

The Nursery

"Damn." Michael awoke to the warm, wet feeling of a soaked bed. He threw back the covers to reveal a darkened pair of blue briefs accompanied by stained sheets. He had wet his bed- AGAIN. "That's the third time this week."

The 24 year old wolf got up and stretched, the soaked briefs clinging to him as he did so. He hated that. The bedwetting was a recent thing, and frustrated him as he did not know why it was happening. "I am way too old to be wetting my bed," he thought. Yet in the last few weeks it had become more and more frequent.

He opened the door to the bedroom and began to sneak into the bathroom- his fiancée Sarah was no doubt elsewhere in the apartment and he didn't want her to see his wet underpants. Groggily, it occurred to him to take them off before-

"Morning, honey. Wet bed again?" Sarah, a pretty white rabbit doe, was drawing at her drafting table beside the window. She got up and came over to him, looking pleasant in her t-shirt and jeans, her red hair done up in a ponytail. She peered at him through her glasses. "Are you upset?"

The jig was up. "Yeah. I feel so helpless-- I don't even know when it happens," the tall grey wolf complained. "I just wake up soaked-I feel like such a kid. I haven't wet the bed since I was five years old." Michael hung his head.

"You go get cleaned up," said Sarah, and I'll change the sheets for you." Michael toddled off to shower while Sarah changed his bedding. "And remember, you made an appointment to see the doctor about this today."

"I remember," said Michael as he closed the door.

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"I'm sorry, Mr. Adamson," said the doctor as Michael sat in his underwear in the examining room, "we just can't seem to find any physical reason for this continuing nocturnal incontinence. Perhaps you might look to emotional or social pressures for an answer."

"Hang on a minute, Doctor," Michael said. "I'm a 24 year old adult and you're telling me I'm wetting my bed because I'm upset or stressed?"

"Well, Mr. Adamson," the doctor replied kindly, "the results of your tests haven't come back, but barring any unforeseen deviation I cannot perceive any physical discrepancy that would cause such an unfortunate incident."

"So there's still a chance it's something physical? Like a chemical imbalance or something?"

"Possibly. However, if it is indeed a social or emotional problem, please be aware that it is not uncommon. Many people suffer from this... condition."

Michael sighed. "That doesn't make me feel any better."

* * *

Michael was still upset by his visit to the doctor even hours later at work. He was working the grill at the diner he owned, lost in thought as he flipped and fried. He tried to think of anything that might be upsetting him, any reason why he would behave so childishly. He didn't see any reason that an adult should revert to wetting his bed like a baby.

It was then that Michael felt something warm and wet on his legs, and he jumped back from the grill afraid that the hot grease had splattered on him. Yet as he looked down at his vinyl apron, he saw no trace of any spill. The warm, tingling sensation continued as he finally saw his pant leg, showing below the apron, turn dark and stain as a tiny puddle dripped from it.

Michael swallowed hard, and put his hand under his apron to his crotch. Sure enough, it was warm and wet. He'd pissed his pants, just like a two-year old. And he hadn't even noticed until the last second. He wanted to cry, but knew he couldn't. Instead he phoned Sarah, asking her to bring him some fresh pants and underwear.

"Michael? What happened?" she asked.

"I don't want to talk about it right now. Could you just bring them, please?" asked Michael.

"I'll be right there," Sarah assured him.

* * *

Sarah arrived home, putting down the plastic bag containing a wet pair of jeans and soaked white briefs, now stained yellow. Michael had peed his pants at work. She was terribly worried about how this would affect him; it frustrated him to not understand why or how this "problem" kept happening. It was more than she knew how to handle, until she remembered someone she knew who might be able to help. She picked up the phone and began to dial.

* * *

Michael came home that night weary and depressed. Sarah hadn't said anything when she brought him his dry pants, and had left the diner promptly. He felt embarrassed to see her.

They spoke little and kissed each other good night, Sarah going to the spare room, which she had begun sleeping in when Michael began wetting the bed, and closing the door. Michael got undressed in his room, putting on pyjamas over his blue briefs, and began crawling gratefully into bed. Almost immediately he noticed the slippery sensation of the sheets. Pulling back the fitted undersheet, Michael saw why: A plastic mattress cover, complete with carousel animals and building blocks on a checkered yellow background, now adorned his mattress. A sissy bedwetting baby's mattress cover! And now as he pulled back the top sheets he noticed a large white absorbent underpad. Defeated, he crawled into bed and lay on the underpad in a fetal position and fell asleep, vowing that tonight would NOT be a wet night.

He awoke the next morning to the warm feeling of soaked pajama pants plastered against him, his wet underwear showing through the material. He got up, looking at the

large stain on the white underpad, and removed his wet nightclothes. Bundling them up, he put them and the underpad in the laundry hamper and went to have a shower.

At breakfast Sarah asked him: "Was the underpad okay last night?"

"What?" asked Michael.

"I thought it would be easier on laundry if I bought you some things. I'm assuming you were wet this morning?"

"Yeah." Michael's voice was quiet. "I wet my pants at work and now I'm wetting EVERY night instead of once in a while." He looked at Sarah, his big expressive brown eyes full of tears. "I just don't know what to do... I can't help it... I don't want this," and here he began to sob. "I'm too old to wet myself like a BABY!" he cried.

"It's okay, honey." Sarah moved across the table to hug the big wolf. She caressed his soft brown hair. "I have a surprise for you."

"What's that?" he said, sniffing back his tears.

"I remembered last night I have an artist friend who's in the same boat you are. His name is Charlie Bear and I've told him about your problem."

"Y-you TOLD him? But-"

"Don't be embarrassed. He understands you and he's coming by today to take you out for coffee, and you can talk and share your problem."

"I-I don't know..."

"Michael, he knows how you feel. He's incontinent, honey. Just like you."

* * *

"I tell you, Michael, I know how you must feel," said Charlie Bear, sipping his coffee. The two had gone out to a quiet cafe on a secluded street for some privacy.

Charlie was an Ursanian, a species of bear-type, and as such had the requisite small round ears and tail of that kind. He had light brown fur, and large blue eyes. He was dressed in a khaki short-and-shirt set, with hiking boots and a pilot's cap set on his head. "Every artist has an 'outfit,'" he explained.

"I'm 24 years old, Charlie," said Michael quietly as he sipped his tea. "It's got to stop."

"So you've had a few 'wet days.' I've been doing it since I was twelve."

"Twelve? You've been wetting the bed since you were twelve?"

"Not just the bed," said Charlie, smiling. "Let me tell you about it."

"I was in school one day, just sitting in class, dressed a lot like I am now. (I've always liked this kind of outfit.) And I'm watching this girl two seats up and one row away from

me, and she's really cute, you know, feminine and nice, a sweet ursanian girl. I think her name was Annabelle.

