

Potty Kitty

Picture in your mind a nursery nestled in a rectangular room. The walls are decorated with childish drawings, and walls retain a colorful border near the top, on top of which is drawn various numbers and letters of the alphabet. Here and there on the plastic-tarped walls are drawings of all media – Marker, chalk, crayon, finger paint, and even baby lotion. Various building and spelling blocks decorate the floor, as well as a few neglected but empty baby bottles, sippy cups, and one adult-sized Big Macintosh rocking horse. An oversized changing table was on one side of the nursery, easily designed to fit anyone of all sizes and shapes. Across the room from it stands a playful and colorful desk, with tastefully clashing colors lining it, every drawer, as well as the computer. On the far end off to a corner, a crib rests, with the bars up, and a lump in the covers.

That lump in the covers began to stir. A few grunts and moans escaped from them, followed by a high-pitched yawn before they were tossed off. They revealed a blue anthropomorphic feline with a lithe body. His paws and feet were colored a dark magenta (although the feet had little baby booties on), as was the ring on the tip of his tail, which was black at the end. His hair and the insides of his black ears were a rich royal purple, and two pink bows rested at the end of his tail and on top of his head.

What was most important about this feline, however, was his choice of clothing: He only had one thing on, and it was an oversized, gigantic, and very used diaper. What was once pink was now stained yellow; however the frills were intact and, well, frilly. The backside had been so thoroughly soiled that it was stained brown and always sagged no matter what position he was in, weighing the diaper down with the immense volume and really testing the strengths of the tape. Immediately the room began to smell of a few dumps' worth of healthily messed diaper, laced with a hint of baby powder.

This humanoid feline was Padder the Cat, and he was an infantilist, and this was the nursery room of his apartment. He enjoyed the innocent as well as the sexual sides of babyish acting, paraphernalia, roleplaying, and diapers. He especially enjoyed the diapers. As a matter of fact, as his drowsy eyes drifted down to the only real garment he was wearing, a look that can only be described as a dumb grin spread across his face and he took a few experimental strokes of his tenting morning wood, letting out a girlish moan at the sudden sensation.

He was just getting up from his afternoon nap, and the clock above his crib displayed that the time was an even four o'clock in the afternoon. Lazily reaching up and undoing the crib bars, which had come in handy a few times in the past to keep him from rolling out of bed, he swung his legs out, causing his blue diapered rump to slide across the messy side of his overly filled diaper, before hopping out of it and balancing himself by placing paw on his crib. His messy rear sagged down heavily, and it partially stretched open the leg gathers just a bit.

Letting out another yawn, he raised his arms and got on his tip toes, stretching out himself fully. His eyes darted to the changing table; his diaper would need changing sometime before tomorrow and he briefly considered it before remembering that he had company today.

It was the good kind of company.

And that meant his diaper wasn't coming off that night.

Padder spent the next while chatting idly on instant messengers, and tidying up for his visitors. Bottles and sippy were put into the sink outside the nursery and the toy blocks were stacked or piled neatly in the corner. He stacked some diapers on the night stand next to his crib alongside his baby powder and lotion before sitting his stinky butt down and waiting. It's worth noting that whenever Padder was in the nursery, he would crawl instead of walk, causing his diaper to shift a little bit every time.

His tummy grumbled a bit, and he dropped from his chair and crawled to the

kitchen to fetch him a fresh bottle and some baby formula and gently nursing it. As a final measure, he got a white kiddie pool out of the closet and laying it in the center of the nursery, before sitting back down at his computer with a heavy squelch.

After not too long there was a ring at the doorbell. Padder, knowing who it was, wasted no time doing silly things like getting dressed. He simply padded to the main door and opened it, paying no mind to his heavily used diaper, now sagging almost to his knees. As a matter of fact, right as he opened the door, he grunted and pushed out another load into his diaper, adding even more to the weight, as he absentmindedly nursed his bottle.

Standing in the doorway were two expected guests. In front was a rather shy lion. Golden of fur, with stark black tail flair at the end, and black-rimmed equally golden ears, his extremely feminine body left no questions as to his sexuality when combined with his attire. He wore a skintight shirt that ended well before the belly button, short shorts that barely did any job at all of covering his pull-up trainers which jutted several inches from the top, and a bib for taste. He was also doing a little potty dance, hopping side to side on each foot, as his maw opened up before the fur behind him had a chance to speak.

“Cmon, cantchoo let us in pweeze? I really gotsa go and I dun tink my twainer diapee can hold it if I have anodda accident!!”

Before Padder could respond, the second fur managed to wedge his way in front. This one was a muscular nondescript orange canine, with chocolate paws, feet, tail tip, muzzle, and hair. A white stripe went from his nose to the top of his forehead. He was clothed in an off-yellow sleeveless shirt, baggy jeans with a faint outline of a diaper, and a ragged blue collar with a diamond nametag on it. He had a bit of an apologetic look about him.

