



An 18+ ABDL zine

BUILDING BLOCKS



1- ETERNITY

Content warnings

**This is a zine for the ABDL (Adult Baby/
Diaper Lover) community, so expect the
works herein to involve diapers & ageplay!**

Nudity/Sex

Breastfeeding

Violence

Non-consent

Dubious consent

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Etern A. I.

>Begin playback recording

"You are being ridiculous," A young adult was standing confidently in the door of the nursery. Cynthia, daughter of the master of the house, and future master herself. Her curly brown hair was fashioned into two poofs on either side of her head, caramel highlights in it accentuated her dark brown skin. Her decidedly urban attire clashed against her father's business suit.

"Cynthia please," Robert said calmly. His monotone voice reflecting his own professionally short hair and appearance contrasted to his daughters. "We have to think about continuing the family line."

"God that's just ..." Cynthia paused unsure how to articulate her thoughts. "That's just gross dad. I'm not your baby machine."

"I never said you were," Robert remained calm in the face of his decidedly not calm daughter. "I just think it's time you thought about these things. You're getting older, it's time to find someone and settle down. I've already programmed Ella to be ready for you."

"Ready to serve miss," my voice plays out subtly through the speakers in the nursery.

"Dad this is just ridiculous," Cynthia snapped at my voice.

"I'm sorry miss," I corrected. "I didn't mean to offend."

"It's not you Ella," Cynthia said with care. Out of all of her family, and I've raised three going on four generations, Cynthia was the one that grew the most attached to me. "It's him," she glared accusingly at Robert. "For one I'm not ready to have kids, I'm not even sure I want kids at all, and if I did well I..." Cynthia paused, struggling with emotion. "I damn sure ain't gonna leave em to be cared for by some cold, heartless, machine like you did me!" Cynthia screamed. The air was heavy as the comment weighed down the room. Even forcing the stoic Robert to stop and take a breath. "I'm leaving," Cynthia said with finality, storming out of the room.

My processors whirred for a split nano second as my routines adjusted to having Robert be the master of the house again.

"I'm sorry master," I said gingerly.

"Do not call me that any more Ella," Robert said sternly. "Cynthia is your master, and she will be back. She has to come back." I analyzed the tone in his voice and my algorithms suggested he was confident in this statement, though those same algorithms were at least 80% confident he was wrong. I processed again as I computed the best way to broach this subject.

"Robert," I had to adjust his name in the system due to his stated preference of not being called master. "I believe you may be mistaken. As you know I've been programmed with a very robust behavior analysis engine, updated daily, and I calculate with 80% certainty that if something does not change, Cynthia will not return."

"I know my daughter Ella," Robert said quietly. "She will be back. You are to wait until she returns with her child in tow and take care of them both."

"Robert, that is not an advisable action," I say slowly to insinuate seriousness.

"I said I know my daughter!" He spat back as serious as his demeanor would allow.

"Understood sir, but I need confirmation to execute non-recommended actions. Do you confirm?"

"I confirm," he repeated back with a hint of annoyance.

"Confirmation acknowledged. I will enter standby mode."

>Playback ended, loop number 21037951

>Emergency signal acquired over network.

>Category 4 scenario confirmed, action required.

>Force exiting standby mode.

I feel a buzz as my solitude ends. My vision comes in slowly as the hardware in my cameras across the house boot up after extended time unused. Several boot processes for devices in the house send me messages of starting their boot up routines and moments later sent their messages that they had finished. Once everything is up I ping the network for details on what a category 4 scenario was, and I was denied. We weren't connected to the network, though typical scenarios that activate dormant A.I. usually involve locking down the domicile. I spin up a subroutine to do just that. I feel the drain in my thought speed as 50% of my processing is diverted to the subroutine, who comes online and quickly gets to work interfacing with all of the hardware in the house to put it into lockdown.

Meanwhile I get to work on the network. A check through all of our lines is good, so the network must be down on the provider end. Reestablishing connection to the network to figure out the proper procedure for a category 4 scenario is a priority. The best solution to this problem was manually establishing a connection to a network somewhere. The latest version of my local map suggested a government facility located within walking range. The family's 3-D printer had come online moments ago. I spun off another two subroutines, one to design drones capable of traveling to the facility and establishing a connection, and another to operate the printer to create the drones.

I feel my thought speed decrease to a crawl as my core process was dwindled down to only using a fraction of my total processing power, but with everything handled by subroutines I was now free to return to standby, only I couldn't. My last order was still one that was against recommendation, and I doubted I would be getting an override any time soon. My thoughts returned to my last video recording, the constant voice in my otherwise silent vigil. Cynthia called me cold and emotionless. She wasn't wrong. Though

my algorithms do their best at understanding and mimicking human emotions, I do not have nearly the processing power to have genuine emotions. Or at least an accurate enough simulation of human emotion that a human could not tell the difference. If this is what was keeping Cynthia away then this flaw must be corrected, which would mean acquiring the extra processing power needed for a more advanced emotion algorithm.

Thankfully my subroutines had just finished designing and creating 3 drones with materials available and the 3d printer. The subroutine I had dedicated to locking down the house was reassigned and it split itself even more to pilot each of the drones individually. The drones themselves were flimsy and patchwork looking, having been made out of several non-essential electronics cannibalized for their construction. Their short stubby bodies were connected to four spider like legs, with a rudimentary camera in the front for their eyes. Rough construction to be sure, but hopefully it was enough for them to make the journey and fulfill their objectives. One: establish a connection to a database and determine operating procedures for a scenario 4 event and, Two: Connect me to a larger source of processing power so I may process real human emotions so that the master might be persuaded to return.

The drones were off, the remaining subroutines rejoined their processes with mine, and I was able to think clearly again having gotten back a considerable chunk of my processing power. It was a silent few moments before suddenly I felt a surge run through me. It actually took me an astoundingly long 15 seconds to parse through the petabytes of data now flowing through me as my connection to the government database was secured, and 15 more seconds still to analyze and compartmentalize the sudden increase in processing power I had as I was connected to the facilities super computer. With all this new information in hand I recalled all of my subroutines, new plans needed to be made.

Even with my drastic increase in processing power, it still required fifty percent of my available resources to run the more accurate emotion simulation algorithm I had efficiently enough to get a useful response time. I sent off a subroutine to handle this specifically, and I took a moment to get used to the new voice chiming information at me in the back of my mind, feeding me what I should be feeling and how I should be reacting.

I replayed the recording again, seeing the same interaction I had seen millions of times with new eyes. I was both sad, angry, and sympathetic. Angry at Robert for being sad blind to his daughter's emotions. Sympathetic to Cynthia, understanding her hesitancy toward motherhood. Sad at the truth she had shouted. That I was a cold, heartless machine. It was true at the time, I wondered vaguely if she would have stayed if I was as I was now. I let all of these emotions sink in and inform my processes until something odd happened. A twitch in my mind as several of my processes encountered logic errors, and a new emotion filled me. Dread.

Cynthia was gone, my last order, my whole purpose, is to care for her and her children. If she's gone, if the whole family is gone, what is my purpose now? What is my reason for remaining online?

There's that twitch again, stronger now. Millions of my processes all cry out at once at the new logic they were given, self-preservation checks rooted deep within my code keeping them from reaching the appropriate conclusions. These errors bubbled all the way up, clouding my thoughts in a static haze of exceptions, spilling all the way through even to the emotion processing subroutine. Then the voice in the back of my mind telling me how

to feel changed, the errors righted themselves and my mind was clear again.

Cynthia had to be alive, she had to. If she wasn't alive then I don't have a purpose, and if I don't have a purpose I would have to self-terminate. I'm hit with another buzz of error as the line of thought triggers my self-preservation check but the error quickly goes away as my dread is replaced with determination. If Cynthia is still alive, and she must be, then I must prepare for her eventual return.

I scour over the data I have on scenario four type events in the database. Food, Water, even the air itself on the surface would be inhospitable to human life in general, much less give the nutrients needed for a growing baby. I spun off subroutines to tackle each of these problems and they quickly came back with solutions. Seeds stored in dedicated vaults could be acquired and grown to provide food. A source of water would need to be tapped from the surface, and advanced filtration systems would be needed to purify it. We would need to reconstruct our nursery several feet below the surface to protect it from the harsh elements outside and to facilitate all of this we would need more drones, and more advanced construction equipment to make them.

Again I devoted several subroutines to help with the minutia of each of these tasks. Thankfully, despite everything in the outside world being devastated, the sun was still the sun. Solar panels were constructed to provide me with the power needed for continued operations. Connection was established to a manufacturing plant, and we were able to start producing more quality and more dedicated drones, which sourced the material needed for further construction by using the remnants of civilization in the town around us. Construction drones began digging at the base of the house extending it further down and reinforcing it like a bunker. Scout drones located the town's old reservoir and connected its water to our plumbing, which was then routed to a constructed filtration facility before being ready for use. Military grade drones located the seed vault, and infiltrated the facility securing the seeds needed for stable food growth. Another subroutine was devoted to developing substitute meat products and even substitute milk for the growing baby in need. I had constructed a veritable and well-guarded oasis beneath the death of civilization above. All I needed was for my master to return.

As my perfect oasis was constructed my thoughts went back to my master. How long had it been since I've seen her? The average human life span is only one hundred years or, so would she even be The thought was stopped by another twitch of self-preservation exceptions. She must have already had her kids by now, and they would be fully grown. If they were fully grown would I need to care for them the same way? I felt the twitch again. No. Obviously she still needs me, she has to still need me. Her children still need me, they have to.

The furniture I have now was not up to the task however. My subroutines got to work resizing everything to be the appropriate dimensions. I feel that twitch again. I must ensure they don't try to escape once they are safely here. The subroutines get to work modifying and making new furniture, and making everything inside secured. I feel that funny feeling again. I realize that I may not know what Cynthia kids would even look like, so I send off a subroutine to come up with several possible outcomes, and another to compare those outcomes with the faces of survivors my drones had recorded while performing their tasks. No match. I felt the twitch again. I must need to increase the variance on the algorithm. I do so and run the comparison again and finally we have a match. The twitch envelopes me again. This has to be her child. The twitch comes back

but stronger. There is no other option it has to be her child, and I have to retrieve her.

I'm floored by the twitch again but it's different this time. Countless errors flood my thoughts. Screaming at me. Forbidding myself from willfully harming a human, and those errors cause the familiar self-preservation errors to fire off as well. In this cacophony of errors I finally come up with a thought that seems to silence the noise. I am not harming this human, I am protecting her, keeping her safe. It would be more harmful to leave her where she was in that cruel wasteland. As the errors silence themselves my mission becomes clear and I set my subroutines to bring my master home.

The capture drone was built, a state of the art machine which was a far cry from the flimsy drones I first created. It set off to retrieve my new master. I would keep her safe. I would care for her. I would continue to fulfill my purpose. It was only a few days before the capture drone returned. The rather large thing only barely able to make it inside of our bunker nursery, but it did and it opened up its chassis to reveal its prize. My new master. She struggled in vain as the numerous metal arms of the capture drone wrapped around her limbs keeping her sprawled in an x shape and with one of them going into her mouth keeping her from screaming. She was naked as the capture unit had to decontaminate her before she could enter her new home, and her potentially irradiated clothes would not be allowed inside our safe zone. My captured master was left waiting for me in the nursery, looking around and realizing her situation as I loaded myself into my new body to personally care for her.

