

WITH LITTLE PAWS WE TODDLE AFAR

A Babyfur Regression Adventure

CHAPTER 6 *The Babysitters*

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Mom ponders for a moment. "Well, I do have some errands to run and Asher is almost out of diapers. I know, why don't you three hang out here at the house with Asher for the rest of the day? Zach is already familiar with Asher's routine, he usually takes a second nap around four o'clock, and he has already been fed, so he should be easy to handle. It will be a good trial run for you girls to get your paws wet. Asher is good boy, but he can sometimes be a handful." They all look over at me sitting in my booster seat as I play with my food and squirm around in my stinky diaper. Normally I would protest that I am a big cub and can take care of myself. However, I am not paying attention to their conversation at the moment since I am far too busy playing with my dino shaped nuggets as if they were toys and smearing honey mustard dipping sauce all over the table. Jess rolls her eyes and in her usual sarcastic tone says, "Yeah, I can see where he may be a handful." They all laugh.

As Jess watches me eat, she gets a puzzled expression on her face. "So, Mrs. Nicole, why is Asher acting so, well, little? I mean, both you and Zach said that Mr. Arthur believes he is around the age of seven or eight. Why is he acting as though he is a toddler and why has he lost his potty-training skills? Most kids that age have been out of diapers for years and act far more mature. Is it some kind of side effect?" Mom shakes her head and chuckles. "No, it's not a side effect at all. Do you remember us talking about Asher being a late bloomer at his birthday party? Asher did not potty train until he was about this age. He also still had very babyish tendencies like demanding to keep a pacifier and only drinking out of a baby bottle. It used to drive me crazy. I tried so hard to push him to be a big boy, but he fought me the whole way. I am sure Zach remembers all too well."

Zach nods his head as he begins to reminisce. "Yeah, Asher just wouldn't let go of being little. I was really surprised the first time I met him. We were both six years old. My parents and I had just moved here from across the country and I had no friends. One day I walked outside and saw Asher sitting on that old picnic table on the property line between our two houses. Believe it or not, both of our personalities were much different back then. I was actually the shy one and Asher was the loud mouth who was always full of energy. It was summer time and he was sitting there eating an orange push-up ice cream while kicking his feet paws back and forth. I walked up to him and very shyly introduced myself. Asher introduced himself as well, but then went off on this long tangent about his favorite DinoCat member and how pawesome the show was. I was so shy that I just listened to him ramble for minutes on end. He would not shut up! As he went on and on... AND ON, I noticed a sound. As he kicked his paws, I could hear crinkling coming from his shorts. That's when I saw the waistband of a baby diaper sticking out from the back of his shorts. I asked him, 'Dude, are you wearing a diaper?' I was really surprised with Asher's response when he said, 'Yeah I wear diapers, so what? They are comfy and I don't have to take stupid potty breaks!' I was astounded that a kid our age could be so casual about wearing diapers. I was at a loss for words and Asher new it, so he smiled and asked me, 'You like Orange Push-ups?' He handed me his slobber covered ice cream and like any little kid with no idea about hygiene, I took it from him and finished it off. After that day we were inseparable. Eventually we started having sleep overs. That's when I found out Asher still insisted on things like baby bottles of milk and keeping his pacifier close by. At first, I was surprised when I would come over here to spend the night. Mrs. Nicole was constantly checking his diaper or changing him. He would run around with his pacifier in his mouth and always had a bottle of juice or milk nearby. Mrs. Nicole was at least nice enough to let me use the sippy cups that Asher refused to drink from, even if I was already drinking from regular cups at home. After a while though, I just got used to the fact that my little buddy was not going to give into growing up anytime soon. I never teased him about it, and acted as though it was normal. Of course, that dynamic did not last forever. Later that fall we both started Kindergarten and everything changed. The other kids treated Asher terribly and constantly picked on him for still being in diapers. The teachers would not let him have his pacifier in class and always announced to everyone when he needed to get his diaper changed. It was then that Asher became more introverted and quieter. He would sometimes just curl up and cry in the corner of the classroom or on the playground. I could not sit by and watch my best friend be screwed with like that, so that's when I decided it was my time to step up to the plate and defend him. After that, I actually became more confident and anyone who picked on Asher had

to answer to me. I may have been sent to the principal's office a few times and bloodied the noses of a few punks, but it was worth it. By the time we made it to second grade Asher finally gave in and began to potty train, though his reputation of being 'the kid still in diapers' followed him all the way through middle school. So yeah, that is why Asher is not potty trained now. There is one odd thing that has me puzzled though. Asher was never quite this babyish. He had his little kid things, but in general he acted like any other kid our age. The only conclusion that I can come to is that this is what Asher wanted all along and was denied by being forced to grow up. With nobody around to really tease him or force him to act big, he is really just being his true self."

As Zach finishes his story, Jenn begins to coo. "Awwww that's so sweet Zach. You were like a big brother to Asher even when you both were young." Zach blushes, "Yeah I suppose so. Maybe that's why I feel the need to be here for him. I guess I am kind of like a big brother figure." Zach looks back over at me. By now I am a complete mess and covered in food. I look up as I drink from my sippy cup and see them all staring at me. I become a bit embarrassed and ask, "What's wrong? Why are you all staring at me?" They all begin to laugh. Feeling extra brotherly, Zach stands up, walks over, and begins to wipe my face off with my bib. I feel so awkward that my best friend is treating me like this, but what he does next really makes me feel small. He puts his paws under my armpits, lifts me up out of my booster seat and sets me on his hip. As he holds me, I can feel my diaper squish between my bottom and his paw. He looks at me and says, "Well Squirt, I think it's about time I learn how to finally change a diaper. It seems like a basic thing a 'big brother' should know." In that moment I feel Zach's love for me and I decide to return it. I wrap my paws around his neck, squeeze tightly and say, "I like big brother Zach even more than best friend Zach!" Zach replies, "Oh is that so? How much more?" I reach my arms out as far as I can and giggle. "This much more!" All four of them laugh at my cuteness. Zach looks over at Jenn and Jess. "So, you two want to come with us and show me how to do this correctly? Asher might end up with a diaper on his head if I try to figure it out on my own." Both Jenn and Jess laugh and nod in agreement. As my friends take me upstairs for my change, I see Mom sitting at the table with a huge smile on her face. I can tell she knows that I have the best friends in the world that a little lion cub could ask for.

