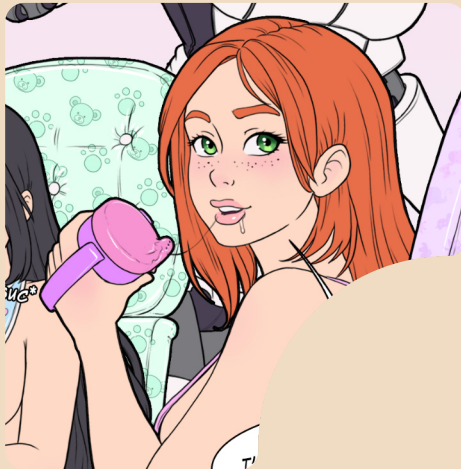




An 18+ ABDL zine

BUILDING BLOCKS



2- PARADISE

Content warnings

**This is a zine for the ABDL (Adult Baby/
Diaper Lover) community, so expect the
works herein to involve diapers & ageplay!**

Nudity

Dubious consent

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Meanwhile, in Dr. Omutsu's secret lab...



Time for a change Crystal Angela.

Who's ready for some more milky?

Which of my precious babies wants a new paci?

SO CUTE!!!

But... I didn't even know I was wet?!

Hey, this milks not bad.

Don't worry Maidens! I'm sure I'll come up with a plan to escape... later...

much later...

THE STORY SO FAR: The magical girl team known as the *Crystal Hope Maidens*, followed their nemesis *Dr. Omutsu* back to her secret lab, but were tricked into entering a strange machine known as 'The Paradise Cage'. Scanning the mind of their leader, (*Crystal Prism*) the machine learns of her hearts secret desire and creates the perfect environment to keep her, and the rest of the magical girls subdued.

Will our heroines find a way to escape? Or will they remain trapped in *Crystal Prism's* infantile fantasies forever?

Tír na nÓg

The Land Of The Young

Eimear sighed as she clicked her pen, staring up at the clock. "Least it's over..." she muttered, glancing at her boss' office. As IT Support, she was pretty used to putting out fires as the IT world put it. Her boss alone usually created half those fires. Over-promising things when there wasn't enough staff, always being a crabby bitch, an ego to put an MMA fighter to shame, and the work ethic of a sloth.

She rolled her eyes and shook her head. It was a minor miracle she hadn't actually set fire to anything. "And it's only Tuesday..." Eimear muttered under her breath. She grabbed her things, ready to clock out at 5 on the dot. She couldn't help but feel like the place would fall down around her boss if Eimear wasn't there every day. Sure, most of her colleagues were competent. But only Eimear really had the knowledge required.

She'd worked here for 10 years, making her a rarity in the industry. The CEO had at least recognised her value and kept giving her raises to keep her on board. But she had to admit, this new manager was making her feel like quitting. She punched out on the dot, power walking down to her car in the parking lot.

Eimear looked in her rear view mirror and sighed again. "Can I retire yet?..." she whispered. She was only 33 though. She knew she had her entire lifes worth of years ahead before then. The drive home was at least stress free. She pulled into her driveway. Her NEW driveway.

She smiled as she stared at the house in front of her. With their combined finances, Eimear and her fiance Sorcha managed to buy a house. No mortgage, and shockingly cheap, but there were no obvious problems for why it would be so cheap. They got lucky, and they had the funds. She walked into her house. "I'm hooome!" she called out.

Sorcha popped her head out from the kitchen. "And a great home it is!" she said, chuckling. She shuffled past the boxes strewn around them and gave Eimear a hug. She slowly broke the hug off, kissing Eimear's neck and cheek as they parted. "Sooooo? Has it set in yet?" she asked. Eimear rolled her eyes.

"It will when we get everything unpacked. Did you get your pc unpacked at least?" she asked. Her fiance was lucky. She was an artist for a living. As in an actual living. Sorcha made almost as much as Eimear did in IT.

"Yeah. Just got started on another commission. We can talk more during dinner though. You go shower. It'll be ready in 20" Sorcha said, winking at her. Eimear gave her one last peck on the cheeks before she made her way upstairs. There were boxes strewn everywhere in the various rooms. Sorcha had seemingly unpacked 1 room at a time rather than just random boxes. Their little office room where their computers and video game merch were was already set up, as was the bedroom and main bathroom.

Eimear sighed as she took her clothes off and hopped in the shower. The water was oddly more comforting than her usual showers were. By the time she stepped out, she felt much more refreshed than she usually would. "Damn... hope every shower is like that" she muttered, figuring the water must be from some sort of well rather than the city's waterline. She made her way back down the stairs, only wearing a t-shirt and sweatpants.

Sorcha was putting their dinner on the table just as she walked in. Some sort of chicken stir fry. "Just in time" she said, pouring them both glasses of wine. They made idle small talk over dinner, made plans to go see a new movie, to play some video games the next day Eimear was off, the usual stuff they did. As they started cleaning up after their dinner, there was a knock on the door.

"Huh... I'll get it" Eimear said, putting her plate back down. She opened the front door, and raised an eyebrow when she saw a woman smiling at her. "Evening. Can I help you?" she asked.

"Good evening. I just wanted to make sure you both were settling in well. I'm Shannon, the previous owner of the house" the woman said. Eimear raised her eyebrow even higher. "Yes, I know it's an odd thing to do. But then I'm told I'm a very eccentric person at the best of time" she chuckled.

"Uh... we're still unpacking everything, but yeah... I guess we're getting on fine... it's only been like 14 hours since we moved in after all" Eimear muttered. Shannon's smile somehow got wider, to the point of being uncanny.

"Glad to hear it! I wish you both the best! You're only young for so long after all!" she said. Eimear's mouth hung open as she stared at Shannon. Not that the other woman seemed to notice the look she was getting. "Oh! I'd better be going. Slán leat Eimear" she said, turning on her heels and walking away. Eimear closed the door, still staring at it as she processed what just happened.

"Eimear? Who was it?" Sorcha shouted from the kitchen. Eimear shook her head. How the hell did you even explain what just happened to her? She pinched the bridge of her nose and shook her head. She likely would never have to see the woman again anyway.

The next morning

Eimear groaned as she walked got out of her car. She'd had an incredible night's sleep, but something about driving this morning just really sapped that energy out of her. She walked into the office, heading straight to the coffee machine. One of her colleagues, Morgan, was standing there. Before she could even give a half-hearted smile, he handed her a cup. A Starbucks coffee at that. Not the shitty coffee their company supplied. "Oh... uhm... Thanks?" she muttered.

Morgan chuckled. "Sorry. Just a small thanks for yesterday. Don't know what you did, but it fixed half the problems I had as well" he said. Eimear smiled and took the coffee. "Besides, it feels like only the CEO even really speaks with you. Thought you'd appreciate some conversation" he said.

Eimear snorted as she took her first sip. "I'm usually too busy to be making idle small talk. And unless they hire someone with as much or more experience than me, it'll probably stay that way" she said. "I appreciate the gesture though"

She made her way to her desk, leaving Morgan at the coffee machine. She realised he was actually right. She rarely spoke with any of her colleagues. She sighed again and sat down at her desk. "Not like they're any better off I suppose" she muttered. Sure, she definitely did the most work here. But that didn't mean everyone else was slacking. Eimear just happened to be the one overburdened. Because that moron manager of hers always gave her every important task.

She shook her head and placed her coffee down. She turned on her computer and started monitoring the systems before getting down to actually working. "Tickets coming in... helpdesk has no issues... dashboard's fine... huh... that's rare" she muttered. Not a single problem. Usually there would at least be SOME small problem to solve, even if it was only a 2-minute thing.