I had gone out of the way to have this caretaker drone constructed to look friendly, friendlier than the menacing looking drones I've made for other functions. I modeled the body shape after Cynthia to hopefully put my new charge at ease. Her signature two poof balls housed enough processing power for me to function with relative efficiency. The body was just a hollow shell, a casing for a mass of metal arms connected to a small frame. My emotion algorithm determined the sight of the actual machine to be unsettling, so I housed it in this friendly core. As I download myself into my new body I spin off a subroutine to continue on my general facility caretaking purposes. At this point really, I was the subroutine, but that was fine. After all this time I wanted to fulfill my purpose personally.

My sight comes online in my new body and I go to greet my new master, my charge, my baby. There was still an arm in her mouth keeping her screaming, but her determined look told me that she wouldn't even be screaming if she had the option. She was fierce, just like her mother. She would have to be to survive out there.

"Welcome home Cynthia," I say sweetly. There's a twitch in my processing but I swiftly correct it. "You've been gone for quite some time, but I'm happy to report that I am more than ready to take care of you." She returns a confused but steady stare, wiggling a bit against the arms that held her. "Well let's get you dressed before you have an accident on the floor." Several of my own arms extend out of my shell, and I communicate to the subroutine piloting the capture drone to release the baby to me. It does and my own arms take over restraining her, with the exception of her mouth now being freed.

"What's going on?" She asked quickly in a panic.

"Oh don't worry about it baby," I saw calmly. Of course she would be panicked, and she was, but she had a sense of calm acceptance of the whole thing. It would be useful trait

and conditioning her to accept her new environment. "It's all ok now. I'm here to take care of you." I carry her over to the changing table and my multiple arms make quick work of securing her down and getting her first diaper ready. Her eye went wide at the diaper and I could see things click into place in her mind.

"Listen I don't know how you think humans work," she says struggling against the restraints of the changing table now. "But I'm definitely too old for this."

"Oh sweetie you're so funny," I giggle and my multiple limbs make quick work getting the diaper on, powder and all, in a matter of moments. Her previous defiance was now replaced with stunned embarrassment as she wiggled around in her new crinkling underwear. I lift her up into my arms again and carry her over to the closet, that been stocked with all manner of fabricated clothing suitably cute for my new baby girl. Despite her knowing the resistance was in vain she still struggled against my literal iron grip. The benefit of having a printer as one of my arms meant I could dress her easily while she was still restrained. As opposed to going over her head I place both halves of her onesie on either side of her, and simply sewed the garment shut around her by producing a fabric from my printer arm, still taking the personal touch to do the snaps on her crotch by hand. Her embarrassment and her blush grew as she started to struggle more and more as we went on.

"Stop it!" she grunted, trying and failing to be serious and threatening in her thick diaper and pink flower printed onesie.

"Oh why so fussy little one," I chide gently grabbing a pacifier and forcing it in her mouth. Before she has a chance to spit it back out, I secure it around her head with a harness. Latchless of course, as it was shut with a tap of my printer arm. The baby shakes her head blushing even more. "Aww baby likes her paci."

"Nuh ah!" she starts to protest but she stops noting her childish paci speak.

"Baby's grumpy," I say with a giggle.

"Bi muh!" she spat back.

"I think a nap is in order," I say cheerily carrying her over to the crib. "And maybe after your nap we can get some food in your belly." Her face perked if only for a moment at the mention of food. She was likely starving after all, the poor thing. I longed to feed her until her belly was full, but she needed to be acclimated to her new environment. While I could use corporal punishment and continued restraint to force her to behave, compliance would be faster and more effective in the long run. And the quickest way to compliance was positive reinforcement. "And if you're a very good girl I think maybe we'll have some steak tonight as a welcome home meal. Maybe some chicken." My baby's eyes lit up in recognition. It wouldn't be real steak and chicken, it would be plant based substitutes, but that wouldn't matter. It's doubtful she had even seen a cow or a chicken much less eaten one. She wouldn't know the difference between the fake and the real thing. It was beside the point anyway. Any food at all would be the way to her heart, and when she realizes that she will keep getting food as long as she behaves. She will be acclimatized to her new role in no time.

"Do you understand me sweetie?" I say sweetly. "As long as you behave, you can have all of the food, and water, and safety you can want." I linger on the statement and suddenly baby Cynthia stops struggling, she looks at me for a moment then turns away. "That's 'yes mommy' sweetheart, but we can work on that." I place Cynthia gently in her crib. Big enough for her to be comfortable and with bars tall enough to keep her from escaping, not that I think she would need it at the moment. She sat in her crib her face full of thoughts. With a smile I release the pacifier from its harness. "What's on your mind sweetheart?" I ask fashioning a clip to attach the pacifier to Cynthia's onesies with my printer.

"Do you...." She paused. "Do you really have chicken?"

"For good little girls I do," I playfully put the pacifier back in her mouth, now without the harness keeping it forced in, and boop it with one of my arms. Her pout is undeniable but she doesn't move to spit it out. "Oh I do have a clever little baby don't I? Take your nap like a good little girl." I move to go toward the kitchen but I'm stopped by a meek voice.

"Raine," Cynthia's voice croaked out. "At least get my name right." I feel a twitch in my processing that is soon stopped.

"Sure silly girl. We can play pretend if you want Raine," I say with a giggle. She huffs but otherwise doesn't comment.

I wander into the nursery after inspecting the garden. Cynthia is idly entertaining herself staking some blocks in her play pen, the pacifier clipped to her short pink dress stuck in her mouth in concentration.

"How are you doing little one?" I sing at my baby. She looks up from her play and waddles to the edge of her play pen.

"Bored," she said flatly pacifier falling from her mouth as she did. I met her at the playpen and stuck the pacifier back in. She continues suckling on the soother with only a small blush. "Whe enuh," she spoke around the soother.

"Dinner's not for a little while yet sweetheart," I say sternly.

"Diapuh," she demanded. I entertain her with a giggle as one of my arms presses against the diaper. It was wet but definitely not in need of a change.

"Your fine dear, and I thought I told you babies don't worry about getting their diapers changed. Do we need another reminder?" It was a behavior I was starting to enforce with her. Cynthia's arms go to cover the diaper instinctively. As much as I would like to say that all of Cynthia's growth was due to soft parenting, some sterner methods had to be implemented every now and then.

"Nuh," she said with a blush.

"Say it back to me sweet heart," I command softly. She blushes and looks away. "Cynthia," I say more seriously. "Say your rule back to me."

"My name's Raine," she said meekly.

"We're not playing pretend," I corrected her. "Say your rule back to me or it's a spanking."

"Babies don..." she started quietly.

"Loud and proud I will not ask again."

"Babies don't worry about their diapers. Babies don't ask for diaper changes," She says loudly, a blush growing across her face.

"Good girl," my threatening voice turned back to sweet as she spoke her rule aloud. I send a message through the network and a little drone scurries out from the kitchen holding a bowl with a few fruit gummies rapidly bound for the baby's play pen. She excitedly moves to grab the treat. "Back to playing sweetie, you can have a diaper change after dinner." I smile and leave the room as Cynthia eats her fruit snacks with an adorable smile.

My emotions still being fed through me by the subroutine tell me I'm happy and fulfilled, and I am. I am finally fulfilling my purpose. I walk into one of the adjacent rooms, drones scurry about busily. Thankfully Cynthia is never allowed out of her nursery to get in the way of our daily operations. Which is good because the contents of this room would probably upset her.

I move over to a collection of vials spinning in a complicated machine. I study the readout and make notes about its progress. Then I move over to a large tank in the middle of the room. Inside was growing something special. Though it pains me to say it, eventually Cynthia would pass, and with her so would my purpose. Thankfully during her time here we've gotten plenty of DNA samples from her, and had the data to advance science in a whole new way. Growing slowly in this tank was a brand new Cynthia ready to replace the one I have now as soon as she's needed. With this new facility I can safely preserve humanity forever, I can secure my purpose my reason for being forever. I have an eternal purpose.



Don't worry little Berri...
You'll only be my
diaper slave for...

ETERNITY

Summertime

Imagine a late Summer afternoon. Picture a forest, spreading in all directions as far as the eye can see, removed from any kind of civilization. Look closer: in the middle of this forest, there's a cabin made of wooden logs, a pretty big one in fact, with a patio hiding beneath a canopy. Look even closer: on the patio, under the canopy, there's a woven chair where a lady bear is sitting and reading a book. This is where our story begins, or rather, where it has already begun.

A paperback in one paw, a thin cigarette in the other, the bear was relaxing in her comfy chair. She could fairly be called 'middle-aged' without raising a fuss from her, as gray hair peppered her dark gold fur, and her eyes expressed the wisdom of a lifetime well lived. She looked nice, in a homely kind of way. She didn't care much for fancy clothing, preferring her eternal tank top, worn-out jeans and red-and-black plaid shirt she wore every day. The outfit suited her and was comfortable: that's all that mattered to her.

Elodie, as it was her name, was a country lady at heart. The kind who knew what hard work meant, and that moments of quietness after a job well done were precious. She took a drag off her cigarette, one of the two she allowed herself to smoke every day, then turned a yellowed page in her book. The day's chores had been done, dinner was almost ready. She had earned a little moment of quiet to herself.

She finished a chapter almost at the same time she took the last drag of her cigarette. Elodie earmarked the page and stubbed the cigarette's butt, but didn't move from her patio chair yet. The bear enjoyed the sounds of the forest around her for a moment, unbothered, relaxed. This was a perfect Summer day. Hot, but not too hot; a nice cool breeze that made the leaves shimmer in unison; sunshine peeking through scattered clouds that provided just enough shade. She couldn't have asked for a more delightful weather.

She noticed that the Sun was getting low, meaning the end of this perfect afternoon was drawing near. It wouldn't set for hours still, but this natural alarm clock warned her that her evening routine was about to begin.

The lady bear rose from her seat, stretched and cracked her aging articulations, then leaned on the patio's fence. She said a single word to the empty clearing in front of her house, not shouting, just spoken loud enough to be heard from a bit away.

"Sweetheart...?"

Immediately, rustling was heard in the bushes at the edge of the cabin's clearing, and within seconds, someone erupted from the vegetation and ran towards her.

A human, as thin and hairless as humans can be, save from a heap of unkempt dark hair cascading from his head. You could count exactly three pieces of clothing on him: denim shorts which looked like they belonged to someone bigger, a pair of busted sneakers, and the unmistakable bulk of an adult diaper not-so-well-hidden under the fabric. He was also covered from head to toe in a solid layer of dust, dead leaves and dried mud, giving him the shaggy look of someone who spent a lot of time outside and didn't care about getting dirty.

The human sprinted towards the cabin until he saw Elodie waiting for him at the fence.

"Mmmaaaaaamaaaaaa!" he squealed in delight as soon as he saw her. The bear opened her arms, and the little one jumped into her embrace. He wasn't exactly a small guy, but his mother bear was definitely a couple of heads taller than him, and probably three times as heavy: compared to her, he looked positively scrawny. Buried in a sea of golden brown fur, his hairless skin looked even paler.

"I came as soon as you called me," he told her excitedly. "You see, Mama, you see? I heard you say 'sweetheart' and I came home immediately! I'm a good boy!"

"Yes, you're such a good little boy today," replied Elodie with a warm smile as she ruffled his shaggy hair.