"Anyway, I'm kind of embarrassed because I've got a hard-on, you know how it goes. And I can't get her out of my mind and she gets called on to go up to the board, so naturally I watch her and it just sets me off, and that's when it happened.

"I feel something warm and ticklish at my crotch and I look down in time to see the stain start to spread on my shorts, because I'm dribbling, you know. Only it doesn't feel like I'm wetting myself; it's something I can't help. And I can only sit there as it runs down my pants and wets my seat.

"I was scared, wondering what I was going to do, when this girl sitting next to me says: 'Miss Leah, Charlie wet his pants!' And the whole class looks at me and my teacher comes and sees the stain AND my hard-on. She makes me get up and come with her and the class laughs at my wet butt and pissy shorts. I was terrified but strangely excited. So my teacher takes me into the office and makes me sit, while all the secretaries look at a twelve-year old in wet pants. My teacher calls my dad and he comes to get me. They talk for a while in another room and then my dad says he's taking me home.

"I expected him to be really mad at me, you know, smack me maybe. Instead he's kind of got this smile and he says to me, "Got a little excited today, did we, son?" and I just mumbled, you know. We get home and he tells me to go change and we'll talk. So I get on some more shorts and come downstairs, and he tells me he's proud of me.

"'What?' I said, wondering what had gotten into him, and he tells me that I'm becoming a man now. And I apologized, thinking he was making fun of me because I'd done a sissy kind of thing, you know. Instead he tells me that adult ursanian males tend to dribble when they become sexually excited, and it was actually a status symbol. He smiled even wider when he told me he was proud of how big the stain on my pants was. It's considered a symbol of virility, he says, the more you dribble. I was just floored by this.

"So he takes me to this shop, and he's talking to the saleslady about something waterproof for his 'young man,' and I walk over to the display wall where they've got all kinds of rubber pants, plastic pants, liners, and even diapers. I'm getting excited just looking at it, and sure enough, this time I feel the dribble coming and I look down just in time to see the wet spot appear on my shorts. It was kind of small this time, though, so I... uh... well, I pushed a little bit, and before you know it I was REALLY wetting my pants! It ran down my legs, it was so much.

"I walked up to my dad and told him I'd 'had an accident.' He looked surprised and said "It's a busy day for you, isn't it!" I just grinned and he helped me pick out something wet-proof for daytime, and he asked me what I wanted for nights. I pointed at the cloth diapers and the yellow plastic pants. He said it was a good choice, since I had such a heavy flow. Then he ruffled my hair and we went home. No one ever said a thing about me wetting my shorts in the store.

"After that, I started wetting my pants for pleasure, pretending I was dribbling and feeling good about my hardon. It was then that I found out I couldn't stop. I'd try to hold it, but it would come gushing out anyway. I got scared and tried not drinking and things like that, but sure enough I'd get soaked. I told Dad about it and he just patted me on the head and bought me some more absorbent pants. Thicker ones. After a while I stopped trying and learned to just enjoy it. I mean, if wetting is a symbol of virility anyway, why should a wet pair of pants bother me?"

Charlie sat back in his chair, having finished his narrative. Michael was wide-eyed, having intently listened to the whole story. Charlie noticed that Michael had a rather prominent bulge in his jeans, meaning he probably enjoyed the story for more than just its informative value. "Wow," said Michael. "That sounds very embarrassing."

"You think that's bad? You think even just sitting here that my pants are dry? I've wet in them three times so far. Good thing my wet-proof shorts are really absorbent," said Charlie.

He then noticed the small, dime-sized wet spot appear on Michael's crotch. He quickly began talking about the details of buying wet-proof shorts, rubber pants, and thick diapers for night. The stain grew as he spoke and he was getting hard himself just watching Michael's pants. "Apparently it's not just Ursanians who dribble when they're excited," thought Charlie.

Watching the stain spread all over the front of Michael's jeans, Charlie felt his own shorts grow warm as he wet himself. Seeing another guy piss in his jeans was really arousing. Michael talked a bit, oblivious to his own wetness. Then he looked down.

"Oh GOD-- I wet my pants! Oh damn, damn--" Michael made as if to rise from the table.

"Sit down," said Charlie, "or everyone will see." It was then that he realized he knew exactly what Michael needed. The hard-on in the wolf's wet jeans convinced him. "I know what to do. Just get up slowly and come with me."

"But everyone will see--"

"Put your jacket in front of you. Come on now." As he ushered Michael out of the cafe, Michael in front holding his jacket before him, Charlie noted with some amusement that the seat of Michael's jeans was soaked. "This is going to be just perfect," he thought.

Michael was escorted to Charlie's car, and as Charlie unlocked the passenger door he pulled a plastic slipcover from the driver's side over to Michael's side. "Now you won't get the seat damp," he said. Michael nearly fell over himself with apologies. "Hey, don't worry about it," said Charlie. "If they weren't wet-proof, my shorts would be just like your pants. I'm soaked."

Charlie drove across town to a small street which was behind a rather large two-story building. He turned in at a parking lot, parked and turned off the car. "Let's go," he said, getting out.

"But what about my pants?" lamented Michael. "They're still obviously wet."

"We'll only be outside for a couple of minutes; no one will see them. Come on," and with that the bear led them around to the front of the building.

There was a set of double doors which sported a latch handle; Charlie pulled this and opened the door. Beside the entrance was a small white sign which simply read: "Private Club - Members Only."

Inside was a small, tastefully decorated foyer with a bench and a few chairs. Straight in front of them, down a small hallway, was a door. Directly to the left of it was a small

reception area in which sat a female skunk. She was dressed in a simple white one-piece blouse and skirt, much like a nurse's uniform. She bore a nametag which read "Sandy."

There was a line ahead of them so they had to wait. Michael's jeans, hidden by the jacket he held in front of him, clung wetly to his legs, making him all the more uncomfortable and anxious. He scanned the people in line in front of him: a buck deer, grey fox, a stoutly muscled bear and a young coyote. All wore black leather jackets with the inscription "Riders" on the back, and leather chaps over tight blue jeans. A biker gang? Michael remembered seeing motorcycles in the parking lot. What kind of club was this, he thought.

Suddenly there was a commotion at the front of the line. A raccoon, dressed in cotton pants and suspenders, with a snap-shoulder t-shirt on, was raising a fuss.

"I am TOO a member! I just forgot my ID card! If you'd just look it up-"

"I'm sorry -er... Rusty, is it?" said the skunk. "I'm new here, and our policy clearly states that no one gets in without their card or unless accompanied by a member."