“Sorry for the ruckus, let me introduce us. I’m Zeph, and this is Caden, my baby. Mind if we come in? And PEE-YEW, something in here stinks really good.”

Padder let out a small giggle, delighted at the obsercant. He backed up from the

door, opening it further and waving them in and also happening to make his sagging diaper seat swing a little bit. “Sure, come on ins! And dat’s me, I’m weally messy but didn’t wanna change. You sure you dun want the baby using the potty soon tho? He seems pwetty despewate!”

Zeph waved a paw, as if swatting away the question as he walked, and Caden did his potty dance into the room, letting out occasional whimper. Finally, he turned back to Padder. “Naw, we’re just unpotty training him. Getting him used to not being able to control where he goes, you know, the works.” He beamed, and continued on. “We even expect him to have grown back into diapers here within a month! Then he doesn’t have to bother with holding it in for unusually long amounts of time. As a matter of fact, I even”

He was interrupted mid-sentence by Caden, whining loudly as he continued to dance back and forth “Daddy Zeph, I tink I made a small bit of poopy in my twainers!”

Zeph smiled, “Atta boy. Keep it up! And you better hold it in like a big boy, you’re not little enough for diapers yet.” Caden only whimpered, looking more and more distressed, as Zeph continued on seemingly unfazed by his “baby” lion. “Anyway, you were calling about a training potty for young Caden? He sure misses his big boy potty, and we were thinking we could use the training potty to help wean him off of them. Where is it?”

Padder beamed, clapping his hands together happily. “You’s lookin at ‘im! I’m da twaining potty, and I’ll help baby Caden out of da potty in no time! Be wight back, I gotsa get my bib.” He rushed out, his messy diaper seat bouncing up and down, and returned just as quickly while trying to tie a bib around his neck.

Zeph looked a little surprised at hearing Padder call himself the training potty, but his mind quickly worked its magic and an evil grin spread across his face as he made naughty plots in his head. As Padder returned, frustrated with his bib, he turned around sheepishly. “Daddy Zeph, couldjoo hewp me wiff my bib? I cant tie da knot!” Zeph obliged, and tied the simple knot, hanging the bib on Padder. His eyes widened as he read

the playfully written bib, the letters a bit too brown to be fully innocent: “MESSY EATER”

“I think we’re going to have a lot of fun here, from what I see. I’m glad I came here, I really am. Now, I think Caden over here is a little desperate to”

“More dan a widdle, dada!” Caden squealed. “I just piddled a bit, pwееееez lemme use da potty”

“I said,” said Zeph, speaking deliberately slowly, “That I think Caden can hold in his widdle potty pants until we get to the nursery. I’ll follow your lead.” Padder grinned again, grabbing Zeph and Caden’s paw and nearly skipping in the direction of his sleeping room.

As they entered, Padder dropped down to his characteristic crawl, and stepped into the kiddie pool. He hoisted himself around, eventually landing on his butt, squelching wonderfully. He slowly began to remove his booties, and right as he got the last one off, Caden piped up, too busy trying to hold everything in to care about what Padder was doing.

“Dada, you said I could go potty here! I don’t see one, and EEK I think I just let more mess out!”

Padder beamed at him, sitting up and spreading his legs. By now, both parties noticed that he was sporting a gigantic erection, enough to tent his diaper and bring the focus partly off of the gigantic load he was smushing. “I AM da twaining potty, silly! You can just pull your twainers down and use me!” He opened his mouth expectantly, closing his eyes.

Caden was too desperate to question it. He swiftly slid down his mildly stained trainers, revealing a hardening ten-inch cock at the sight of Padder sitting down like that, and pointed it straight at Padder’s muzzle, letting out an uncharacteristically strong stream of piss. At first it hit Padder’s bib, soaking it yellow, but he quickly aimed it to his mouth, which filled almost immediately and spilled over as he quickly gulped. Before

long Padder had drinking his fill, having swallowed several times, and was just letting the urine drizzle down his now soaked fur and make a puddle below him.

After what felt like an eternity, Padder was nearly full and Caden was done using Padder as the training urinal, but he still had one or two more bathroom needs. Padder grinned wide, giggling like a sissy girl as he gently turned Caden around, who seemed a bit more relaxed. “Okay, now it’s time to try da stinky stuff! Just go and dun stop, and then tug on my ear when ya wanna flush the kitty, okay?” Caden looked back behind him and nodded his agreement, before squatting with his hole right over Padder’s muzzle, and letting go.

