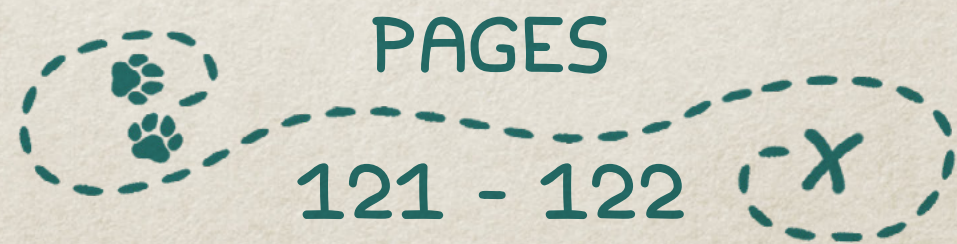


WITH LITTLE PAWS WE TODDLE AFAR

A Babyfur Regression Adventure

CHAPTER 6 *The Babysitters*

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Trying to be cute and soften the blow, I repeat my little fib again. I look at the floor, "It was the chocolate gnomes! Raz saw them! All three of my friends turned babysitters shake their heads as they continue to tower over me. Each one makes sure to voice their disappointment in me. Jess looks sternly at me, "You have been a bad, bad little boy Asher!" With a sad face, Jenn then adds to her sister's words, "Asher how could you? This isn't how good little cubs are supposed to act!" Zach pipes up last with a look of disappointment. "Sorry Buddy, they're right. You really made a mess of things." As I hear their words and see the looks on their faces, my babyish emotions swallow me up like the sea. I feel my bottom lip begin to quiver, my cheeks start to burn and my eyes begin to water. Within moments, I am crying uncontrollably. Acting and sounding just like a cranky toddler, I scream and cry as I kick my little feet paws around on the ground. Between the sobs and sniffles, I wail out, "I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I've been a bad boy! I won't do it again! I promise! I'm sorry!"

Jess puts her face in her palm, shakes her head, and sighs. "Oh man, Mrs. Nicole is going to be so angry at us. I thought babysitting Asher would be a breeze. I didn't expect him to be such a troublemaker as a kid." Jess then kneels down and hugs me as tears, snot, and drool continue streaming down my chocolate-covered face. She pops my pacifier into my mouth in an attempt to calm and soothe me. Squeezing me tightly, she coos, "It's okay Asher. We're not mad, just disappointed. It's our fault for not watching you closely. We forgot that you are not a big boy anymore. You are just a little cub again and can't be left alone." Still sniffling I reply from behind my muffled pacifier, "But... But... But I am a big boy cub!" Jess shakes her head, "No, you're a little boy Asher. You just proved that. Now, let's get you and this mess cleaned up." Jess then puts her paws under my armpits, stands me up, and grabs my chocolate-covered paw. She then leads me over to Jenn and places my paw into hers. Jess looks at her sister, "You take little Asher upstairs and change him into a fresh diaper. I will stay here and clean up this disaster since I am the one who was supposed to be on watch." She then turns to Zach, "Hey Zach, do you remember 'that thing' Mrs. Nicole mentioned to us before she left out? She said we should use it since Asher can be a handful sometimes." Zach gives an affirming nod as she continues. "She said Mr. Arthur dug it out of storage and left it in the garage in case we needed it. Can you please grab it and set it up for Asher?" Zach nods, "Yep no worries, I can handle that." I look up at Jenn who is still holding my paw. Between my lingering sniffles and paci sucks I ask her, "Jenn... what's... what's 'that thing'? What are they talking about?" Jenn just looks down and smiles at me. "Awww, don't worry about it, Asher. Just something to help us keep an eye on troublesome little cubs like yourself." She then boops me on the nose, causing me to giggle. Even though I have no clue what is in store for me, I feel a little bit better after Jenn's playfulness.

Jenn then gives me a light tug on my sticky, chocolate-coated paw. I follow along and waddle as my soaked diaper sags and crinkles beneath me. Once upstairs, Jenn lifts me up onto my changing table. She then grabs a handful of baby wipes and begins to clean me up. I make grabby paws as she cleans in between each of the digits of my paws, mostly because it is fun. She then tugs a few more baby wipes from the red and white Waggiez box and wipes off my face. Jenn coos at me, "Such a messy little cub you are Asher! I am amazed you got so little on your Choo Choo shirt." She wipes a few small spots of chocolate from my shirt before laying me down on the changing table. Feeling much better now, I suck my paci and squirm around. To keep me occupied, Jenn hands me the same mesmerizing rattling toy that Jess was using to play with me earlier. I grab it with my little paws and begin to shake it. Happily giggling, I sink into my now normal babyish headspace as Jenn proceeds with my diaper change. Before I even know it, Jenn is powdering me, pulling the front of my fresh crinkly diaper between my legs and taping it up snugly. She tickles my tummy before pulling my shirt back down, causing me to laugh uncontrollably. Jenn then asks, "See, now Baby is all nice and clean. Doesn't that feel better?" I blush at the fact that she called me 'the baby' and happily nod in agreement. It's still a little embarrassing for me. I mean, it's not often you see an eight-year-old acting and being treated like a toddler... magically regressed or not. For some reason the whole baby thing is still like a 'push and pull' or 'yin and yang' thing for me. Part of me loves every minute of it, while the other part still feels the need to insist that I am a big cub. Maybe it's just part of being young again? A feeling that you need to prove that you are indeed big enough to do certain things.

Either way, at this moment I am content with being the baby of the house. With the task at paw now finished, Jenn scoops me up off of the changing table and places her paws beneath my crinkly, freshly padded butt. She gives me a little hug and carries me back down the stairs.

As we reach the bottom of the stairs, I hear Jess and Zach in the living room arguing. I hear Jess yelling, "No, slide it over here so he can see out of the window!" Zach rebuttals, "No! Put it over here so he can watch cartoons!" Jenn and I round the corner and I soon find out what they are arguing about. My old playpen is now set up and sitting in the middle of the living room. After seeing it, I know what my fate is for the rest of the day. Jenn carries me over to Jess and Zach. She giggles at the two furs squabbling and says, "You know what, I think right here is the perfect place! It's right between both the window and the TV. She walks over and plops Raz and I down in the playpen. Frustrated, I crawl over to the edge and look up at the three of them. I spit my pacifier out. "Really guys? You are going to put me in baby jail? You know I can climb out of here, right?" Jess smiles, pops my pacifier back into my mouth and jokingly says, "Oh no you can't! I casted a magic barrier spell around it that keeps good little boys like yourself inside. You ARE a good little boy... Aren't you Asher?" Like most little cubs, the feeling that I need to please the adults overwhelms me. I reply, "Yeah... I'm a good little boy." Jess smiles, "Good, then you will stay in your playpen until your Mommy gets home." Just as I begin to sulk a bit, Zach walks over and dumps a load of my most babyish toys into the playpen. He smiles at me, "Here ya go little buddy. These should make your time in here a little more fun." The three then walk back over to the couch, sit down, turn on the TV, and flip the channel to cartoons. My ears perk up as I hear the opening theme to Dipsey the Dinosaur. Mesmerized by the siren-like song, I plop down on my diapered butt and begin to rock back and forth as I clap to her sing-along song. After the song ends, I grab a few of my toys and start to play with them as I watch TV. I feel very comfortable and secure in this moment as I suck my paci and play in my playpen. It's now that I realize, Well... maybe playing in my playpen isn't so bad after all.

