

**Finders Keepers**  
**By Champ ([Patreon.com/ChampTehOtter](https://www.patreon.com/ChampTehOtter))**

"I have the cutest little boy in the world," said the teenage buck, glancing down at the little folf holding his hand as he flipped through the pictures in his smart phone. "You should see how much he fusses when I tell him it's time for his morning diaper change. Either he doesn't wanna be in one, or he doesn't wanna be out of one."

"That's so cute!" replied the teenage tigress waiting beside him at the coffee counter. "I wish I could bag me a lil' one like that!"

"Yeahhh," the buck said, grinning wide and scratching the back of his head, "I found mine in the wild. This little folfy was tryin' to pick up some tools at the hardware store. I was like, 'what is this lil' kid doin' without any supervision?' Of course he protested and said he was 21 and a half, but we all know how bad babies are at counting. Poor kiddo was so scared, kicking and screaming saying he didn't need a caretaker. But it was clear that he was just confused. Nobody told him what a baby he was! Or maybe he just didn't listen."

The little folf stood there in nothing but a T-shirt, a diaper, and a child harness, blushing hard as the two furs laughed above him. He wanted to tell them off, but his pacifier prevented any speech, and he knew better than to spit it out.

The buck's coffee came up and he pocketed his smartphone.

"Well, that's enough show and tell for today. I gotta jet!"

"Aww, alright. Hey, wait!" she said before he could leave, and she scribbled a phone number down on a napkin, "In case you ever need a sitter for the cutie!"

"Oh, thanks! Yeah, I definitely will. This little one needs constant supervision. Still thinks he's an 'adult' sometimes, talks about getting 'home' and back to his 'adult life'. Kids say the darndest things, don't they?"

They both laughed and he turned to leave, leading the little folf out by the hand.

Even so, it wasn't a laughing matter. The buck always worried about his little boy getting out by himself and getting lost. Who knows what would have happened if he hadn't gone to the store that day?

[1 month earlier]

"Yeah yeah, mom, I'll be careful. Yes. I love you too. Now would ya please hang up now? I hafta get to the hardware store!"

Finny the folf was annoyed. He was sick and tired of being treated like a little boy by his co-workers, his friends, his family, but especially his mother. He snorted as he opened his smart car door and hopped inside. So what if he was a little underdeveloped in the size department? He was a full-grown folf, and he wasn't gonna let anyone forget it.

Arriving at the hardware store, he parked, hopped out, and walked inside. He ignored the questioning looks of some of the customers, who seemed to wonder what he was doing without his mommy and daddy around.

He was here for a hammer and nothing more. It took him a while to find where to go, since he knew that asking an employee would lead to a frustrating explanation of why he wasn't in school. He brushed past a tall teenage buck in jeans and a blue hoodie as he turned onto the appropriate aisle and reached for a hammer.

"Hey, lil' dude! You sure you should be picking up tools like that? You could hurt yourself."

"Buzz off bro. I'm a full... grown... ...folf?" Finny's voice trailed off as he turned to see the buck standing before him. The moment their eyes met he knew. He saw the flash of recognition in the buck's eyes as well.

"No! No, no, no, no, no!" he said, backing away.

"Mine," replied the larger fur, his stance suddenly becoming much more aggressive.

The folf let out a whimper. He turned tail and ran as fast as his little legs would carry him, but the bigger fur caught him easily and brought him down.

The buck frantically unbuckled his belt and brought down his pants before doing the same to the smaller struggling fur. Then he hilted him right there on the floor of the hand-tools aisle. The poor folf could do nothing as his tail hole was invaded by the deer's thick member, the smell of their musk mingling as the larger fur's balls slapped against his own. He stifled a moan as several patrons hurried by, giving them much needed privacy. Despite the fact that neither of them had ever been into guys before, they both felt incredibly turned on as their bodies responded to each other.

The folf knew his only chance was to get away now. If he could run and hide from the buck, perhaps he could stop what he knew was about to happen. Unfortunately he was much too small, and his struggles did nothing to stop the relentless pounding his prostate was getting from the fleshy invader. The buck grabbed the little folf's dick and began to jack it rapidly. Soon it was all over. The buck drove his hips in hard, thrusting every inch of his cock into the yielding guts of the folf and pumping his seed deep inside with a roar of triumph. This final pressure sent the folf over the edge as well, and he emptied his balls right onto the concrete floor as he felt the buck's member throb and pulse inside his tail hole. He knew then that he was forever bonded to his new mate. Then the buck flipped him around to look him in the eyes, and Finny saw something that

he hadn't seen since he was a kit. Total unconditional love. He felt something inside him melt. Well maybe it wouldn't be so bad.

After a long pause, the buck pulled out and buckled his pants. The folf moved to do the same but was stopped by the buck's firm hand.

"Don't worry, little one. I'll take care of you from now on."

"Wha?" It was more of an incredulous sound than an actual question.

The buck pulled off the folf's shoes, socks, pants and underwear. He discarded them on the floor. Then, he pointed to the little folf and said one word.

"Baby."

It was all he had to say to tell the folf exactly what sort of life he had to look forward to.

"No!" Finny screamed as he was lifted into the arms of the affectionate buck and carried away, leaving his clothes on the floor to be picked up later and tossed by the staff.

The buck smiled and shook his head remembering that day as they arrived at the car.