"Oh! Yeah, I got in early this morning so I thought I may as well restart it. Thanks for yesterday's help by the way" Penny said as she walked past. Eimear frowned. 2 of her colleagues she rarely spoke to... being nice to her and thanking her for her work? She sipped her coffee, eyeing people as they walked in. A few more thank yous, and Eimear became increasingly suspicious.

She jumped as her Outlook ping notified her of the morning meeting. "Okay..." she sighed, joining the Teams call. She stared into space, biting her nails as she waited for everyone else to join.

"Gooood morning everyone" her boss, Riley, said. "Yesterday was tough, but we thankfully managed to get by without too many setbacks. Mostly thanks to Eimear's efforts of course" she said. Eimear froze, blushing as applause broke out. "It's a Thursday, so we should see a drop-off in the number of tickets coming in"

Eimear sort of just stared into space as the meeting went on. Same shit, different day. Even if she was getting an unusual amount of praise, they still had other stuff to get through. "Alright, that should be everything for this morning people. Let's get cracking" Riley said.

Eimear sighed and left the Teams meeting, getting right into looking at her tickets. "Wait... Am I..." she muttered, taking her thumb out of her mouth. It was wet. Eimear blushed and pinched the bridge of her nose. "Well... Nobody said anything I guess" she muttered. She shook her head and got to work, but almost as soon as she was finished with one ticket, she noticed her queue was cut in half. "The fuck?" she whispered.

She went back through the other workers queues. Half her tickets were in other people's queues. She got Teams back up and started typing to Riley. Hey, I noticed everyone just started taking tickets from my queue. What's the big deal? She typed.

The 3 dots stayed for an agonisingly long time. I asked them to. I realized I may have been pushing you too hard, so I divided your work among other people. Realistically, you shouldn't even be SEEING simple things like printer issues. You should just have the Level 3 work and some Level 2 tickets

Eimear sat back in her chair as she read the message again. "Since when did SHE get some sense?" she muttered. Riley usually had her doing everything, including Level 1 stuff like password resets, software installs, etc. She sighed, now with a small smile. "No use looking a gift horse in the mouth" she whispered.

Eimear got to work for real this time. She spent about a half hour fixing up one of their clients mail server so they could actually receive emails from outside their company, then when she looked at her queue again, it was cut in half again. She read through what were supposed to be her tickets and almost pinched herself to make sure she was actually awake.

"Customer called up and you were busy. Shouldn't have been marked Level 3 in the first place, but Ronald was being his usual self about it. Customer's issue is resolved after another ticket reset their server... Fucking hell this is too good to be true"

She couldn't stop the grin creeping onto her face. Clearly, something had changed. Her colleagues were seemingly going out of their way to make sure Eimear didn't have too much on her plate, taking tickets from her that realistically shouldn't be done by her in the first place. She forced out a breathy laugh. "Okay... I'm going crazy" she whispered.

Eimear laid back in her chair for a moment. She glanced around at the people walking past her. Each gave her a smile when they saw her looking at them. Her grin started to drop. People weren't usually this nice... not so suddenly at least. She bit her lip, feeling her bladder give a little twitch. Locking her computer, Eimear got up and walked towards the bathroom. Just as she was walking in, another colleague she never spoke to was also walking in. Kelly? Lily? Something like that?

"Oh, hi Eimear. You need to go potty?" she asked. Eimear's brain took a second to process what she'd just heard. She found herself nodding, if only because she didn't know how else to react. What kind of grown woman asked another woman if they needed to go potty? "Come on then! I'll help you wipe" the woman said, taking Eimear's hand.

Eimear yelped as she was dragged into the bathroom. "Let's get those pants down now" the woman said, unbuttoning Eimear's jeans. Despite her absolute confusion and embarrassment, Eimear found it difficult to actually stop it from happening. It was like she was in a dream, and the signals her brain sent to her body to move were being pushed through molasses.

With her jeans and panties now at her ankles, Eimear gulped and sat down on the toilet. She wasn't even afforded some privacy as the woman stood beside her with the stall door open. As her pee hissed into the toilet, the woman pet her head. "Good girl Eimear!" she said. After a few seconds, the stream of pee stopped and Eimear stood up. The woman grabbed the toilet paper and folded it neatly before wiping Eimear's privates.

"Th-Thanks" Eimear muttered, shivering as her panties and jeans were pulled back up. "I uh... I didn't really... need help there you know..." she muttered again, going to wash her hands at the sink. The woman chuckled and got some soap in her hands, rubbing it all over both their hands.

"Sure you didn't hon! You're a BIG girl!" she said, washing both their hands. After helping Eimear dry her hands, the woman took her back to the bathroom door and held it open for her. "Don't go getting too stressed now. We can't be having the star employee getting all cranky" she said, going back into the bathroom to presumably take care of her own business.

Eimear's eyes darted around as she walked back to her desk. She'd just gotten her crotch wiped by another woman who spoke to her like she was a child! The smiles of her colleagues suddenly took on a much more unnerving meaning. She sat at her desk and woke her pc up. She nearly jumped at the sight of the wallpaper. Usually she just had the standard Windows 11 wallpaper. Now though, it was a slideshow of different cartoon characters.

My Little Pony, Hello Kitty, Pokemon, Sailor Moon, and many more she didn't recognise. Her fingers shook as she typed her password in. "I have got to be getting pranked... please tell me it's that..." she whispered, checking her little space for any recording devices. She jumped for real this time when she felt her jeans being pulled back from behind.

"Still clean! Good job Eimear!" Riley said, patting Eimear's head. "Keep that up, and you'll be out of those pullups in no time!"

Eimear froze. She waited for Riley to walk away before she opened her jeans. She could hardly breathe when she saw it. Instead of her pristine, red satin panties she'd JUST had a minute ago in the bathroom, she now wore a Disney princess-themed pullup. The kind you'd expect to see on a young child just about to enter preschool. Except it was clearly much larger, seeing as it fit her.

"... This isn't just a prank" she whispered.

Eimear's whole body shivered as she sat in her car in the driveway. She'd managed to convince Riley she wasn't feeling too good and got off work early. Several colleagues had offered to drive her home. It took a lot of convincing to even get them to let her drive home on her own. She'd half expected the Guards to pull her over and ask who let a toddler drive. She took a deep breath as she got out of the car.

"I'm dreaming... magic isn't real... I'm not going to... to... what the heck?..." she whispered as she opened the front door. Her heart skipped a beat. Almost immediately she could see the changes. The walls were many different pastel colours. It looked like a preschool, but someone let the kids decorate. The furniture was the same. All different colours.

"Sorcha?!" Eimear called out, running inside.

She got to the living room and her jaw dropped. The woman from last night... had Sorcha nursing from her breast. Eimear looked over her fiance, now wearing much different clothes than she normally would have. A light blue jumper, with what looked like a dog on the hood, thigh high striped pink and white socks... and a big pink diaper around her crotch. Shannon smiled at Eimear. "Hello again! Looks like somebody had a hard day of

work. It's not even 2pm yet" Shannon said.

Eimear strode up to her, now seeing Sorcha was actually fast asleep and just suckling on instinct. "What's happening to us?!" she spat, her voice barely more than a whisper. Eimear unzipped her jeans to show the pullups she was wearing. "Who or what the heck are you?!"

Shannon giggled. "Sit" she said. Eimear reluctantly sat down beside her, not taking her eyes off the strange woman. "This house is... rather special you know" Shannon said, looking down at Sorcha and running her fingers through Sorcha's ginger hair. "I assume you know the story of Tír na nÓg?" she asked.

Eimear nodded slowly. "Yeeaahhhh but that doesn't exactly have anything to do with this, does it? It's the land of the young in the folklore, not the land of being treated like a baby" she said. Shannon chuckled.