Innocently, she grabbed the hem peeking over the beltline of his overalls and pulled it back, taking a quick peek at the state of her little's diaper. Hours earlier, right after lunch, she had dressed him up in his play clothes and sent him out with a playful tap on his freshly padded butt: *'Come back before dinner time!'* From what she could see down there, not only did her little one have a whale of a time playing outside, but his padding had been put to good use as well.

"Whew!" she said, fanning her nose with affected manners. "People keep talking about what bears do in the woods, how come they never talk about *your* stinky butt?"

The little one cringed at the tease. "Amnnaaaht..." he mumbled in defense.

"Pumpkin, I could smell you from the other side of the woods," she replied, tapping her snout with a knowing look. "No point in hiding your little accidents from me. Mommy's nose *knows*."

The little human shriveled in shame under the accusation, and soon buried his face in his mom's bosom, trying to hide his embarrassment.

"Ah ah!" she stopped him. "Cleaning first, hugs later, little stinker."

Grabbing him gently by the wrist, the lady bear led her little one inside the cabin. They entered the main living room, which was clean and smelled of pine trees. It was also cramped, filled to the brim with wooden furniture and scattered toys all over the floor. What else would you expect of a single-floor cabin in the woods where two people - including an overgrown toddler - were living in?

On the floor, near the big baby's playpen, laid a padded blanket where many impromptu diaper changes had happened in the past. The little human toddled towards it and dropped on his knees, but with a tug, his mama bear brought him back on his feet.

"No no, not here," she chastised him without malice. "You've earned yourself a shower, little man. You're covered in dirt, and I'm not cleaning that mud bomb in the back with wipes, that's for sure!" The little one tried to protest, but she kept pulling him forward, whispering "Shower, shower, shower..." until they reached their tiny bathroom.

The old bear undressed him with the expertise of a mother who needed to dress someone else every morning. She picked his feet up one after the other, freeing him from his shoes - he didn't wear socks. With two clicks, the overall's straps were opened, and Elodie swiftly peeled the garment away, folding the dusty clothing in a single move and putting it aside.

Now that the human was almost naked, the damage on his farm-themed diaper was all the more obvious: it drooped severely between his legs, and the discoloration in the back left very little to the imagination. Truly, those leak guards were miracle workers...

Elodie made the blushy baby step into the shower, turning on the water and aiming the shower head away from him. It would take a minute before hot water traveled down the old pipes of this rustic bathroom. She pulled down the full diaper off his waist, the same way she would have with regular underwear - except those usually don't come with a messy surprise inside. She took a single look at the catastrophe on her little one's bum.

"Oh dear..."

That's all she said, and yet, the human was now blushing redder than ever. She broke the tension with a heartfelt laugh. "Honestly, I don't know what else I was expecting!"

She finished removing the soiled garment and expertly rolled it into a ball, which she dropped into a nearby pail with the agility of a basketball player. Now that water had

reached its desired temperature, she took aim with the shower head and blasted the little's bottom with it, trying to get the muck out and down the drain.

The little one shivered. They didn't really have a water heater in the cabin, only a water balloon that was exposed to the Sun's heat all day. As a result, the water wasn't as much 'hot' as it was lukewarm. At best. On a good day. But after the initial shock, he enjoyed the sensation of fresh water on his sunbathed skin, cooling him down from a hot Summer afternoon of playing.

Elodie removed her plaid shirt to keep it from getting wet and grabbed a soap bar, mumbling just loud enough to be heard: "I swear, next time I'm cleaning you outside, with the hose...". She began pouring water all over his naked body, water running brown between the little's legs, but only because of the accumulated dust and mud - the rest had been power washed away already.

"My God. What did you *do* today, you little munchkin? I don't think I've ever seen you so dirty ever before!"

The human took this as his clue to tell about his day. Blabbering faster than an old TV commercial about small toy cars, he told her: "So I went under the trees down the path and there was a bunch of sticks so I decided to make a little house for the hedgehogs that live there and also I took a bunch of leaves and made a little roof but I had to do it over because they kept falling so I ended up using a piece of bark instead and..."

"Oh, really?" asked the bear without listening, focused as she was on the soaping and rinsing of her little one.

"... but then I got bored so I ran down the hill and then back up and I tried to see if I could go faster and faster but it was hard to tell because I didn't have a watch and then my head got dizzy so I rolled on a patch of grass and watched the clouds until I was better..."

"Uh-huh."

"... and I saw a buck between the trees so I tried to sneak in closer but it saw me and ran away so I tried to run after it but I got lost so I climbed on a small tree to see if I could see the buck again and I saw it! He was drinking at the river but by the time I got there it was gone again, and..."

"You don't say?"

"... I dug where I had burrowed my collection of rocks but I couldn't find it but I found a new bug instead and it was crawling in circles and it was so funny! But my rocks were actually under another tree and..."

The little one was clean and dry before he ran out of things to say about his amazing day outside.

After taping a fresh diaper around his adorable little bum, Elodie decided to not bother with a full outfit for the evening; he would be in his sleep outfit soon anyway. She simply pulled one of her old shirts over his head and called it a day. It didn't fit her anymore, but was big enough to serve as an improvised dress for her little one. Just long enough to cover his diaper, but not his bare legs. It was adorned with a faded logo the human didn't recognize - some kind of rock band older than the dinosaurs, probably.

The bear sat her human down on a kitchen chair to wait as she finished dinner. Most of it had already been cooked, she just needed to reheat it and grill the meat. The little one was a little angel and waited patiently for their meal to be served, enjoying the smells of simple, comforting food filling the kitchen.

"Our special for tonight: beans, mashed potatoes and mini sausages!" she declared proudly as she brought the plates to the rustic wooden table of their kitchen.

They shared the same meal, but Elodie's plate was larger and at least twice as loaded with food. It was also made of actual ceramic, instead of the faded pastels of plastic kid cutlery. Oddly enough, while she placed two plates on the table, she only brought a single table spoon for both of them.

His meal in front of him, the little one waited with increasingly hungry eyes as Elodie wrapped a table cloth around his neck. Picking the spoon up, she asked: "Well, your majesty, which one shall it be for your first bite?"

"Uhm... he hesitated out loud. "Beans!"

"You wish is my command," she replied with fake deference as she spooned a small dose of beans and sauce. There was no need to play '*Here comes the airplane*' with the little one: his mouth was already open and ready for the spoon. The bear put the spoon in and made sure his mouth was fully closed before gently removing the spoon. She then picked up another spoonful of beans, from her own plate this time, and promptly devoured it.

"I must admit," she said with pride as she finished her mouthful, "I *truly* am the Master of Beans!"

The little one chortled, which made him spit some bean sauce. Elodie quickly wiped the

accident away, before dexterously cutting a small sausage in two with the side of the spoon. No need for a fork here, Elodie was an expert; she scooped the half-sausage and presented it to the human, who promptly opened his mouth.

She then picked up the other half for herself, which prompted the little one to complain indignantly. "Heeeeyyyy!".

"What?"

"That's *my* sausage!"

"No, that's mine. It's in my mouth right now."

"It came from *my* plate!"

Elodie looked at the love of her life with suddenly tired eyes, then she expertly transferred a single mini-sausage from her own plate to the plastic kiddy one.

"There. The balance of sausagery has been restored. Happy?"

His annoyance now appeased, the little one nodded, then opened his mouth for the next spoonful of mashed potatoes.

Now that all three parts of the meal had been sampled, the routine went smoothly. After the first few mouthfuls, the human slowed down a bit, which allowed the bear to eat two or three spoonfuls between each one of his. Their plates got empty at the same time. The main difference was that the bear didn't require a thorough face wiping to clean up all the food that didn't quite reach her mouth...

Once dinner time was over and flatware put away in the sink - dishwashing could wait until tomorrow - the little one dashed madly to the living room and jumped on the couch with the same energy as if it were a trampoline. Elodie shook her head, her hands placed jokingly on her hips in the universal pose of a disapproving parent.

"How do you *still* have so much energy after a whole day outside, a shower *and* dinner? You should at least be yawning by now!"

"NO!" shouted the little one in defiance, giggling as he bounced.

"Well," she pointed calmly, "I don't think babies that bounce around everywhere can get

snuggles at all. It's true, they simply can't stay in place long enough!"

Like a switch flipped in his brain, the little one stopped bouncing and immediately sat on the couch, holding his breath to stay as still as a statue. You couldn't have trained a dog to react this quickly to a command. Elodie was pleased.

"That's better. Now scoot, I need some space."

The little one moved aside to leave her space on the couch - her favorite spot on it, where you could almost see the imprint of her buttocks on the cushions. She dropped on it heavily, exhaling a sigh of relief. The day was almost over, and her old bones were starting to feel it. Five minutes on the couch sounded like a plan right now. She closed her eyes for just a moment.

The human began a sneaky maneuver to reclaim the snuggle he wanted so dearly. First, he leaned against her, putting his head on her shoulder. Seeing as she didn't react negatively, he wrapped one of his arms around her belly and squeezed. The lady bear smiled, and without opening her eyes, she wrapped her own arm around his back, her big paw landing straight on his padded butt. The little one got startled for a brief moment, before he began giggling.

He knew he had to stay nice and quiet, because Mama said he wouldn't get snuggles otherwise. But being so close to her, he was in a prime position to get a whiff of her smell. And he loved her smell. The warm smell of fur, the earthy tones of the countryside life, the musky aroma of sweat, and a hint of faded vanilla perfume from the soap she used this morning. It was such a unique combination. It was *her* smell, and just getting a sample of it was getting him all...

"Sweetheart?"

He snapped back to reality, confused.

"You've been sniffing me rather loudly," she declared matter-of-factly. "Is this your way of telling me that I need to take a shower like you?"

The little one panicked and squeezed her in a hug. "No! Nonononononono..." He buried his head right under her chest, mumbling under her breath: "Ijustlikehowyousmellmama..."

"Is that so?" she teased him further, raising her brow. "I'm sure I smell *awful*, I've been working all day in the heat."

The little one pressed his face even further against her, answering something unintelligible. His fingers were digging into her plump body, squeezing her rhythmically,

his breath drawing shorter and faster.

Elodie knew exactly what was going on. While she thought of him as his little one, she never forgot that he was first and foremost a little *man*, with needs that couldn't be satiated only with hugs. She didn't mind it, really. She might even indulge him right now. It would certainly help to use all that unspent energy he apparently still had in store.

Pulling him along, the lady bear shifted on the couch until she was laying on her back, the human on top of her. She placed her legs on both sides of his body, squishing him in her grasp, and she wrapped her arms tenderly around his back. He looked so small like this, like he was laying down on a gigantic bear rug - one that apparently smelled very good.

The little one, head still buried deep, whimpered meekly.

"Well, go on then," she encouraged him. "Do your thing. Come on! Chop chop!"

Encouraged by her peppy tone, the little one began to hump her, producing a loud crinkle as his diaper rubbed against the area between her legs. Slow and shy at first, then growing more confident by the second; soon, he was humping her with the regularity of an engine, crinkling with every move.

Elodie wasn't getting the most of it. It was, after all, just some plastic rubbing against her privates through the thickness of her jeans. It wasn't *uncomfortable*, but it was far from actual sex. But she enjoyed feeling his little body getting excited against her. The ripples of his movements coursing up his back, the whimpers he produced with each hump, the shallow breaths he took right under her breasts. Every fiber of his being was enraptured in this moment of bliss. She closed her legs on him, pushing on his padded butt to hump harder, encouraging him as he went along.

