape from her grasp or her lap while she mercilessly tickled him. The big wolf broke down into giggles, unable to think of anything else other than the tickling sensation for a few seconds. When the tickle attack finally finished, the gray wolf was breathing heavily... at least he was until his head was coaxed up towards her tit. “That’s a good pup! The tickle monster tired out all the fussiness, so you can just relax and enjoy your breakfast.” He couldn’t shut his mouth in time. A drop of warm, sweet cream hit his tongue and Jimmy could feel his taste buds erupting in delight. The strange wolf-woman’s milk was somehow the most ambrosial delight he had ever tasted. Instincts he had forgotten he’d ever had kicked in, as Jimmy’s eyes slid half-shut and he began to suckle, swallowing gulp after gulp of her milk.

“There’s Mommy’s good little puppy!” Her voice was a warm coo creeping into the back of his mind, while he preoccupied himself with nursing. “Mommy Freyr knows deep down you were never really a big boy at all. Just a lost little puppy who needed a strong Mommy to show him what he really was. Just be a good pup and swallow down as much of Mommy’s magic milk as you can...” Her fingers stroked along the back of his head, soft pets caressing his fur and flesh as his eyes slid half shut. All he could think about consciously was a need to fill his tummy. Her milk felt almost like a delicious addiction, each swallow tingling as it went down his throat. He could feel the warmth of the milk spreading through him, as his eyes slid half shut and his paws reached up to knead at her breast. On sheer instinct he was trying to gently milk her without even realizing it. The touch made the bigger golden wolf gasp. “Oh! Oh my, such a thirsty little puppy you are!” With a titter, she pet along his back, stroking at Jimmy’s body. “You want ALL of Mommy’s magic milk, don’t you? Every drop for her baby, none for anyone else. Such a greedy little pup!” Her smile grew wider. “But looking down at how good you’re being, nursing from Mommy without any fuss... I think it’s ok if that’s what mommy’s sog monster wants.”

After another moment, her paws gently pushed Jimmy away. “W-wait!” he stammered, milk smeared along his lips. “N-not done, Mum-” He almost finished speaking, but as his protests had begun she was already arranging his head to face her other tit.

“Not stopping, just letting you drain the other one.” Mommy Freyr tickled at his tummy. He was still thirsty, and without any further protests he pushed his lips up against her teat, sinking back into the reverie of feeding. It was so peaceful and warm and soft and nice, and he didn’t want the addictive feeling of nursing to stop. “Because otherwise mommy would be walking around all day with one side heavier than the other!” She puffed out one cheek up above him, making a silly face. “Mommy balloon! Mommy balloon!”

Jimmy had enough presence of mind to giggle at the sight, before going back to nursing.

“You’re so cute once you’ve started accepting it.” the golden wolf’s tail thumped rapidly against the back of the chair, as she stroked and pet at Jimmy’s back. “Just drinking up all of Mommy’s magic milk and letting it wash all your silly big boy thoughts away out into your diapers...”

On some subconscious level, Jimmy heard every word she was saying. On a

conscious level, however, it didn't even register as a concern. His cheeks kept puffing in and out as he sucked from her breast, nursing as she pet at him and cooed. The wolf had no idea how much time passed as he supped on his "breakfast", but the feeding was finally interrupted by a firm paw pushing his mouth away. "All done!" At first he squirmed against her paw, trying to get his lips back to her breast once more. The gray wolf in the wet diaper found even with a full tummy he still wanted more! "Nope. Mommy can see her baby pupper's full now." His head started to clear gradually, as Jimmy felt the golden furred woman petting at his tummy. "All full of Mommy's milk and ready to get that squishy diaper changed!" Her arms hooked under his form again, lifting him up so his head rested on her shoulder. A firm paw patted him as she cradled him with his butt on her right thigh. Patting him until she heard a distinct "Urp!" escape his lips, the pup's mind was still too foggy from his feeding trance to muster any kind of resistance.

It wasn't until he felt himself lifting up into the air that the gray wolf started to think clearly again. As Jimmy was lifted up the diapered canine tried to let out a distinct "Not again!", but when he opened his muzzle to speak, he found words failing him. "Gah-goo..."

As embarrassing as the slurred babble sounded, it made his captor squeal. "Awww! Such a cute little baby! Are you trying to say words? Mommy's talky little puppy!" She giggled, Jimmy's cheeks getting hot as she lowered him onto a changing table shaped like a cloud. It felt like it too, like his back and bottom and thighs were all being kissed by pillows. "Now let's get a new nappy for Mommy's cute little boy!"

The gray wolf was starting to feel really full now, the milk he'd imbibed having not quite felt as full before. "H-hey, um, can you not put me in a new diaper?"

At that, Freyr's muzzle curled into a smug smirk. "So you want to stay in that soggy peepee diaper, little soaker?"

"N-no, I didn't mean it like-" Jimmy whined, patting his tummy. He hadn't realized how much milk he'd really drank at the time, but now he was starting to feel overly full. "Ooo...." Going limp against the changing table, he moaned instead of finishing his sentence. As full as he was, he was even feeling a bit sleepy.