"True. But the magic that keeps people in Tír na nÓg young doesn't quite work the same way here in the mortal realm" she said. Eimear flinched when she felt something suddenly in her mouth. She blushed, realising she was sucking a pacifier now. "This house sits on the gateway to Tír na nÓg. So its magic seeps out here, and only here"

Eimear looked down at her clothes. Her jeans had butterflies embroidered on them now, and her pullups seemed to be getting thicker. "The longer you live here, the more infantile people will perceive you to be" Shannon said, putting an arm around Eimear.

Eimear for her part couldn't help but lean into the embrace. Like some childish desire to let herself be comforted by an adult. "But I... I don't want to be treated like a baby" Eimear muttered. Despite the situation, she only felt safe in Shannon's arms. Shannon pressed her lips against the top of Eimear's head.

"You can give it a try though. I've been on this land for millennia my dear. I've had more than a few who didn't want this" she chuckled. Eimear glanced down at Sorcha as a light snore came from her. "I'd intended to get to you both this morning. Seems I arrived just a few minutes late"

She gave Sorcha a closer look over. Then herself. Her pullups were definitely more akin to daytime diapers now. Gone were the Disney princesses, now replaced by generic princesses and unicorns. She took a sharp breath, feeling her crotch getting warmer. "Don't worry about it hon. An adult will worry about your problems for you" Shannon whispered.

Eimear hadn't realised how tense her muscles were until she actually relaxed in Shannon's arms. A folk tale paradise... right where her house was built. She squeezed her legs, blushing at the tingle on her pussy. Shannon chuckled. "I'm not keeping you here prisoner, Emmy. Just give it a try. If you don't like it after a week or a month, I'll let you go. Deal?"

Eimear chewed on her pacifier, watching her jeans crawl up her body to become overalls. She looked up to Shannon, sucking her pacifier a few times before she took a deep breath. "Okay..." she whispered. Shannon gently planted a kiss on her forehead.

"Good girl" Shannon whispered. They sat there for a few moments, Eimear just taking in the comfort of being cuddled. Shannon hummed quietly, taking care to not wake Sorcha

up either. "How about we go for a walk, hm?" She asked suddenly.

Eimear didn't even get to answer as she was picked up. Shannon was clearly much stronger from her time in Tír na nÓg. She supposed it made sense. Oisín in the story lifted a boulder with 1 arm that several men struggled to pull. People in Tír na nÓg may just become stronger. Shannon strapped both Eimear and Sorcha into a stroller big enough for them.

As they were pushed out of the house, Eimear nervously fidgeted. A big plushie lion was placed in her lap. Big enough to hide behind. "It's okay Emmy. Be as shy as you want" Shannon said. Eimear took the lion and held it to her face. She inhaled deeply.

She felt a surge of confidence well up inside her. Nothing would be able to hurt her while she had her lion plushie! Lions were scary! She smiled, giggling softly to herself. It made no sense, but it was fun to imagine it. They walked past a couple holding hands. They looked about college.

Eimear waved at them, getting their attention. The woman giggled and waved back at her. "Hello there!" She said. Eimear giggled and hid behind her plushie again. "Awww! She's adorable" the woman said.

Eimear sucked her pacifier harder. She could sort of hear Shannon speaking with the woman, but she didn't bother to try to listen. It was finally dawning on her. Being treated like a baby really meant exactly that. She had nothing to stress over. Her hygiene? It's someone else's problem. How she looked? She was adorable, no matter what she wore. Sorcha stirred beside her.

"Ugh... Oh..." Sorcha muttered, blushing as she realised she was in a stroller with Eimear. ". .. You look cute" She said. Eimear smiled.

"Same to you, Ms. Droolsalot" She said. Sorcha felt her chin and blushed when she felt how wet it was. "You must have been really hungry to drink her breastmilk" Eimear said.

Sorcha crossed her arms and pouted. "It was yummy!" She whined. Both women couldn't stop from breaking out into a fit of giggles. "How was work? Must have been fun"

Eimear rolled her eyes and told her fiance all about how she got her own personal escorts to use the potty. "They'll have to get used to wiping your butt" Sorcha said. She laid her head on Eimear's shoulder, slowly calming down from her laughing.

Eimear stared into space, deep in thought. The idea of Riley wiping her poop off her butt and praising her for being good made her privates shiver. Would she even have any work to do anymore? Or would she be allowed to just do whatever? She rest her head against Sorcha's. There was only 1 way to find out...

Eimear and Sorcha giggled as they sang along to the nursery rhymes Shannon had put on for them. They were strapped into the biggest baby car seats either had ever seen. Toys were scattered around them. Eimear was fairly sure she had sat on a cracker she'd had earlier. And best of all, her lion plushie, now named Simba, had a girlfriend!

Eimear giggled madly. Of course, Sorcha had gotten jealous of Simba, so Shannon gave her her own lion plushie which she of course named Nala. So they OBVIOUSLY had to play pretend with them going on a date together. She shook her head, though she didn't stop smiling. Everything had gotten so much more entertaining. She felt she could legitimately just shake a rattle for hours on end and not get bored.

That is if her attention span hadn't also taken a nose dive. Everything had taken on a new wonder in her eyes. Every sound, every shiny object, EVERYTHING took her attention away from what she was doing. "Alright girls, settle down. We're here" Shannon said, pulling into the car park. Eimear's heart skipped a beat, and she held Simba up in front of her face. Riley waved and smiled at her.

She opened the door. "Uh oh! Where'd my best little employee go? Is she hiding on me?" Riley teased, pretending to look elsewhere in the car.

"RAWR!" Eimear yelled, pushing Simba out in front of her.

"Oh! There she is!" Riley said, tickling her tummy. She turned to Sorcha and started cooing. "Awwww, and this must be the little wifey to be?" she asked. Sorcha smiled, shyly hiding behind Nala.

"Uh huh! We's gettin mawwied!" Eimear said, doing her best to lisp. Shannon and Riley both chuckled.

"She's feeling much better today. She must have missed her nap time yesterday" Shannon said. Riley frowned and shook her head.

"Honestly, I give people 1 job" she muttered as she started unstrapping Eimear from her car seat. "It's my turn to take care of her for the day, so I'll make sure she gets her sleepy byes in. Yes I will!" she said, tickling Eimear's tummy again.

Unlike Shannon, Riley clearly wasn't strong enough to carry her. She instead pulled Eimear out and got her to stand on her own. Eimear clutched Simba tightly with one arm, with Riley holding the other. "Say bye bye to Mommy and wifey, sweetums" Riley said. Eimear's blush didn't get any better as she did so.

She waddled as Riley led her into the building, taking one last look at her car as Shannon and Sorcha drove off. It was one thing being walked in a stroller and being seen by people she didn't know. It was a whole other ball game to be waddling through your place of work where everyone knew who you were.

"Gooood morning Emmy!"

"Hey squirt, feeling better today?"

"Oh myyyy, that's a cool plushie you have there pumpkin"

All her colleagues cooed at her, praised her, cuddled her, and it was all just so much! She was led over to her desk, which now looked a lot more colourful and fun than it had even yesterday. Her chair was now a bouncer. Her computer, though it still worked like one, now

looked like something Fisher-Price would sell. And her desk was a mess of crayons, paper, and sensory learning toys like a see-n-say.

"There we go Emmy" Riley said, helping Eimear into her bouncer. "Be a good girl for morning meeting, and aunty Riley will give you some choccy" she said, patting Eimear's head. Eimear squealed, bouncing on the spot. Her feet never touched the ground, despite her best efforts. Once Riley was out of sight, Eimear opened her computer and joined the morning meeting.