"I have an appointment with my Nursey in four minutes and if I'm not there, she'll be most upset with me," said the Raccoon, his lower lip quivering. He had a slight English accent. "I'm already in trouble because I've forgotten my latex rubber short trousers. Please let me in," he cajoled.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Raccoon," began the receptionist.

"I'll prove to you I'm a member!" asserted Rusty. Michael watched as the full-grown raccoon parted his legs, and almost immediately a stain popped up on his pants. It ran down both legs to the floor, dripping. He had wet himself. Michael felt another warm surge as his own bladder let go again, but managed to stop before making a puddle of his own.

Just then a lady Lamb entered the reception area. "Oh, so it's Rusty Raccoon making all that racket, is it? You go right on in, Rusty. You have a very angry Nursey waiting for you, naughty boy. It's all right, Sandy, you can let him in."

The skunk buzzed the raccoon in and he blushed as he toddled off.

"That's Rusty for you," said the stout leather bear. "Piss his pants, neat as you please, and get away with it." He turned to Michael and Charlie. "Just like young Chester here did, didn't ya, Chet?"

The burly ursine grasped the coyote and turned him to face the pair, who after briefly meeting Michael's eyes, lowered his. "Nineteen years old, and still wets his bed!" Guffawed the bear. "Oh sure, we found him out at the clubhouse, getting up extra early to change his wet underpants before the day's ride! But we made ya wear 'em all day when we caught ya, didn't we, Chet?"

The coyote blushed and nodded. "Yes, sir," he mumbled.

"And as if that wasn't bad enough," continued his furry friend, "The other night at the bar he has one pitcher of beer and when he's up at the jukebox, pisses his pants right in front of two rival gangs and the whole REST of the bar!" and here the big bear roared with laughter. "Tell the nice men what we did then, Chet!"

"You took me over your knee, Sir," said Chester, his voice quavering like a five-year-old.

"Sat on the pool table, hauled him over and tanned his ass in front of everybody!" Tears were rolling down the big bruin's face. "Couldn't sit for two days straight. But the joke is," coughing now as he laughed, "The joke is he couldn't be more suited for the gang. Y'never been here before have ya, baby boy?"

"No sir," Chester sniffled. Charlie and Michael both noticed the entire front of the coyote's tight jeans had turned a darker shade of blue. The chaps only served to highlight the crotch area.

"Well," said the bear, "Our gang's been comin' here for about a year now, and soon you'll see why, piss-pants. Why, you HAVE pissed your pants! Couldn't hold it any more, eh? Hey boys," he called to the buck and fox, "Better hurry up gettin' in there! Chet is so excited he's gone and done his duty right in his britches!" He slapped a meaty hand on the coyote's butt and Charlie and Michael saw a brief surge of wetness occur in the boy's crotch once again. The two other Riders laughed and the whole group was buzzed in. Michael felt sorry for the young coyote.

He turned to Charlie. "What kind of place IS this?" he asked.

"You'll see," Charlie smiled mysteriously. He turned to face the receptionist. "Charlie Bear, membership number 696."

"Of course, Mr. Bear," said Sandy. "Is this gentleman your guest today?"

"He sure is. Could we get him a guest form to fill out?" inquired Charlie.

"Here you are," said the skunk as she handed him a white paper. "Go right on in." The door buzzed and the two passed through into a white room with a kiosk located at the far wall. Behind the counter was a handsome fox. "Over here, please," he said.

Charlie and Michael approached the counter. "Hi, I'm Mark," said the fox. "Mr. Bear, is this gentleman your guest?"

"He sure is," said Charlie, patting Michael on his damp bottom. Michael was still trying to hide his saturated jeans behind his jacket.

"Ah... is this your first visit here, sir?"

"Yes," said Michael timidly.

"And has Mr. Bear explained anything to you about us yet?"

"No," quavered the wolf.

"Okay. We'll take it from the beginning, then. Charlie, if you want to get changed I'll send... ah..."

"Michael," said Charlie.

"Thank you. I'll send Michael in as soon as he's ready." Charlie smiled enigmatically at Michael and winking, walked around the corner and was gone.

"Now then, Michael, if you want to just give me your coat we can get started," said Mark.

"I'd rather just hold on to it," Michael countered.

The fox looked at Michael's pants, and noticed the dark stain showing lower down on the jeans, farther than the coat would cover. "Michael, you must be aware that I am used to big boys like you having wet pants, and the sooner we get this over with the sooner you can get out of them and into something dry. Okay?"

Michael handed over the jacket, acutely aware of the tight wet jeans as they were exposed.

"Now fill that out," said Mark. He pushed a pen across the desk to the wet wolf.

Michael sat uncomfortably in one of the blue vinyl chairs against the wall. He looked at the form, and filled out the usual name, age, address type vital statistics and continued until he came to the question: "Do you prefer to be in the care of a: 1) Male 2) Female"

"In the care of?" thought Michael. "Oh, now I get it. This is a therapy clinic." He happily circled "Male," as he felt less embarrassed at the prospect of confessing his weakness to someone of the same sex.

Other questions of a personal nature, such as "how long have you been wetting or soiling (check one or both)," "What steps have you taken to control, etc. etc." were rapidly filled out and Michael crossed the room in three quick steps to return the completed form.

The fox smiled. "Okay," he said. "Now let's get you out of those wet pants!"

Mark tapped a bell on the counter, and immediately two large males in white uniforms entered through another door. One was a good looking blond lion, and the other was a strapping horse-man, a paint. Both looked like they could bench press a house.

Mark motioned to the damp wolf. "This is Michael, and it's his first time here. Please get him ready to join the other members. Have a good time, Michael."

Michael stammered thanks as the two burly beef-boys escorted him to a men's changeroom where, despite his protests, they lifted him onto a padded table and stripped him of his clothing. They then proceeded to sponge him off with warm water, massaging him gently as they did so.

Michael was tense as they lightly sprinkled what smelled like baby powder on his crotch and bottom, and then worked in an incredibly soothing nursery-scented jelly. The smell of 'baby' was overpowering, and he was more than a little embarrassed.

Then came the moment when, just as he was comfortable again, the next surprise came: The horse lifted the wolf's bottom and slid a soft, thick cloth underneath it. Then he pulled it up between Michael's legs and pinned it expertly at the waist - with two yellow ducky pins! It was a diaper! Michael the 24 year old boy had been confined to a soft yet bulky and thick cloth diaper. And worse, the orderlies snapped on him a frosty white pair

of plastic pants to boot- snap, snap, snap. Diapered, and in baby pants! Michael was mortified.

"You should be just fine now," said the lion. Michael noticed his name badge read 'Timmy.' "Here." He held out a baby's pacifier to Michael. "Your pants will be washed and put in a locker for you. The key is inserted in the pacifier." And he hung it around the wolf's neck.