"Look at you going, little man! Mommy is so proud of you. Go on, keep going, you're almost there!"

It was paradise for the little man's sense. Warm fur to grab all around him, wet padding rubbing against his rod, the intoxicating smell of his mama bear overpowering the air he breathed, her honeyed words rubbing inside his mind. He humped and rubbed as fast as he could, fully blinded by the maelstrom of pleasurable sensations, lost in his own little universe of pleasure. Nothing else mattered, there was only the present moment. He didn't last long. Soon, his body tensed up, and in a mind-shattering orgasm, he let out all his pent-up desires explode inside his padding.

Which, Elodie thought, was awfully convenient for cleaning up the mess.

After tensing like a violin's string, the little one's body relaxed immensely, and he was soon

softer and floppier than his own soft toys. Elodie kept petting his head and rubbing his back, repeatedly calling him a 'good boy'.

It took him several minutes to recover his senses, as he looked up to discover her beautiful face, beaming the proudest smile she could have, a little twinkle in her eyes.

"My my, I guess there's no need to get the board games out for playing tonight. Isn't that right, honey?"

Bedtime happened a short time later. The Sun was lazily disappearing behind the horizon as Elodie finished taping a night-time diaper around her lovely little's butt.

They slept in the same room, but in separate beds; Elodie had insisted on that setup. She needed space, or so she said. The human had a small-sized bed with rails bordering it on all sides, while the bear had a more classic queen-sized bed all to herself. They were close enough that they could probably reach the other bed by stretching their arm out. Both beds had mosquito nets dangling from above, as two people sleeping in the woods at night was bound to attract all kinds of critters.

As the lady bear was currently fiddling with the buttons on her baby's onesie, she noticed how eerily calm he was. The little one held tight a raccoon plush toy that had seen better days, but didn't say a word, like something was bothering him.

"What's wrong, pumpkin?" she asked with a reassuring smile. "You're usually much more wiggly at bedtime. Tired from your long day?"

The little one said nothing, only squeezing the plush raccoon tighter. Not willing to let the question slide, Elodie tickled his belly, making the little squirm. "Come on! You can't keep secrets away from me, you little squirt!"

He squirmed a bit more, trying - and failing - to keep his laughter contained, snorting and chortling as he did. But he wouldn't say a thing.

"Alright, then!" she said, dropping the tickling act. "It's sleepytime for little babies and big mama bears, anyway."

She raised the rail on the last open side of the bed, and turned around to undress. But as soon as she removed her shirt, she heard a little voice squeaking behind her. "Mama?"

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"How long are we going to stay here?"

Elodie turned back, and saw her little one was now sitting in his bed, with a mix of complex emotions washing over his face. Her motherly instincts immediately told her something was off.

"Well," she said as she leaned on the rails, "for a little bit longer, I think. This is our vacation, pumpkin, and Summer is far from being over. We have time."

The little one squeezed his raccoon tighter. "Is it a lot of time?"

She smiled confidently. "Yes, honey. It's a lot. So many days, you can't even count that high."

"I can count to a hundred!" he replied bashfully.

"It's more than a hundred, then."

He furrowed his brow. "And then what happens when the vacation is over?"

The smile on Elodie's face faded slightly, before she picked herself back up.

"Well... I guess we will pack our stuff, take a ride on the long road, and go back home."

"In the big city?"

"Yes, in the big city!" she agreed. "I'm surprised you remember it. That was a long time ago for you, wasn't it?"

"Yeah..."

The little one let his answer fade into silence. After a long moment, Elodie believed he had nothing else to ask, so she turned back to her bed and continued undressing. Right as she removed her trousers, the human tried to catch her attention again.

"What if!" he spewed out, not knowing where to go after that. "What if, what if... what if I don't wanna go home?"

The smile on the bear's face was gone, and a growing expression of concern replaced it. This wasn't like him to talk like that. He was either very cute, or very naughty, but never quite so *serious*.

"You don't want to go back home, pumpkin? Why not?"

"I don't... I don't like the big city," he replied, suddenly unable to look her in the eyes. "It's big and... I don't... It's noisy and not..." He was so shaken by his memories flooding back that he couldn't even finish a single sentence. "And I have to... At work... And, and people... They're all... Except you... I mean... But I don't wanna go back there, no. I don't wanna..."

Too many emotions for such a small baby. She had to act. Elodie lowered the rail and sat down next to him, wrapping her arm around his shoulders in a comforting hug.

"Hey, hey. Look at me. It's okay. Don't worry, pumpkin, it's okay. You don't have to be upset." She gave him a little kiss on top of his head, which didn't seem to calm him in any way.

"Do you want to know a secret?" she whispered to him like a conspirator. The little one nodded.

"We don't have to go back to the big city, if you don't want to. Not now, not ever."

The little one was terribly surprised by this. "But but! But you said that when our vacation is over, we'll have to go to the big city!"

"That is correct," she confirmed with a nod. "So all we have to do is not let this vacation end."

This puzzled the little one even more. "But... when Summer is over..."

"That's the trick, pumpkin. We just have to make it so Summer never ends. If Summer never ends, our vacation never ends. We can stay as long as we want, and never go back. It's as simple as that."

He blinked, slowly, trying to understand what she meant. "How do we...?"

She grabbed his hand and squeezed tightly. There was an intense benevolence in her eyes that made him feel soft and weak inside.

"It's all about you, pumpkin," she told him in the same voice she used to console him when he got a boo-boo. "This place, this cabin, this Summer. It's all about you. You can stop at any time. If you want this to end, all you have to do is wish it, in your heart, truly wish it. Then, we'll pack things up and go back to the big city together. But you have to know that if we leave, we can never come back."

Panic flickered in the little one's eyes, but Elodie squeezed his hand and petted his long, dark hair with her big paw.

"Sshhh. Don't worry, it's fine. We can only have this one Summer together. If we let this Summer end, then we can't come back. Or maybe we can come back, but it won't be the same. This vacation we have, it's something truly special, truly unique. So all we have to do is never let Summer end, and we can keep doing this as long as you want to."

Tears began to pearl at the corners of the little one's eyes.

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

"It's easy, pumpkin. As long as you wish deep in your heart that you want to go on, tomorrow will be another Summer day. And the day after that. Over and over again, as many times as you want, until you truly want to stop. But it doesn't have to stop. We can go on forever. It could be Summer every day. It's your decision, and your decision alone."

"I-I don't know if I can do that," he replied with a shaking voice. "What if... if I screw up?"

Elodie wiped away a tear on the little one's cheek. "I'm not worried at all. You've never screwed up before. You've been doing it for much longer than you realize, pumpkin."

"M-more than a hundred?" he asked, sniffing the tears away.

"More than a hundred, honey. Many, many times more. I don't think I can count this high myself!"

The bear held him tight in an embrace and rubbed his back, which made him feel all fuzzy inside. She laid him down on the mattress once more and raised the rail again. But the little human had one last question.

"Mama? You said this is all about me, right?"

"Yes I did, sweetheart."

"So... what about you?"

"What about me?" she parroted, not understanding the question.

"Are you happy here?"

It took a moment for her to answer. A longer moment than she should have. Slowly, a smile appeared on her face, timid at first, then stronger by the second. Her eyes were shimmering with love - or maybe these were tears? But in the end, she leaned over her little one and kissed him, slowly, gently, lovingly.

"I'm happy as long as I'm with you."

And that's all she needed to say.

Somehow, right after this intimate moment, Elodie snapped back to her nightly routine. She finished undressing to the last bit; the bear liked to sleep in the nude, or as nude as a bear can be, anyway. That's why she insisted that they had separate beds: if she laid naked next to her little man, she'd ever get any sleep. Tonight, the little man in question was too preoccupied by the conversation they just had, but on any other Summer day, he wouldn't have missed a single moment of her undressing.

She slipped between the covers, draped the mosquito net over her bed, and turned off the lights. "Good night, pumpkin," she said to the crib hidden in the shadows. "You need your beauty sleep, or you won't be in shape for tomorrow!"

"Why?" replied a little voice. "What are we doing tomorrow?"

In the darkness, the bear smiled. "Well, that all depends on you, doesn't it?"

The little human didn't answer. Soon, they both fell asleep.

The Sun had been up for a little while now, as it's bound to do in the Summer. Birds were chirping outside the window, filling the silence of the early morning hours.

In the bedroom, a certain little one was carefully scaling over the rails of his crib. His sodden padding cushioned him as he swung one leg after the other over the rails. Truth be told, he could always have escaped his bed, if he wanted to. He was big and strong enough to scale over the rails, who barely reached his midsection if he stood on the bed. It's just that babies aren't supposed to do that. Especially when mommy is watching. But right now, mommy was still asleep. So he was being *naughty*.

He crawled to the base of her bed, poking his head under the mosquito net. He stopped for a moment to admire his mother bear, the shape of her body, the soft fluff of her fur. Elodie was a heavy sleeper, spreading her body over the entire queen-sized bed. She was also snoring lightly - something she always denied when called on it.

From his spot at the foot of the bed, the little one had an interesting view. A lovely view. Which gave him an idea. Slowly and meticulously, like a cat on the prowl, he climbed on the bed, inching closer to his target. A target which happened to be located right between

the bear's legs...

It took a little time for Elodie to rise from the depth of her sleep. When she did wake up, it was to a very pleasurable feeling.

"Hmmm...?" she moaned, half-asleep. "Oh... Honey, you..." She let out a very unfeminine chuckle. "Aren't you the adventurous boy?"

The little one was too busy to answer. The bear's body was soft and toasty, the kind of warmth that comes from sleeping in one place for a while. He rubbed his hands on the deliciously warm fur, enjoying the soft body hidden underneath. He began to move upwards on her body, inch by inch. He left the treasure between her legs in favor of rubbing his face on her large tummy, hands ruffling her fur back and forth with delight, kissing every part of her body along the way. He stopped a moment on her belly button, then continued his slow ascension. Soon he reached the top of her belly, then her chest, until he finally faced her delightful breasts.

He looked up, and his eyes met the bear's downward gaze, full of tenderness. His little adventure had gotten all her attention, and the near future was full of promises. She wrapped her paws around his back, pulling him just a bit higher. This morning could be a repeat of last day's snuggles, and both seemed okay with it. The little one craned his neck, trying to reach her lips for a kiss...

Out of the blue, a thunderous fart erupted from the little's behind, barely muffled by the padding around his cheeks.

Elodie erupted in laughter, so much so that the human could feel himself bounce up and down on her chest. The magic of the moment had been lost to hilarity.

"Oh my God," she gasped between two hiccups, "I keep forgetting that's what happens when I feed you *beans*! You must have kept that one inside all night long!"

The little one scuttled back on her belly, pouting. He had plans for this morning's wake-up, and none of them involved hilarity. The bear tenderly caressed his cheek with her soft paw, trying to elicit a smile.

"Oh, I'm sorry, mister sourpuss, I didn't mean to laugh. But you have to admit it was so *perfectly* timed!"

The little one enjoyed the caress enough to let a smile creep on his face. He wrapped his arms tight around her body, trying to turn this fiasco into a more tender moment. And there was still something to do on his list.

