

## The Long Night

Logan shut the front door slowly. Having dreaded coming home all day, he was hesitant to announce himself. He knew his husband- his daddy- was making dinner in the kitchen, but even after a long day at work, the sounds and smell of food were no comfort to the snow leopard's butterflies in his stomach.

Tonight was his punishment night; of that he couldn't escape. Pleading and begging had never helped in the past. When Daddy said he was in trouble, while never unfair, he always stood firm, unshakeable about what would come.

Logan set his messenger bag down, afraid to linger too long by the front door. He knew he would feel better once his punishment was over, that a big hug with Daddy would cleanse the guilt of breaking the rules. Hiding in the hall would achieve nothing.

Just as he stepped forward, Daddy emerged through the door frame. The tiger greeted the sheepish snow leopard warmly, draping one arm around his neck and pressing his muzzle lovingly against the top of Logan's head. "How's my little kitten?" he purred, before releasing his embrace and returning to the stove.

Logan couldn't help but smile. Despite Daddy's looming punishment, the warmth of his body, the security of his arms, and the smell of his fur... it was enough to comfort the leopard for just a moment. He knew Daddy's demeanour would turn sooner rather than later, and he'd be over the tiger's knee.

Logan followed him into the kitchen apprehensively. Part of him hoped he'd be spanked right there and now, before they ate dinner together, just to remove the elephant from the room, but it looked like Daddy was going to see them through dinner before it started.

Logan also wanted things to move along, as he was wearing a pull-up and eager to get out of it. One of Daddy's rules required Logan to wear one of these to work every day. While he was in his work building, he could slide them down and use the toilet at his leisure, but once he checked out for the day, he was banned from the toilet.

It was simple. If he came home in a dry pull-up, he was changed into a diaper for the night, consequence. If he came home wet, he got a spanking first.

Logan liked the rule. He enjoyed the thrill of having the tiniest crinkle under his work trousers, and tugging them down to use the toilet made him feel both small and big at the same time. Small, for tugging the absorbent underpants down, and big, because it made him feel so grown up compared to wetting his diapers. It was a complex emotion, and he savoured it.

Those spankings he received were so playful, so light, that while he tried to stay dry each and every work day to please Daddy, he also never stressed over it if he had an accident on his way home. He even filled it up early some days at his desk, late in the afternoon, enjoying the sneaky bulk and warmth, and excited at what Daddy would say when he checked him those evenings.

But today, with the looming greater punishment, Logan was very careful to keep those pull-ups dry and not add fuel to the fire. Spankings for a proper punishment hurt a lot more, and he didn't want to add to his tally needlessly.

Logan watched him serve two portions and carry them to the table. Daddy was in no rush to check the state of his boy's underwear. He was going to have to keep his pull-ups dry for a little longer, and he really didn't want to have to fight off urges to piss while also anxious about what was to come.

Baby and Daddy sat. They ate. They chatted about their days; Daddy as if nothing was wrong, but Baby was tense. He was sure Daddy was aware of this.

Logan crossed his legs. Daddy was 'encouraging' him to drink a large glass of water with his meal, and he really didn't think this evening was the best time to ignore Daddy's request to be a good kitten and drink it down. He suspected the spice used in the meal was to ensure he'd need to drink a lot too.

As Logan gulped the water down, the pressure in his loins equally grew. Daddy kept him in diapers so regularly that the urge to pee often hit him swiftly, and hard. He tapped his paw against the floor hurriedly, trying to distract the need to relief himself. His knees had never clutched together so tightly.

Daddy was still talking to him. Logan almost chewed his tongue. He couldn't concentrate on the words being said. Even if he stood up from the table now, it was unlikely he'd make it into a diaper before he would burst. The urge had come over him so strongly, he just needed to let it out.

"Finish your water, baby," Daddy smiled. Logan was sure he had noticed the pained expression on the leopard's face. He took the glass with a shaky paw, drew a deep breath, and tipped the rest down his throat. His bladder complained in response, and Logan gave in. He was going to suffer soon enough anyway, why make the wait even more agonising?

His penis gushed open, rapidly filling the pull-up faster than it could swallow it. He was probably going to leak into his work clothes a little, but the kitten no longer cared. His eyes almost rolled back into his head with pleasure, as his eye-lids grew heavy. This might be the best feeling he'd have today. If he got some extra spanks for this, for this moment it was all worth it.