By now Michael was blushing furiously. But all the same the horse helped him up, and pointed to a baby blue door. "Go through there, and you'll have rejoined your friend," said the horse, whose name was Larry.

Hesitantly, pacifier swinging as he walked -no, waddled- (The thick bulk of his diaper made it difficult to walk normally) Michael opened the door.

Upon doing so, Michael found himself gazing into a room filled with people of every size and description, each of them wearing diapers, rubber pants, pacifiers and other baby paraphernalia.

"So, I'm not the only one," Michael thought. He saw a muscular bear nearby, holding hands with a curvaceous female of the species; a trim fox sauntered by jauntily, sucking on a baby bottle. Many of the people he saw wore nothing but diapers and pacifiers; however, occasionally there were baby girls in cute dresses, cute boys in soft shirts and snap-crotch shorts, and others in more...intricate costumes that seemed to involve restraints such as leather harness straps, and what appeared to be (on some) black latex rubber apparel.

Intrigued, the 24 year old wolf ventured into the room. It had a blue floor, made of a spongy material which Michael guessed was foam rubber. Some of the diaper babies were crawling on all fours on it. "Must save wear and tear on their knees," mused Michael. "What exactly have I got myself into, I wonder?"

The walls were decorated in colorful appliqués of teddy bears, moons, stars, hobby horses, dinosaurs, all manner of childish implements. From the ceiling came soft illumination in the form of light fixtures in similar shapes, accompanied by matching mobiles. There was a faint, soothing music being piped into the room as well.

"Well," sighed Michael, a little stunned. "Now that I'm here, what do we do?" He looked for Charlie, to no avail.

"Are you new here?" said a voice, which as Michael turned he saw belonged to a bare breasted bearess in cloth diapers and pink ruffly plastic panties. "You should go right up to the bar and get yourself a drink. Come on now," she smiled, and playfully patted Michael's thickly padded bottom, nudging him in the direction of the bar that he saw against the far wall in the apparently huge room.

Michael smiled timidly as the outgoing bearess urged him to sit at the bar. He noticed row upon row of baby bottles behind the counter, plus training cups complete with crazy straws, and at the the other end saw a mouse serving two pink bottles to a couple of thumb-sucking diaper babies.

The mouse came over to the wolf, smiling. "Hey, little guy. What's your name?" "Michael," came the reply.

"Well, Michael, why don't I just fix you up a house special. This your first time here?"

"Yeah," said the swaddled wolf.

The mouse handed Michael a baby bottle, filled with a cool white liquid. Putting the nipple to his mouth, Michael tasted fruit and a hint of coconut. "Hey -is this a pina colada?" he asked, surprised. "Nope," smiled the mouse. "Tastes like it though, hey? My name is Mitch. You ever get thirsty, you come to me, okay little guy?" He reached over and ruffled Michael's hair.

Michael blushed and swiveled around on his barstool and gazed across the room, looking for any sign of Charlie.

One hour and three bottles later (it was fun to suck from a nipple; it made Michael self-conscious, aware that he looked like an overgrown toddler, but it felt kind of nice.) Michael became aware of a pressing need to go to the bathroom. He leaned across the bar. "Uh, Mitch? Could you tell me where the bathroom is?"

The mouse eyed him. "You need to go, eh?" "Yeah, badly" came the answer.

"All right. Tim!" he motioned the big lion-man over. Timmy's uniform consisted of a pair of blue flannel shorts, and a snap-shoulder white flannel t-shirt that read "STAFF". "Little Michael here needs to go bad, he says."

"Awww. Okay, champ," and he helped the swaddled wolf off the barstool and brought him to a chair just off the main area where the 'babies' were playing. He sat Michael in the chair.

"Hey, I said I needed to go BADLY," said Michael. "Please, I'm not sure I can hold it. I've been having - problems lately."

"I know, little guy," said Timmy sympathetically. He reached down and quickly fastened two straps around Michael's ankles. "What-" began Michael. "Shhh." said the lion. He grabbed the wolf's wrists and drew up two straps, one for each wrist, securely fastening him to the chair. Then, from underneath he produced a telescoping iron bar which had two shackle-like additions at either end; this he fastened to Michael's ankles, extending the bar so the diapered wolf's legs were spread quite wide- his diapers in plain sight.

"What are you doing? Please, let me out. I'm gonna pee my pants. Oh please," he begged. There were tears forming in his big brown eyes.

The golden-maned lion bent down and kissed Michael's forehead. "This is for your own good, little guy. Honest.

"Hey boys and girls! Come on in now- our newest friend Michael, the cute little wolf in the 'High Chair', is gonna put on a little show for us! Come on and see now, quick, like good little babies."

The response was immediate- every diapered adult toddled, crawled or walked over to where Michael had been bound to the chair. They stood around him in a semicircle, looking admiringly at him, each of them wide-eyed as children.

"Go ahead, Michael," said Timmy. Immediately there were chants and shouts of "Go for it!" and "It's okay, Mikey- go ahead!" and "Yay, Wolfie!" from the assembled toddlers. Michael could see the raccoon, Rusty, in the crowd- dressed in a blue rubber onesie which snapped at the crotch, and rubber thigh-high booties, waving his bottle at him. He saw the biker gang standing together- the burly bear in what looked like leather shorts, with thick fluffy cloth diapers poking out the back. The coyote was beside him, in even thicker cloth diapers and the same frosty white plastic pants that Michael now wore. He was sucking on a pacifier and holding the burly bear's hand. Michael still couldn't see Charlie anywhere.

Michael felt a warmth suddenly, and immediately looked down at his exposed diapered crotch. Oh, the wetness was spreading there all right- but to his horror, where his diapers became saturated and leaked into his plastic pants, those pants turned a bright rosy shade of pink! How embarrassing! Michael's wetting was easy to see, revealed to all as his frosty white panties turned pink- not just in the front, but in the rear as well.

Timmy reached forward and tilted the chair back- it was bolted to the floor, which swung upward as the lion lifted it with his bodybuilder's muscle. Michael felt his own wetness cascade all through his diaper, soaking the thick layers of flannel and now his formerly white panties were completely sissy pink. He began to cry.

"Good boy," Timmy said and hugged the now sissy-looking wolf. He released the straps from the chair and helped Michael out of it, removing the extension bar from his legs. Michael's diapers drooped, hanging off his hips and the ducky pins there. He sobbed piteously.

Immediately all the other babies were around him, and Michael felt hands on his diapers, fondling him, rubbing his bottom and intimately cupping his crotch. The wolf became embarrassingly aware of the erection he was sporting, his cock straining against the warm wet diapers firmly pinned against him.

