

WITH LITTLE PAWS WE TODDLE AFAR

A Babyfur Regression Adventure

CHAPTER 6 *The Babysitters*

PAGES
117 - 118

With Little Paws We Toddle Afar ©2023

Written & Illustrated By Good Boy Liger

www.Patreon.com/GoodBoyLiger



Upon entering the house, Zach grabs my changing mat. He then sets me down on the living room floor, before grabbing my diaper bag. As he's carrying the bag back, Jess walks over and snatches it from his paw. "I think it's time we give you a break Zach. Jenn and I are technically Asher's babysitters." Zach just chuckles and takes a seat on the couch. He switches on the television and flips it over to the extreme sports channel. With the diaper bag now in her possession, Jess kneels down next to me. She coos, "My oh my Asher, you really soaked yourself. You're such a wittle Piddle Pants Cub. There's no way you can wear this outfit for the rest of the day. Alright little guy, pawsies up." I blush and lift my paws up into the air. For some reason, I can't help but giggle and say, "I made leakies Jess!" I'm not sure why I feel the need to announce this, but it feels appropriate for some reason. Jess laughs, "You sure did little Tinkle Monster!" She tickles my belly causing me to laugh and squirm around. I can feel the soggiess and squishiness of my diaper as it crinkles beneath me.

After removing my shirt, she lays me back down on the changing mat. She then removes my shoes and socks along with my little soaked shorts. At first, it's a bit embarrassing knowing that Jess is about to change my soaked diaper for me. After a moment though, I realize that I don't mind. Even though she is my friend, I'm enjoying the attention that I am receiving from her. As a matter of fact, I think she may be enjoying the attention from me just as much. It's funny to see Jess with a smile on her face and enjoying herself. She seems to really enjoy taking care of me. Usually, she tends to be kind of a crabby fur. I think she feels like it's necessary to wear that stoic mask because she is goth. As I lay here awaiting my change, I get to see her true personality shine through. It's not often I see her smile, much less so giggly and playful. Sucking my paci and feeling extra small, I begin to squirm around and make random unintelligible baby babble and noises. I can't control myself. It just feels like the natural thing to do. Jess seems amused, so I decide to not fight it and continue to act as though I'm a two-year-old. She smiles wide as she comments once again on the state of my diaper. "What a little super soaker you are Asher!" She continues with an almost motherly tone, "It's okay little guy, Jessi is gonna change your diaper and make it all better!" As I giggle happily, she yells over to Jenn. "Hey Jenn, can you please run upstairs and pick out something clean for Asher to wear?" Jenn nods and heads upstairs to find a new outfit for me.

Within a few minutes Jess has me changed into a fresh diaper. Jenn returns, holds up a little blue t-shirt with a train on the front and smiles. "Isn't this adorable Jess? I think Asher will be fine in just a t-shirt for the rest of the day. We can check him easier and see if he's wet." She bends down and boops me on the nose with her paw. "We don't want our precious little buddy springing a leak again." I begin to giggle. The attention of the two tiger twins is almost overwhelming. I feel so cute, so little, and so loved. The feeling is true bliss. Jess slides her paw under my thick, crinkly, padded butt and carries me over to the couch. She sets me on her lap and Jenn hands her the shirt. I stick my paws up in the air once more and she slides the snug little t-shirt down over me. "There we go! All changed and in a fresh shirt. Doesn't that feel better Asher?" I nod as I happily kick my little feet paws back and forth. Jess then gives me a grin. "Does the little baby cub like his ChooChoo Train shirt? I feel myself blushing at her words. Man, I think Jess wants to treat me like a baby as much as Mom does. I never would've guessed she would act so differently around kids. I look up at her. Once again unable to control my actions I squeal out from behind my pacifier, clap my paws together, and begin to make train noises. "ChooChoo! WhooWho! ChooChoo!" Jess giggles at my cuteness.

Meanwhile, Jenn takes a seat next to Zach and yanks the television remote from his paw. She flips the channel to one showing cartoons. Zach yells out, "Hey! Don't change the channel! I was watching that! They were just about to get to a cool segment on rock climbing!" Jenn frowns at Zach, "Oh, stop it Zach. We have a little boy in the room. I think we should watch something more age-appropriate." Zach rolls his eyes and looks over at me. "What do you think Asher, are you a big boy who wants to watch extreme sports?" To Zach's disappointment, he sees me sitting on Jess's lap in just my diaper and t-shirt. Jess is playing Pat-a-cake with my paws as though I'm a toddler. She happily chants, "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, bakers' man. Bake me a cake as fast as you can. Roll it, and pat it, and mark it with a 'B'. Put it in the oven for Asher and me!" I giggle and squeal uncontrollably

as Zach rolls his eyes. "Come on Jess! Asher's name doesn't even start with a 'B'!" Jess quips back, "You are wrong! Asher's full name is Asher Bradley Lionel, so there... his middle name starts with a 'B' like in the song!" Jess playfully sticks her tongue out at Zach. "Besides, 'B' is the first letter in baby" She then smiles at me, boops me on the nose, and asks me, "And who here is just a cute little baby boy?" For some reason, I giggle, begin to clap my paws together, and blurt out from behind my pacifier, "I'm the baby! I'm the baby! Me! Me! I'm the baby!" I quickly throw my paws over my mouth with embarrassment. *Why the heck did I just say that? I know I'm eight years now, but I'm not a baby!* Jess just smiles and coos at me. "That's right Asher! You ARE the precious little baby." Zach rolls his eyes and sighs with defeat. "Alright, point made, you win. We can watch cartoons."

I become sleepy once more as I cuddle up in Jess's arms and watch cartoons. Halfway through an episode of Dipsey the Dinosaur, Jenn gets up and walks into the kitchen. She returns a few minutes later with a sippy cup and a matching Choo Choo Train bib. She pulls the bib over my head and hands me the sippy cup. "Here you go Asher. When we were at your birthday party, I remember your Mommy saying you always liked this as a kid." I take the sippy cup from her and shove the spout into my mouth. To my surprise and delight, my sippy cup is filled with chocolate milk! My eyes light up as I suck down the tasty treat. I haven't had chocolate milk since the night of my birthday before I regressed. Mom has only given me regular milk since becoming little again. *Maybe she didn't want to trigger my chocolate addiction? Well... too late now.* Before long, the little sippy cup dries up. I happily lay in Jess's arms as she rubs my full tummy while chocolate milk drool runs down my face. The feeling of her paw rubbing my full tummy is euphoric. I feel so little right now. Jess then lifts me up and does something to me that hasn't been done in a long time. She sets me up on her shoulder and begins to pat my back. *Is... is she burping me?* Jess begins to hum a lullaby as my eyes get heavy. The combination of feeling very small in this moment and her loving pats makes me sink into her chest and shoulder. A few minutes later I let out a huge burp. To my surprise I spit up a little chocolate milk onto my bib, which she had situated on top of her shoulder. As chocolate milk spit-up runs down my face, I smile contently at the sound of my diaper crinkling and feeling my little lion tail wag with delight. Jess continues to hum her lullaby as she wipes the spit-up from my face and pops my pacifier back into my mouth. I drift off to sleep as I suck my paci cradled in Jess's arms. *Yes... this truly is paradise.*

