

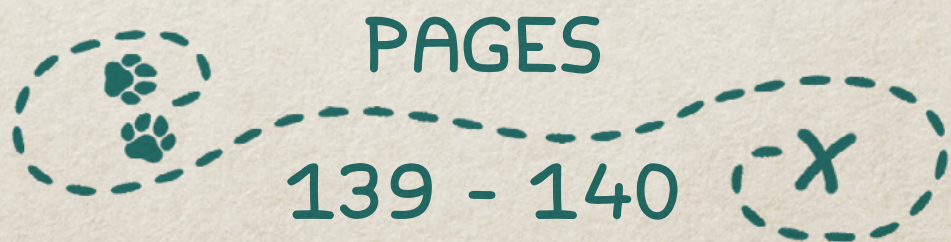
WITH LITTLE PAWS WE TODDLE AFAR

A Babyfur Regression Adventure

CHAPTER 7

A Pack of Mall Rats

PAGES
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My curiosity gets the best of me as I look at Jess wringing her paws together as if she's a supervillain. *Oh man, what's she plotting? I have a bad feeling about this.* With a look of mischief on her face, she kneels next to my stroller, and whispers to me, "Hey Asher, do your ol' pals Jess and Jenn a favor. You now have the superpower of cuteness that you can exploit. Do some cute stuff and talk about how you need your diaper changed. There's a good chance to these bozos in front of us will let us cut the line if they know we need to change you soon." I blush at the thought of announcing to others that I'm still wearing a diaper at my current age, so I hesitate to answer Jess's question. The look on her face turns to a begging expression. "Oh come on, Asher! I know you want to get out of this line too so we can go to the fun stores. I'll buy you a scoop of ice cream later. Please... Pretty please..." I roll my eyes at Jess as she grovels. Finally, I reply, "Fine! I'll get us ahead in the line, but I want TWO scoops of ice cream and I want it in a cone... with extra chocolate. Oh, and I still want my cookie that was promised too!" Jess smiles and agrees, "Okay, you drive a hard bargain, Kiddo. You have yourself a deal." Not quite trusting her to follow through I insist on something to seal the deal. "Pinky promise Jess! You have to pinky promise!" Jess puts her large tiger pinky around my tiny one and smiles, "Okay Asher. I pinky promise. Now get to work Squirt!"

Smiling and pleased with my exceptional bargaining skills, I happily kick my feet paws, clap my paws together, and begin to bounce up and down in my stroller. The noise and commotion catches attention of the group of young women in front of us. The first girl squeals out, "What an adorable little boy!" Her friends turn and the group of them surround my stroller. They all begin to comment on how cute I am and how adorable my outfit is. One bends down and asks me, "Aren't you a little old for that paci, Kiddo?" Blushing, I smile from behind the shield of the pacifier and decide to use the same tactic as earlier. I blurt out, "I went pee pee in my diaper!" The girl is caught off guard by my reply as the others giggle like crazy. Like the lady earlier, she smiles then looks up at the tiger twins, "Well you two should get Mr. Tinkle Pants a change soon. Go ahead of us in line. We don't mind," Jess looks down at me and grins. Jenn on the other paw finally realizes the scheme Jess and I have come up with. She rolls her eyes, and thanks the group of women for letting us pass them.

For the next twenty minutes or so, I continue my charade as we move up through the line. Each time I come up with a more creative way to get us past the next group of women. With one group I whine and tell the twins, "I'm hungry." The group lets us pass after saying, "Growing boys need their Num Nums." The next group ends up being a lot tougher to sell. I try several different methods, but they won't budge. In the end, I have to resort to more drastic measures. Instead of being cutesy, I pull out my bratty card. I start to pound my fists on the front guard of the stroller as I kick my paws back and forth. I then begin to throw a fake tantrum as I scream out, "I want my toy now! Give me my toy! I don't want to go to this store! I want my toy! I want it now!" I whine and scream as my face turns red. The whole act is quite funny since I manage to embarrass both Jenn AND Jess. Eventually, one of the women insists that we skip ahead of her and her friends as she comments, "Whatever gets that pants-wetting brat out of here sooner!" Jess and Jenn thank her as Jess pops my pacifier back into my mouth to shut me up. I begin to quietly suck on the paci with pride as I impress even myself with my acting skills. The next group following the mean one comments on how adorable my outfit is. Playing along, Jess lifts me out of the stroller and lets me waddle around in circles in front of the women as if I'm a little model for a children's clothing catalog. They all go crazy as I spin around and strike a pose. One squeals out, "He is so precious!" Another says, "He's a natural! Someday you're gonna be a superstar!" Jess makes sure to finish up my runway performance by checking my diaper in front of everyone. Feeling very babyish, yet loving every bit of it, I blush as Jess comments, "My oh my! Aren't you the little sog monster! We better get you changed soon before you leak on your adorable little outfit everyone loves." Of course, the group of women insist that we cut in front of them upon hearing Jess's words. After much work, we eventually make it to the front of the line. The final group of women react much like the last one. As I clap my paws and bounce around in my stroller, they comment on everything from my outfit to me being such a big baby. One bends down to eye level and as the first did earlier asks, "What's your name little guy? How old are you?" I don't know why, but my innocent side takes over

and I decide to answer honestly. I smile from behind my pacifier and announce babyishly, "My name's Asher! I'm twenty-one years old!" Jess and Jenn look at each other with grimace as the lady gives me a puzzled look. Then, only a moment after my truthful outburst, I hear a familiar voice. "Hey guys! How's it going? I thought that was you making all of that ruckus at the back of the line. Oh, I see you brought Asher's little cousin with you too!" My stomach sinks as I see a goofy golden Labrador waving at us from the front of the line. **OH NO! IT'S DANIEL!**

Seeing that he's our friend, the group of women let us pass to join him at the front of the line. I can feel myself getting clammy. *Oh man, I knew something like this would happen. I told Jess and Jenn that we might run into someone we knew. Geeze, look at me! It's bad enough Daniel saw me in just my diaper when he delivered the pizza to our house. Now he's going to see me riding in a stroller dressed like a toddler! This is so embarrassing! Oh no, I just said my name and age to that lady! Did he hear me?* I begin to shift around in the stroller while trying to hide the obviousness of my bulky diaper under my outfit. I then see the baby bottle lying in the seat beside me. I try to shove it behind me to hide it as well. As we stroll up next to Daniel, I can tell that the twins are very uneasy with the situation. Daniel bends down in front of me as I awkwardly suck my pacifier. He smiles, "Hey there Champ! It's been a while." I begin to get butterflies in my stomach not only because I am embarrassed, but also because it's Daniel. I'm at a loss for words, so I simply lift my paw and point at him. Garbled by the drool-soaked pacifier I babyishly reply "Daniel! Hi Daniel!" He smiles, ruffles my mane, and replies, "What a smart little boy! That's right, my name is Daniel. You remembered it!" He then stands again and begins to converse with the two rattled tiger twins. Thoughts begin to wander. *Oh Daniel, I really hope you don't realize who I actually am. You'll never want to see me again. This is so humiliating! The butterflies become more intense and begin to feel more like cramps as I continue to contemplate the situation. Stupid butterflies! Wait... those aren't butterflies in my stomach. Oh no! Not now! Please stomach, don't do this now!...*