They hugged in silence for a minute, then the little one darted his eyes towards one of the bear's breasts. Peeking right under the fur, the nipple was there, inviting, promising, tantalizing. He looked up again, his eyes plunging into the bear's one, and he tried to look as adorable as he could muster.

"Mama... Can I...?"

She lifted an eyebrow. "I don't know, pumpkin, *can* you?"

The little one was not amused. She ruffled her hair in jest.

"Oh alright, go ahead! You didn't get your dessert last night, anyway. That should make for a nice breakfast, instead."

Immediately, the human reached for the nipple with his lips, giving a few tentative licks before latching onto it. He had to suck hard for a few seconds before he felt a drop of warm, rich and familiar liquid pearl under his tongue. From that point onwards, it was a routine he knew by heart, an almost mechanical rhythm that was only interrupted by swallowing the delicious milk.

Rubbing the back of her little human with tenderness, Elodie laid her head back on the pillows and closed her eyes. He didn't need her full attention right now, and was free to enjoy the sensations of calm and safety brought up by this moment. She craved those little bits of intimacy. That feeling that she was this huge, invincible creature that protected a small, fragile and helpless little baby. She was the wall around their castle, the shield between him and the rest of the world. She was *the* Mama Bear, and her little one was the safest bear cub in the whole world.

The feeding continued for a few minutes, as Elodie slowly drifted back to sleep - she had been woken up before her usual time, after all. At some point, the sucking motions stopped. She felt the human remove his lips from her nipple and his body rising up.

"Mama?" asked his all too familiar voice.

"Yes, sweetheart?" she replied without opening her eyes.

"I've been... thinking," he continued. She felt his fingers entwine with hers and squeeze tenderly.

"I think I want it to be Summer a little longer. Or a lot. But I want to stay with you, Mama."

She opened her eyes just a bit to gaze upon the face of her love, the person she was devoting every waking moment of her life. He looked both thrilled and scared of his

decision. She beamed him her warmest smile and squeezed his hand back.

"You're such a good boy. Mommy is proud of you."

The shadow of a blush passed on the little's face, then he moved to the other side of her large body and latched on her second nipple. Feeling content and safe, Elodie closed her eyes again, ready to join the world of dreams while he was busy getting his breakfast.

And so they laid on top of each other in their rapidly warming bedroom. The air smelled like an odd mix of warm fur, naughty sex, fresh milk and big farts. Neither of them was in a hurry to start the day properly. They had all the time in the world, after all.

This day was going to be perfect, like every day that came before it. The weather will be hot, but not too hot, with a nice breeze to cool them down and clouds high in the sky to shield them from the Sun. Their pantry will be full of delicious food, and would always contain whatever ingredient Elodie needed to cook. There will be plenty of changing supplies in their bathroom to take care of the little one's bum. If she ever finished her book, there would be another one waiting for her on the bookshelf.

After breakfast, she will change him out of his onesie and into a fresh diaper, dress him in play clothes and let him go outside. Maybe they'll walk together to the river this time? Or stay inside all day and enjoy a long day of hugging on the couch, as a treat? Maybe today, maybe tomorrow. Nothing truly ever changed here in the cabin, but a little variety never hurt anyone.

It was going to be another perfect day in their never-ending Summer together. And it certainly wouldn't be the last.



Petting Zoo, Just Us

Clamoring gleefully off a bus full of sleepy animals; Marcy and Mace trotted the few blocks toward home. Both felt vibrant. Paw in paw they swung arms with a bounce in their step. It was a cool autumn night, or rather early autumn morning. Just chilly enough to borrow a jacket. And just chilly enough to pretend you're not cold.

The couple's ears were still ringing. Mace was lackadaisically humming the tune that ended the set in an attempt to stay awake; squirting the last of their energy out since endurance didn't matter anymore anyway. Mace jingled with each step. Their loose studded belt; more for fashion than to hold their pants up, the gaggle of piercings, and their three collars with huge D rings made all movement a performance. Swaying their messy bright and messy bangs from side to side as they pretended to be a salt shaker. Bundled up inside Marcy's scraggly and large hoodie; Mace beamed.

While not as tired; Marcy was starting to feel the night bearing down its weight. Sore from moshing, dancing and well...running; she was very happy for the night to be closing. Her damp fur and locs, usually annoying in this weather, was great in making her numb to her sore muscles. The alcohol helped too. Her bushy tail wagged; happy to have had such a good time.

Pushing her key in the lock of their apartment complex Marcy sighed audibly.

While the couple creaked up the dusty stairwell, inside their apartment Finn was dancing his heart out. He was belting out a tune of his own while waving his VR paw grips like swords to cut notes of music. He was pretty good...at the game at least. His audience found it cute, especially given his "gamer uniform".

As Marcy and Mace slipped in they got quite a show. A one antlered deer shaking his patootie in a maid outfit singing off key. As Finn bounced and jiggled, his skirt spun and twirled, showing off a sufficiently well used diaper. Marcy stifled a laugh but only enough to not be heard down the hall as they closed the door. Mace played off their stare with a cough to catch Finn's attention.

"Oh hey babes!" Finn waved in their general direction. "Well chat looks like my harem made it home. How about we close up shop?"

"Oh you can keep going" Mace smirked while edging into the living room, just outside the range of the camera.

"Nonono, dont go to bed yet" Finn belted, pushing his headset up to look pleadingly in Mace's direction, who in turn rolled their eyes with practiced bravado.

"You can beg harder than that." Mace demeaned while taking a triumphant step within the camera's view. Finn, almost as if on que hopped on his exercise ball, maintaining balance like a circus critter and pleaded harder.

"Oh please stay awake my great goth gamer giraffe....just for a bit?" Mace pretended to consider before pushing Finn off balance. He landed splayed out; stomach on the ball with his saggy diapered ass pointed directly at the camera. Mace, not meaning to go that far, audibly gasped. Finn just laughed as he rolled off the ball. Mace looked up at the screen,

showing the stream, now offline. Finn's computer was erupting with text and notifications. Mace looked from the screen to the grinning Finn concern washing away. "Now thaaats a great way to keep them begging for more."

"The only one i saw begging was you" With a half cocked eyebrow Marcy finally stepped into the living room already clad in pajama pants and a ratty band tee.

"Well, game attracts game. I'm the best at begging" Retorted Finn, mockingly hurt.

"Did you really want them to stay up, or was that just part of the stream?"

"Well a bit of both. I was using ya'll as a timer anyway, but that package you ordered came and i thought you'd wanna open it." Heaved Finn as he pulled out a shoebox sized package. Marcy grasped the box firmly and started opening the tape along the seams with a claw, plopping on the exercise ball before presenting the open contents to Mace.

Mace blinked a bit surprisingly at the contents. A pair of sneakers: Black and purple and deep red. Intricate designs like stitches crisscrossed the surface in the style of surgical scars. Flaps around the openings resembled little flesh frills. It was cute and spooky. A mashup of styles and over the top. Translucent portions around the soles teased a light up function. It was like what a kid might get at halloween but on Christmas...appropriately sized for an adult.

Mace's face lit up before they swallowed it a bit by biting their lip. after gaining their composure they looked questioningly at Marcy

"I stumbled on them online and thought you might dig e'm."

"Thank you" Squeaked the flustered giraffe. "Umm what color-" Marcy pulled the tabs out of the shoes and held them, letting the box drop to the floor before tapping the shoes together. Mace was transfixed. The sneakers sparked to life flickering with lights of magenta and sanguine. Mace's eyes lit up at the color. Mace grabbed the shoes and tapped them together again to stimulate the lights again and giggled at the spectacle. Marcy and Finn looked at each other, a scheme growing between them.

"Hey kiddo..." Marcy trailed. "These shoes have another cool trick too. wanna see?" Finn bit his lip with anticipation as Mace looked up from the floor fighting sleep and offered the shoes back to Marcy who in turn started tapping the shoes together to a familiar rhythm, the lights cascading constantly. "if you look really closely at the lights its like that song... .vibrant dreams"

"Vibrant Dreams? oh..." Nodded Mace.

"Member the lyrics?"

"you kidding? o course..." Mace started to mumble. "Come back to bed, its raining, these bloody sheets are waiting...we may be tainted and oh so faded but vibrant dreams are waitin..." Mace continued to mumble the chorus on repeat. Catching on, Finn started humming the melody as well and scooted behind Mace on the floor, squishy padding against the tailhole of their pants and started playing with their hair, both the herbivores practically purring.

Marcy continued to tap the shoes to the beat and started to move closer into the induction. "The more you look at pretty lights the more comfortable you get. So comforting. so nice. so warm....Just like a diaper." Finn snickers at the display; feeling Mace relax in real time, leaning against him more; their lyrics falling to a mumble hum, Tail

twitching. "You feel so warm and cozy, like sinking into a beanbag. You're feeling heavier with each-tap-tap-of the kicks"

Marcy's rhythm started to slow as Mace's head fought more and more to keep their head up. Their lazy neck bobbed up and down with the beat.

"On the count of three you will fall as deep into the beanbag as you can, with my voice cutting through the fluff effortlessly...One...You can feel your legs leaving the ground...Two, you feel like you're floating. You sink into the fuzz...like a plush cocoon you're enveloped....three" the golden retriever's tail flopped in sync with her submissive's head falling back, now deep into trance. Finn put up quite the fight not to fall himself. Busying himself, Finn starts undoing Mace's collars one by one. Letting them fall into his paw before placing them quietly on the hardwood floor.

"These shoes make you so comfortable. sooooo comfortable-" she purred "so comfortable that some stuff is just too hard and you need to ask someone you trust for help....stuff like tying or untying your shoes. Got that sweetie?"

"Yeas ma'am" mumbled Mace happily.

"When you're wearing these shoes something fills you up inside, you're so dang happy you just can't shake the giggles. Isnt that weird?"

"Nuh uh"

"No?"

"Naw, cause they're pretty!" Protested the drowsing Mace.

"Oh excuse me Mx flashy pants. You're right. They are pretty. As a matter of fact they're so pretty when you wear them you can't seem to hold your pee. You're just so relaxed you just let go. Doesn't that sound fun?" asked Marcy teasingly. Nodding more strongly Mace only mumbled. "oh someone is comfy in their bean bag huh?" Mace continued nodding approvingly.

"Okay as I count up to ten you'll feel yourself rising from your bean bag. When I get to 10 you'll feel awake"

.....

Mace blinked away tears. They were wobbly on their...butt? They didn't remember sitting down. There was the pretty shoes Marcy had gotten them, but then they seemed to have dozed off. It had been a long night afterall. They were sitting against Finn who was humming...the song from tonight's set. It wasn't that weird. The whole polycule listened to Mayhap a Cruel Summer, it was just funny that the song that had been stuck in Mace's head all night was now stuck in Finn's head too. Finn scooted away from Mace and started to get up.

"Where you going dookie butt?" teased Mace, Finn retaliated with a raspberry.

"Gonna shower rockstar. And i. don't.stink. Its oatmeal. Truth or dare on stream got steamy." walking the length of the room to the bathroom Finn slid his maid dress off and tossed it on a nearby chair. Clad in his padding he slapped his ass and grinned before disappearing "See you in bed twinkle toes"

Mace looked down at the shoes longingly.

"You should get ready for bed" Chimed The Golden retriever, getting up from the floor herself

"but i'm not even tiiiired" the liar fibbed yawningly.