Two girl bears and a boy fox came up and kissed him soundly on the cheeks. "You're so cute, baby Michael," said one of the girls. Michael could feel the love as the whole group in turn hugged, petted and/or kissed him. Rusty Raccoon whispered in his ear: "That's why I so love being naughty for Nursey." And he indicated over his shoulder the pretty mare in the blue rubber nurse's uniform- her pert breasts firmly bulging against the confining rubber- who was now tapping a matching blue rubber paddle against her thigh. She crooked her finger at the rubber toddler Raccoon. "Oops, must dash," he said, patting Michael's sopping bottom as he returned to his nurse.

Timmy began to herd the babies back into the main area. "Okay, kids. Time to go play now. Bedtime is in half an hour." There were choruses of "Awww!" and "No fair!" but back they went.

Larry, the other musclebound doorman, came over to the sopping, drooping Michael. His horse body bulged his flannel shirt taut against his firm pectorals. It looked so incongruous, the soft baby's snap-shoulder shirt and baby blue flannel shorts- with an obviously THICK cloth diaper and yellow plastic pants poking out of the back- covering the masculine equine form. Michael couldn't help noting the bulge in the front of the horse's shorts was probably NOT padding.

"All right, kid," he said gently. "Let's get you out of those." He led Michael to a small room off to the side and closed the door. Immediately the soft odor of baby powder, baby oil and other such clean nursery scents wafted to the wolf's nostrils.

There was a long table, padded with a nursery-print vinyl cover. Larry lifted Michael onto this, expertly pulling down his plastic pants and removing his sopping diapers.

Michael was fidgety and embarrassed as the big stallion took out a wet wipe and cleaned him gently around his wet bottom. His erection was pervasive, and a further source of shame. The big horse-man looked appraisingly at Michael and took a jar from the stand beside the table. The smooth feel of baby-scented Vaseline filled the air as the Paint-patterned stallion slathered a handful onto Michael's cock.

Michael almost cried out from the pleasure. "Oh, you like that, do you?" said his caretaker. The soothing hand became a fist, pumping the wolf's rigid organ wildly. "Nooooo...." Michael moaned. The rhythm became faster and soon he was spilling warm cum all over himself, feeling for all the world like a baby who couldn't hold it.

"That's a boy," said Larry. "Feels good, doesn't it, diaper boy?" Michael whimpered: "Uh huh." In no time at all he was cleaned off and put into a freshly powdered, super thick cloth diaper. "I think you can graduate to big-boy blue panties, don't you?" asked Larry, as he pulled up a pair of baby blue plastic pants over the big wolf's diapers.

"Do you want to be a member of our club, little piss-pants?" Larry had flipped Michael over onto his tummy and was massaging his back. Michael moaned. "Oh, please-more than anything."

"You ARE a pantswetting little boy, aren't you. And will you be a good boy and use your diapers and stop trying to hold back?"

"Oh, yes. Honest I will. Please," Michael was sighing with the wonderful feeling of the warm hands massaging him: his back, his thighs, his buttocks. It felt like being a baby again, snuggled by his daddy.

"All right then. Come here." The stallion sat on the edge of the changing table and pulled the relaxed wolf over his knee. "How old are you, Michael?"

"I'm twenty-four." WHACK! The strong hand, soothing only a minute ago, came down on Michael's bottom with a solid thwack. "Ow!" Michael began to struggle, but the muscular horse held him down.

"How old?" "Twenty-fo-OW!" WHACK again. "D'you like getting an over the knees spanking? Little boys shouldn't tell fibs, Michael. When did you ever see a twenty-four year old pee his pants like you do? I bet you wet the bed lots, too, don't you? DON'T YOU?" WHACK.

"Y-YES!" Michael cried. He had burst into tears again. "I do. I wet the bed and my pants and-" WHACK-"Ow! And I can't help it!"

"You need to be diapered, don't you? And you need your pants changed like a baby, don't you?" WHACK. "<Sniff> Y-yes."

"How old are you?" The stallion laid his firm hand against Michael's padded bottom. Michael cried louder, sobbing and feeling completely helpless. "I- I..." he hiccuped. WHACK. "Four! I'm four!" he cried.

"Awww." Immediately he was sat upright, and gathered in close to the big horse's chest. The strong arms cuddled him. "We have a new baby. A cute little four-year-old."

He put his hand down the front of Michael's plastic pants. "Little boy still dry?" Michael nodded. "That'll change soon, won't it, little sissy." Again, Michael nodded, defeated. "Okay," said Larry. "Let's take you to meet your little brothers and sisters."

He lifted Michael as though he weighed nothing, and set him down on the floor. He took the wolf's hand and led him out to the main area. Michael was crawling on all fours, like a baby, feeling weak and vulnerable yet protected by the thick padding around his waist.

He noted that he had been right: The spongy floor was VERY comfortable on the knees.

"Attention, boys and girls," said Larry. "Michael's decided to join the club!" There were cheers and applause and several bottles were raised. "Would you like to say hello to your new little four-year-old brother?" There was a large chorus of "Hello, Michael!" and several of the other 'babies' waved.

"Okay," said Larry and gently patted Michael's tender bottom. "Go play."

Michael was still dazed from his childish ordeal over the stallion's knee, but crawled uncertainly off anyway. He made his way over towards Chester Coyote, but the diapered coyote was dragged off by the ever-present leather shorts bear to the chair Michael had so recently vacated: it looked like it was time for another humiliating initiation. He watched as the coyote cub was subjected to the same embarrassment that he himself had just come through; his heart went out to the poor kid- being nineteen and in a biker gang must be really tough for a bedwetting teen.

As the boy was released from the chair, drooping diapers and pink plastic pants showing, Michael joined the group in hugging him. "It's okay, Chet," he said. "It's better to be a diaper boy if you can't keep dry." He smiled. He didn't quite believe those words had come out of his mouth.

At that moment the beefy bear came up to Michael and introduced himself. "I'm Bud. I'm lookin' out for Chet his first time out. Guess tonight was your first time, too, huh Michael?"

"Yeah." Michael blushed.

"I'm glad to see you talkin' to Chet here," said Bud as he pulled the distraught coyote close to him. "His bedwettin' and wet pants have kept him from making any real friends. Nice to see you two gettin' along, what with you havin' the same birthday an' all."

"What do you mean, the same birthday?" asked Michael. "Mine isn't til-"

"When a member joins the club, that's considered their birthday," explained Bud. "I'm comin' up on my fifth. These pants ain't just for show, ya know." And here he grinned as he lowered his leather shorts to reveal his fluffy diapers, and clear plastic pants with a teddy bear design on over them. The front of his diapers were sodden yellow. "I need my baby pants, too."

