


THE DANCE FOR FREEDOM





Logan had made a mistake, but he'd expected this feeling. He'd sort of planned for it. That was part of the fun for this week; regretting being a baby and having no way out of it. He'd made a mistake and it was kind of *hot*.

The snow leopard was sitting in his playpen, barricaded between the living room walls and wooden bars he could easily vault over or push through if he wanted to. But that wasn't the point.

The playpen was filled with "all of the toys he could need", which is to say, enough entertainment for an hour if he was lucky. His plushies were here, with some toddler building blocks and stackable rings. He'd already built everything he could imagine from the limited blocks options, and stacking rings, well... he was a grown adult and no amount of dumbing down would make them fun.

It was day four of his "baby week", and Logan was craving something adult, *anything* adult, but he was trapped in the strict scenario of his own making.


For too long, Logan had felt like he needed a break. With a week off work approaching, he embarrassingly raised the idea of this "baby week" with his Daddy. Logan's husband, his Daddy and rule setter, was more than happy to accommodate the zealous, horny ideas that were spilling from the leopard's mouth.

Logan wanted to challenge himself, and with feeling so mentally drained from months of his job, it seemed like the perfect opportunity to dump himself into long term infancy. His main stipulation was that he couldn't back out of things. Boredom was expected at some point, but Logan wanted that authentic toddler life, or more importantly, the toddler experience as an adult. Luckily, or unluckily, for Logan, Daddy was more than happy to accommodate this.

Together they threw around ideas and routines, loosely scheduling how things would work while Daddy worked in his home office.

The first day was the dream. He woke up beside his Daddy, and was instructed to stay in bed while the tiger got ready for work. He drank from his bottle and waited for his diaper to be checked.

They had breakfast together, with Daddy leaving Logan to eat his own mushy cereal with a small plastic spoon. He was left in the playpen to watch some cartoons while Daddy was in his office, and then had his diaper finally changed later that morning, alongside having a cute onesie picked out for the day.



Logan coloured, and played with his toys. Daddy kept a close eye when he could, but by lunch time Logan had sort of done something of everything. Sure, there were more pages to colour in and different things to build, but the novelty of baby entertainment was already showing warning signs.

He didn't really dwell on it as Daddy brought him to the high chair for lunch, where three warmed jars of baby food were waiting. Logan squirmed, and for the first time felt like his horny ideas were starting to bite him. He never enjoyed baby food, yet he'd engineered more of it to eat this week than he ever had in his adult life.


He knew this week he would either suffer or learn to love it, and that was part of the masochistic challenge for him. It was what babies ate after all. Daddy dragged out the experience of feeding him all of it, but Logan bravely stomached the goop from every spoon with minimal fuss (and more than a few squished facial expressions). He was rewarded with freedom from the chair, and a bottle of milk, but ushered upstairs towards the nursery for a nap.

The playpen and the crib became easy solutions for Daddy while he worked, and Logan found himself confined to one for most of every day. He was able to sleep relatively easily the first day as he shook the cobwebs of work away, but it got tougher with each subsequent afternoon.

His post-nap afternoons were the same as his mornings. Daddy allowed more TV, and built a solid routine of putting on Barnaby's Best Friends and leaving Logan to "enjoy" the dorky singing, dancing, and life lessons from the mascot bear. The tiger encouraged his little guy to interact with the babyish characters on screen, or to wiggle his diaper and enjoy the upbeat songs. Logan was too mortified at first, but it helped hammer home his place right now. He'd be bashful to admit it, but once Daddy left the living room, he found himself enjoying the baby shows a little more, especially with little alternative to pass the time.

Dinner followed, once Daddy was done working. Despite all of the ideas and rules they'd thrown around in preparation, on the first day Logan was still fooled by the smell of Daddy cooking in the kitchen. He waited patiently and eagerly in the playpen for food, hoping that two meals of mush were more than enough for the day, but of course, Logan was wrong. The rules had been set too strictly, just as he'd asked.