"Up we go, little one," he said, setting the smaller fur into his special carseat. He slid his finger into the leghole of his cub's diaper before buckling him in. The little guy was so much more compliant now than the first day they met. "A little wet, but a change can wait. We have a few more stops to make, Peanut, then we can go see Gramma!"

The folf just looked away and tried to pretend that Daddys casual diaper check hadn't completely embarrassed him, and that it hadn't caused a noticeable tent in his diaper.

[1 month earlier]

"Hush, little guy! Chill out! I'm just gonna get you properly padded and then we can get you chipped and registered."

But the folf wasn't calming down.

"I'm not a baby! Let me go! Help! Anyone!"

Most of the furs they passed shook their heads, assuming Finny was just a toddler having a tantrum. Those who were more observant might have seen the folf's leaky tailhole and correctly surmised that the pair was going through a difficult bonding process. In any case no one intervened.

Once the buck got the struggling fur back to his car, he sat down in the back seat and pulled the folf over his lap.

“Alright kiddo, I’m going to say this one last time. Calm down now, or I will spank you until you do. No? Okay then.”

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

The folf was stunned into silence, more at the shock of being spanked by another fur than the pain of it. But that initial shock didn’t last long.

“Hey! What’s the big idea? What are you, a high schooler? I’m a full-grown folf! You can’t treat me like this!”

“You keep saying that, little one, that’s not gonna make it true. You’re a baby. You’re my baby. And I can treat you however I want, see?”

He gave the folf another hard smack on the ass drawing a yelp from the poor creature.

“L-let me go! You can’t do this!”

SMACK!

“P-please! I don’t want to be a baby!”

SMACK!

“Oww! That’s really starting to hurt!”

SMACK! SMACK!

“Okay, okay, I’ll do what you want. Just stop hitting me!”

SMACK!

“You don’t tell Daddy what to do, little one. You’re mine, and I’ll decide when you’ve had enough. Understand?” The buck rubbed the little fur’s bum as he awaited a response.

The folf nodded. “Y-yes. I get the picture. I-“

SMACK!

The folf cried out in surprise.

“That’s yes, Daddy from you, munchkin.”

“Y-yes, Daddy!” said the folf, swallowing his pride. Situations like this weren’t uncommon around these parts. It had just never happened to him. He knew he had to bide his time if he wanted to get away before the buck claimed ownership of him

officially in the court of law. He'd let the buck think he was in control, then sneak away at the first opportunity.

"Are you calm now?" asked the buck, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes, Daddy," said the little folf.

"Good cub," said the larger buck, rewarding his new charge with a finger into his seed-slicked asshole. "I know how to make my little boy calm down and feel good."

The folf moaned in reply, his heart racing as he took in the scent of the buck. He was quickly associating the buck with pleasure, and that was not a good thing if he wanted to keep his freedom. He felt two fingers at his muzzle.

"Open up, baby," said the buck, touching the slime-covered fingers to the folf's lips.

The folf reflexively licked his lips clean and his mouth was immediately filled with the strong musky-salty flavor of their coupling. He whined, and was rewarded with a spank, causing him to yelp. When he did, the fingers were quickly shoved into his open maw.

"Suck," the buck said, and the folf was obliged to suck his Daddy's fingers clean.

"Good cub. Now let's start over. The name's Buck, but you can call me Daddy. I will be taking care of you from now on. You're being a very good cub for me, I can already tell we'll get along nicely. Just remember, Daddy doesn't ask twice."

The buck continued the feeding process, scooping up cum and feeding it to the smaller fur until he was satisfied the little folf wouldn't stain his seats. When he was finished, he rewarded his little boy with a kiss on the head and praise for being such a good cub. Then, he buckled Finny into the back seat, engaging the child-proof locks in both the seat and the windows.

"I'm going to have to get a carseat," he muttered to himself as he buckled himself into the driver's seat. He had successfully disciplined his unruly charge. That was the easy part, as his actions had come from pure instinct and nothing else. He had almost no idea what came next. But he knew just who to call.

"Claire. Hey, I need to come by real quick. I need your help. And...I need to borrow some of little Clarabell's 'equipment'"

Claire's excited voice could be heard all the way in the back seat and the buck pulled his head away from the phone to save his hearing.

"Yes, yes, I did. Yes, he's the most adorable little folf you ever saw. Yes, you can see him but I'm warning you he's a feisty one. I might need your help getting him subdued for his first diaper."

First diaper. Great. That implied Finny was going to wear many more diapers in the future, something which he did not plan on doing if he could help it.

“Name? No, I haven’t thought of one. Hmm... I’m not sure. Well, if you wanna help me think of one it better be a boy name, he’s not going to be a sissy like yours, I can tell you that much.”

Well that was a relief, thought Finny. He was going to get to be a little boy instead of a little girl. Small victories, right? The little folf rolled his eyes.

Back in the present, the buck finished loading up the trunk. They had just finished another trip to stock up on diaper supplies. Nothing like riding through the diaper aisle in the child seat of a shopping cart to boost your ego, thought the folf.

For his part, the buck was impressed by how passive the little guy had become, aside from the occasional stubborn streak. He didn’t even protest when the buck announced the result of his diaper check right in the checkout lane where everyfur could hear.

“Goodness, someone needs a change, pronto! Let’s get you taken care of before you spring a leak, kiddo!”

Once everything was safely stowed away, the buck laid down a changing pad on the back seat, opposite the car seat. He happily set to changing the soggy cub, who looked away impassively as his Daddy took care of the job down below.