Chester looked at Bud's pants in awe. "Bud? Y-you never told me you were a pantswetter, too!"

"Not like you are, baby cub. I wear diapers 'cause I like it, not wettin' my big boy britches 'cause I can't help it."

Chester hung his head in shame. Bud hugged him and said: "But you don't have to worry none about that anymore. You got yerself a Daddy, now." Chet looked at him and Bud gathered him in close. Michael smiled as the two- "Father" and "Son"- hugged. "So let's go get that droopy wet butt of yours ready for bed," smiled Bud. "See ya tomorrow, baby Michael."

Michael waved to the two. "Night-night," he said childishly, which made him giggle. He continued to crawl around his surroundings, looking this way and that, when just as he was looking forward again he bumped his muzzle straight into the crotch of one of the girl bears, who was standing in front of him.

She was a pretty girl, wearing a pink bow in her hair and a frilly baby dress with lots of ruffles; Michael's nose was planted against her pink plastic panties, which he noticed had ruffles on the back and a bow on them, too. It also seemed her dress was snapped to her diapers in the back, which made removing them out of the question.

The bearess batted her eyes at the little wolf cub whose muzzle pressed so firmly into her panties. "Why hello there, Cubbykins. See anything you like?" Michael was just about to quickly pull his nose back when the bearess thrust herself against his face once more. This time, Michael realized that the firmness in the girl's diapers was definitely not female. This was a man- oops, boy- dressed as a little girl!

Michael looked up, alarmed, and looked through the girl's curls and recognized her. "Charlie?" He said incredulously. "Charlene, actually," smiled the bear. "You just discovered what a big baby boy you are inside; I saw it. Well, I'm really just a sissy baby girl. My nursie tells me that I'm MUCH too sensitive for a boy; boys don't wet themselves when they're upset and cry like I do. And it's much nicer being a baby girl; getting put into frilly things and such." Charlie spread his skirts slightly and curtsied as Michael took in the sight of his friend, who was obviously very much at home in pink ruffles and lace. Even his pacifier was pink.

Michael was very happy at having found Charlie; and hugged him. "I'm so glad I found you, Charlie- sorry, Charlene," he said shyly. "Thank you for taking me here." 'Charlene' patted the wolf's thick pants, stroking the plastic. "It's better not to have to worry about when your weak bladder's gonna let go, isn't it?" she smiled. Michael was hard again, and even in his powder-soft dry diapers.

Suddenly Charlene pulled him close and kissed him. Michael returned the kiss, feeling her little girlie bottom as he did so. The warm firmness of it belied the fact that here was one soaking wet little girl. He also felt the hard-on in HER pants- and marveled at how right it felt that a wet pants sissy should be kissing him. And that he should kiss back. For, as he realized deep in his heart, he too was now a 'wet pants sissy.' And what's more, he found himself liking it. He loved the idea of never having to have control again.

Just then a soft chime rang throughout the room. "Bedtime!" called Larry and Timmy. "Everyone line up, and your Nursies will come collect you. There's a lot of people here tonight, so you'll have to pair up. Everyone get a partner and we'll get you tucked in!"

Charlene took Michael's hand as they lined up, and a (real) female bear in a white nurse's uniform wrote their names down on a clipboard, and ushered them through a door, down a hallway of doors, and into a small room.

The first thing Michael noticed about the room was a huge crib, basically the size of an adult queen-size bed with bars. His heart leaped. They were going to put him in a crib! He felt the now-familiar warm drizzle as he peed his diapers. Oh, what fun being a baby was going to be!

The room also had a changing table, much like the one Michael had been put on recently; a foam rubber top covered in baby animal designs. The nurse had Charlene climb up on this, and proceeded to completely undress her; "her" diapers were dumped in a large yellow diaper pail. She was lightly scrubbed with a washcloth as Michael watched; even with the hard cock in evidence the whole time he now found it hard to picture 'Charlene' as anything but a she.

The nurse brought out a pair of cloth diapers Michael though for sure must be several pairs sewn together- they were VERY thick, even more so than the ones he was wearing. She put these on his sissy friend. The pink ruffly panties were snapped back on - Charlene whimpered at the sound of each snap- and then a pink flannel nightgown, with ribbons at the sleeves and collar, was pulled over Charlene's head and down to her thighs. The nightgown had little ponies, stars and hearts on it- very girlish. "That's the way nurse gets her sissy girl ready for bedtimes. Sissy girl wets her bed, doesn't she? Oh yes she does, she's very naughty..."

Michael noticed that the nurse's fingers were stroking Charlene's panties under the nightie. There was a slight stiffening of Charlene's body, coupled with a small, girlish moan. Michael had no doubt that Charlene's sissy diapers were now very warm and sticky. It excited him in his wet pants.

The nurse lowered the bars on the crib and helped Charlene into it. Michael noticed his friend now had her thumb firmly in her mouth. The nurse tied a pretty pink bow in Charlene's hair with some yarn, like a little preschooler might wear. Michael thought Charlene was a storybook baby girl, so cute was she dressed. He also noticed she couldn't walk very well with the many folds of thick material between her legs.

Just then Timmy came in to the room. "Hey, there's my champ," he said, squeezing Michael's butt with his huge hand. "Nurse, you're needed in room 301- the big Russian wolf is crying for his Nursie to 'Please to bed him dry and well.' I love his accent," smiled the big lion.

"I'd better get a move on, then," replied the nurse. "Nothing worse than a 7 foot Russian wolf baby cub in a wet diaper." She winked at Michael, and said "You sleep tight now, Charlene," as she blew the sissy bear a kiss, and departed.

"Ooooh-kay..." began Timmy. "Hey, looks like we've got a real heavy-wetter wolf here! How did you ever make it as a grown-up with diapers this wet? Must'a been leaving puddles everywhere, you and your wet jeans." He squeezed Michael's ass though the sopping diaper, and hopped him up on the changing table. He was soon in diapers much like Charlene's, and found he could not even close his legs, they were so thick. Timmy explained that he'd noticed that Michael wet an awful lot, and didn't even know if these diapers could stand up to a whole night of bedwetting from the wolf cub. For some reason, this made Michael feel very proud.

Unlike Charlene, Michael was put in not a nightdress but fuzzy yellow sleepers, with the feet in them, which snapped up in the legs all the way to his neck. They had ample room for his diapers and plastic pants (which had trucks and fire engines on them) and Timmy's

firm hands made sure that Michael was nice and sticky-wet before he was put in the crib beside Charlene.

Timmy ducked out of the room and wheeled back in with a cart. On the cart were stuffed toys of every description. "What one do you want to sleep with?" he asked Michael. "The lion," said Michael bashfully. Timmy grinned knowingly as he handed the stuffed toy to the wolf. Charlene chose a cuddly bear with a collar and ribbon. "Sissy bear," she said sleepily.