Logan was led back to the highchair where several warmed jars had been tipped into a baby bowl. An entire dinner's worth of baby food, just for him to



eat, while Daddy set his own delicious looking plate on the table for himself. He spooned the mush into his own muzzle, unable to take his eyes off of Daddy slicing his steak and taking his time savouring every bite.

At the very least, Daddy was now free of work, and Logan wouldn't be left alone for the rest of the night. He pictured cuddling up to him, watching something on TV together and exploiting a loophole in his babyish ruleset by being adjacent to some adult entertainment.

But Daddy ushered him into the playpen again, leaving Logan surprised. Daddy announced he was going to play video games for a while, and left Logan to entertain himself so close, yet so far, from the big boy activity on the TV in the room.

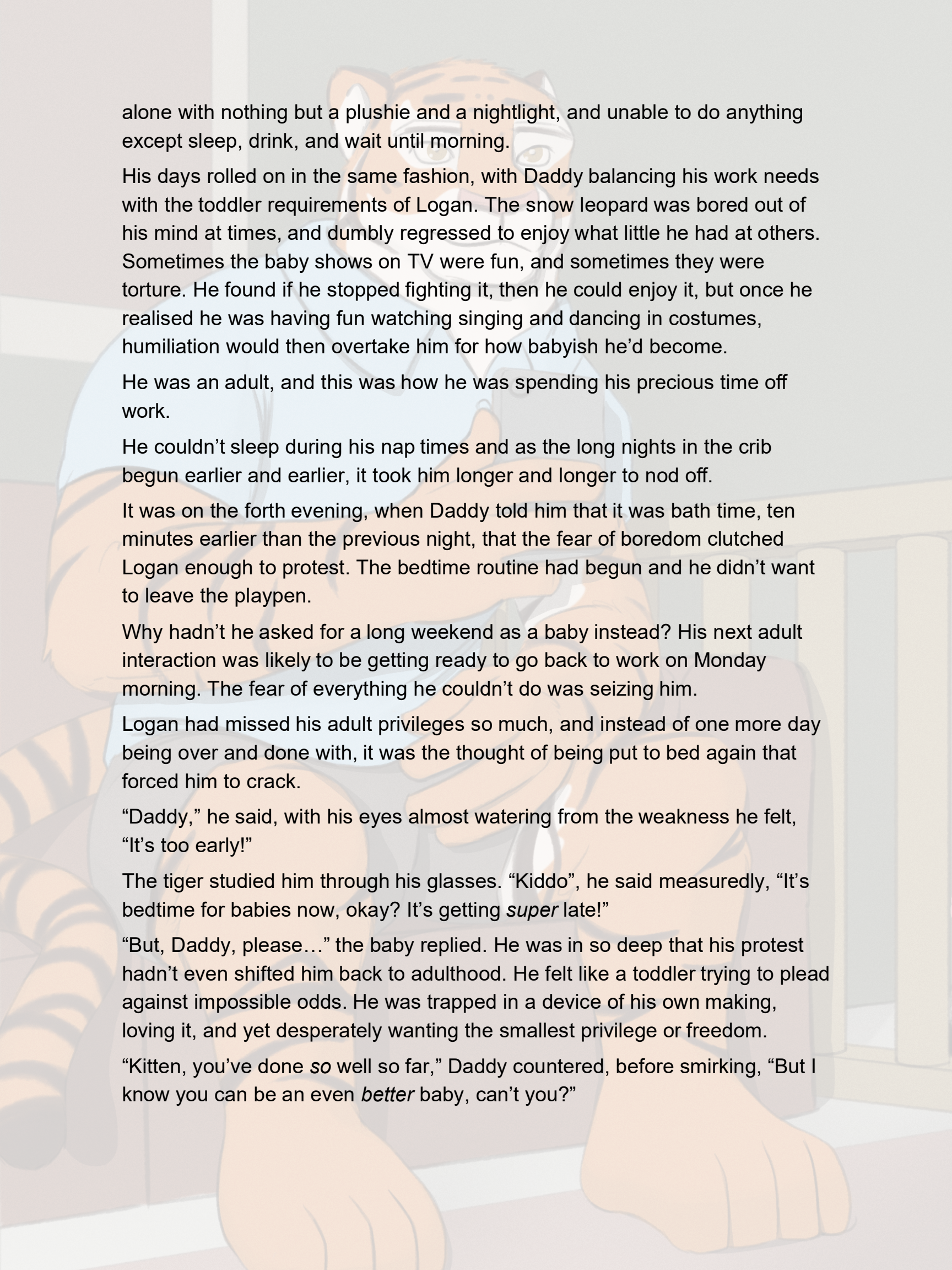
He'd been a good sport for his whole baby day, but for the first time, Logan whimpered. He hadn't touched his phone since the previous night, or had any kind of meaningful interaction with anything grown up. It was easier to deal with when Daddy was hidden away in his office, but now, now that he was right there? Logan felt the first real pang of what he'd sacrificed.