“Whew! Somebody made a stinky too! What a good little cub! You didn’t fuss or anything! That’s my adorable incontinent little cub!”

The buck grinned as the folf’s ears folded back and the skin on top of his snout glowed bright red. That got him! He knew he should be a little nicer but he couldn’t help it, the little munchkin was so cute when he got all bashful. Still, for the most part, his little Peanut seemed to have gotten pretty used to the new routine. It was amazing how much difference a few weeks made.

[1 month earlier]

“Oh my gosh! Look at the little cutie!!!”

As soon as they pulled into the driveway, Finny was set upon by a large teenage cat in a girly pink outfit. She was glitter personified. Bright. Sparkly. Impossible to get out of your fur.

Finny’s tail floofed out in alarm as he pulled back from the over-friendly feline.

“Down, girl,” said the buck, grabbing her by the scruff and pulling her away from the poor defenseless folf. “Give the little guy some space.”

Finny was grateful that his new mate was at least considerate.

“Oh, my. He’s not wearing any pants!”

“No, he won’t be needing his old clothes anyway. For now I think it’s best if we just keep him in diapers so I can see what’s going on down there. Later we can do some shopping. But in the mean-time... anything you have would be a big help. And please tell me you have something that isn’t pink or covered in ruffles.”

“I gotcha,” she said with a wink as she held out her index claw. “Bring the lil’ guy inside, and we’ll get him all set up.”

“Thank you so much, Claire! I owe you big for this!”

The buck gave the little folf a warning look and wisely decided to carry him inside.

“I know what you’re thinking, but don’t. You’re not going to get out of this. And don’t you dare disrespect my friend Claire, or you won’t be able to sit for a week. Am I clear?”

The folf gulped and nodded, folding his ears back and tucking his tail between his legs. For a plant-eater, this buck sure knew how to be aggressive.

“Wow, Buck,” said Claire. “This is a side of you I’ve never seen! Kitty likes.”

“Oh...geez, well. I-it just sorta comes natural with this one. What can I say?”

“I know exactly what you mean. It was the same way with me and Clarabell. Now watch your step in here,” Claire warned, as they entered her abode.

They walked through the somewhat cluttered house up the stairs and past several bolts of fabric and boxes of beads in the hallway. At the end of the hall was a room with a pink door, and a sign that said ‘Clarabelle’s Nursery’.

Claire stopped and addressed them both before opening the door.

“Just so you know, it’s Clarabelle’s afternoon milking right now. She’s my little moo-cow, so I make sure to pump her breasts and clitty dry three times a day to make sure she’s a happy and healthy girl. Just let her be, she won’t be in much of a state to talk right now.”

The room they walked into was an eye watering explosion of pink. Everything you could imagine was pink, or pink and fuzzy. The carpet, the stuffed animals, the unicorn wallpaper, the curtains, even the switch plates screamed girly girl. A liberal sprinkling of rainbows, and the shelves and pegs crowded with dildos, strap-on harnesses, and diapers left no question as to just what kind of fur lived here. Then, of course, there was the powder pink crib with the sissy herself inside of it.

Clarabelle's Holstein patterned bra was pulled down to expose two large and heavy breasts. These were currently being drained by pumps that sucked at her swollen nipples. Another, much longer pump was fitted around her sizeable penis, which had been pulled out over the front of a very soggy and very pink diaper. The penis had been tied off with a pink bow, leaving it purple and swollen.

She had clearly been a proud stallion at one time. However she had clearly been gelded as well, and her diminished but still massive frame was held in check by an intricate system of pink resistance-restraints. The restraints looked to be as strong as they were pretty, and the former-stallion was likely left with little more strength than a baby.

Her massive tool was pumping out a steady flow of precum which was being siphoned into a sizeable tank below. She showed no sign of embarrassment at the sudden audience, however, as her eyes were covered by a pink leather sleep mask and her ears were covered by a pair of pink fuzzy headphones.

Claire grabbed Clarabelle's hair and brought the sissified horse's lips to meet her own in a deep kiss. This drew an immediate response from the horse who returned the kiss with passion and began producing the milky liquid from her fleshy pole at double the previous rate. Claire pulled away, and the sissy whispered a soft and high pitched, "Thank you mommy," before returning to her grunts and nickers of pleasure.

"Isn't she just the cutest? She's a **big** girl, but Mommy Claire knows how to tame 'em. The hypnosis she's listening to helped a lot with that. You'd never believe that just a year ago she was captain of the football team. I was the new cheerleader and I was warned about this one's grabby hands. But the moment we locked eyes, I just knew she was the one, and, well, let's just say her first coupling was a big eye-opener for her if she ever expected to be the one doing the pounding. She was a lot like you, little folf. Very feisty and full of defiance. I'll tell you what though, none of the other meatheads on the team dared play grabass with the cheerleaders after I brought the gelding to school in her new sissy attire! Oh, don't worry, she loved it. She was very popular in the locker room and more than a few of the boys have come by for some sissy treatment of their own. Like I said, hypnosis does wonders!"

Finny turned his head away in embarrassment both for himself and the emasculated horse.

"Oh, where are my manners. I'll bet the cub is hungry. How about a bottle of fresh mare's milk or stallion milk? I've got both kinds on tap!"

"Hell n- OW!" said the little folf as his caretaker smacked him sharply on the thigh.

"Yes, that would be lovely," said Buck. "He'll take the stallion milk."

"One bottle of fresh stallion milk coming up!"