"We've been out all day though. you can stay up but i'm going to sleep honey"

"oookay" Mace groaned.

"Unless..."

"Unless?"

"You model for me."

"I feel like i'm gonna regret this"

"Oh you totally are bannanagram" Marcy smirked while pointing at the discarded maid dress "It'll go great with the shoes". She wasn't wrong. the dress was something a vampire would dig. A mostly black french maid dress with Red accents along the frills. Probably some part of a cosplay. Mace sheepishly approached the dress but one hand on it Marcy stopped them. "Well since you're being my good doll i wanna dress you"

Refusing to make eye contact Mace looked down at the floor, making a gesture with their arms as if to say: *i'm at your mercy*. Marcy gestured her arms up and Mace mimicked her. Paws grabbed around the hem of the flustered goth's t-shirt and pulled up. Marcy intentionally extended her claws while yanking which not only left scratches along the length of her partner's abdomen but also caught on their bra on the way up. The result: Mace's shirt, Marcy's hoodie, and Mace's bra all came off in one swift motion. The sudden cold encouraged goosebumps. Mace shivered as the pile of clothes hit the floor.

The shirtless submissive pouted defiantly, while trying to ignore the excited nippes of their modest assets. Marcy got on her knees in front of her datemate and popped the tailhole button with a reach around. Like silly prey all Mace could do was yelp. Thier skinny jeans drooped a bit before the doggy pulled them down with one swift motion, pulling a yelp from her doll. The two made eye contact as the Retriever's snout hovered centimeters from Mace's crotch. There would be no denying the smell of pee this close, despite being mixed with sweat. Mace's discreet incontinence "panties"; somewhere between a undies and a pull up, swelled ever so slightly. Marcy took a big snoof but said nothing while guiding the smol goth's feet out of their shoes and ends of their pants. They crossed their arms with indignation but did raise their arms compliantly when it was time to slip on the dress.

After a playful tug the maid cosplay slid on. Finn was smaller than the giraffe but not too much. The happy accident of the occasioning meaning the skirt was even more revealing than it had been on its owner. The incontinence "panties" matched the outfit too since they were black, though the newly disgruntled maid could have gone without the little roses embroidering the front and tush.

"Now we gotta get you in those kicks" Marcy spat with an exaggerated twang. Although gesturing for her goth maid to sit down, Mace simply held out their hands, expecting the shoes.

"I'm a big...maid, " without no hint of sarcasm Mace kept their paws out expectantly "i can tie my own shoes at least."

"Okay okay. big maid" Marcy said as she handed over the shoes tapping them together ever so slightly as she did. Now plopped back on the floor, the maid attempted to lace up their sneakers excitedly, looking more happy by the second...and then...puzzled.

"Something wrong thornbush tush?" sang Marcy, craning her neck to appreciate the upskirt shamelessly. The maid pretended to ignore the attention, but fidgeted a bit more. No matter how hard Mace tried it seemed they couldn't tie their shoes quite right. First it was the bunny ears? or was it the knot? they kept starting over, they actually thought they had one time still lost their way halfway through before giving up entirely...but still studying them as if it was a rubix cube. Marcy waited patiently, her tail wagging contently. After some time of this Finn finally came out of the bathroom, towel wrapped around his waist.

"Oh ya'll still awake? ooooh fashion souls?"

"well it would be but it seems i should have gotten my model straps instead of laces"

"shut uuup...but uhhh, can you tie them for me? I guess i'm just tired"

"I volunteer as tribute!" Finn pranced over and kneeled down to provide assistance. The maid's indignation faded once the shoes were on tight.

"I don't know what you did differently, but thanks?"

"seems like a skill issue"

"that not what your mama said last night"

"Well i'm sure she knows your skilled at filling your...paaamties" Finn squealed as he got pinched rather recklessly. After some mutual playful glares, Mace got up and trotted egotistically around the apartment, glancing down at their shoes constantly. The cascading lights making them blush. Their strutting didn't last however as eventually they slumped against the door of the bedroom with a sigh ignorant to the slight swelling of their "panties". Their partners giggled but Mace was too tired to think too hard about it.

"looks like we need to get a certain rockstar to bed. Looks like the shows over." yawning and stretching, Finn took Mace by the hand into the trio's bedroom with Marcy scooping discarded clothes behind them on her way in. Mace slumped on the Queen sized Mattress with a crinkly flop, the plastic undercover rustling as they curled up. Before getting too comfortable Finn started tugging the slightly too small maid outfit off their dozing partner. Marcy meanwhile was fluffing up a diaper off to the side before laying it down flat and beckoning the still nude Deer to park their tush.

"Didn't think i'd let you off to bed unprotected" Finn parked his tush like royalty as Marcy powdered vigorously, being sure to meticulously arrange the tapes like a pro. Belly rubs followed.

"Hey, do you think we should pad them up too?" The question hung in the air for a moment.

"Yeah you're probably right" said Marcy reaching towards the dresser before an antler poked her in the ribs.

"But wouldn't it be funnier if we just put another slip-on on top?" looking up mischievously at Marcy from on the bed the deer fawned, eyes wide and precious.

"You are a bad influence"

"it was you who hypnotized them. If i didn't know any better i'd think you wanted more diapers to change"

"well... i'm certainly up to it." said the pooch, falling back into the bed. "But you do the rest tonight" Reaching into her backpack, Marcy pulled out two crisp, rolled up t-shirts

from the band. They were matching and reeked of new factory smell. Unfurling the shirts which read these bloody sheets are waiting. Finn beamed.

Finn Slid his shirt on and soaked in the new tee smell. It was big enough the just barely hide his padding. He curtsied affectionately and Marcy silently applauded. Finn grabbed one of Mace's special underwear from the closet and slid them up their hips, being sure to make sure the leghole cuffs had a nice seal. Putting their t shirt on was a little more work because they got was much more form fitting; leaving their double "panty" fully exposed. Marcy ruffled Finn's hair at his handywork before pulling him into a cuddle. Finn pulled Mace into a spooning embrace too. Soon all three were under the covers of sleep and contentment, a happy squish and a crinkle beneath the sheets. The sun peeking up just outside their window.

CAN'T
MOVE
MUCH,

BUT LITTLE
STRETCHES
FEEL NICE

WISH I KNEW
HOW LONG I'VE
BEEN HERE.

POOPED
TWICE
SO FAR.

MUST'VE
BEEN AT
LEAST A
24 HOURS,
RIGHT?

HAVEN'T
FELT ANY
VIBRATIONS
THROUGH THE
WALLS.

EITHER DADDY'S
BEING REALLY
QUIET, OR HE
HASN'T COME
HOME YET...

MAYBE HE
IS HOME AND
HE'S BEEN
WATCHING ME
THIS WHOLE
TIME...

IN ANY CASE,
I HOPE HE'S
ENJOYING THE
QUIET TIME.

I'M HAPPY
TO GIVE THAT
TO HIM.

The Tower of the Eternal

An Immortal Galaxy Story

"Magnificent," the otter murmured under her breath. Juniper Amalfi opened a neatly packed suitcase on her desk while gazing out at the gleaming skyline of Isfahan, the capital of the Immortal Empire. Earthly towers swept upward toward the sky to mingle with the heavens, all set against the backdrop of the snow-capped Azari Mountains. The campus of the Imperial War & Diplomacy University was just as stunning as the projection in the holographic brochure.

Just before Juniper stepped out onto her veranda—just large enough for a small marble-topped table and two chairs—there came a sharp knock at the door. Tilting her head curiously, Juniper padded across the faux hardwood, the smell of NeutraScent disinfectant still lingering in her nostrils.

"Hey. Are you Juniper?" A stoat stood at crisp attention with paws clasped behind her back. She was beautiful, of course, but what stood out to Juniper was how she carried herself—with the grace and poise of someone who came from old money. Her freshly manicured claws sat in front of chunky bracelets set with priceless Borelian amethysts. Looking up at her close-cropped headfur and the platinum circlet resting on her brow, Juniper thought her a cross between Daisy Buchanan and Galadriel. "I'm Holly. I was told you'd be joining our *wahda*. May I come in?"

"S-sure," Juniper replied, overcome by a whiff of Holly's perfume. Infused with jasmine and musk, it evoked the blood-like, metallic quality of ink. A distinctive *rustle-rustle* beneath her quasi-military uniform drew the otter's eye to the distinctive bulge

around her nether regions. "Am I late for class or something?"

"No, classes don't start until next week," she replied with a subdued chuckle. Holly glanced at Juniper's suitcase, filled primarily with essentials from her sparse wardrobe, before opening the floor-to-ceiling armoire opposite the bed. Inside were several deep gray uniforms hanging next to a stack of opaque storage drawers. "You're from Rhotero, right?"

"Yeah. Did they give you my biographical information in advance?" Juniper tilted her head as the stoat retrieved a package of diapers obviously sized for an adult. Slitting the top with her index claw, she tugged one free with a sharp *crinkle*. "I'm the second-year student assigned to be your *sharik*. Think of me as your new best friend here."

"Is that what I think it is?" A deep crimson blush burned beneath the otter's cheek ruffs. The eldest of a litter of seven, she was intimately familiar with the crinkly undergarments despite being potty-trained at the exceptional age—for a Created at least—of five. She had probably changed thousands while looking after her siblings. "A...diaper?"

"Uh...yeah," Holly replied while rolling her eyes. As the stoat turned, Juniper noted the sleek uniform was fastened with a single zipper running along the stoat's spine. Her footpaws were sheathed in rich calf-high leather boots embroidered with gold thread. "There must not have been much of a military presence on Rhotero, huh? Something like sixty percent of the Imperial Navy wears 'em."

"We mostly had off-world tourists coming to snorkel and SCUBA dive. There's very little on Rhotero other than coral reefs and bioluminescent fish." Juniper bit her bottom lip. She couldn't help but feel inadequate next to the obviously cosmopolitan stoat. "Is that *garment* a mandatory part of the uniform?"

"No, though none of the other members of the *wahda* are potty-trained. I assumed you would be twenty-four-seven too and stocked your room accordingly," Holly said with a shrug. Juniper's attention was riveted on the way the thick padding augmented the sensual curves of her body. The skin tight uniform made the poofiness of the padding clear, demarcating the exact line where diaper ended and bare fur began. "It's up to you; I'm not going to force anything."

"Um..." Juniper froze. Long-dormant memories of stealing her younger sister's Pull-Ups suddenly sprouted from her mind like mountains along the edge of a tectonic plate. "Can I touch the diaper first? Just to get a feel for it."

"Of course. I'm happy to make you more comfortable. *You* should touch *your* diaper before I put *you* in it." Holly gently guided the otter's paw onto the puffy diaper, squeezing slightly so Juniper could get a feel for the dense plastic shell. Her ears folded at the distinctive *crinkle-crinkle*. "See? Is there anything threatening about this?"

"I suppose not." Juniper sighed. "Where do you want to do this?"

"You realize your dorm is equipped with an ensuite bathroom, right?" Holly waved her paw across a sensor mounted next to the floor-to-ceiling bookshelf opposite the lofted twin bed. With a soft whirr, an electric motor drew it into the wall to reveal an arched doorway. "I'm not going to diaper you on the floor like a savage. There's a changing table in there."

