

# WITH LITTLE PAWS WE TODDLE AFAR

A Babyfur Regression Adventure

## CHAPTER 7

*A Pack of Mall Rats*

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"You should be good on these tires until the end of the race! Go, Asher! Go!", Raz screams from the side of the pit as he hits the back of my race car. I can hardly hear him over the sound of engines roaring. \*VROOM VROOM SCREEEECH!\* The back end of my car fishtails as I peel out onto the track. I hear the announcer over the intercom, "Asher Lionel in car number eight has just left the pit and is back on the track! Can he make it back into the lead?" My little heart races as my foot paw pushes the pedal down to the floor. I zip between several cars and bump the fender of another. Eventually, I see the lead car. You can do this Asher! Go for the gold! The lead car tries to block me, but I outsmart him. Moments later I'm in the lead once again! He's now right up on my tail, but I fend off the driver as I see the finish line come into view. With one last push of the gas pedal, I zip through the finish line. The announcer screams, "Asher did it! Asher Lionel has won! Wow, what a race ladies and gentlemen! What a race indeed!" I wave my paw as I slowly drive through confetti and listen to the crowd chant my name. "ASHER! ASHER! ASHER!" As I continue to drive, the sound of the crowd changes to a singular and familiar voice. Asher!... Asher!... Asher Bradley Lionel, what are you doing? I told you to come downstairs for breakfast ten minutes ago! I look up to see Mom in my bedroom doorway with her hands on her hips. Taking in my surroundings, I see that I'm

once again in my room and sitting on my bed wearing my footed sleeper and a very soaked nighttime diaper. Looking up at Mom, I smile, "Sorry Mommy. I was so busy racing that I didn't hear you." Mom just laughs as she walks over to the bed and lifts my soggy butt up into her arms. "It's okay Peanut. Let's go get you breakfast before Jess and Jenn get here. Mommy has to leave for work soon." "Okie Dokie Mommy!" I say as she carries me down the stairs.

It's been about a month and a half since Mom went back to work. I thought the transition would be harder than it has been. Having Jess and Jenn as my daily babysitters, along with Zach babysitting me once a week, has made it a lot less hard on me. Another thing that's helped ease my babyish anxiety is the fact that I finally gave in to letting my imagination run wild. My little imaginary adventures have become more and more frequent in recent weeks. I don't even fight them anymore, I just let my childish side take over. It's been a good and fun distraction with Mom not being around as much. It's also made my playtime far more interesting. Being able to travel the world and go on little adventures without leaving the security of my parents and babysitters has been great. It's a shame that most furs lose this ability as they get older. When or IF Dad reverses my regression, I hope my imagination stays with me. Other than that, not much else has changed. Dad has been

working hard as he continues researching ways to reverse my regression. Raz however, has yet to remember anything else from his past. It'd be helpful if he could, but I don't want to push my little buddy too hard. He's been nuttier than usual lately and I don't want to break him. It's been fun having him as a companion for my imaginary adventures though.

Mom and I enter the kitchen as Dad smiles, "Good morning, Sport." I wave my little paw at him and reply, "Hi Daddy" as Mom places me into my booster seat and slides my bib over my head. She sets my usual breakfast of Dino Rawr Pancakes and milk down in front of me. However, I'm surprised to see that my milk is not in its usual sippy cup. Instead, Mom has poured it into a baby bottle. After the night I got my new bed and asked Mom for a chocolate milk Baba, she has been making them for me every night. I haven't even needed to ask for it. Just as though it has been a normal part of my routine, she now brings me a chocolate milk baba every night at bedtime. However, this is the first time she has given me one during the day. I am excited to see it of course, but still surprised. I look up at Mom and ask, "Why did you put my milk in a baba Mommy? Where's my sippy cup that I normally use?" Mom just gives me a loving smile, "Well Peanut, you seemed to be enjoying your babas during the evening over the past few weeks, so I figured you would want

them during the day too. I packed all of your sippy cups away this morning, but I can get them back out if you would rather have a sippy cup instead of a bottle." Instantly, I react by grabbing the bottle of milk. I ecstatically shove the teat into my mouth and begin to suck down the milk. As the milk begins to dribble down my chin, I babyishly reply to Mom from behind the bottle. "No Mommy! I want my baba! No sippy cup Mommy! My baba! My baba! Mom laughs at my adorable baby-like reaction. Okay Peanut, that's what I figured. Mommy will make sure you get all of your drinkies in a baba from now on." I smile with delight as I blissfully nurse the bottle. *Mom always knows what I really want. She's the bestest!*

With my stomach now rumbling with hunger. I dig into the pancakes with just my paws as though I am a toddler. As I get thirsty between bites, I press the nipple of my baby bottle between my lips and suck down the tasty milk. As I messily eat, I hear the doorbell ring. I squeal out, "Yay! Jess and Jenn are here!" Mom leaves the kitchen, lets the two tiger twins in, and they all return to the kitchen. Jenn walks over to me and pinches my cheek as Jess grabs my bib and starts wiping off my messy face as I try to eat. In unison they both coo, "Awww, how's our favorite wittle lion cub doing this morning?" I blush at the way they phrase the question and the tone they use. I really do love it when

the two of them talk to me as though I'm a toddler. Something about getting attention in that way makes me feel good. With my mouth still full of pancakes I reply. "I won the big race! I made my car go fast! VROOM VROOM! Then I won the race!" The two girls giggle at my cuteness. Jenn then asks, "Well that sure sounds like fun! Did you get a trophy?" I shake my head, "No... no trophy" Jess then giggles as she holds up a bag, "Well you may not have won a trophy, but we have a prize for you, Asher. It's not a trophy, but it's something we think you'll like. We made it ourselves, just for you. I stare at the bag wondering what it could be. Mom then chimes in, "Well I need to go finish getting ready for work. Would you girls mind changing Asher and getting him dressed for your big day out? I just haven't had the time this morning." The two twins give an affirming nod as I look up at them and ask, "We're going out? Where are we going?"





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