Daddy sensed this, and offered the baby something new for the day. He passed his tablet over the bars of the playpen kindly. Logan's heart raced excitedly, but the screen was lit up with some dumb, colourful educational app.

Daddy told him to have fun playing, and he blushed. His finger poked at the screen, and listened sheepishly to the cartoonish voices and sounds that played as he swiped items around with the bare minimum of thought or effort required. Daddy was mostly engrossed in his own game, so Logan quietly tried to move to another app, only to find the device was restricted to what was on screen, unless a pin code could be confirmed. He was trapped with it, and despite the boredom and the challenge of his day, he loved that the tablet was restricting him too.

There was no escape for Logan, and it hadn't been twenty four hours yet. He didn't know how he was going to survive the rest of the week if it continued like this, but it was what he'd wanted, and what he'd so strongly asked for.

His first baby day came to a close as early as he expected, but earlier than he wanted. At 8pm, with a diaper in need of changing, he was given a bath and sent back to the crib with fresh padding and pyjamas. Daddy read him a short story, and the bars were shut and lights were out before 9pm. Logan was



alone with nothing but a plushie and a nightlight, and unable to do anything except sleep, drink, and wait until morning.

His days rolled on in the same fashion, with Daddy balancing his work needs with the toddler requirements of Logan. The snow leopard was bored out of his mind at times, and dumbly regressed to enjoy what little he had at others. Sometimes the baby shows on TV were fun, and sometimes they were torture. He found if he stopped fighting it, then he could enjoy it, but once he realised he was having fun watching singing and dancing in costumes, humiliation would then overtake him for how babyish he'd become.

He was an adult, and this was how he was spending his precious time off work.

He couldn't sleep during his nap times and as the long nights in the crib begun earlier and earlier, it took him longer and longer to nod off.

It was on the forth evening, when Daddy told him that it was bath time, ten minutes earlier than the previous night, that the fear of boredom clutched Logan enough to protest. The bedtime routine had begun and he didn't want to leave the playpen.

Why hadn't he asked for a long weekend as a baby instead? His next adult interaction was likely to be getting ready to go back to work on Monday morning. The fear of everything he couldn't do was seizing him.