She opened the tap on the tank, filling a pink bottle with the thick musky liquid. Then, she screwed on an oversized fast-flow nipple and handed it off to the buck with a smile and a wink. Buck pressed the bottle to the folf's muzzle.

Finny clenched his jaw shut tight, but a quick tickle from Claire got him laughing, and the nipple was immediately shoved in. He bit down on the nipple and tore it off the top of the bottle. He was rewarded with a deluge of horse spunk all over his chest, muzzle, and down his throat.

"Whoahhh, there, kiddo," said Buck, quickly righting the bottle to prevent more spillage while Claire doubled over laughing.

The folf coughed and made a disgusted face – more at the state of his shirt and his fur than the flavor of his beverage, which even he had to admit wasn't half bad.

"That's what you get, you little imp," said Claire, once she caught her breath. Buck tried to apologize but she just waved him off.

"It's fine. I think he taught himself a lesson there! Here you go, the nipple was just unseated. Screw it back in and we'll see what we can get for the little guy to wear. Hey, what about Imp for a name? Nah..."

While the folf gulped down his meal, the two larger furs looked through clothes and diapers and talked names. It was not lost on him that his life was now being dictated by high schoolers several years younger than himself.

"How does this look?" asked Claire, holding up a small blue T-Shirt with a rainbow on it. "I don't have a lot of options for someone his size, but Clarabelle and I picked out some cute clothes and diapers for her plushies. I'm sure she won't miss this one. It's not 'girly' enough for her. And look, we have these rainbow diapers to match! Eeee! It's perfect!" she said, clapping.

The folf's eyes went wide as he absentmindedly drew air from the empty bottle. He was going to wear what now?

"I think I'm beginning to detect a theme here," said Buck, grinning down at the folf. "What do you think, kiddo? Do these work for you?"

Finny pulled a face of disgust.

"Of course I do have these glitter diapers that would be super-"

"I'll take the rainbows!" cried Finny, quick to head off Claire's line of thought.

"Rainbows it is, then," said the buck, enthusiastically. "Hey what about rainbow for a name? Sunshine? Nah..."

The soggy folf was laid on the pink padded changing table, and his cum-stained shirt was quickly discarded into the diaper pail. The thick colorful diaper was laid out under him, and he grimaced as if the very touch of the thing would burn him.

“Aww... look at the baby’s cute little peanut!” said Claire, tweaking the little bit of pink sticking out from his sheath. Then her eyes went wide. She and Buck looked at each other and exclaimed at once, “PEANUT!!”

“Please no...” said the folf, with the pitiable expression of one who knew they were outnumbered.

“It’s the perfect name for my little guy,” said Buck, ignoring Peanut’s outburst. He smiled down with an air of pride as he pulled the rainbow shirt over the folf’s head. Then, he finished powdering and diapering him. The diaper closed over the little guy’s manhood and sealed it away. In truth, it was very comfortable once it was taped up nice and snug. He wiggled around experimentally.

“Huh... this isn’t that bad, I guess...”

Then he caught sight of himself in the mirror. He changed his mind. He hated this. Everything he had done to try and seem more ‘grown-up’ was shattered in an instant. The folf in the mirror could have easily been mistaken for a cub who was just a little behind in potty training. The only thing out of place was the liberal coating of stallion cum covering his muzzle and neck.

“Umm... can I get a wet wipe to clean this up?” he asked, blushing wildly.

“Bath time after we get you registered. For now let this be a lesson to you for trying to fight the grownups.”

“I can’t go out looking like this!” yelled Peanut, in a near panic.

“Shhh,” said Claire, grabbing a pacifier from a drawer in the table. It immediately found its way into the poor cub’s muzzle. “Mute button activated.”

“Don’t you spit that out now, little Peanut,” said the buck. “I’d hate to have to spank you again!”

The buck smirked at the smaller fur who just stewed. He then turned back to Claire. “Now, about those restraints...”

Back in the present, they found themselves at the front of another line. They had stopped at the courthouse to file some follow up paperwork regarding Peanut’s registration.

“How’s the little cutie doing?” asked the giraffe clerk, who had been so helpful when they first got the little guy registered.

“He’s coming along,” said Buck. “It’s been a lot of work, but I don’t regret adopting him for a second!”

“That’s pretty much what everyone says once they tame their first mate. And how are you feeling,” the clerk glanced down at the paperwork, “Peanut?”

Peanut folded his ears back at his new chosen name. The law was stupid. Who decided that you could gain legal guardianship over another fur just by dominating and taming them? Of course his situation wasn’t uncommon. He’d seen plenty of furs ‘adopted’ and plenty others made to be ‘pets’ of various sorts. Really, he was rather lucky compared to what some other furs had to put up with, but he hated thinking of himself as ‘lucky’ when he was made to be the very thing he hoped so hard to outgrow.

“Peanut, the lady asked you a question. Be polite and answer her.”

Peanut’s ears perked up at the sound of his mate’s voice, and he responded with a polite, “fine, thank you.” He surprised himself by adding, “Actually I feel lucky. I could do a lot worse than this one.”

The buck patted him on the head. “We’re going to need to work on your delivery, but the sentiment is appreciated. I feel lucky too, little one.”

This drew a blush from the folf, which could just be made out in the light fur atop his muzzle.

The buck thought about his boy’s admission the whole way back to the car. He could still hardly believe his own luck at finding his little guy. Even then he knew he’d found someone special and he made it a point to double check that the little folf really was unbonded. He considered it something of a miracle that no one had snatched the little guy up sooner.