Only as the rest of his bladder dribbled down the wet pull-up did he realise Daddy had stopped talking. Logan inhaled for what felt like the first time in an eternity and knew how obvious his wetting must have looked.

Daddy pressed himself upwards with both palms on the table, towering over the leopard. "Clear the table, kitten, and meet me in the nursery." His tone dropped to one of regret, "It's time to get you ready for bed."

Logan basked in his relief for only a few second before the dread came swimming back. He waited for Daddy to leave the kitchen, hearing his paws creak up the stairs, before the kitten stood up, a little shaky-legged, and tidied up as asked.

He hated having to follow Daddy upstairs for a punishment, though in reality there was no fun way to walk to your doom. He slinked up the stairs meekly and turned into the nursery.

Daddy was waiting with the paddle as he had expected, though he doubted that was all he would suffer. He expected a spanking, diapering, and pyjamas at the very least after what Daddy had said. That sounded like a nice, cosy way to spend the night after a sore butt.

Daddy beckoned with a finger, and the two walked to meet each other. Despite the cats being roughly an even match in size, Logan always felt two feet tall when he was in trouble like this.

Nervous and shy, Logan tried to hide his muzzle behind a paw as Daddy undid his baby's belt and trousers, dropping them to the leopard's knees. Logan's bulging, sagging pull-up sat in clear view.

"Oh dear, another wet day..." Daddy mused, before helping his kitten step out of the trousers altogether. He then undid the shirt button by button, and let Logan slide his arms out. "You know what happens when you can't keep those dry. I might need to start sending you to work in diapers if you keep this up!"

Logan whined quietly to himself. The idea of being diapered around his workmates aroused him nearly as much as it scared him.

"But there's something else you need to be punished for too, isn't that right, little kitten?" Daddy sighed, disappointed but without showing any weakness.

Logan nodded softly. "Yes, Daddy." He hated everything about this. About breaking the rules, disappointing Daddy, and what he would have to suffer. They had agreed upon spankings being the most effective punishment for dealing with rule breaking. It was an act Logan didn't enjoy, but was willing to endure.

Daddy looked Logan right in the eyes. "Are you ready to accept your punishment?"

Logan replied again, knowing Daddy needed to hear it.

Daddy picked up the wooden paddle, and sat down on a stool. Logan braced himself and lay across the tiger's knees. He tried to calm himself, to relax his anxieties. He knew the spankings would hurt less that way, but he always struggled to accept them at first.

With a firm grip on the rear waistband, Daddy yanked the pull-up away, the sides and tailhole tearing with ease and exposing Logan's white, spotted butt. With his free arm, he

placed his paw across Logan's shoulder blades, holding the snow leopard, and his tail, in place.

"First, for wetting your pull-up," Daddy stated, and the paddle smacked downward over and over.

These were always a light spanking. Logan squirmed, and tried to avoid tensing his muscles. The ten spansks ended as quickly as they started, and he knew the real punishment was about to begin.

"And more importantly, for being a naughty kitten."

As if being straddled over his husband's knee for a spanking wasn't belittling enough, being called a naughty kitten pushed Logan's mind further into a toddlersque space. He was already vulnerable having spent all day worrying about this, and being left to the power and control of the tiger was breaking him further with no resistance.

The smacks started again, harder and faster than what came before. Such was the force of the paddle, Logan's cheeks stung quickly, each swat making his discomfort worse. He was in pain before he could deal with it, clutching Daddy's calf with one paw, unable to lie still as each connection between wood and flesh twisted his body in response. Daddy's paw pressed tighter as the kitten wriggled, denying him the opportunity to move an inch out of place.

As Logan gasped and cried out, he started to plead. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Please!" He did not know how many spansks he was getting, and he'd already lost count of how many he'd suffered.

Daddy held firm, the strokes neither slowing nor softening. He would not yield no matter how much the snow leopard begged. Despite how much it made him suffer, Logan loved that about him, knowing he could do nothing to affect the punishment or game Daddy's emotions. It was difficult to know whether Daddy wanted him to take it silently, whine and plead, or break down into tears, or even if any of those things affected when it stopped.

Logan had stopped speaking now. His eyes had watered, his breathing sharp and rapid. Then the spansks stopped. Daddy's firm hold loosened, and Logan felt the tiger's paws

caress his back. Logan lifted himself up weakly, and turned, sitting in Daddy's lap. He threw his arms around Daddy's shoulders and buried his head against the tiger's neck.