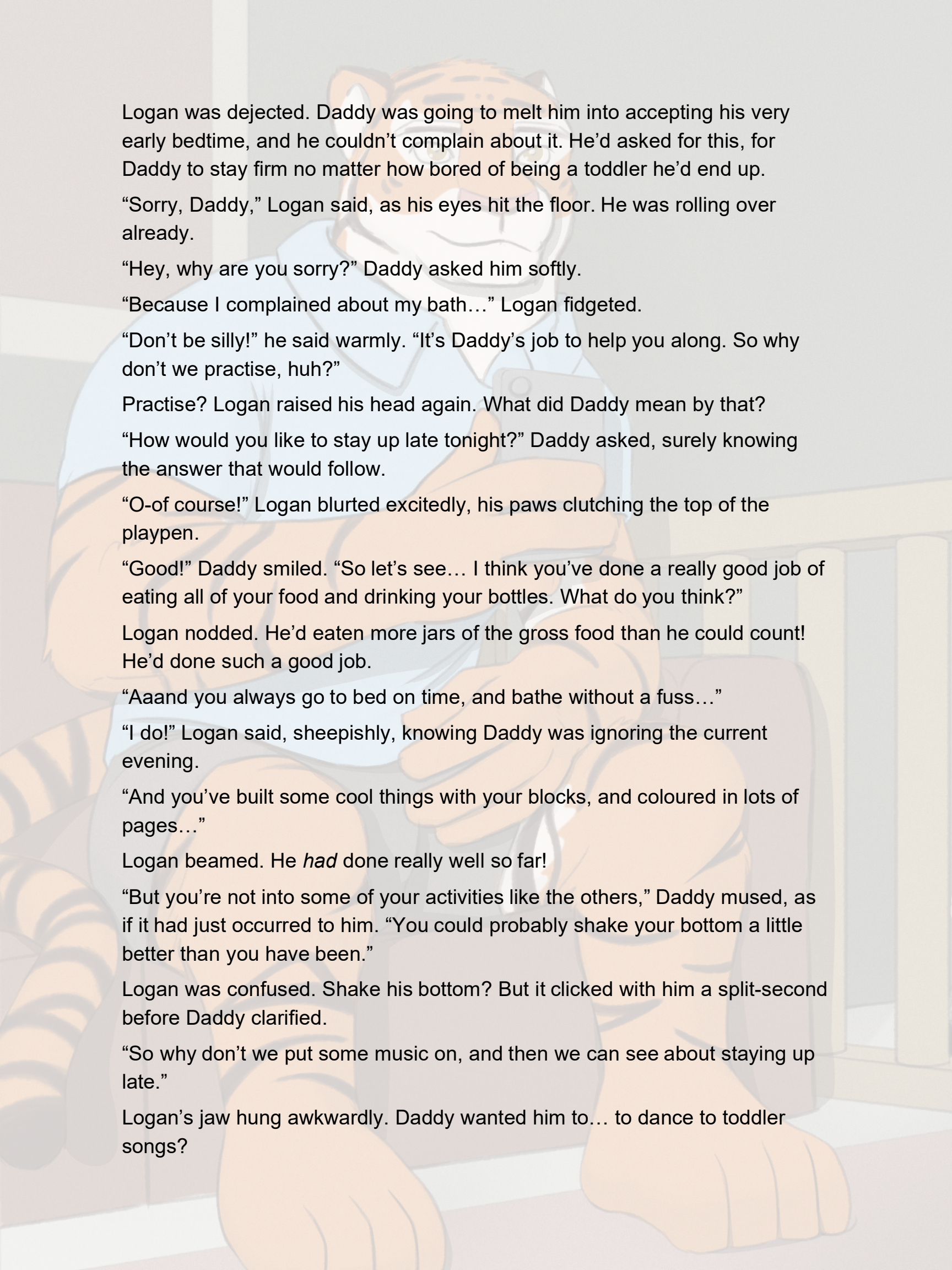
Logan had missed his adult privileges so much, and instead of one more day being over and done with, it was the thought of being put to bed again that forced him to crack.

"Daddy," he said, with his eyes almost watering from the weakness he felt, "It's too early!"

The tiger studied him through his glasses. "Kiddo", he said measuredly, "It's bedtime for babies now, okay? It's getting *super* late!"

"But, Daddy, please..." the baby replied. He was in so deep that his protest hadn't even shifted him back to adulthood. He felt like a toddler trying to plead against impossible odds. He was trapped in a device of his own making, loving it, and yet desperately wanting the smallest privilege or freedom.