Caden had a lot to give. Zeph wasn’t kidding when he was taking about Caden holding it in. There was more than enough to go around. He didn’t even have to grunt, he just relaxed, and it immediately started flowing. The first log was a healthy brown, mushy texture, and it landed halfway in Padder’s wide open mouth, covering almost his entire cheek. The rest of the logs fell similarly, as his face was covered in creamy mushy shit, and his mouth filled even more! It didn’t take long for his mouth to fill to the brim, mushy shit filling every crevice in the beaming feline’s mouth. Down below, his diaper tented to absurd amounts, staining the front copiously in pre as he stroked himself, moaning and letting out baby babble as well as he could through the mouthful of lion mess.

Zeph stood on the sidelines for now, his paw inside his diaper, eyeing the scene with a bit of lust as the twistedly sexual potty training scene unfolded in front of him. He only moved in when the mess started falling off of Padder’s face and onto the rest of him. Some of it was falling from his arms and landing in the kiddie pool, and some was splattering onto his midsection and sticking there. Some of it, however, threatened to fall on his open diaper, and in Zeph’s mind, the messy belongs on the INSIDE.

Gingerly, Zeph kept his paw on his cock and leaned down, using his other to open up the front of Paddy’s diaper, revealing the sizable cock within, which was quickly

covered in lion shit as it rolled down the blue feline's chest covering up the bib so much Zeph couldn't even read it any more.

Cadyn was just barely beginning to finish up, too, letting out log after log in what seemed to be too much mess for a girly boy that much to physically make! Padder was humping the shit piled onto his cock, in all his potty slut glory, with his happy mouthful of shit, and his paws rubbing it into his fur, turning him into a real training potty for Caden! Eventually though, Caden let out his last log which was extra-mushy and coiled up nearly on Padder's otherwise untouched hair.

He wasn't done yet, though. Zeph had knelt down and was busy pawing Padder off through his now overly messy yet otherwise perfectly yellow diaper front, some of it leaking out. Padder still had his mouth wide open, eyeing Caden's ten inch throbbing cock with lust, and Caden certainly took notice of this.

"Aww, does the potty slut baby bimbo want his baba?" Padder nodded eagerly. "Even if I don't flush?" Nodnodnodnod. "Well then. Here goes!" Caden grinned babyishly as he pushed his cock level and gently inserted it into Padder's shit-filled mouth, and his cock throbbed very noticeably under Zeph's paw. He started thrusting in and out rhythmically, covering his cock in the brown creamy mess, fucking Padder's muzzle as the now brown cat continued holding his mouth open, waiting the signal to flush. Caden had gotten a bit too horny to keep at being the submissive baby, and it was showing as he grabbed the back of Padder's head and started guiding it up and down, grunting and approaching orgasm.

Finally, Caden let out a loud roar, pulling his cock out of Padder's mouth and pawing his shit-covered cock to completion with one paw, while tugging the training potty baby slut's ear down with another, putting one thought through its mind: Flush.

Padder began chewing and swallowing as fast as he could while Caden shot load after load of spunk on him, shooting clear past padder and onto the floor behind him. Padder gagged, but he didn't care by now, he was too lost in his own little baby slut

world, and began trying to swallow regardless. Caden continued pumping out ropes of cum and covering Padder's shit covered body more and more, and Padder gave one last hump into Zeph's paw and came hard, finally beginning to swallow as the Lion's creamy shit disappeared down the feline's gullet.

It was all over too quickly, and both "babies" nearly collapsed from exhaustion from the shattering orgasm. Caden disappeared into the bathroom outside the nursery and began cleaning himself off while Padder sat there with a dumb baby slut grin on his face.

Zeph wasn't quite done yet, and really wanted a piece of that diaper. "Get on your all fours mister "twaining potty," I've been staring at that diaper seat without nuzzling it for FAR too long!" Padder obeyed, and Zeph's paw, which had never left his diaper, really began pumping his cock as he shoved his face relentlessly into the piss-drenched diaper seat, imprinting his muzzle into it and grunting loudly as he mushed the messy diaper seat around showing no mercy and molding it like dough. Within a few seconds the pent up Zeph took one big deeeep sniff, spurted into his diaper as well, and then once he was done sat back, panting loudly. Caden came back, and Padder clapped his hands, still in his babyish mood. "Good job, you used the potty! Such a baby now!"

Caden blushed, turning a bright red. "You really think I'm little enough to be a baby?"

"Of course, only a BABY would have to go that bad without being able to hold in his weewee and poopoo! At this rate you'll be in diapers in no time."

All three of them sat back in the afterbliss, enjoying the atmosphere of the heavily colored nursery and the contrast between it and the still shit and now cum-covered feline sitting in the kiddie pool. Finally, Zeph spoke up.

"Padder, I think I have a duty reassignment once little Caden grows back into diapers."

"Whazzat daddy Zeph?"

"How does being a Diaper sound to you?"