It was mostly the same as it always had been. Except towards the end of the meeting, Eimear felt a sore ache in her gut. She blushed and took a deep breath. There was only one thing it could be. She grunted, pushing as best she could. A rather loud fart ripped from her diaper, followed by what she could only describe as a mudslide.

"Peee yeew! Sounds like someone did a big boom boom" Penny said, fanning her nose. Eimear giggled and squealed.

"YEAH! Diapie squishy!" she yelled, making several people chuckle. She squeezed Simba as hard as she could. The poop didn't actually feel all that unpleasant to sit in. Yet. She doubted anyone would let her get a diaper rash though. The meeting was soon over and Riley came right back over to her. "Aunty Wiley! I did a poopie!" she said.

Riley smiled and helped her out of the bouncer. "You did! Such a good girl! Let's get you changed before the morning rush of tickets" she said, taking Eimear's hand and leading her over to her office. As Eimear watched Riley happily wiping her poopy butt, she sighed.

If Tír na nÓg really was real, then she was more than happy to go along with the little paradise it made for her. Maybe Shannon would even get her her own horse like Oisín got!



The Lush Life

An Immortal Galaxy Story

"We're arriving, Ms. Amalfi-râh-Vaux." Wrought iron gates with gilded pineapples adorning their tips parted to allow the FSE Domovoy to glide gracefully through. Ahead, a grand estate sat perched above a shimmering reflecting pool that gleamed like the top of a barracuda. The grounds consisted of a manicured garden representing nature itself bending to the will of the Created. "You seem nervous, *Mirza*."

"I keep telling you; call me Juniper." The otter softly rustled as she bent forward to pour herself another glass of Armand de Brignac champagne. While she hadn't quite adjusted to being chauffeured around, she reluctantly acknowledged there were certain benefits. There was nothing like a stiff drink to calm her nerves. "There's no need to be so formal; I'm not royalty."

"You're not royalty by *blood*, Juniper. Holding the office of Princess-Consort makes you royalty *ex officio*." Lylla brought the slab-sided SUV to a gentle halt beneath a sunshade that stretched out past the front steps. Throwing open the passenger-side suicide door, the otter gestured for Juniper to climb out. "Still, if you prefer informal, I can do that. A Tabriz Nanny aims to fulfill every request of her charge...within reason."

"I still don't understand why the Empress insists I have a nanny. I'm a commissioned officer, for God's sake." Juniper sighed, taking a deep breath of the humid air. Unlike much of Karaj, the Birjand Greenbelt received enough rain to allow for verdant blooms during the planet's arid spring. Her Velcro sneakers crunched on the gravel as Lylla set her down and headed around to the trunk. "I'm not any less capable of caring for myself than I was before that *little incident* a few months ago."

"I wouldn't call almost dying from a punctured lung a 'little incident.'" With a wave of her paw, Lylla popped the lock and leaned inside. The shoulder pads of her crisp tan pantsuit accentuated her muscular form as she slotted a few shrike-throwing knives into concealed pockets in her jacket—just in case. "Plus, I'm not here solely to change your diapers, you know."

"I can protect myself just fine," Juniper snorted, jumping a little as Lylla slammed the trunk closed with an authoritative *thunk*. She blushed as her bladder let out an inadvertent spurt into her thirsty padding. While mostly back to form, the otter hadn't yet managed to recover full continence. "And I don't need you to do...*that*."

"It sounds like someone's fussy. Do you need a diaper change?" Now bearing a buffalo leather diaper bag, Lylla seemed to delight in popping the snaps along the front of her charge's shortalls to let the puffy cloth-backed diaper freely droop. Beneath the babyish landing strip, the wetness indicator had turned an eye-catching emerald. "Looks like my little otter went paw-paws, huh?"

"Gah! I hate when you call it that." Juniper sighed, stroking a paw through her shoulder-length headfur. Barely eighteen, her youth was highlighted by a prominent gap between her front teeth. She bit her lip as Lylla's finger slid into the leg cuff fitted snugly

against her inner thigh, lightly probing at the plush padding. "I'm not that wet!"

"You're right...for once." Lylla brought the snaps back together before rising, her lapis lazuli eyes softly gleaming. Standing several inches taller than her charge, she authoritatively took Juniper's paw while adjusting her shoulder-holstered Glock. She led her up the marble stairs, pausing briefly to allow a pair of red-cloaked Khanjar guards to part the front doors. "I'm sure you'll need a change after your afternoon snack, little stinker."

Juniper sighed, frowning as a blast of cool air swept through her fur. An enormous crystal chandelier twirled above them, suspended by an impossibly thin strand of bioengineered silk. Antique Persian tapestries illustrating scenes from the Qur'an adorned the walls on either side of a grand spiral staircase. Her ears perked at the soft, ethereal music rolling through the space; she immediately pegged it as Tchaikovsky.

"Don't mind Marin. She enjoys playing the celeste for my guests." As though stepping through an invisible door, Empress Miranda Vaux Immortalem suddenly graced the apex of the stairs. She possessed a striking and heavenly beauty, with large eyes and full lips the color of Bing cherries. Her golden irises took on an incandescent glow while looking Juniper over. "You must be Juniper," she said warmly. "Welcome."

"I am at your service." Juniper curled her manicured claws inward over her chest and bowed her head. The cheetah's intoxicating perfume, sharp and woody, was mixed with the medicinal undertone of diaper rash cream. "How should I address you, my Immortal?"

"Mir is fine. There's no need for you to shower me with petty flatteries." The cheetah's platinum-tipped footclaws rapped against the polished flooring as she stepped off the staircase. Clinging to her body like a cherry blossom, her dress was an elegant white and pink garment that ended just above her waist. "I've taken the liberty of skimming your personnel file. It's no wonder the Imperial Military Academy accepted your application."

"I apologize for forcing you to take me as your Consort. The decision to break regulations wasn't mine," Juniper said, biting her bottom lip as she stared at the cheetah's bloated, sagging JaguarSoft Amazon diaper. Four large hook-and-look tapes were barely enough to prevent the yellowed padding from sliding straight down her thighs, each straining and curling around the edges. "I know I'm not who you would have chosen."

"I wouldn't say that. Walk with me alone if you would. I'll have Lylla join us later." Mir gestured for the otter to follow her through the grand foyer, the ceiling adorned with eye-catching fleur-de-lis panels of gilded tin. Juniper was acutely aware of her diaper softly rustling with each step. "No kind of calamity occurs except by Allah's permission. The events that transpired that day occurred through divine grace, and I will not have you apologize for that."

Juniper's eyes went wide as they entered the most stunning sunroom imaginable, a mixture between a botanic garden and a firing range. Backstopped by immense panels of transparent titanium, the targets were interspersed between bioluminescent flowers and fungi gleaming in a dozen metallic hues. "This is where you test your weapons?" Juniper asked bemusedly.

"Everything you see here was carefully bioengineered to thrive from being exposed to destructive energy. You can feed the plants by shooting them." Mir pulled a compact Ikari plasma pistol from a holster on her thigh and sent a superheated bolt straight into

the nearest grove of flowers. "See?"

It took only a few seconds for sprouts to chip away at the glass, punching through with the force of tiny icepicks. Delicate buds that seemed to crackle with electric charge appeared moments later along the plants' stems. "They feed off the residual energy of plasma?"

"Neat, isn't it?" Mir spun her weapon by the trigger guard before slotting it away. She grinned as the buds popped open, exposing golden flowers whose stigmas glowed like incandescent lightbulbs. "How much do you know about *eser*?" she asked, suddenly switching the topic of conversation.