[1 month earlier]

“And you’re sure he’s not registered? No chips? No nothing?”

“I’ll check again,” said the giraffe, “but as far as I can see, you’re the first and only. Lucky boy.”

The teenage buck stood at window number 5 in the registration room. His little cub stood beside him in just his rainbow shirt and diaper, crossing his arms and pouting at the discovery that a simple child harness was more than enough of a match for his plans of escape. As confident as he seemed, the buck hadn’t planned on adopting another fur when he got up that morning, and he was in way over his head.

“Uh... can you help me fill out these forms? Oh goodness, I guess I should have saved his wallet...”

The clerk called and spoke to the store manager over the phone about the lost wallet, and was even able to talk him into reading the folf’s personal information to her so they would be saved an additional trip. It was a confusing process for the buck as well as the folf. The buck was thankful that there were people like her to help them figure it out.

“Alright, dear. You’re all set. Go to the court room to get your hearing and get your form stamped, and you’ll be good to go! Oh, by the way, I jotted down a few important phone numbers that they pulled off his phone. For when you’re ready to contact his family and friends. Looks like most of his recent calls were with his mom.”

Buck was over the moon as he stepped into line with his little folfy in tow, keeping a tight hold on the harness in case of any further escape attempts. In front of them a large tiger broke from the line and was quickly brought down by the guards they had posted all around the area. Finn gulped, realizing he was lucky his escape attempt hadn’t gone better, or he may have ended up on the wrong end of a tazer as well.

The wait wasn’t very long at all. It seemed the Kangaroo judge had a very fast system going. Newly bonded pairs would step before him. He would declare them official, stamp the form, and direct them to the payment window outside.

When it was Buck’s turn, he stood as tall as he could, wishing that he had dressed a little better that day.

“Your honor I ask that you grant me guardianship of this, my newly bonded mate. I found him in the hardware store this morning *\*on his own\** trying to pick up a hammer.”

Everyone in the room gasped.

Peanut spat out his pacifier.

“This is ridiculous! I’m a 21-and-a-half-year-old folf! This kid is in high school!”

“I’m 18, your honor. That makes me old enough to claim a dependent. And it’s clear that this little guy belongs in pampers and needs to be taken care of.”

The judge’s eyes fell upon Peanut and he frowned, noting the bulky diaper and the cum-matted fur.

“I’ve seen enough. The court concurs with your assessment. Mr. Buck, your request is granted. Go to the window to pay your fee and receive your voucher for his medical examination and chipping. And please pacify that loud child of yours. Next!”

The pacifier was quickly retrieved, sucked clean of foreign germs by the buck, and inserted right back into Peanut's mouth. He was led away in shock crinkling loudly with each step, unable to believe that his freedom had been lost with a stamp and a swipe of plastic.

Back in the present, the next thing to do on their list of errands was visit the doctor for a follow-up appointment.

"Hey!" said the cheerful chipmunk as he walked into the room. "If it isn't the dream team, Buck and Peanut. Wow. Talk about a transformation, you two look totally different. Buck, you look so confident. Did your horns get bigger or am I seeing things? And peanut, you look much happier and calmer too. Are you behaving for your Daddy? Oh, gosh, I love the little ones, they're so cute when they blush. Let's start with the vitals, and then you can tell me about how everything's going.

"Can you take my temperature orally this time? Or use one of those forehead scanners?" asked the folf, hopefully.

The two larger furs laughed.

"Sorry, bud," said the doctor. "No can do. Let's get your weight and blood pressure before we take off your diaper though."

The doctor was right in his assessment. In the weeks since the bonding, the buck had become a confident Daddy to his little man, and the folf had learned to trust his mate and accept his decisions. The doctor sent them off with a clean bill of health and an ego boost that left them glowing. It was hard to believe they were the same two furs that had walked into that office just a month ago.

[1 month earlier]

The chipmunk doctor held the little fur's testicles in his hands and told him to cough. Peanut was completely humiliated. He had been poked, prodded, and stripped of his diaper. Not to mention the very embarrassing temperature reading the doctor gave him.

The doctor snapped off the gloves.

"Okey doke. You've got a healthy little folf on your hands. We pulled his records and he's already up to date on all his vaccinations. And since folfs are sterile, we don't have to have that little conversation either. All that's left is to diaper him back up and chip him!" The cheerful chipmunk doctor grabbed a thin diaper from his cabinet and pushed the little folf's legs up to raise his butt. In a flash, Peanut was back in a diaper – one that didn't actually force his legs into a cowboy waddle, which he appreciated.

He saw the doctor grab a blue object that looked like a plastic garment tagging gun.

“I think it’s best if you hold him, big Daddy, and have him face the other way. It’s not painful, but a lot of furs get skittish about this part.”

Buck nodded and held Peanut tightly to his chest. The buck’s hand came up to cup the side of his little head so all the folf could hear was the steady rhythm of his mate’s heart. He felt a tug on his scruff, and a little pinch, and then it was all over.

“Not so bad, eh?” said the doctor, blowing on the gun like it was a six-shooter. He then unscrewed the needle and tossed it into the medical waste receptacle.

Buck gave his boy a pet and murmured into his ear. “You’re such a good brave boy, peanut. Daddy’s so proud of you.”

Peanut’s tail wagged a bit. Despite the embarrassment of being manhandled by other furs, he enjoyed getting praise from his mate.