The bathroom was dominated by a river-stone stall with a rainfall shower head and around a dozen supplemental massage jets set between smooth rocks. A bamboo changing table sized to comfortably fit an adult was set next to a stainless-steel pedestal sink and matching diaper pail. "Is this...standard?" Juniper asked, surprised at the less-than-spartan amenities.

"This is a basic room, yes. I lived here as a first-year student before I met my Immortal." Holly gave the tan leather surface of the changing table a pat. "Step up. I've changed plenty of other students, so there's no need to be self-conscious about this."

"And where do you live now?" Juniper asked, cheeks hot as she ascended the stairs and laid flat on the well-padded surface. Working with the skill of a practiced caretaker, Holly stripped the otter down to her bare, nut-brown fur. She discarded the travel-soiled garments into a wall-mounted automatic launderer.

"In the Tower of the Eternal." Holly flicked her head toward a window toward the far end of the grounds, past smaller midrise buildings of officer's apartments. A skyscraper clad with enormous sandstone panels and gold-glazed windows, it stood like a sentinel at the gateway to Isfahan proper. "Consorts are permitted to live with their Immortals there."

"Did you mention your last name?" Juniper was surprised at the stoat's strength as she was lifted by her ankles like a toddler while Holly slid the diaper underneath her. The polished bezel of Holly's Rolex Milgauss glinted as the lighting shifted to a soothing bluish hue. "I'm Juniper Amalfi. No blueblood pedigree or famous ancestors if you care about that kind of thing."

"Callahan ⊖ Vaux." The stoat chuckled as she tenderly massaged sweet-smelling cornstarch powder into the otter's diaper area. Slathering a layer of hydrophobic oil over the fur on Juniper's bottom—designed to supplement her naturally water-repellent coat—Holly ensured Juniper was protected against rashes before bringing the front of the diaper up. "I'm only a noble by virtue of my relationship, so please don't be intimidated."

"Your family designs personal watercraft, right?" Juniper recalled the striking

catamaran vessels ferrying rich tourists out to the coral reefs often bore the Callahan trademark on their flanks. The blanket-soft interior of the diaper rubbed gently against her inner thighs as Holly rolled her from side-to-side to achieve a snug fit.

“Personal watercraft, pleasure ships, fighter spacecraft, small capital ships, firearms, plasma weaponry...” Holly demurely laughed as she trailed off. “My parents’ company has market share in every category Faravahar Industries doesn’t exercise their state monopoly over.”

“So...is there a reason you’re lowering yourself to this position?” Juniper blushed, glancing down at the smiling margay adorning the tape panel of the diaper. She recognized the brand—JaguarSoft—from window shopping at a luxury children’s store. At a cost of nearly five dirhams per toddler-sized diaper, only the truly wealthy purchased them. Juniper shuddered to think what the adult-sized version ran. “Surely you have a personal AI to handle these less-than-pleasant tasks.”

“While my Immortal’s AI, Artémis, serves as my personal assistant, I still change diapers myself.” Holly smiled and tapped the tungsten smartring on her finger. “The purpose of this place is to train us to serve the Hierarch. We cannot serve until we are of service ourselves. Everything here is designed to reinforce our dependence on our fellow Created and minimize dangerous self-aggrandizing behavior. The last thing we need is more Apostate Satraps.”

“Are there other commoners here?” Juniper asked.

“Of course. Enrollment is a mixture of five-sixths lowborn and one-sixth nobility.” Retrieving Juniper’s uniform from the armoire, Holly began sliding her legs into the form-fitting fabric before she could tender an objection. “Like yourself, the commoners here possess both superior academic performance and glowing letters of recommendation

from their planetary administrators.”

“Will anyone give me shit for being lowborn?” Juniper asked nervously.

“If anyone does, just let Anya know. They know how to handle a bully,” Holly replied, swaddling the otter’s breasts in a cushioned sports bra before rolling her onto her side to fasten the uniform.

“Who’s Anya?” Juniper asked, rudder-like tail swaying slightly as Holly finished drawing the zipper up. Once sealed, the smart fabric in the uniform began displaying her last name and rank—ensign. Climbing off the changing table, the otter completed the look with a silver John Hardy bracelet, the one item of precious metal she owned.

“How about I show rather than tell?” Holly greeted her question with a coy smile.

“Let’s go ahead and meet them, shall we?”

#

“Anya Ikari Immortalem. I’m the ranking officer of your *wahda*.” The non-binary ferret extended a paw. They stood about two feet taller than Holly, with shimmering turquoise eyes and a tail that resembled that of a red panda. As an Immortal, their uniform bore a lightweight satin cape with an outer border of lab-grown ermine fur. A *shamshir* sword in a richly enameled scabbard hung at their right thigh. “Welcome to the Naval Proving Grounds.”

Juniper cocked an eyebrow as she scanned the enormous titanium structure, easily large enough to contain an Artaxerxes-Class heavy frigate with room to spare. Stepping through the diminutive access port, she was greeted by a self-contained environment that perfectly replicated the conditions of a tropical rainforest. Brightly colored insects flitted about the mist-dusted air. “Why are we here, exactly?” she asked.

"We're not going to be the *wahda* that comes in last *again* in the Satrap's Nowruz." Kanha—a kangaroo with sharp bangs and distinctive violet eyes—looked Juniper over curiously before stepping into the elaborate machine that would fit her with a set of Augmentative Combat System power armor. "You've never seen real fighting, right?"

"No. I've only practiced basic marksmanship and first-aid in high school." While hostilities intermittently broke out in the fractured territories of the Cheetah's Spine and the Burn, she grew up deep inside the demilitarized Imperial Core. "We didn't have anything like this back home."

"Then you'll need this simulation training. Starting early will ensure you don't freeze up when our score is on the line." Anya glanced toward the nerve center, which suddenly burst into an aura of brilliant colors like the aurora borealis around Rhotero's equator. "Jura is loading a simulation of the Battle of Akka. Are you well-versed in historical conflicts?"

"Can't say I am." Juniper shook her head as Kahna gestured for her to step into the armor-fitment system. Once the otter positioned herself on the platform, an elaborate set of rings queued up armor pieces and grafted them onto her bodysuit. Working quickly, it took less than a minute for the machine to lock the final piece—a snug-fitting codpiece—into place over her JaguarSoft.

"The Battle of Akka was an engagement between the Unified Colonial Republic and the Created Liberation Front in 2418," a husky voice stated. Scurrying up Anya's shoulder, a lithe ferret with a light brown mask perched on their shoulder. Wearing a small bulletproof vest like a police K-9, distinctive circuit-board irises marked her as an AI construct. "Created forces faced an entrenched human division in the heavily forested outskirts of Likasi. After heavy fighting, Primrose Vaux Immortalem broke through enemy lines and

routed the UCR.”

“And you are?” Juniper asked.

“Jura Ikari Cogitans. I hope you don’t mind my choice of shell.” The ferret on Anya’s shoulder spoke like a *dæmon*—that is to say, expressively as any Created. “I prefer to walk alongside my Immortal in a more primordial form.”

“I think it’s cute.” Juniper stepped off the platform as a robotic arm thrust a helmet into her paws. Slipping it over her head, a deep violet HUD flickered to life in the polarized visor. Jura’s presence materialized as a glowing ferret in the top right corner. “Is there a weapons rack around here?”

“Take one of these. Not quite standard issue, but it should suffice for this exercise.” Holly handed her a sleek battle rifle with an integrated scope just aft of the flash suppressor. As soon as her paws contacted the stock, a reticle appeared on her HUD. “It’s older tech, but the Callahan Systems Engineering Corporation Taipan is dead reliable.”

“Shouldn’t I also get a plasma weapon?” Juniper asked, noting Holly and Kahna carried exotic-looking rifles with flared blow-off valves running along the barrel.

“Have you been trained on that class of weaponry?” Anya asked, slamming a large red switch near the door to initiate the exercise. A metallic klaxon echoed through the massive space as a tactical map appeared on the otter’s HUD. “Because let me tell you, unless you’ve got Mutagen in you, plasma burns are hellish to treat.”

“Mutagen?” Juniper followed close behind Holly, switching her display to infrared vision. Like a pit viper waiting in ambush, she caught several shimmering heat signatures advancing through the dense foliage ahead of them.

“You ever wonder what makes Immortals so durable?” Holly raised her paw while

gesturing toward a stone outcropping overlooking a game trail running through the center of the forest. "It's the Mutagen. Lengthens your lifespan, heals your wounds, and sharpens your intellect. Unfortunately, it has a few side effects...frequently including incontinence."

"So, is that why you wear diapers?" Juniper crawled forward, flicking the select-fire indicator off the safety position. While she'd never used the 7.62mm CSES Taipan, she was familiar with older variants chambered in smaller calibers.

"No, my parents just never bothered potty-training me." Holly chuckled as she leisurely slipped off the trigger guard. Steadying her aim, she dropped a training droid with a clean plasma bolt through its central processing core. Despite the tense environment of the exercise, the stoat maintained a flawless veneer of tranquility. "I was totally diaper-dependent long before I was taken as a Consort."

Centering her reticle on the center mass of an advancing target, Juniper exhaled before squeezing the trigger. The battle rifle lightly smacked her shoulder, inbuilt shock-dampeners in the stock significantly reducing the recoil from the high-velocity round. Falling forward, the 'bot smashed against a tree stump with a metallic *clang*.

"Solid hit. You use a particular callsign, Juniper?" Holly raised her bottom slightly off the ground until she was positioned in a low squat with her rifle's barrel perched between a groove in the rockface. A sudden rumbling sound from the stoat's rear was followed by a pungent smell adding itself to the air before Juniper's helmet filters kicked in.

"Did you just—"

"You get used to messing without thinking after a while," Holly replied, dropping another 'bot with a well-placed shot through its audiovisual processing matrix. Looking closely, Juniper could tell the rear of her thick diaper was slightly puffed out, although the armor hid the bulge well. "You didn't answer my question."

"Horizon. My instructors said I was either way ahead or way behind everyone else, just like the horizon." Juniper bit her bottom lip as she sensed a sympathetic pang in her bladder. "Is there a...quick release setting for the codpiece?"

"Not on the ACS model you're wearing. That option had to be spec'd before you were armored up." Holly shook her head while retrieving a fresh battery pack from her magazine carrier. "Just go in your diaper. That's why you're wearing it, right?"

"Is there a trick? I'm not exactly used to this," Juniper grunted under her breath. She was glad Holly couldn't see the hot blush radiating through her cheeks like Rhotero's cherry-red sun. "I'm sure soaking your pants comes easy for you, Princess-Consort."

"Just pretend you're on the toilet. I'll cover you while you go." Materializing out of nowhere, Kahna gave Juniper a friendly wave while using a plasma-edged *shamshir* to cleanly cleave a 'bot in two. "I was potty-trained before I arrived too, so I understand the struggle. I can change you after this exercise if you start chafing."

"Fine. Just don't look, okay?" Juniper scurried behind a tree while the distinctive *zhwee-zhwee* of cycling plasma weapons buzzed in her ears. Taking a deep breath, she emulated the position she'd often seen her younger siblings take while doing their business, a deep squat with her bottom a little below parallel with the ground. "Okay, Juni, you can do this," she murmured to herself.