The woman who called herself Freyr leaned down, locking eyes with him as her paws worked independently to undo the tapes of his nappy. "And that's why we've got to get you into something dry and clean." The front of his soaked night time

diaper was peeled off of him, as she reached forward to pet his tummy. "Mommy wasn't lying when she said her milk was magic. A goddess' purity washes clean all your past misdeeds... some ways more literal than others. You drain a LOT of mommy Freyr's milk, puppy" Flashing him a grin, the canine goddess poked at his belly button, drawing a circle around it. "All those naughty big boy thoughts are going to leak out of you the next time you go potty." She rolled her eyes and giggled. "And given that you're mommy's 'big strong adult wolf' before you even turn two hundred, I imagine that's going to be quite a LOT of big boy urges! All of them going byebye into your diaper! Can you say 'byebye' yet, Jimmy?"

As the old diaper was wadded up and tossed away, Jimmy's eyes widened. "Buh-byebye?!?" There was a growing sense of panic in his mind as he felt how full he was.

His panicked outburst nonetheless made Freyr wag, her eyes lighting up. "Very good, puppy! Mommy's so proud of you for almost being ready to start talking!" Without missing a beat, the goddess-wolf opened a drawer on the changing table. "Let's see... what design nappy to give you? Hmm... I think ship anchors!" Before Jimmy's eyes, the goddess held up a thick white diaper his size, covered in pastel blue stylized anchors. "You can be mommy's little sailor pup!"

"No! No, I don't wanna be a baby!" He whined, suddenly feeling his tummy churning. The diaper was slid under Jimmy's bottom, feeling comfortable and pillowy and might've been pleasant if he hadn't realized what was coming. "No! No no no!" Jimmy balled his fists and slapped the changing table in a huff. His would-be mommy ignored the tiny tantrum, sprinkling talcum powder along his crotch, before massaging it in and folding the front of the diaper over his waist.

Her paws rested on either side of his groin. "Now I just tape you up... bottom tapes first, then top..." Freyr's voice radiated maternal warmth and joy as she sealed him into what might be the first of many future diapers. "I'd put you in the sailor suit too, but well... I know I'm going to be changing you again soon." The canine goddess stuck her tongue out. "So for now you just get the diapey!" Scooping him up, Mommy Freyr carried Jimmy towards a large playpen in one corner of his nursery, dropping him in. "Now Mommy has to go get a camera and take pictures of her perfect little angel so she can show you off to the rest of the pantheon!" Leaving him in the playpen surrounded by soft cloth toys, Freyr sauntered over towards the door leading to the rest of her home. "Be good, will you?"

As the door slammed shut behind him, Jimmy decided he had no intention of being good.

“Ok, this is da first time she’s left me alone...” The wolf reached down to grope at his diapered front, feeling how thick the padding was. Even dry, it pushed his thighs apart and made standing a chore. “Is this a nighttime nappy?” He squeezed it, before a grumble from his tummy brought him back to the reality of his situation. “No distractions! I gotta get out of here before she comes back!” The only problem he faced was how to do that. From the outside while Mommy was carrying him, the walls of the playpen had looked to be five feet tall at most. But now that he was within it, they seemed nearly thirty feet tall! “That... shouldn’t be possible?” Tilting his head and trying to process that, Jimmy frowned. “But they’re still made of yellow cloth... can I just rip through them?” With a waddle to his step, the adult wolf approached one of the walls, trying to slash at it with his claws. When it didn’t rip at all, a growl of frustration escaped the wolf’s lips. The rumble in his gut was telling him he didn’t have much time, if her words were true. “You stupid wall!” Jimmy growled and stomped a footpaw, balling his fists and feeling like he was about to cry. For some reason keeping his frustration in check felt so much harder. “Fine... Lemme see how easy it is t’climb yoo!” He lisped like a baby, curling his claws into the cloth fabric of the playpen wall and trying to climb up.

It held his weight. And it was just flexible enough that he could even grip it. As he started to ascend upward, Jimmy’s frustration vanished, a childish smile budding on his muzzle. “I kin do it! I kin escape!” The big wolf puppy giggled at how smart he was, getting out of his playpen without Mommy ever even realizing. As he climbed, his tail was flagging upward. And midway up the wall, he froze. “Nnnfff... tummy’s all rumby...” With a whine, Jimmy patted at his stomach, before feeling himself pass gas. “No! No no no no no!” Tears forming in his eyes, the gray wolf tried to climb faster, but he didn’t get far before his teeth grit and he involuntarily dug his paws into the fabric of the playpen wall. “N-nnnnffff! G-gaaaah!” The wolf whined, feeling warm, stinky mush filling the bottom of his diaper. At the same time as he was filling his seat, memories were flashing before his eyes:

That night he skipped out of work early to slip on over to the pub with his mates.

The time he realized he accidentally swiped a pen from the bank and never bothered returning it.

The moment when he was a real pup and he'd hidden in a bush to leap out and scare a friend.

The memories of his life growing up were all flashing before his eyes, before splorching out into his diaper. The padding browned and puffed out in back, as Jimmy let out a huff of pleasure, the feeling of emptying his nappy giving him a sudden rush of pleasure. "M-made stinkies..." He slurred his speech, a haze sinking over his thoughts. He didn't even realize that his grip had slipped until he started to fall away from the playpen wall.

Landing on his mushy tush with a loud "SQUISH!", Jimmy felt his mess spreading around his crotch. He felt filthy and stinky and forgot why he'd even been climbing out of his playpen in the first place. All he remembered was that he had just filled his diaper...

And there was only one person he remembered who could do something about that.

Balling out his fists and letting tears form in his eyes, Jimmy whined. "MUMMIE!" He cried out, with a whimper. "I NEEDA CHANGIE!"

It was the first day in the life of a goddess' new baby.

THE END!