The doctor’s face softened. “Hey, Buck. I know this is your first time. A new bonding can be scary and confusing for both mates, but you’re doing so good already, you got this, big guy.”

“Th-thanks,” replied the buck, looking at the doctor with wide-eyed astonishment. Now it was his turn to blush.

“I’ll send you home with some answers to new keepers’ most common concerns, and some techniques and options for regulating your new mate’s behavior. If you find he’s too aggressive or defiant, we have some procedures and medications that can help – we can talk about those on the next visit or over the phone if you don’t want to discuss that in front of the little guy.”

The folf’s breath caught in his throat as he thought about Clarabelle. He didn’t want to be brainwashed, castrated, medicated, or anything else.

“I’m sure that won’t be necessary, doctor,” said the buck, picking up on his cub’s reaction. “My little boy is perfect the way he is. I wouldn’t change a hair on his head.”

Peanut’s tail began to wag harder. He was glad this fur wouldn’t let anything bad happen to him.

“Sounds good to me. Just remember, we’re always here to help. So that’s it then!” said the doctor, clapping his hands. “Talk to the front desk on the way out and I’ll see you two in a few weeks. And congratulations you two!”

Back in the present, the buck bundled his little boy into the car, and strapped him in without a word of complaint.

“That’s all our errands for the day. Are you ready to go visit grandma, Peanut?”

The folf shook his head vehemently.

“Yeah, let’s go see her,” said the buck, heedless of the embarrassed folf’s reaction. Civilized or not, there was no way he was going to come between a momma and her cub. Besides, they had never been able to meet in person – not until the bonding period was complete. The green light from the doctor meant he could finally meet the parents responsible for raising his little boy, and the mother who helped him out so much since the bonding began. From the very first baby picture he sent to the little one’s mom, he had gotten an enthusiastic response and she had been nothing but helpful.

[One month earlier]

“I dunno, mom. Do you think I should?”

“Best to rip the band-aid off early, bud. I know I’d want to know if my son was bonded.”

“Hey, mom. I’m bonded!”

“You dork,” Buck’s sister called with a mouth full of sandwich. “Just do it already.”

Buck had just brought his little boy home, and the reception they got from Buck’s family was nothing short of astounding.

“That’s my boy!” said his dad, taking a selfie with his son and a very overwhelmed folf.

“Daaad! Stop it! You’re embarrassing me! Hey, Ashley! Stop squeezing the poor kit, he’s not one of your dollies. Moooom! Don’t give him milk and cookies before napttime! You’re going to spoil him when I’m at school, I can already tell.”

After all the excitement, he doubted he’d ever get the folf down for his nap. But after a nice bath, and a lot of coaxing, the boy went to sleep. The buck could finally turn his attention to the task at hand.

“Go on,” said his sister. “If you’re feeling shy, just send her a picture of the little guy.”

“Sis, that’s a great Idea!” The buck grabbed his Dad’s selfie and a pic he snuck as Peanut drifted off to sleep and send it off to the number he had gotten from the clerk.

The response was immediate.

“Oh my gosh! Is my little baby bonded? Oh he’s adorable like that. How did you get him to wear it? Can I call you?”

The buck laughed out loud. That was one way to break the tension.

“Yes. Just give me a sec. I’ll call you.”

Buck had to wave off his family's questioning looks and excuse himself to his room where he could have some privacy.

"So you bonded with my little Finny, huh? I knew it would happen sooner or later. I mean you've seen my baby. He was meant to be owned, just like his father."

"Well, I'm sure that's none of my business, Mrs.-"

"Oh, don't worry about that, just call me Momma Wolf. How is my boy behaving?"

"He- well, he was pretty feisty at first, but he's calmed down a lot."

"So tell me about how you two met. I want all the details."

The buck blushed.

"Well, I'm sure you don't mean *all* the details, it's pretty..."

"I mean *all* the details, young man. Come out with it. Mama's heard it all, so you're not gonna get this wolf to blush."

The buck shrugged and proceeded with a graphic description of their first meeting. But the most important details were perhaps the way the little folf made him feel.

"As soon as I saw him, I knew he was meant to be my baby boy." Said the buck, a blush creeping across his face.

"Of course you did, dear! Everybody knows my Finny's a little baby. It was just him that didn't want to admit it."

"Uh, actually his name's Peanut now."

"Peanut! I love it. So when are you coming over to visit?"

"Well, the doctor's appointment is in a few weeks, so I guess fourth Friday in October?"

"Sounds like a plan. You bring him over then, I'll cook you all a big meal and we can celebrate!"

"That sounds good, Mrs. Wolf, er.. I mean.. Mom."

"Can I talk to my baby boy now?"

"Well, I just got him down for his nap, and I had a hell of a time getting him to sleep. Could he call you back once he wakes up?"



“Trouble napping, huh? Next time try this...”

The first week proved to be a steep learning curve for the folf and the buck. They both made mistakes in the beginning – some resulted in spankings for the folf, others resulted in bite marks, damaged property, and difficult clean-ups for the buck. With Claire’s help, the many resources available to new keepers, and especially Peanut’s own mom, Buck was able to muddle his way through. By the time the next doctor visit rolled around, he and Peanut were both much more comfortable with their established roles.

His little kit did have a stubborn streak though, even four weeks in. Luckily, the buck always had help in his back pocket from his family, Claire, and Peanut’s mom if he ever needed it. But Momma Wolf was his best weapon against an unruly kit. In fact, the buck had called her that very morning.