Timmy bid them nighty-night and was about to leave when Michael said: "Timmy, you and Larry wear diapers- is it just part of your uniform or do you get wet too?"

In response, Timmy lowered the bars on the crib and then lowered his shorts. He had a very soft-looking pair of light purple plastic pants over a cloth diaper. He put Michael's hand to his impressive crotch and the wolf felt the wetness of the diaper through the babyish pants. He gasped in surprise as the warm feeling suddenly grew as Timmy obviously peed his pants. "I still live at home with my mommy, and I've always been a great big bedwetter, all my life," smiled the lion. His large chest swelled with pride. "I wear diapers 'cause I have to. And Larry used to be an instructor at a big gym, but he strained something and started wetting his shorts when he would lift weights. It embarrassed him that he had to wear diapers, so he quit his job and works here now. Personally, I think he's gotten to like being a tough guy who pees his pants, but that's him."

"Who changes you guys?" asked Michael.

Timmy smiled. "That's enough questions for now. You go to bed and get some sleep- I don't want any cranky babies in the morning. But I'd better see some sopping wet night diapers!" he shook a finger at the Charlene and Michael. "Oh, you will," they answered.

Timmy turned out the lights and left, and Michael noticed a small nightlight glowing in the room. He hugged his lion, turning to Charlene. "I'm so happy to be all snuggled up with my sissy little friend," he said. Charlene turned over. "I'm glad your bed-and-pants-wetting was more than just incontinence. You're nothing but a big baby, Michael."

"Yeah," the wolf agreed. "Wetting my pants for attention, like a kid."

"Wetting them to spite your parents," giggled the bear.

"Wet 'cause I'm upset!" Michael began to laugh.

The two babies threw their arms around each other and fell asleep, cuddling, the soft scent of a baby's Nursery all around them.

* * *

Michael awoke, at first unaware of where he was, but gradually getting the picture as his eyes focussed on the mobile above his head. He squirmed comfortably under the flannel blanket that had been placed on him. Lord, his diapers were heavy! He'd REALLY peed himself this time! And he was horny- hornier than he'd been in a long time. He looked at Charlene, blissfully asleep with her thumb in her mouth, how cute. Michael then realized his own thumb was firmly in his mouth, quite unconsciously, and this made him smile. "I'm regressing to more than just pissy pants," he thought.

The wolf pressed his warm, wet diapered cock against Charlene's soft pink panties. He put a hand on her front- her diapers were soaked, too. Michael began to rhythmically rub his hard cock against the yawning bear, and she responded by thrusting her sissy hips back into him. In no time at all the two were rubbing, thrusting, playing; Charlene pressing her bottom against the wolf's hard-on and he rubbing her bulging cock mercilessly. With a gasp, both babies filled their baby pants with warm, sticky cum as a wonderful infantile feeling overcame them. Michael was only dimly aware of the pee that flooded over his tummy soon after he came.

The female bear nurse walked into the room then, and lowered the crib's bars. "Time to get you two out for breakfast," she said. "Come on! All the babies eat in their wet nighttime clothes. Wet which you two certainly are- come on, don't be late!"

The humiliated toddlers were led down the hall, down a stairway, and into a big hall-strewn with tables, high chairs, and the like. The decor was much like the upstairs: childish murals on the walls, soft lighting, and the same quiet music being piped in over the sound system.

"Now, Michael," said the nurse, "I know Charlene is a sissy girl who needs to be fed in her high chair, (and here she swatted Charlene's soggy bottom), "but how about you? Are you a big boy or closer to being a sissy?"

Michael's knees felt weak. This was sheer bliss- being asked if he was a big boy or not! Imagine! He said: "I think I'm big enough to feed my own self, Nursie," in his cutest little boy voice. "Okay," she replied, patting the heavy damp load in his sleepers that was his night diaper. "Then you sit down at this table here and your breakfast will be brought to you."

Michael did so and soon a large bowl of porridge was brought, with slices of apple and cinnamon, a big (training) glass of milk, and cheese. A feast! He ate hungrily, watching all the toddlers around him eat much the same way- some had bibs and were very messy eaters, and some played with their food, but all were well-behaved; Michael thought the nurses and Big Boys (as he had come to call Timmy and Larry) walking up and down between the tables had a lot to do with that.

He noticed Charlie-woops, Charlene- sitting in a high chair being fed by a Nurse. She seemed to be putting up a fuss, so Nurse simply grabbed the front of her diapers and rubbed 'til sissy Charlene behaved.

After breakfast, the babies were ushered upstairs and changed. It was Timmy who once again changed Michael's diapers, and put him in disposables this time, with a sunshine print on them. Not just adult diapers, thought the wolf, but adult baby diapers! He giggled as Timmy taped them up.

He was put in a snap-top t-shirt, and his pacifier was hung around his neck. Timmy helped him down, and Michael threw his arms around the Big Boy. "I love you, Timmy," he said, as unabashed as a child. Timmy squeezed his bottom. "And I love you, little Michael." Michael kissed him, his passion for the lion man-child rising within him.

Timmy held him back. "Ah-ah," he scolded. "No big-boy antics with your babysitter, now. If you feel like you're going to be a bad boy you ask me for help, you don't climb all over me, got it?"

Michael hung his head, afraid that he'd offended the big lion. Suddenly the strong hands were massaging the front of his diaper. "Now don't go all droopy-eared on me, little boy." In no time at all the wolf cub was having yet another accident as he came under the lion's ministrations. "I'll do that for you anytime, if you're a good little boy," said Timmy. Michael giggled as he was led out to play.

Playtime was simply crawling or toddling around the main room, drinking baby bottles of Mitch's great "Baby Bar" concoctions, and getting to know the members. Michael spent a lot of time getting to know Chester Coyote, who was now firmly dedicated to his diapers, and it appeared had been "properly" disciplined in his crib last night by his new "Daddy," Bud. Both were all smiles this morning.

Charlene had run into an old friend, it seemed. "Michael, this is Annabelle- remember the girl I was telling you about, that I went to school with?"

Michael nodded, remembering the story of Charlie Bear's first "accident."

Annabelle, a cute Ursanian like Charlie(a), smiled at him. "I remember watching little Charlie pee his pants in Miss Leah's class. I thought it was so cute and babyish- and I never got to tell him. I'm so glad we've met again to -talk- about old times. "

It was then Michael noticed the prominent hard-on in Charlene's panties, straining at the snaps; also that it was firmly in the grip of the diapered Annabelle. The two excused themselves to one of the many 'playrooms' that Michael had noted- chiefly because a certain rubber-shorted raccoon had been receiving quite a strong punishment that morning, on his rubber cocooned bottom.