"They're weapons borne by some Immortals and Sagaris. I know most of them are dangerous." Juniper furrowed her brow, thinking back to her history lessons on the Second Interstellar War. "The Hierarch forged the eight grand *eser* to break the Volstead Line and bring the war to a conclusion. Others were made later...I think."

"I'm surprised you remember. I'll have to give you a gold star," Mir replied. Juniper loudly swallowed as Mir's dominant paw gently cupped her bottom, pressing the crinkly bulk against her furless skin. Despite the grand ambiance of the room, the cheetah's crushing aura triggered roiling claustrophobia in the otter's tummy. "Let me give you a practical demonstration of a grand *eser*...Sin Drinker to be specific."

Sliding her *shamshir* just a few inches beyond the scabbard, Mir exposed a blade that gleamed with the rage of a dying star. The auburn rays of Karaj's sun, even filtered through electrochromic glass, seemed to intensify until on the verge of igniting her whiskers. Juniper's throat was suddenly parched as the lifeless sands of the Sahara. "It...it burns," she gasped.

"Extraordinary, isn't it? And I'm only using a fraction of Sin Drinker's power." A devious glint sparkled in the cheetah's eyes as she fully unsheathed the weapon. Resting the blade on her outstretched paws, Mir allowed Juniper to study the deeply alien engravings stretching along its length. "I want to see what you're capable of when augmented with my blood, Consort. Hold out your paws."

"W-what?" she replied, cautiously complying. Sweat beaded on Juniper's paw pads as her thighs trembled. An intense pressure surged through her core, forcing a muffled fart from her rear. Mir curled her leathery paw pads around the razor-sharp edge until golden ichor began to flow. "Y-you're..."

"Elevating you." There was the briefest prick of pain as Mir joined their paws on Sin Drinker like an inoculation against mortal weakness. Twisting the blade, Mir inflicted a wound on Juniper, slicing open the center of her palm to allow their cruor to mix. Warmth surged through the otter's chubby body, Juniper dropping to her knees while spots crept at the edge of her vision. "Don't fight the Mutagen. It's not going to harm you."

A lone figure clad in power armor perched on the brow of a Prophet-Class Superheavy Carrier. Clutching Sin Drinker's hilt, a gleaming light-river of solar wind surged forward from the nearby star, condensing into a scintillating sphere the size of an orange in her palm. After a few moments, it turned its palm outward toward the water-swaddled world below. A brilliant flash seared Juniper's corneas, and then there was nothing at all.

#

"Breathe. You're okay."

Juniper woke with a start, panting as the Empress dabbed at her forehead with a cool terry towel. The otter looked up at Mir with trepidation and then down at her body. She cocked an eyebrow as she noticed a few jaguar rosettes now embellished the tip of her tail. "What...what the *fuck* was did I see?"

"The Burning of Acheron, if I had to guess." Mir sighed, reclining in a mahogany throne upholstered in red velvet. Tugging on the gold Cuban-link necklace adorning her throat, she looked down at the *shamshir* by her side with an equal measure of reverence and fear. "Mutagen possesses a genetic memory. It shows us a glimpse of those who came before."

"Acheron..." Juniper's paws trembled. A perpetually recalcitrant world, the Burning Empress had made an example of them upon inheriting the throne. Juniper had glimpsed Acheron from orbit when she was a cub, once-teeming oceans boiled away and the atmosphere choked with a perpetual cloud of metallic dust above lifeless glasslands. "The figure I saw...that was your mother?"

"Not her proudest moment," Mir replied. Her shoulders slumped as she drew Sin Drinker and presented it to Juniper, hilt-first. "My mother deserved her nickname. I'm just trying to avoid repeating her mistakes, and to do that, I need powerful Consuls by my side. Now, take my *eser* and show me that you're worthy of that station."

Juniper's paw lightly grasped the stingray-skin grip of the *shamshir*. Cosmic energy surged through the otter; her mind now acutely aware of the brilliant orange sun baking the roof tiles. The glorious light seemed to kiss every pore of her coat, bathing her in a radiant aura of electromagnetic radiation. "The power...is this what it's like?"

"Not yet. You'll know when it's peaked." Mir interlaced her fingers, staring intently at the otter. "Don't let the *eser* overcome you."

"Holy *fuck*!" In an instant, the delicate kiss of the sun became a burning curse. Every inch of her body seemed to vent galvanism, her fur puffing outward like she'd just stepped out of a full-body blow dryer. The tips of her whiskers began to singe as she doubled over, her muscles seizing as though afflicted by lockjaw. "I...I can feel my insides boiling," she gasped.

"Channel the stellar energy through you and then release it like a bolt from a crossbow." Mir aligned Juniper's stance and raised her ramrod-straight arm toward a brilliant vermilion target. "You're not a battery, just a conduit. If you hold the energy of the *eser*, it will destroy you!"

Trembling with concentration, Juniper materialized a sphere of white-hot plasma just beyond the tip of her fingers. For a fraction of a second, it glowed like a second sun. To contain the power of a star inches from her flesh was an awe-inspiring responsibility. While the *eser* shielded them from the heat, Mir's throne burst into a pillar of fire. "I'm...I'm trying!"

"Good! Let it go!" Mir shouted. Juniper caught a glimpse of Lylla watching from the doorway, concern painted on every inch of her face. "Now!"

"G-guh!" Going limp, Juniper let a plasma bolt gracefully arc forward from her palm. Like the aftermath of a camera flash, everything momentarily darkened as a wave of arid air swept over them. Sin Drinker clattered to the floor as Mir caught the otter by the underarms. Blinking a few times, Juniper gasped as she saw the target and everything in a

twenty-meter radius around transformed into opalescent glass. "O-oh...my tummy."

"Just relax and let it out," Lylla cooed, grinning as she heard the ominous rumbling from Juniper's rear. Still unsteadily tottering on her feet, the otter could offer little resistance to the cramps surging through her bowels. Gently taking her off Mir's paws, Lylla brought her muzzle close to her natural pillows. *Pbbbbrtch!* "You're doing so good, little one."

"You'll make a capable Consul. Not just anyone can channel that much power without turning into an otter-sized pile of ash." Mir placed a reassuring paw on Juniper's rear as her knees shook with the enormous effort of holding back her usual afternoon mess. The cheetah chuckled as the otter let another muddy fart slip out. *Pbbbblt!* "Why are you holding back?"

"I wouldn't...want to expose the Empress...to any unpleasant odors." Juniper fiddled with the polished copper buttons adorning her front, the shortalls doing little to conceal her thick diaper. A stressed growl from deep within her core caused her to chirp like a furry songbird. "Just let me...go do my business...in private."

"I certainly don't mind. What do you have to do in your diaper, Juniper?" Lylla cooed, flicking the top pusher of her Omega Speedmaster to time her charge's bowel movement. Juniper felt her bladder involuntarily release, warmth spreading across her bottom as she slightly squatted to ease the effort of going paw-paws.

"Why don't you tell your nanny?" Mir asked with a teasing smirk. "It's only fair, since she's the one who has to wipe your stinky bottom."

"B-buh..." Juniper's ears folded as Lylla beamed down at her. While Lylla had seen the otter's mucky diaper dozens of times already, Juniper kept an adult-like reticence to fill her seat while her nanny was watching. She much preferred to waddle off behind the nearest piece of furniture and pop a toddler squat. "I don't think I can use my diaper while you're watching!"

"Why not, Juniper? You're already going paw-paws." Lylla smirked, lightly massaging her scent glands before smearing the pungent, waxy gunk across her charge's cheeks. Coughing, Juniper let out another muffled fart, overcome by the potent pheromones marking her as an otter-kit. Each breath triggered something in her primordial brain that overcame her adult urge to avoid filling her pants. "Just go ahead and bake a whole batch of brownies in your pants."