[Earlier that morning]

But I'm not a baby!"

Then why are you in baby clothes, asked the buck, checking his little folf's pants.

"Because you put me in them," he said with a pout.

"I did, because you are just a little cub. Silly boy, still trying to act like a grown up. Don't make me call your mother!"

"No!" cried the babied fur. "I hate it when you call her!"

"Well, are you gonna be a good cub or not, Hmm? I don't hear a yes. Okay then."

The folf cringed as he stood by the front door while his new "Daddy" brought out his cell phone. He knew what was coming.

"Your mom wants to talk with you." Said the buck, handing the phone off to the diminutive folf.

"Hi Mom. No, I'm not being bad, but- ...I know, Mom, but I'm not a bab- ...But I don't wanna- Mommmmm!"

The buck watched in amusement as the babied folf argued with his own mother about his baby treatment.

"...yes momma. I understand. I'll be a good boy for Dada today." The folf hung up and handed the phone back to 'Daddy'.

"So, are you gonna be a good boy while we're out and about?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"And you're gonna hold my hand the whole time?"

"Yes, sir."

"I won't have to use the harness again like last time?"

"No, sir."

"I think I'm gonna put the child harness on you anyway. You've gotta prove you know how to be a good boy before you can earn that privelege."

The buck grabbed the harness hanging on a hook next to the car keys and strapped it around the little folf, clipping the retractable leash to his belt in case it was needed.

"Okay little one, take Daddy's hand and let's go. We can stop by your parents' house after we finish our errands."

The folf blushed hard as he was led out the door. He couldn't yet admit to himself or anyone else just how much he had come to enjoy being looked after, but the tent in his diaper said plenty.

"First stop, StarBarks Coffee!"

The buck smiled and adjusted himself in his pants as he remembered that moment. His excitement could wait, however, as he had to concentrate on the directions that were leading him to the next destination. It was a nice neighborhood, not too far from his own family's home. Soon, they pulled up to the place Peanut dreaded most of all. His parents' house. He came around and unbuckled his adorable baby folf.

"This is it, kiddo! Let's go meet Momma."

The folf looked like he was about to have a heart attack. He was shaking, his fur was all floofed out, and he was breathing quickly.

"Whoa, whoa, there little guy, calm down. You're gonna make yourself sick!" The buck climbed into the back seat and pulled the scared little Peanut into his lap.

"Shhhh. Shhhh. It's okay." He petted his boy and held him close, letting the folf breathe in his scent to calm down. Then as he felt the exciteable fellow's heartrate begin to slow, he reached down a little further.

"Daddy knows how to calm his little boy down. Why don't you let me give you another diaper check, sweetheart."

The buck reached down to slide his fingers into the little folf's legholes. He let his fingertips brush against the subdued fur's balls, eliciting a gasp and a whine. Peanut's little member rapidly expanded to fill the confines of his soggy diaper. The buck rubbed the front of his diaper over the hard protrusion and the folf responded by humping into his hand.

"Oh, you like that? No? Do you want me to stop?"

The buck paused and the folf whined - and tapped his diapers with his paw.

"No, don't stop? Use your words, sweetie."

The folf reluctantly responded, "D-don't stop, Daddy."

"So you do like it?"

The folf nodded.

"What do you like? Can you tell Daddy?"

"I like it when you rub my d-d-diapers..." the folf replied, in a small voice. The top of his snout was deep red at this point.

"You mean like *this*?" Again, the buck cupped the folf's bulge and rocked it back and forth between his fingers and his palm.

The folf nodded vigorously.

"Oh, okay. That's what I thought."

The folf and the buck just sat there in silence, enjoying each other's' presence as Buck rubbed one out of his boy.

"Are you getting closer little one? I want you to tell me when you are."

"I'm g-getting close, Daddy. No, why did you stop?" Peanut whined, thrusting his hips into the empty air where Daddy's hand used to be.

"You can finish, but only if you tell me how much you love your diapers while you're doing it."

The folf's ears went back.

"N-nooooo...."

“Well, then I guess you don’t want anymore of *this*.” The buck gave the smaller fur’s package a squeeze and the folf threw his head back, letting out a loud moan.

“Ohhhh. Okay! Okay! I’ll say it... I llllo- .... I.. I...”

“Come on, kit, you can say it!”

“I llllove my di-di-diapees!” said the folf, finally.

“Therrre you go, baby boy. There you go! Daddy’s so proud of you. Now go on, hump daddy’s hand.” The buck placed his palm against the folf’s tented diaper. “Hump daddy’s hand and make stickies while you tell him how much you love your diapees.”

The folf wasted no time doing just that, his voice coming out in gasps between pants and grunts.

“I...unh... love.. uh... my... unfff.... Diapeees!”

“Louder, kit. Show me that you mean it!”

“I LOVE.... Unh... MY DIAPERS!!!!” said the folf, approaching climax. And finally, he let out a loud squeal as he exploded into his pamps.

“There we go, honey! Oh I bet you feel so much better, don’t you little kit?”

Peanut nodded, his tongue lolling out.

“Okay, well we still need to go in and see Gramma. She’s waiting, you know.”

“Wait, aren’t you gonna change me first?”

“You can get a change once we get inside,” said Buck, shouldering Peanut’s pastel diaper bag. “Now let’s not keep her waiting.”

“But... but... but...”

“No buts kiddo, now march.”

“Please don’t make me do it, Daddy.”

