

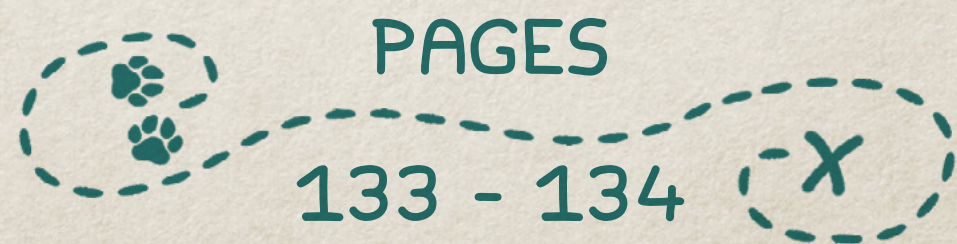
WITH LITTLE PAWS WE TODDLE AFAR

A Babyfur Regression Adventure

CHAPTER 7

A Pack of Mall Rats

PAGES
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Upon hearing where we're going for the day, I begin to feel a wave of conflicting emotions. At first, I'm excited. It's been over two years since Jess, Jenn, and I visited the mall together. We used to hang out there so much that Mom always called us the "The Mall Rat Pack." However, despite us going there practically every weekend during high school, we haven't had a chance to hang out since I started college. The idea of the three of us visiting our old stomping grounds again after so long fills my heart with happiness. Unfortunately, that joy is quickly overshadowed by a feeling of sickness in my stomach as I look down at the babyish ensemble I'm wearing. I swallow as I feel a lump form in my throat and look up at the two twins, "The mall?! I can't go to the mall dressed like this! I'm wearing baby clothes. What if someone we know notices me?" The twins giggle as Jenn replies, "Who the heck is going to recognize you, Asher? You're an eight-year-old! Nobody other than us and Zach knows who you are. As far as anyone will be concerned, you're just a little 'late bloomer' who isn't ready to grow up yet. Besides, you like your outfit, don't you? Didn't you used to always tell me, 'You shouldn't worry about what others think about your appearance. Be yourself and you'll find happiness.' Those words helped me through my hardest times, Asher. Now it's your time to benefit from them." I look down at my infantile outfit again and squirm as I feel the butterflies return in my stomach. *Maybe they're right. Nobody would ever suspect it's me and yeah, I do like my outfit after all. I can't even articulate words to describe how good I feel wearing this. I like being dressed up cute and getting all of the attention from them. I like being dressed and treated like a baby again. So what if I'm twenty-one or even eight? It makes me feel all warm and fuzzy inside. It makes me feel loved and secure.* After a minute of my emotions battling each other, I look back up at the twins. "Yeah... I do really like it. I... I REALLY like it... A LOT." I squirm sheepishly again. "Okay, let's go have fun at the mall. It will be like the good ol' days... sort of." The two look at each other, then smile widely. They look back down at me as Jenn continues, "Great! Then it's settled. Let's head out. I want to get there as soon as we can. The Fashionable Feline is running a sale on halter tops. The last time I showed up late there was hardly anything left in my size."

Mom, who's been standing by the couch watching from afar has a smile on her face as well. She grabs my diaper bag and hands it to Jess. "Here you go, Jess. There should be plenty of diapers packed for Asher. I also put an extra outfit in here as well, just in case he has an accident. There are bottles in the cooler pouch for when he gets thirsty and a bib so he doesn't ruin his new precious outfit." Mom then ruffles my mane and kisses me on the forehead. She kneels next to me and looks me in the eyes sternly, but lovingly. She smiles and coos at me, "Be a good boy for Jess and Jen today, Peanut. This is your first time out with them since you regressed. I know everything seems exciting and wonderful again, but please try to behave. We all know how distracted you can get. They don't need you wandering off or getting lost. Okay?" Feeling very small from the way Mom just spoke to me, I blush and nod. "Okay Mommy, I promise I'll be a good boy for Jess and Jenn." Jenn then pipes up, "I have an idea, Asher. If you're a good little boy, Jess and I will take you to the toy store at the end of our trip and you can pick out anything you want!" Upon hearing this, my rambunctious kid side overtakes me. My ears perk up and my tail begins to wag wildly. As I uncontrollably shake my crinkly butt back and forth, I excitedly squeal out, "YAY! Toy store! Toy store! I wanna get a toy! I promise that I'll be a good boy! I promise!" The three women laugh at my adorableness.

As Jess grabs my paw, Mom hands Jenn a slip of paper. "Here you go, Jenn. Stop by the PawMart on your way to the mall. I ordered something for Asher that will make all of your lives much easier today. They should have it sitting at the customer service counter. Just show the receipt and they'll help you load it into your car." Jenn opens up the folded receipt and examines it. As she scans the paper, her eyes widen and she gets a sly grin on her face. Jenn then folds up the receipt, nods her head, and places it into her pocket. Thanks, Mrs. Nicole! This will help for sure." Mom chuckles, "I know my little boy can be a paw full sometimes. Now, you three go have fun. I'll see you after work." Jenn nods, then walks over to Jess and I. She grabs my free paw and lovingly smiles, "Alright Asher, let's get our big adventure underway. I happily smile and suck my pacifier as my two friends-turned-babysitters lead me outside to their car. As I toddle between them I can't help but contemplate... *Huh, I wonder what was on that that receipt Mom gave to Jenn? What did Mom buy for me?*

Once we reach the car, Jess opens the back door of the sedan. I see my carseat is already buckled up. Mom must have put it in here while the two twins were dressing me. Jess lifts me and places me into the carseat. She then lowers the front guard and straps me in. I blush as I enjoy the security of being buckled into the carseat. I begin to happily kick my feet paws and suck my paci as the two finish loading up. *Huh, Why do I feel like I am missing something?* As the thought enters my mind, I hear the sound of Mom wailing out. "Wait! Wait! Don't leave yet!" Panting, Mom runs up to the car. I quickly realize what or should I say who was missing as I see her hold up Raz. I begin to make grabby paws as I throw my little arms toward Mom. She smiles and hands me Raz through the open car window. Afterward, she briefly reminds Jess and Jenn to make sure Raz stays with me at all times. They nod as they remember what Mom told them about my bonded attachment to Raz and how straying apart could trigger another regression. Mom then waves to me, "Have fun, Peanut and remember to be a good boy. I shake my head as I wave my paw at Mom, "Bye Bye Mommy!" Jess then cranks up the car and moments later we are on our way.

As we make our way down the road to PawMart. Jenn pops a cassette into the car's old tape deck. Hey Asher, I brought something else for you." As the tape starts to play, childish music begins to blare through the speakers. *"THE WHEELS ON THE BUS GO ROUND AND ROUND... ROUND AND ROUND... ROUND AND ROUND... THE WHEELS ON THE BUS GO ROUND AND ROUND... ALL THROUGH THE TOWN!"* I squeal out with delight as the nostalgic music hits my ears. I don't know why, but like Dipsey's sing-along songs, the childish music is mesmerizing. Unable to control myself, I begin to happily bounce up and down in my carseat. My diaper crinkles loudly as I start to clap my paws together and kick my little velcro shoes in all directions babyishly. I chime in and begin to sing along just like a toddler would. Jess and Jenn look in the rearview mirror and smile as they watch their now eight-year-old friend sing along to the song babyishly. My captivated and entranced mind races. *I'm having so much fun! This has to be the coolest song ever! Who needs the top 40? This is platinum stuff here! Jess and Jenn are so pawesome! I can't wait to hang out at the mall today!*