"B-buh...it's gonna be really bad!" Juniper groaned as her diminished continence prevented her from holding back any longer. *Pppbbllortch!* "I can just feel it in my gut!"

"Then let that sucker go already. You're a *baby* and *babies* can't hold it anyway." Lylla gave the otter's seat a reassuring pat while Khanjar guards busied themselves chipping away at the glass to aid the foliage's regrowth. They were completely unperturbed by the scene. "Where else are all those nummy waffles I fed you this morning going to end up?"

"N-nnng...I can't hold it, Lylla!" With bright red cheeks, she dropped into a squat so deep the bottom of her diaper briefly kissed the slate tile flooring. One of the snaps popped on her shortalls from the strain, exposing the saturated padding around the tightly sealed leg cuffs. "Gotta"—Juniper let out a visceral grunt while scrunching up her muzzle—"go potty!"

"There we go. Was that really so hard?" Lylla chuckled as the seat of the otter's

shortalls began to bulge outward, a little further with each flex of her tummy. Her chunky tail flagged upward as a firm lump formed in the seat of her diaper. "Looks like my little rudderbutt's making a present for me, huh?"

Whatever pride Juniper tried to hold onto in the Empress' presence vanished as she concentrated on packing her JaguarSoft with warm mush. *Prrrtch! Blort! Crackle!* She balled her fists tightly, groaning with every spasm that shot through her gut. Each muddy fart spread the sticky, pungent-smelling mess further across her shaved bottom. "Y-yuh huh," she groaned.

"Mrm, that's right little one." Lylla gently groomed Juniper's headfur as the snaps on her shortalls popped one-by-one, overwhelmed by the sheer heft of her rapidly expanding padding. There was a wet *squelch* as the sagging diaper slapped against the floor. "All done, huh?" she cooed, grinning as Juniper diffidently rose upward while staring at her footpaws.

"I think so." Juniper blushed as she experienced the full heft of her bulging JaguarSoft. She still hadn't quite adjusted to the instant sensory feedback of messing her diaper, squishy warmth slinking forward until it pressed up against her princess parts.

"Only took you a minute and fifty-five seconds," Lylla said, glancing at her watch. "Remind me to add more fiber to your diet, rudderbutt."

"B-buh..." Juniper's ears folded flat against her head as she buried her muzzle in her paws. "I can go and change myse—"

"Remember, I handle all aspects of your diapers, little one." Lylla lightly shushed her with a playful index finger against her muzzle. There was a muted *rustle* as she tugged Juniper's waistband back and peeked inside to assess the damage. The distinct, sickly-sweet odor of otter mess mixing with the powders and oils massaged into Juniper's skin permeated the air like decaying roses. "Phew, excellent job destroying that Jaggy! Now let's change your butt."

"I was holding back on questions earlier, but I have to ask...why exactly do I have rosettes on my tail now?" Juniper asked, keeping a wary eye on Mir's *shamshir*, now concealed beneath a leather scabbard encrusted with rubies and bloodstones. She could still sense the blade's abiding penitence, an echo of the destruction paws far older than Mir's had wrought with it. "Is that going to be permanent?"

"It's a side effect of exposure to Mutagen from...certain Immortals." Mir's diaper jiggled between her thighs with each step. Juniper was surprised at how erotic she found the cheetah's form, the bulk of the padding accentuating her thick thighs and shapely rear. "Any Immortal descended from the Second Hierarch, to be exact. That includes me but not Anya, which is why you're not all...ferret-y."

"You're part jaguar?" Studying Mir closely, Juniper noted that she was built far bulkier than an ordinary cheetah, firm bands of slow-twitch muscle visible in her shoulders and back. What appeared to be spots around the nape of her neck at first glance were actually subtle rosettes. "I mean I figured as much, but..."

"I am because of the Second Hierarch's unique ability to hybridize," Mir replied. Juniper knew that it broke the ordinary laws of Created genetics—offspring always took their mother's species—but it was hardly the strangest part of the demigod's reign. "No more questions for now. Let's focus on the task at paw, shall we?"

Lylla threw open a pair of frosted glass French doors at the top of stairs before taking Juniper's paw and leading her into the master suite. An enormous sleigh crib dominated the room, the bars carved from chocolate-tinged wenge wood. Several glass trays of jewelry were artfully arranged on a rosewood table by the door. "Now hop up onto the changing table before you start dripping onto the Empress' carpets," Lylla said.

Carved from a single enormous burl from a Biaosheng tree polished until it gleamed like the trim of a vintage Jaguar and upholstered in wine leather, the changing table exuded an elegance incongruent with its purpose. Juniper's seat squelched as she laid down, the otter quietly observing Lylla gathering the necessary supplies from the fabric organizers beneath. "What did you mean earlier, about needing Consuls?"

"The Cheetah's Spine is the largest contiguous federation governed by a single Immortal within the Immortal Empire." Mir took a seat on the high-capacity diaper pail as Lylla slit the tapes with her index claw. Juniper's bloated diaper naturally flopped open, exposing the Augean Stables within. "Naturally, such an expanse experiences frequent conflicts. There must be someone to intervene before petty skirmishes escalate into war."

"You're not asking me to be a Lawspeaker, are you?" Riding circuit, they supplied the ultimate right of appeal to aggrieved imperial citizens—as well as carrying out the sentences of the condemned. Each carried the *shamshir tanfidh*, an odious weapon Juniper had seen firsthand back on Rhotero. "I don't have the stomach for it."

"The mission I intend to charge you with is one of peace," Mir replied with a demure chuckle. Lylla set to work with thick Pampers wipes, warming each one for a few seconds before straining to remove the oily mess from the otter's rear. "Your room and board would be of the finest quality, if you're concerned about having to rough it."

"Go on." Juniper furrowed her brow, Lylla lifting her skyward to stroke a wipe firmly across her tailhole. Suspending her in a perfect 'L' shape by her ankles, Lylla tugged the yucky diaper out and formed it into a neat volleyball-sized parcel for disposal.

"I'm sure you're aware of my nickname." The Empress of the Ashes briefly lifted her soggy bottom off the diaper pail to give Lylla enough room to cram Juniper's disposable potty inside. "Repeating my mother's mistakes will not build lasting peace. I intend for the galaxy to never again stand witness to horrors like the Burning of Acheron."

"I'm not sure I have the requisite experience to be your Consul, my Immortal." A tremble of lascivious excitement shot through Juniper's thighs as baby oil-coated paws brushed across her cheeks. Lylla followed it up with a light dusting of sweet-smelling cornstarch powder. "I've barely begun my first year of studies."

"Practical experience is more valuable than academic simulations," Lylla quipped, breaking her silence as she brought the thick diaper up and snugly fastened the quad tapes. She rolled her paws lightly along the inside of the otter's leg cuffs to ensure a snug fit. "Tabriz Nannies train by working with live subjects after a requisite tour with an Imperial Star Corps. Why do you think I'm so blasé about your messy diapers?"

"I can make sure you have enough time off to earn the credits necessary to graduate. Any gaps in the academic semester can be filled with tutoring," Mir added. "Being an Immortal's Consort gives you a certain leeway with the rules."

"This is a lot to take in." Juniper crossed her arms, gazing out at the sloping lawn bordered by dense beds of narcissus flowers. A large fountain topped with a statue of

polished silver sitting a dozen meters back from the grand colonnade drew her eye. "Do you mind if I take a walk? I never like making decisions without mulling them over."