“I know it’s scary, but I promise you everything will be fine. Daddy’s here, so nothing bad can happen. Now put on a big smile for Gramma and Grampa, okay? They’ve been looking forward to seeing their baby boy since the bonding. If you need to you can pop in your paci and let Daddy do the talking. I know it helps you stay calm.”

“Yes, sir,” said Peanut, before popping in his pacifier. Knowing that Daddy was there and that he didn’t have to say anything if he didn’t want to actually helped a lot.

“There’s a good boy,” The buck said. He stepped out of the car and came around to unstrap Peanut and help him down. “There we go. Hold Daddy’s hand and we’ll walk there together.”

The folf paused once they reached the door and Daddy gave him a gentle push from behind.

“Go on, little guy. Ring the doorbell.”

The woman who answered was a sizeable wolf, who was at least as tall as the buck, and much more muscular. She greeted him with a bear hug that knocked his breath out and manage to scoop up her boy and include him in the mix as well.

Peanut’s pacifier was ejected from his mouth by the force of the squeeze.

“Mommmmm! I can’t breathe!”

“Oh, you can breathe later, Momma’s got some huggin’ to do! Oh it’s so good to meet you buck, and to see my little boy again. Let your momma take a look at you, kiddo!” She held Peanut out at arms length. “Oh my gosh, you’re soaked!”

“Mommmmm!”

“Hush. Come on in boys. I see you brought his diaper bag. Let Momma Wolf show you how she changes her little cub.”

She held the boy in one arm while she rifled through the bag, taking out everything she needed. Next, she laid out the changing pad right on the living room floor and laid the boy right down on it.

“Not here, mom!”

“Why not? Who’s going to see you, little cub? Oh Buck, be a dear and give me your keys. Thank you. Here you go, Peanut. Play with these.”

“Why would I play with these, these are just... heyyyy!”

While he was busy with the keys, she already had the diaper off of him and was halfway through wiping him down.

“Works every time!” she said, grinning. “Oh my, somebody had fun in their little diapers recently!”

“Mommm!!!” said Peanut in a squeal so high pitched it was almost beyond the buck’s range of hearing.

“I kinda had to give him a little rub down to get him to calm down enough to see you.”  
Said the Buck.

“Oh, I know. I watched you two pull up from the kitchen window, so I saw the whole thing. Not to mention heard it! Good to know how much my little boy loves his diapers!”

Finny just lay there with his mouth hanging open. This was unbelievable.

“So has he been good today?” she asked, as she taped up the speechless folf.

“Oh yes. A perfect angel.”

“Good. I was afraid I was gonna have to spank him myself.” She stood up and held the little folf on her hip. “All clean! Let’s get his father in here. Arthur! Arthur Fox! Get in here this instant!”

A diminutive fox with large thick rimmed spectacles scampered into the room. He wore a button-up shirt tucked into his slacks and a plaid bow tie.

“Yes, dear. Here I am!”

“Well, aren’t you going to introduce yourself to peanut’s new daddy?”

Arthur blushed and turned to face the buck.

“Hello sir, my name’s Arthur. It’s nice to meet you.”

Buck could tell where the boy got his personality from.

“Well, hello Arthur,” said the buck, patting the smaller fox’s head instead of shaking the offered hand. “Aren’t you just the cutest. I like your bow tie.”

“Oh, m-my M... I mean... Momma Wolf dressed me.”

“I’m sure she did,” said the buck with a chuckle.

“Alright, that’s enough of that,” said Momma Wolf. “Arthur, go take Peanut to the playroom and play games or something while Daddy Buck and I have a chat. I’ll call you when it’s time to eat.”

She set her son down and the two ran off hand in hand with Arthur talking excitedly about the games they could play.

Momma Wolf watched them run off and clucked her tongue. “Those boys are too cute. Come on let’s sit. Tell me about your day.”

For all her brusqueness, Momma Wolf had a way of making buck feel right at home, and they talked about all manner of things after that. For one, Buck just had to know about Peanut’s dad. The subject had just never come up before.

“I almost made Arthur a baby like Peanut,” Momma Wolf said offhand, “but I just made him a cuck instead. Peanut is his first and only son, and we didn’t even have sex to do it! He was milked in his little cage and he got to watch as his seed was fucked into me by a real man. Ha!”

“Oh, wow,” said the buck, trying not to seem as turned on as he was by this information. “Well I can see the family resemblance. They look like they could be brothers.”

“That’s pretty much how I’ve always treated them.”

“Does he have any other brothers?”

“Oh yeah, but they’re nothing like him. They’re all pure-bred wolves. You might meet them someday, but they’re off doing their own thing. Families of their own to raise and all. My poor boy thought he had something to prove. Wanted to be like his big brothers and ‘grow up’, but of course we both know how that went. I can’t thank you enough for bonding with him and ending that silly little notion.”

“I think I should be thanking you,” said Buck. “That little guy is the center of my world. I knew it from the moment we locked eyes.”

“Yes, that’s how it always happens,” said Momma Wolf, nodding sagely. “And I can tell he loves you too. He knows you’re the best thing that ever happened to him, even if he doesn’t say it.”

The buck blushed. “How do you know that?”

“A mother always knows what her son is thinking. Speaking of which, my second son, I can tell you’re wondering when we’re going to eat so you can take your boy home and have some fun of your own. Don’t deny it, Buck. I can smell it on you. You can use Arthur’s room after dinner if you want.”

“Mommmm!” said the buck blushing hard.

“Hehe, gotcha!”