

# WITH LITTLE PAWS WE TODDLE AFAR

A Babyfur Regression Adventure

## CHAPTER 6

### *The Babysitters*

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It doesn't take long for the adults to unload everything from the cars. As I wonder what is in the shopping bags, Jess and Jenn tap me on the shoulder from behind. They startle me, causing my diaper to become just a bit more soaked. They smile and wave in a very baby-like fashion. "Bye Bye Asher! We had lots of fun babysitting you today. Your Mommy says we did a good job, even though we let you wreck the kitchen. It seems we'll now be your new babysitters." Excited, I clap my paws together and begin to jump up and down enthusiastically. My soaked diaper bounces and sways as I do. I can feel it sagging down to the point of almost falling off. I squeal, "Yay! We're going to have so much fun!" The two tiger twins giggle at my cuteness as Mom walks up behind them. She lifts me up out of my playpen and boops me on the nose, "That's right Peanut, my little boy now has two excellent babysitters to watch over him when Mommy goes back to work in a few weeks. Zach's going to watch you at least one day a week too!" I clap my paws with delight as I bounce up and down in Mom's arms. "Yay! Thanks Mommy! You're the bestest!" Mom smiles, then hands me to Jess and Jenn so they can give me goodbye hugs. I feel very infantile being passed around from one adult to the next... and I absolutely love the feeling. After hugging the two, they pass me back to Mom.



After the two leave, Mom lays me down on the living room floor and changes my diaper. I cuddle Raz and squirm around babyishly as she changes me. Once finished and taped up, she plops me back into the playpen. "Now stay here and be good while Mommy gets dinner ready. After that, you can get your big surprise!" I nod and begin to play with my toys again. Shortly after, I hear laughing and joking as Zach and Dad come back downstairs. It's funny how the two of them can go from squabbling to buddies all in a matter of minutes. I have noticed that lately, Zach and Dad's dynamic has changed. It reminds me of how Zach's relationship with me has evolved. They almost act as though they are father and son now. It's nice to see Zach finally get some father-like attention after all of these years. Sadly, he never really got that from his parents. After a few more laughs, Zach walks over to the playpen, kneels down, and ruffles my mane. "Ni Ni, Squirt. I had fun today. Sometime later this week I'll stop by so we can play on YOUR swing set again." I happily clap my paws together and ask "Can you fly me around the yard again too?" Zach laughs, "Sure thing Kiddo, anything you want." He then ruffles my mane once more. After Zach leaves, Dad reaches down with his burly arms and lifts me up out of my playpen. He gives me a huge loving hug. I bury my head into his soft mane and wrap my little arms around his neck, "Hi Daddy! Did you have a good day?" Dad chuckles. "I sure did Kiddo! We got some new leads at the lab that



may help with your regression. How about you Sport? I heard you had an exciting day with your babysitters." I nod as Dad carries me over to his chair and begins to bounce me on his knee. I giggle and begin to tell him all about my day. As I finish my story, Mom announces that it's time for dinner. Dad carries me into the kitchen and places me in my booster seat. Mom then ties my bib around my neck and hands me my sippy cup. I am surprised as I pop the spout into my mouth and begin to suck on it. I quickly pull it away and squeal out with delight, "YAY!!! Chocolate milk! Thanks Mommy!" Both Mom and Dad laugh as she replies, "I'm glad you like it Peanut. You can have all of the chocolate milk you want. Just please stay out of the snack cabinet for Mommy." I nod in agreement as I suck down the tasty chocolate milk. Mom then places my plate down in front of me. Apparently, she picked up burgers on her way home. My burger has been cut into bite-sized pieces for me. As usual, I'm a mess by the end of the meal.

Once finished, Mom cleans up and asks Dad to bathe me. He nods, picks me up, and carries me upstairs. After a bit of bubble bath playtime, Dad bathes me just as if I were a toddler. He then drains the tub and begins to laugh for some reason. Dad then holds up the towel between him and me. "Okay, Asher... SHAKE OFF!" I squeal out with delight and begin to laugh uncountably as I shake the water off of myself just like the night before my regression. Now that I'm dry,



Dad wraps the towel around me and lifts me up out of the shower. I give him a loving hug. "Thanks Dad! You're the bestest!" He laughs and replies, "No problem, Sport! Just don't tell your mother. I would never hear the end of it." With the towel now wrapped around me, Dad carries me into my bedroom for my surprise. When we reach the bedroom my jaw drops. Unable to contain myself, I squirm my way out of Dad's arms. I then throw my paws up in the air, and begin to run around the room screaming with delight. AHHHHH! It's a racecar bed! You and Mommy got me a racecar bed! I always wanted one! AHHHHH! I have the bestest parents in the whole wide world!" Dad laughs wildly as I enthusiastically bounce around the room now wearing nothing at all. Right now, I couldn't care less. As I continue my frenzy, Mom walks in and begins to laugh at my amusing antics as well. However, within moments she scoops me up and carries me over to my changing table. "Settle down Peanut. Let's get you into your diaper first. We all know what happens when you get excited. Mommy doesn't feel like cleaning up puddles tonight. She then pops my pacifier into my mouth to settle me down and begins to diaper me. It doesn't take long for her to finish. When she does, she instructs me to close my eyes. I obediently do as she asks. With my eyes now closed, I can feel her sliding a pair of thin soft pants up my legs and over my thick crinkly diaper. She then tells me, "Pawsies up!" I put my paws into the air as she slides a shirt onto me. Once finished, she tells me, "Okay



Asher, open your eyes." When I open my eyes, I am just as stunned by my second surprise as my first! Somehow, Mom has managed to find me another pair of DinoCats pajamas just like the ones I had as a kid. They're identical to the ones I was wearing the night of my birthday. However, these are the correct size for an eight-year-old and have not been stretched out from years of me trying to wear them past the age I should have been. I happily squeal with joy as I thank them both before hopping off of the changing table. Excited, I sprint towards my new bed waddling and crinkling the whole way. Both of my parents laugh as I climb up onto the bed and begin exuberantly jumping up and down on the crinkly vinyl-covered mattress. "A racecar bed AND a new pair of DinoCats jammies!?! Thank you Mommy! Thank you Daddy! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! I have the most pawesome parents in the whole wide world!







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