"Kitten, you've done so well so far," Daddy countered, before smirking, "But I know you can be an even *better* baby, can't you?"



Logan was dejected. Daddy was going to melt him into accepting his very early bedtime, and he couldn't complain about it. He'd asked for this, for Daddy to stay firm no matter how bored of being a toddler he'd end up.

"Sorry, Daddy," Logan said, as his eyes hit the floor. He was rolling over already.

"Hey, why are you sorry?" Daddy asked him softly.

"Because I complained about my bath..." Logan fidgeted.

"Don't be silly!" he said warmly. "It's Daddy's job to help you along. So why don't we practise, huh?"

Practise? Logan raised his head again. What did Daddy mean by that?

"How would you like to stay up late tonight?" Daddy asked, surely knowing the answer that would follow.

"O-of course!" Logan blurted excitedly, his paws clutching the top of the playpen.

"Good!" Daddy smiled. "So let's see... I think you've done a really good job of eating all of your food and drinking your bottles. What do you think?"

Logan nodded. He'd eaten more jars of the gross food than he could count! He'd done such a good job.

"Aaand you always go to bed on time, and bathe without a fuss..."

"I do!" Logan said, sheepishly, knowing Daddy was ignoring the current evening.

"And you've built some cool things with your blocks, and coloured in lots of pages..."


Logan beamed. He *had* done really well so far!

"But you're not into some of your activities like the others," Daddy mused, as if it had just occurred to him. "You could probably shake your bottom a little better than you have been."

Logan was confused. Shake his bottom? But it clicked with him a split-second before Daddy clarified.

"So why don't we put some music on, and then we can see about staying up late."

Logan's jaw hung awkwardly. Daddy wanted him to... to dance to toddler songs?



“Oh come on,” he chuckled, “I’ve seen you wiggle around to Barnaby this week! Don’t act like this is so shocking. You *love* Barnaby don’t you?”

Sure, he’d probably wiggled around a bit now and then, but some of the songs were catchy enough when there was nothing else going on! He didn’t love Barnaby or the show at all, but being *told* it made him fluster.

Logan didn’t think he could stomach the embarrassment he’d feel doing this in front of Daddy. But he loved Daddy, and he trusted Daddy. The snow leopard nodded his head without thinking for too long.

“Good kitten!” Daddy cheered, as the television clicked to life. The familiar drums of Barnaby’s theme music kicked off the background. “You show me how much you love dancing to just *one* song, and I’ll let you stay up late. Does that sound good?”

“Yes Daddy,” Logan whimpered, already feeling his cheeks blush.

The baby turned around and faced the television as Daddy fast-forwarded through the episode until he saw a sight familiar to him. “Ah, it was this one wasn’t it?”

Logan cringed. It was a happy song, one of the few pointedly about dancing along. Daddy had probably caught his tail swaying to it this week, pacifier stuck in his mouth.

“On your feet, kiddo!” he said enthusiastically, waiting to un-pause the beginning of the song. “Be the best baby for me!”

Logan gulped, clambering to his feet. In nothing but his diaper he felt incredibly stupid and infantile waiting for it to begin, and it began in earnest.

Barnaby, the big bear mascot, began to “sing” and shuffle along, with his colourfully dressed co-stars performing a proper routine. The thought of Daddy thinking he *enjoyed* this was killing him.

Mortified, Logan squatted slightly. How was he supposed to do this? His diaper stuck out, and he started to sway. He gave his arms a little wiggle. How ridiculous must he have looked, and how ridiculous he *felt*.

“You can do it, buddy, just have fun!”

Logan felt himself die a little inside, but he needed to keep Daddy happy unless he wanted to go lie down in the crib... He tried harder, shaking his butt with more enthusiasm, letting his arms and his legs loosen up alongside.

“Listen to the lyrics, kitten,” Daddy said, as if trying to be helpful.