He felt such relief now that it was over. Daddy's arms closed around the kitten's back, holding him tightly, steadily, allowing him to recover in safety. Logan did not want the hug to end.

"Are you okay?" his husband asked gently.

Logan confirmed, without leaving the softness of the fur pillow.

"And you know why I have to punish you? It's important you learn that actions have consequences."

"I know, Daddy, I'm sorry," Logan replied sadly.

Their embrace eventually loosened, and Daddy lay his kitten down on the floor.

"I'm glad you understand. We are not done yet, and I don't want any fussing."

Logan lay silent and still, naked and exposed on his back. He saw Daddy grabbing both a diaper and a thick stuffer from the drawers, and knew he was preparing a bedtime diaper at the very least. Before Daddy concerned himself with getting the leopard into a diaper though, he leaned over his baby holding a pair of mittens.

Logan lifted both his paws and allowed Daddy to slip each one on and buckle them shut. He'd lost the use of his fingers instantly, and while wondering what else Daddy would take away tonight, he was immediately surprised when Daddy handed him his favourite plushie.

"My little kitten in mittens," Daddy smirked to himself.

Logan cuddled the plush cow warmly as Daddy unfolded the diaper and the stuffer. He was using one of the hourglass shaped stuffers, which almost doubled the capacity of his padding. Either he was going to be wetting a lot, or he wasn't getting changed for a long time.

"Roll over please," Daddy asked, setting down the diaper and squirting lotion into his paw. Logan obeyed, revealing his tender butt, which Daddy started to massage with the cool baby lotion. It felt amazing on his sensitive skin.

Logan turned over once more, and Daddy finished by spreading and massaging the rest of the lotion between the leopard's thighs. Logan was feeling blissful, forgetting that he was still in trouble as he clutched his plushie against his muzzle. With clean paws, Daddy slipped the buffed diaper under the leopard's butt, the difference in elevation immediately noticeable by the kitten on his now soothed cheeks.

He heard Daddy rustling with something else, and opened his eyes again to look up at him holding a small bottle with a large nozzle. The horror of the rest of his punishment dawned on him; Daddy was prepping a micro-enema.

Logan wanted to whine or pout, but his resistance had been stripped away. He just drew his cow a little tighter as Daddy gently slid the nozzle into his hole. He felt the quick rush of cold fluid inside him as the bottle was squeezed tightly.

Logan didn't enjoy messing his diapers. He did not do it often, and never by choice. Daddy would sometimes refuse him permission to take a diaper off if he needed the bathroom, leaving Logan with a battle to hold his bowels until he was changed. That wasn't always successful.

As Daddy pulled the diaper and stuffer up between his legs, he knew he had ten, maybe fifteen minutes before he'd lose all control and mess this diaper. The thickness was starting to unnerve him now; how long was Daddy planning to make him wear this?

Each tape felt like a death sentence as Daddy pressed them shut. One by one, reminding him how utterly trapped he was in his inevitable mess. Daddy grabbed both of his baby's paws, and helped him stand up again.

The diaper was incredibly thick, leaving Logan with a hunched waddle. He could already feel the itch to poop, the irritation inside him. Unlike his pull-up, he resolved to fight it for as long as he could.

“There’s a good kitten,” Daddy said, clutching Logan in an embrace again, this time unwelcome. The snow leopard squeaked as the pressure of the lion’s hug only made him more uncomfortable down below. It was going to be a tough battle to hold it if Daddy insisted on cuddling him on the sofa.

“You’ve been such a brave boy tonight, but you still need to learn your lesson.”

That didn’t sound promising to Logan, expecting Daddy to show no remorse about making him dirty his diaper.

“Little kittens who misbehave get an early bedtime.”

Logan felt foolishly optimistic. It wasn’t yet eight pm, so maybe Daddy would leave him messy for an hour or two and then put him in the crib. The size of the diaper was nothing more than to hold the expulsion and make him feel smaller. He could survive that long in his filth.

“Don’t they?” Daddy stated, firmly.

“Yes, Daddy,” Logan whimpered quickly, realising how silent he’d been while listening and focusing on clutching his buttcheeks together.

“Good kitten,” Daddy smiled, before delivering the hammer blow. “Into the crib you get.”