"Of course. You have full leave to enjoy the Estate." Mir stood back, an expression of diplomatic inscrutability on her muzzle. She climbed onto the changing table, borrowing Lylla's practiced paws to attend to her soaked diaper. "I know that you didn't choose this station, but perhaps something good can come from it in the end."

"I certainly hope so." Juniper smiled softly before stepping out. A quick jaunt down the stairs brought her into the paradise of the immaculate French-style gardens. Her FSE had been pulled around to the Chauffeur's Garage down the road, leaving the natural beauty unspoiled as the otter's freshly changed diaper. A light mist floated through the air, moistening her fur as she paused to grab a dew-kissed apple from the row of fruit trees surrounding the colonnade.

"Pardon me, *Mirza*. Let me slice that for you." Moving with effortless grace, a pine marten leapt down from one of the higher branches and plucked the fruit from her palm. Summoning a thin, *sujihiki*-like blade from beneath the edge of his waist-length tunic, he effortlessly sliced, cored, and quartered the fruit. "There you are."

"Um—thank you." Juniper awkwardly retrieved one of the pieces, taking a nibble while observing the pine marten. He looked to be no older than his early twenties, his frosty ice blue eyes lacking the world-weariness she'd seen in her instructors. A golden heart pendant studded with pavé diamonds adorned his neck while a Jaeger-LeCoultre Polaris sat on his right wrist. "You're a Sagaris, right?"

"Correct. I'm Pantalaimon Truenorth-*néh*-Vaux, the Prince of Hearts. You can call me Pan." Holding his fists against his chest, knuckles together, he respectfully bowed. In doing so, his hood overturned, ending up askew on his muzzle. "Will you...require anything else?" he grunted, voice cracking with embarrassment.

Juniper stifled a chuckle, holding her paw against her lips as the pine marten reached up to flip his hood back down. The off-cream linen complimented the muted tone of the fur around his throat. "I could use some company, if you're amicable."

"Of course, *Mirza*." Pan gestured toward the gravel-lined path leading down and around the reflecting pool. Elegant marble fountains were spaced evenly beside the walkway, each softly burbling with crisp snowmelt water. As he stretched his arms up, the leading edge of his tunic flipped up to expose his standard-issue Dkham Materials Corporation Naukar diaper, the wetness indicator an eye-catching purple. "May I suggest that path?"

"You may, my Sagaris." Jordans crunching with each step, Juniper set off at a brisk pace. Every time she felt as though she might begin sweating, a pleasant breeze whipping off the reflecting pool swept through her headfur to cool her down. The calming odor of petrichor hung heavy in the air, lingering in her nose for a moment after each breath. "You serve the Empress, right?"

"In a manner of speaking." Every few steps, Pan idly picked up the flattest stone in his field of view and skipped it across the calm water, sending waves rippling outward until they bumped up against the plunge pool of the waterfall that fed the reservoir. "I owe her *khidma* and the allegiance of my world, but I'm not her servant in a conventional sense."

"So, you're a recent graduate, then?" Juniper noted he had only one campaign sigil dyed on his inner wrist. The dove against a blue marble denoted service with an Imperial Peacekeeping on Earth. Most Sagaris she'd met had upwards of a dozen.

"Just finished last year. I still have a few months of *khidma* this cycle before I'm free to enjoy being a pine marten of leisure." Pan ran his paw along the lip of one of the fountains, taking deep whiffs of the saturated air. "Each of these represents one of the constituencies of the Cheetah's Spine, if you're curious."

"Which one are you from?" Juniper grinned as her skipping stone made it clear across the reflecting pool, ultimately landing in a lilac bush on the other side. She ogled the pine marten's puffy rear each time he bent over, her princess parts tingling with playful arousal. "I already know you're not from Rhotero," she said, noting the unusual sigil—a Created ferret clutching her feral progenitor—embroidered on his sleeve.

"Dāmara. You wouldn't have heard of it," Pan replied. His perfectly straight and wave crest white teeth gleamed as he shot her a coy smile. "There's not much out there other than—"

"Second Interstellar War historical sites!" Juniper interjected. "My dad used to take weeks off work to take us to see places that I'd only ever seen in classroom holotexts. Using his free travel benefits to hitchhike on Azhdaha Interstellars was the only real vacation accessible to us on an Imperial clerk's wage. I saw Dāmara back in sixth form."

"Color me impressed," Pan replied, arching his russet eyebrow. "Did you get a chance to visit the Skelhorn Research Facility?"

Juniper nodded, pausing to admire the last fountain's intricately carved tiger lily motifs while relieving the pressure in her bladder. *Pssp...pssssssshhhhhh*. Moist warmth spread across her front while the padding swelled inward to press up against her puffy slit. "The curator was an old friend of the family. She gave us the full tour. It was fascinating to see where the first Created were...well, created."

"Peeing already? You really *are* an otter." Pan smirked, watching as the baggy wrinkles around Juniper's crotch grew taut. While no snaps popped loose, by the time she was done, her thighs were forced inches apart by the soggy padding. "Do you need me to change you?"

"I should be fine for now. I'm not *that* wet." Padding up the steps of the Temple of Tea at the far end of the reflecting pool, Juniper glanced at the jovial face of Emperor Shennong adorning the bronze doors. The inside was a comfortable space with three chaise lounges spread around a central bar with gold-veined quartz countertops. "Am I allowed to use this?"

"Obviously, *Mirza*," Pan replied with a playful snort. "What can I make you?"

"Is there a snack of some kind available?" Juniper reclined on a leather-upholstered chaise, gazing out at the brightly colored birds darting out from the unsullied forest to snatch a bite to eat from the feeders set up in a small clearing behind the structure. "I'm a little hungry."

"Of course. Are scones with jam and clotted cream okay?" Bone china clattered on the counter, accompanying the low rumble of boiling water in the electric kettle. "Everything is grown and harvested right here on the Estate's grounds. You can't get more of a locavore assortment."

"Sounds delightful." In the confined space, Juniper caught light whiffs of the pine marten's masculine scent, a potent musk with undertones of evergreen needles and vetiver. She bit her bottom lip while gently pressing her warm, squishy diaper closer against her trembling slit. "I'm feeling a little hot," she murmured, heart warbling in her chest. "Are you hot?"

"I'd like to think so, but it's plenty cool in here. The thermostat is set to sixty-eight." Pan chuckled, placing a carefully assembled assortment of scones topped with tropical jams and butter-smooth clotted cream on the table beside her. "I can go and grab you some Tylenol if you're developing a fev—"

"N-no...that's okay!" Sweat beaded on the otter's paw pads as clammy wetness encompassed her pussy. At close range, the ethereal vapors from his Dkham diaper carried strong pheromones left untouched by the thirsty SAP deep into her sinuses. "Thank you for the food!" she grunted almost unintelligibly through a muzzlefule of scone.

"You're uh...welcome." Pan made a face and stiffly brushed a paw across his chiseled tummy. Juniper caught a patch of deep yellow visible near the top tapes, the front of his diaper almost completely saturated. There was an ominous grumble from his gut as he glanced toward the entrance. "Please, excuse me for just a moment. I'll have another Sagaris attend to you in my abse—"

"No, stay." Juniper poured a flask of almond milk into her black tea and took a short sip. The desperation on the pine marten's face was palpable, an intense blush visible beneath the cream-colored fur on his cheeks. He flinched as a second, sharp grumble heralded a rude noise from his padded rear. "I want you to fill your diaper on my face," she ordered, mustering every ounce of command she possessed.

"As you wish, Princess-Consort." Springs protested as the dense pine marten climbed onto the chaise. He loosened the silk cord around his waist before slipping his robe off in a single deft movement. A furless scar ran along his right flank, a single fuchsia cicatrice surrounded by grayish dots that Juniper recognized as a plasma burn. "Don't mind the beauty mark. It's just a reminder of one of my fellow trainees with exceptionally poor aim."