Shake your fluffy tail! AIII over the place!”

Logan whined, and waved his tail around. He tried to pay attention and watch how they were dancing on screen. That seemed like a good idea, but he felt like he was a second behind while mimicking it, and only hoped that would add to the cute factor for Daddy.

Do the big bear dance!”

Over the sound of the song, he could hear Daddy *laughing* to himself. Logan wanted to bury his muzzle in his paws, but he kept them swaying instead. At least Daddy couldn't see his red face.

“Can you sing too, buddy?” Daddy asked, with an edge to it.

Logan desperately wanted to whine, but he was more desperate to stay up late, which surprised him. He didn't know the words to the song, but he could at least mumble along, slightly behind. He sort of knew how it went, musically at least.

“Come on, buddy, you can do even better!”

Logan almost cried out. How much did Daddy want? He shook his diaper harder, and sang a little louder (of the words he knew anyway). He hoped it was authentically babyish enough to be a success.

The one benefit of toddler songs was that they were short. Logan wasn't sure if two minutes had played out, as the experience was excruciating, but it came to an end sooner than he expected.

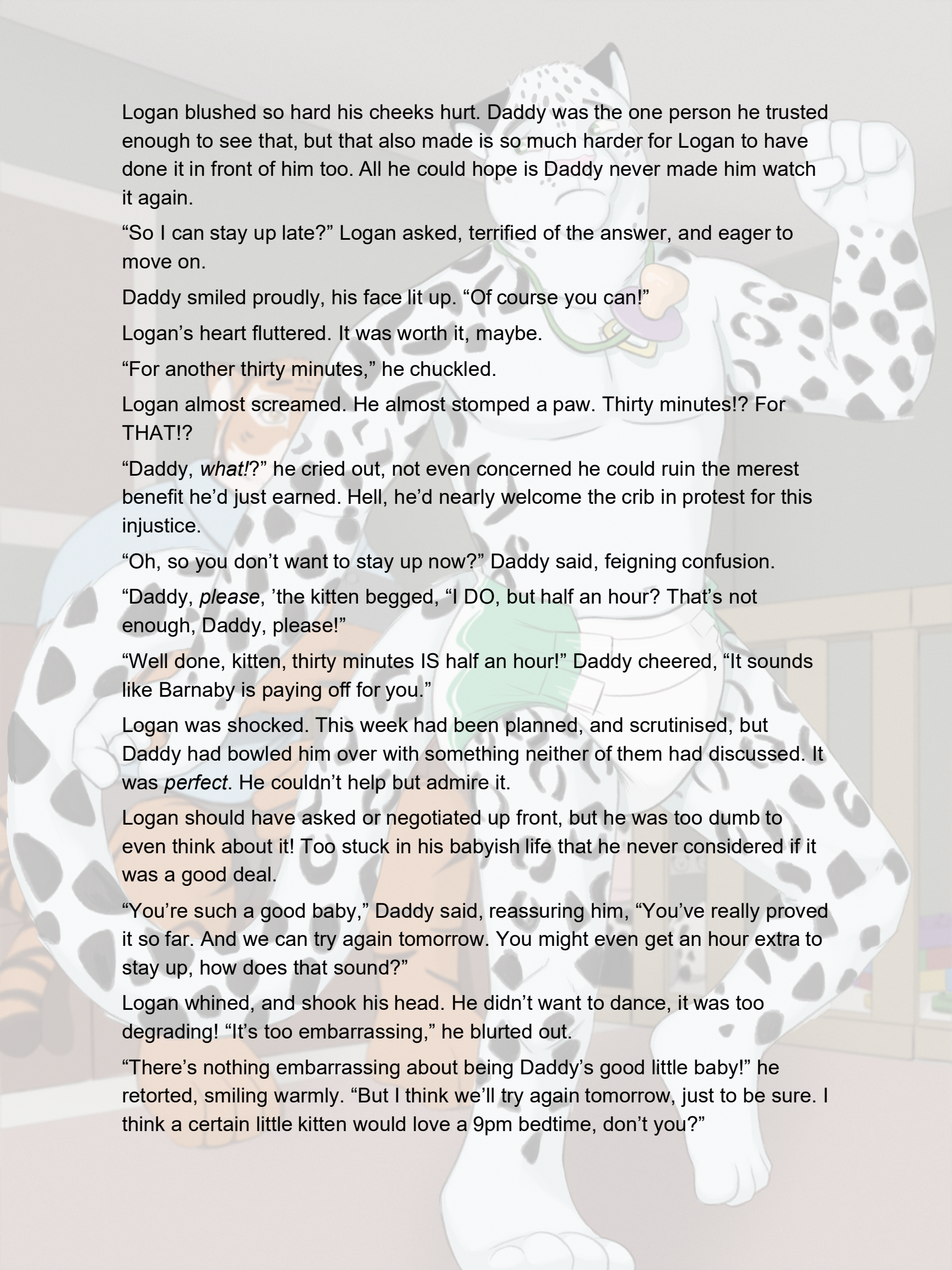
His dancing stopped, as he clasped his paws together, humiliated beyond what he could even rationalise. Nothing else this week, not the baby food or the early bedtimes, had hit him quite like that. Logan wasn't sure if it was even worth it, but it was done.