Logan’s pacifier would have fallen from his maw had he got it in. His mouth was agape, too stunned to step away from the hug. An eight o’ clock bedtime, and a messy diaper for bed were both equally terrible punishments, but together!?

“Daddy, please, d-!” Logan immediately spurted.



Daddy broke their embrace and raised his index finger as a warning. "I said no fussing. If you're not in that crib by eight, you're getting another spanking in the morning, mister."

With two minutes to spare, Logan saw as much use standing here as he did arguing. With heavy feet and an aching butt, he dragged himself to the crib, climbing onto the mattress (fearing his butt would explode at the same time).

Daddy slid the large bars up as Logan offered up the widest, most pitying eyes he could. The bars were locked into place. His bowels gurgled, spasming, and he tried to console himself by hugging the plushie tightly against his chest.

"I'm going to get you a warm bottle of milk," Daddy said, closing the curtains and switching on the night light. It was barely needed now, as the sun had yet to set, with the nursery bathing in a soft glow from behind the curtains. He left the room as Logan hunched over, desperate not to fill his diaper up at the back.

It was torturous. His mittened paws felt useless, not that he could have taken the diaper off without getting in even bigger trouble anyway. Logan dropped the plushie and clutched the edge of the crib frame as best he could. He breathed deep, slowly. Maybe if he could survive the initial spasms and urges, it would ease off and he could avoid letting it out. He had no idea if it would work, but it was his best hope for now. Sadly for the leopard, no position was helping him get comfortable.

Daddy returned after an elongated wait. Logan's three-quarter litre baby bottle was filled and delivered to both of his mitts. He could only drink it with both paws in this state. He suckled it hard, hoping it would distract from his other issues.

"I'll come check on you when I'm going to bed. That bottle will be empty, okay?" Daddy smiled, running his paw along the snow leopard's cheek.

Logan nodded obediently. Deliberately or not, Daddy was making his plans to stay clean tougher; a belly full of milk wasn't going to help him avoid crapping himself.

Daddy leaned in and kissed his hunched-over kitten on the forehead. “Goodnight kitten. Daddy loves you.”

“Love you too, Daddy,” Logan managed to respond around the bottle teat and his discomfort.

As the nursery door closed, Logan tried lying down. On his back, on his stomach, on his side, it didn't matter, the need to relieve himself was getting worse. He felt more trapped down here. Taped in a diaper, useless paws, and crib bars towering all around him.

He had almost finished the bottle without noticing, and dropped it to one side, worried about how else to distract himself. Now he felt full, his stomach a little ill from the bloat and the need to poop. His leg was twitching. His body was restless. He tossed and turned. His legs shook. He didn't know how he was going to beat this.

The snow leopard stood up again, mittens on the crib side. Lying down hadn't helped. Standing wasn't helping. Squatting helped the cramps, but exacerbated the urge to poop. He whimpered to himself as it all became too much to bear. He grunted, almost choking at the urgency, and let it all go. His backside exploded noisily, with the thick, stuffed diaper leaving it little freedom to build up. As the cramps hit again and again, and messed a second, third, fourth time, he could feel it push and spread. Between his legs, up his cheeks, and right against his balls.

Logan shuddered, grossed out, but unable to stop. Holding the micro-enema for long had only made it more effective. He couldn't hold it, he couldn't fight it. The kitten squatted in his crib, powerless to his bottom gushing over and over.

He was exhausted after he was finally done. His diaper felt heavy, hot, and he was afraid to disturb it. His thighs were aching now, and he slumped to his paws and knees. He could feel sweat roll down his fur.

Logan fell forward once again, now flat on his tummy, giving himself a face full of pillow. He could feel the bulk between his legs. He realised he could be stuck in this crib for the next eleven or twelve hours, and that's assuming that Daddy woke up early. He couldn't take anything for granted now.

If he could just sleep on his stomach like this, it might be tolerable. He could feel the mess stuck to his butt, but it was better than squishing and spreading it further. He reached out for his stuffed cow, and brought her close again.

It had been a long day, and an even tougher evening. Logan considered it his one blessing that he could probably fall asleep now, so exhausting was that defecation. The large drink would probably wake him during the night, but he'd have to worry about that when it happened, and hope he could fall back asleep in this stink.

Even though his eye lids welcomingly started to droop, and his breathing relaxed, he knew this was going to be a long night.