All too soon, Charlene announced that it was time to go. He brought Michael over to Larry, the horse. "Do you want to officially join the club, Mr. Adamson?" said Larry formally. Michael looked up at him. "You bet I do!" he said happily. Larry showed him the application form with the yearly membership rates and all they included. The list was very long.

"These prices can't be right- membership is THAT cheap? How do you stay open?" asked the wolf after perusing the sheet. Larry smiled. "Let's just say that one of our members is also the owner, and that he believes all big babies need caring for." Michael jumped up and down. "Yayyyy!" and signed the paper immediately under "Gold Membership."

The boys -for now Charlene was changing to Charlie- were getting dressed when Michael noted that his diapers would never fit under his jeans. "I think you'll find something different about your pants," smiled Charlie.

Indeed, Michael's jeans were there, but on top of them was a brand new pair of soft, stonewashed denim pants- but minus a fly and with an elastic waistband. Michael tried them on- and they fit over his diapers wonderfully! Larry had changed him again- he now sported fluffy white cloth diapers, pink bunny pins, and light blue pull-on plastic pants. Over these he gratefully pulled his new "Toddler Pants." He was pleased with the light bulk of the diaper showing ever so slightly around his crotch and rear.

Charlie also seemed happy with the thick cloth diapers that had been pinned on him; over these he drew his rubberized shorts, that he had worn when he came in.

As they were leaving the reception area, the nurse on duty handed Michael a large diaper bag- complete with pastel ABC's, numbers, little bears, and bottles. It was huge- obviously meant for an adult.

"Inside you'll find 12 cloth diapers, another dozen disposables, a baby bottle, a training cup, a pacifier, a couple of cassette tapes and a note to your Mother." said the receptionist.

"Cassette Tapes?" asked Michael.

"They're to encourage you to wet," said Tremoneesha. "So you won't have any guilt feelings about what a big baby you are now. They're the same subliminal message that's been playing the whole time you were here," she smiled.

"A note to my Mother?" he asked.

"To explain your needs to your fiancée; Mr. Bear has informed us of your situation."

"Oh god- Sarah!" Michael moaned. "What's she going to think? I don't think I could keep my pants dry now for over an hour- and certainly not my bed at night! I'm a pisspants- what'll she say to that?"

"I phoned her this morning and explained the whole thing to her, Michael," said Charlie. "I think you might be pleasantly surprised."

"I hope you're right," quavered the wolf.

Just then, the Riders all came out into the reception area- the stag, Harry; the grey fox, Freddie; and of course Chester and Bud. All were back in their riding gear- leather jackets, chaps, and jeans. Michael noticed that Chester's jeans now had snaps up both legs to his crotch, which was amply endowed by the cloth diapers that were poking out the back of his elastic waistband... as were the yellow plastic pants. He too was given a diaper bag, similar to Michael's.

Chet and Bud came over to hug Michael goodbye. The boys patted each other's bottoms and Chet promised he'd write to Michael from wherever the Riders were going. Michael hugged "Uncle Bud," too, and noticed a familiar crinkly feeling in Bud's jeans. The big bear blushed. "Usually takes me a couple days to get dry after comin' here," he mumbled. Michael smiled and swatted his beefy behind. The other Riders laughed- they were wearing disposables for the same reason.

Charlie and Michael headed for the exit- on their way out, they passed three more bikers coming in. All were mice- burly mice, at that- light brown, white, and grey. They each had antennae on their heads. "C'mon, Vinnie," the brown one said to the white one. "My jeans are gettin' damp." "Relax, Throttle," the white one said, and then Charlie and Michael were outside.

"I sure hope you're right about Sarah," said Michael as he slung his diaper bag in the back seat. "I'm gonna feel dumb wetting my diapers around her."

"Oh," said Charlie, "I have a feeling she'll take it well." And he smiled enigmatically as he patted Michael's new jeans. Michael felt the warmth of another accident begin in his diapers and wondered if Charlie was indeed right.

* * *

"You were right, Charlie," said Sarah on the phone a few days later. "Taking him to that Nursery place was just the best thing for him!"

Michael had come home on the morning after his night at the Nursery and said that he had something to tell Sarah. When she had asked him what, he had begun to sniffle, and pulled his pants down in front of her. He had stood there in a drooping cloth diaper, babyish blue plastic pants showing, and told her he didn't think he'd ever be dry again, day or night.

He had looked fearful- obviously worried about her rejection of him. Instead, she had led him into their bedroom, and showed him what lay on the bed- stacks of diapers, cloth and disposable, plastic and rubber pants, sleepers, cute overalls, snap-crotch shorts, lap-top shirts... an entire array of the most babyish adult wear! Michael's jaw had dropped, astonished.

Sarah had then changed his diapers on a padded mat she had bought, and put him in soft flannel sleepers. She had explained how Charlie had phoned her that morning and told her what to expect, so she had gone out and bought these baby things to make her lover more comfortable. Michael had begun to sob happily and flung his arms about her. They had made love and Michael had gently fallen asleep after, thumb in his mouth.

Now Sarah regularly diapered him, and packed him off to work with a diaper bag full of disposables, plus a lunchtime baby bottle. He never brought any of the diapers home- they were all used by the end of the day.

And, she confided to Charlie, her little wolf cub was ten times as loving now as he had been, and seemed overeager to cook, clean, keep the place neat, be romantic... all the little things that showed his adoration of her, in exchange for her keeping him in diapers full-time. She seemed to think it was a great deal!

"So thanks, Charlie," Sarah concluded. "I send him off to the Nursery once a week and he comes home happy as a - well, happy as a little baby could be! I've sent him to the doctor today and when he comes home he's going to have a nice warm bottle all ready for him! Bye, now!" and she hung up, smiling. Little cubby was going to get lots of loving when his wet little bottom came through the door, oh yes he was.

* * *

"Well, Doctor, that's about it," said Michael, pulling up his plastic pants. "I've lost all control and I think that diapers are the way to go. I've actually become quite... used to them. Thank you for all your assistance, but I think I'm adjusting to being a full-time incontinent. I'll be in for my usual checkups every six months, though, I promise."

Michael smiled warmly as the doctor, a handsome Otter, waved him out. "Very well, Mr. Adamson. Six months, then. Good luck with your new diapers!" Michael paused, embarrassed, but nodded and waved as he left. "Ah yes, my little wolf," said the doctor as he closed the examination room door. He unzipped his pants and pulled them down- revealing pastel pink plastic pants and baby diapers with bears on them. They were soaking wet. "I think we'll be seeing you before that- at the Nursery!"

The END (for now)