Bashfully, he turned to face Daddy, hoping to be met with approval. He *had* to be happy with that surely!

But Daddy was quietly lowering his phone. For a second Logan wondered if he'd even been watching the performance, but he'd given enough commands to suggest he'd been involved. And then it fell into place. Daddy had watched, and so had his phone.

Logan was stunned. “Daddy, did you..?”

The tiger laughed, heartily, before nodding. “I wouldn't pass up forgetting this! Such a precious memory of my little kitten!”



Logan blushed so hard his cheeks hurt. Daddy was the one person he trusted enough to see that, but that also made it so much harder for Logan to have done it in front of him too. All he could hope is Daddy never made him watch it again.

“So I can stay up late?” Logan asked, terrified of the answer, and eager to move on.

Daddy smiled proudly, his face lit up. “Of course you can!”

Logan’s heart fluttered. It was worth it, maybe.

“For another thirty minutes,” he chuckled.

Logan almost screamed. He almost stomped a paw. Thirty minutes!? For THAT!?

“Daddy, *what!?*” he cried out, not even concerned he could ruin the merest benefit he’d just earned. Hell, he’d nearly welcome the crib in protest for this injustice.

“Oh, so you don’t want to stay up now?” Daddy said, feigning confusion.

“Daddy, *please*,” the kitten begged, “I DO, but half an hour? That’s not enough, Daddy, please!”

“Well done, kitten, thirty minutes IS half an hour!” Daddy cheered, “It sounds like Barnaby is paying off for you.”

Logan was shocked. This week had been planned, and scrutinised, but Daddy had bowled him over with something neither of them had discussed. It was *perfect*. He couldn’t help but admire it.

Logan should have asked or negotiated up front, but he was too dumb to even think about it! Too stuck in his babyish life that he never considered if it was a good deal.

“You’re such a good baby,” Daddy said, reassuring him, “You’ve really proved it so far. And we can try again tomorrow. You might even get an hour extra to stay up, how does that sound?”

Logan whined, and shook his head. He didn’t want to dance, it was too degrading! “It’s too embarrassing,” he blurted out.

“There’s nothing embarrassing about being Daddy’s good little baby!” he retorted, smiling warmly. “But I think we’ll try again tomorrow, just to be sure. I think a certain little kitten would love a 9pm bedtime, don’t you?”

Logan's face was flushed. He'd already shaken his diaper once. Maybe the next time wouldn't be just as bad. He was going to get humiliated either way, so why not try to be rewarded for it?

The snow leopard nodded quietly, his eyes wide.

"There's my good kitten!"





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