"I think it gives you character." Juniper tensed, the pine marten's fluffy tail brushing across her chest as he positioned himself on top of her. He made a light tap on his Verjaras smart ring before spinning around. Intense musk from the scent glands beneath his tail hovered in the air between them, drawing Juniper's snout inward. "I'm ready. Go ahead and do your worst."

"You might...hnnng...want to take that back." Puffing his cheeks, a heady mantling spread across Pan's muzzle. The powerful bands of muscle in his core tightened as he began unloading into his diaper. *Prrrt. Pbbbblt. Prrrrrsh.* "My worst can put the waters of Anigrus to shame!"

The thick, snow-white padding stretching across his bottom began to stretch and deform as a firm mass began to tent beneath his tail. *Crackle.* Pan tensed up, grunting loudly as the bulge expanded, exposing the leak guards as the leg cuffs pulled away from his muscular thighs. "Hnngh...hmmfh...hmmh..."

"Phew! You stink!" Juniper exclaimed encouragingly, surprised by how intensely the babyish act filled her with lascivious desire. The sound of Pan's mess plopping into his diaper sent sympathetic spurts of wetness into the front of her padding. Being

shamelessly used as the pine marten's seat while he unloaded into his disposable potty sent waves of intense need through her quivering pussy. "Oh God...your diaper is so full."

"I'll...mrmph...take that as a compliment!" Tightly squeezing his eyes shut, Pan summoned every scrap of energy he could muster. His diaper rustled and crackled, the elastics reaching their limit as a second little tail formed beneath his rear. Steadily drooping, the bulge pressed up against her moist nose as she took greedy whiffs. "C'mon Pan...push," he groaned under his breath.

Blort! The pine marten shivered with relief as he violently expelled a mucky load directly onto Juniper's muzzle. His bulging padding smushed up against her cheeks before the thick plastic backsheet came close to caressing the otter's lips. "Mrmph! Now that's the stuff!"

"What did I just walk into?" Mir's husky voice carried clear across the room as Juniper caught a glimpse of the cheetah through her air gap. She sensed Pan was stroking himself through his diaper, the pine marten loudly huffing with pleasure. "It's a good thing you let me know what a good little diaper-sniffer my Consort is. Otherwise, I would've missed the show."

"Of course, my Immortal." Juniper started to rise, only to be interrupted by a shock of intense vibration shooting through the front of her diaper. Mir had casually crossed the room in a few uncanny bounds to slot a gold-plated Magic Wand up against the otter's diaper. Pan flipped himself around, using Juniper's petite bust to smush the bulge in his rear flat. "May I indulge my own desires? I don't want to overstep my place."

"Go right ahead, my Sagaris," Mir replied. Juniper squirmed with excitement, admiring the way the pine marten's generously sized member tented the front of his Dkham out. She wanted to bury her muzzle in the soaked padding, but before she could make a move, Pan undid the top tapes and allowed his mustelid cock to spring free. "Use her as you will. Is that agreeable, Juniper?"

"Y-yeah!" Juniper had barely a second to part her muzzle before his potent shaft slipped past her lips. Taking Pan as far inside as she could manage, she relished the familiar taste that reminded her of eating her girlfriend Holly out. The damp inner padding of his diaper caressed her cheeks as Pan pulled its warmth around her head. "M-mrmph!"

"I can see she's enjoying herself," Mir remarked, dialing up the intensity of the vibrator as she pushed it deeper into the otter's padding. Pinned in place by Pan's hefty mass, Juniper could only squeak impotently. "Aren't you, soaky rudderbutt?"

Juniper moaned in acknowledgement, losing herself in her partner's delightful flavor, bobbing up and down until she sensed him twitching. She swirled her tongue around his head, milking creamy seed from his tip as Pan gripped his base. Each spurt heightened the torturous pleasure Mir inflicted on her princess parts with the Magic Wand. "Y-yuh!" she yelped.

"Mrmph...she's good. I'm getting close already," Pan grunted, sliding Juniper's eager muzzle all the way down to his base. He held her tight against his sweltering loins with the bulk of his diaper while the sharp mélange of pee and mustelid musk ensnared the otter's senses. "Are you going to cream in your Jaggy like a good little otter?"

"Mrmph...mrm-yeah!" Juniper squirmed, muzzle flushing as a potent orgasm built in her thighs. Each time she let Pan slip out of her muzzle, more lascivious wetness entered

her padding from her dripping slit. She tensed as the pine marten whined, grunted, and then exploded in the back of her throat. "A-ah!"

Juniper came in her squishy padding, swallowing once, twice, and then three times, Pan filling her maw until his sticky, pent-up load began to dribble down her chin. Overcome by pleasure, she violently bucked her hips as Mir kept the Magic Wand trained on her sensitive slit. Searing every fiber of Juniper's being with fiery bliss, the cheetah didn't back off until the otter was entirely spent, sprawled out and quivering like a fresh-shucked oyster.

"There we go. I bet that felt nice, huh?" Mir switched the vibrator off with a satisfied gleam in her eye. She poured herself a tall glass of sun tea from a pitcher packed with gleaming diamonds of ice as she looked Juniper over. "Was that enough of a 'walk' to consider my offer?"

"I accept, on the condition that being Consul remains a part-time gig. I don't want to spend too much time away from Holly." Juniper sighed as Lylla stepped through the front door and hefted her off the chaise. Spreading her out on the changing table, the nanny set to work wiping the sticky mess off the otter's princess parts. "I don't want to jeopardize my education...no offense intended to you, my Immortal."

"Of course. Is there anything else you'd require as a condition of your acceptance?" Mir asked, casually soaking her diaper while leaning against the counter. *Pssp...pssssshhhh.* Unashamed, she kept unerring eye contact with Juniper as her nanny slid a fresh diaper under her bottom. "I will provide you an additional stipend of fifteen-thousand dirhams per month, all expenses reimbursed."

"Lend me one of your Sagaris. If I'm going to be in potentially hostile situations, I could use more than one armed escort by my side." Juniper sighed as Lylla wastefully stuffed her mostly clean padding into the Diaper Genie. The familiar odor of cornstarch powder lightly tickled her nostrils, Lylla applying a thick coating to her smooth bottom before taping the fresh diaper up. "Deal?"

"I think I can live with that." Mir flicked her head toward Pan. "Just try not to spend too much time sniffing his diapers, okay?"

Juniper chuckled, going limp as Lylla gently tucked her limbs into a glistening sundress made of silk thin as dragonfly wings. It did nothing to conceal the grinning cartoon margay adorning the seat of her fresh JaguarSoft diaper. "I think I can manage that, my Immortal."

"Good. I'll leave you to enjoy this little slice of paradise then." Mir grinned, gazing out at the setting sun crowning the jagged Tirich Mountains. Departing starliners occasionally sent lazy avalanches of snow rolling down their flanks as they took off from the Sakar PanGalac terminal. "Just let me know when you're ready for dinner and I'll have Marin prepare it."

"Sure. Will...will do." Juniper yawned, climbing onto a well-padded mattress beneath the nearest windowsill. Eyes heavy with sleep, she curled up as Lylla slotted a memory foam pillow beneath her head and slotted a stuffed stoat into her arms. Lulled by the peaks and dips of birdsong, she closed her eyes.

Blissful warmth spread across the front of her diaper as she began to drift off into a lazy nap. Going potty in her pants without a care in the world, surrounded by paradise,

Juniper knew she was truly living the lush life.

~ **END** ~

**That's the end of the zine.
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