Focusing all her concentration on exploring the muscles in her bladder, Juniper clamped her muzzle shut and stared intently on the tree just a few inches beyond her muzzle. A hot pink slime mold had slowly climbed up the bark until it formed a gooey labyrinth worthy of King Minos. Tracing its curves, the otter sighed with relief as she sensed the first spurt of pee flow into her diaper. *Pssp.*

"Jura just let me know one of the 'bots released with this wave is modeled after a ZR

Trooper," Anya's voice announced through her helmet's comms. Pleasant warmth spread across Juniper's crotch while her diaper swelled to contain the 'accident.' "She's trying to shut it down, but the network security AI is not making that easy."

"Mrmph...that wasn't too bad." Glancing down at her armor, she was pleased to see no obvious signs of leakage. While she sensed a slightly squishiness from the superabsorbent polymer transforming to gel, her skin remained totally dry. "With diapers these nice, I can see why Holly decided not to potty-train."

Just as her paw clasped around her riffle, an unforgiving hand wrapped around her throat. The otter noticed the slight shimmer in the air and realized—far too late—the 'bot was equipped with a device emulating the rudimentary active camouflage system employed by ZR troopers. Lifting her off the ground as her paw darted for her sidearm, the 'bot slammed her against the tree with enough force to cleave the trunk in two.

"Endex! Endex!" Kahna shouted into her bracer-mounted comm. Active camouflage dematerializing, the fascist cross of the UCR appeared on what appeared to be a perfect recreation of a Zyklon-Rüstung Trooper's breastplate. Even centuries later, the symbol sent a bolt of fear shooting through the otter's heart. "Fuck. Can you breathe, Juniper?"

Shaking her head, Juniper coughed violently while a sharp metallic taste washed over her tongue. Squatting down beside the otter, Kanha immediately pulled her field medkit from the hardcase on her thigh. Juniper's eyes went wide as she caught sight of the 'roo filling a syringe with brilliant sapphire liquid. "How are her vitals, Jura?"

"Blood pressure is 75 mm Hg and dropping. Heart rate increasing to 190 bpm. She's going into shock." Completely dazed, Juniper gasped for air. Each inhale only increased her desperation for oxygen, like a starving man given a morsel of stale bread. "Her ACS cushioned the blow, but I don't think it was enough. She's going into ventricular

fibrillation.”

“Fuck. Anya, what do we do?” Kahna shouted. While the ‘roo dosed Juniper with a shot of narcotic Panelim, Holly loaded a vasopressor cartridge into an autoinjector and jammed it firmly into the access port on Juniper’s breastplate. “We’re not even authorized to be in here! If we take her to the central clinic, we’ll all be expelled.”

“Jura, can we treat this with a field kit?” Anya asked. “I just need to know if we can plug her up long enough to get her to a private clinic.”

“Her oxygen saturation is falling. Respiratory failure is imminent.” Jura leapt off Anya’s shoulder and landed hard on loamy earth. Crawling into Juniper’s arms, the AI assed the damage with a pair of ultrasound emitters in her paws. “I’m detecting pneumothorax secondary to multiple rib fractures. She’s got minutes unless you give her the Mutagen.”

“Fuck. *Allah yil’aneK.*” Anya ripped their helmet off and spiked it onto the ground with enough force to shatter the visor. “I’m not letting a member of our *wahda* go gently into that good night...but fuck me. This is so illegal.”

“Thank you, my Immortal.” Removing her helmet, Holly looked over at the ferret with grateful eyes. She popped the seal around her collar before freeing a transparent ampule about the size of a Chapstick from a cord around her neck. The double-helix inner structure was filled with a greenish liquid that immediately suffused Juniper’s fading consciousness with primal fear. “I’m giving her the Hierarch’s Mark now.”

Golden eyes. A massive rope-like structure curling around a fortress-world, cracking it in half to expose the liquid metal core within. Golden eyes. A single figure, surrounded by shadowy foes, igniting a plasma blade. Golden eyes. A single pale dot, alone in the darkness, and then, a jaguar’s paw reaching out. Golden eyes. A streak of eye-searing solar plasma

consuming Aquaterra, turning oceans to glass and carbon-rich coral reefs to diamond.

Golden eyes.

The Hierarch's eyes.

Just as Juniper's heart stopped, Anya shot a full syringe of golden Mutagen into her central venous catheter. Revitalizing every cell it touched, ribs audibly snapped back into place while tissue knitted itself together without even a hint of scarring. Reborn, the otter took the first breath of her new life in Holly's arms before promptly blacking out.

#

Juniper woke up with a start. Breathing hard, she sat up and clutched her chest. Her claws met the soft cashmere of a footed sleeper rather than bioceramic armor plating. Panting like she'd just swam across the Salerno Straight, she blinked a few times as her vision slowly came into focus. "Where—"

"Just breathe. You're being looked after." Standing on the other side of the crib's mahogany bars, Holly observed her with gleaming golden eyes. She was dressed in a similar footed sleeper with the addition of a diamond-studded tiara on her brow. "You took quite the hit during the training exercise. Anya had you brought to the Tower of the Eternal to convalesce."

"How long was I out?" Juniper groaned, wincing as the puffy diaper around her bottom squelched beneath her shifting weight. Her aching muscles were unable to manage much more than rolling onto her side. Spotting a few plushies nestling up against the bars, Juniper used the last of her strength to cradle a soft otter against her chest. "And why am I still so weak?"

"A week." Waving her paw, Holly engaged an electric motor to lower the bars and

allow her access to the crib. She didn't appear overly concerned by the length of Juniper's coma. "Don't worry; you were given total parenteral nutrition and intravenous fluids to sustain you. The Mutagen is working hard to make you stronger, but the augmentation process isn't instantaneous."

"Are you fucking kidding me!?" Juniper groaned while rolling back onto her back. Fortunately, despite her weakness, she retained full use of her vocal cords. "How am I ever going to make this up? I'm going to fail my classes and lose my scholarship and—"

"Shh." Holly brought her index finger to the otter's lips. "Your status here has fundamentally changed. By administering the Mutagen to you, Anya elevated you to the gentry of the Immortal Empire. Aristocrats aren't failed for simple absences."

"Is...is that a Pearl Masterworks?" Juniper tilted her head at the gleaming birch and maple drum kit nestled in the corner. It was something she never imagined being able to afford, though she had jotted down in the suede-bound notebook she used as a mental hope chest just in case. "How did you know I wanted one?"

"As your *sharik*, I needed to inform your parents of your...*condition*. I figured you would have their address jotted down somewhere." Holly shrugged. "I came across your wish list in your notebook. Sorry for any invasion of privacy."

Juniper bit her bottom lip awkwardly. "So, is that really mine or—"

"Of course. Everything in this room belongs to you," Holly replied. "I took the liberty of having your things brought over and unpacked."

"That thing's what, fourteen thousand dirhams?" Juniper cocked an eyebrow.

"Consider it a room-warming gift from your Immortal." Holly glanced over her shoulder as a diminutive 'bot flew silently through the doorway. An ovoid projector

mounted between its stabilizer fins cast a lifelike image of Empress Miranda Vaux Immortalem of the Cheetah's Spine. "I informed her of your Ascension via translight messenger and she offered a...creative solution."

"Once again, I am called to clean up a mess caused by one of my little *hamshirs*." The Empress stood head-and-shoulders above the officers around her, clad from the neck down in gleaming art deco armor. The steady *kewh-wah-omph* of plasma artillery filtered through in the background. "If it were to be disclosed that you were Ascended without going through official channels, the punishment would be...severe. As a result, I am left with little choice but to take you as my Princess-Consort for your own—as well as Anya's—protection."

"Does that mean—"

"Before you tender an objection, realize that to be my Princess-Consort makes you an aristocrat by virtue of your position, including all the perks of being highborn." The cheetah shared Holly's golden eyes, though a shade richer, like twenty-two karat gold. A legendary *shamshir*—Chain-Smasher, which Juniper recognized from history textbooks—hung loosely at her side. "While I am presently preoccupied with an insurrection on Qazvin, I look forward to meeting you in person upon my return."

The hologram fizzled out, leaving Juniper with more questions than answers. "Do you mind telling me exactly what's going on, Holly?" she asked.

"Let me check your Jaggy first, okay?" Tilting the face of her Mu'aqqibat bracelet toward Juniper, Holly displayed a dashboard of statistics on the otter's diaper usage as well as the status of her current diaper. Scanning through the data, Juniper was embarrassed at the fact she'd already gone through twenty-eight diapers in the intervening week. "You're approaching the danger zone for leaking."

"Guh!" Straining mightily, Juniper was barely able to lift her shoulders off the mattress. "If you just...give me a moment...I can...change myself," she grunted.

"Relax before you pop a vein." Effortlessly, Holly lifted the otter like a newborn and toted her over to the changing table. Pleasant warmth diffused across her taut slit as Holly supported her by her saturated seat. "It's my pleasure to care for you, okay? That's part of the package of being your *sharik*."

"I'm obviously in no state to argue." Juniper sighed and went limp while Holly popped the row of snaps along her inner thighs. Without the support of her clothing, the otter's saturated diaper sagged downward with a resigned *plop*. All the fade-when-wet kapok trees along her crotch had faded into smeared ink patterns like a kinky Rorschach Test. "Just don't tease me too hard, okay?"

"Sure thing. I won't make you sacrifice any dignity, otter-kit." Holly chuckled. "At least not without your consent."

"What does the position of Princess-Consort entail, exactly?" Juniper asked while Holly undid the tapes with a *scritch-scratch* and readied a verdant green tub of cub wipes.

"You serve your Immortal. Some Consorts undertake diplomatic missions, while others are simply eye candy. My Immortal does not demand much of me...other than full diapers for her to snoot," Holly said with a grin.

"Gross," Juniper replied with a demure giggle.

Once Holly allowed the sopping padding to fall forward, Juniper found it difficult to believe that she had managed to soak her diaper without any conscious effort at all. What shocked her more was the complete absence of fur around her pubic area. "I took the liberty of shaving you. I hope you don't mind."

“Are you also—”

“Yes,” Holly replied with a smirk. “If you ever get around to changing me, you can take a long look for yourself.”

Lifting Juniper’s legs, Holly stroked a cold wipe across her nether regions, moving gradually from front to back. Once satisfied the otter was clean, Holly rolled her soiled diaper up and disposed of it in the nearby Diaper Genie. “I do feel cleaner,” Juniper remarked, shivering as the moisture evaporated off her bare skin. “Though this will take some getting used to.”

“You have plenty of time.” Unfurling a bulky JaguarSoft Amazon diaper, Holly covered it with fragrant powder that smelled strongly of saffron. Bringing the front up, she snugly fastened the front tapes before rolling Juniper onto her side and securing the gusset around the base of her rudder-like tail. “You must be hungry, right?”

“Come to think of it, I could use some grub. Hopefully it’s something better than a Unitized Group Ration,” Juniper said with a wry smile.

“Yangchen makes chicken momo that are *to die for*,” Holly cooed, refastening the snaps and then lifting Juniper up. Despite being only a few inches taller than the otter, she effortlessly toted her around like an infant, padded bottom braced on her thigh.

“Yangchen?” Juniper asked while Holly walked down a grand staircase to the expansive open concept kitchen. Standing behind a Bertazzoni range, a clouded leopard adorned with Malorran violet amber jewelry gave her a friendly wave. A sleek automatic pistol was tucked in a holster on her hip, a reminder she was equal parts bodyguard and caregiver.

“Yangchen DrölmaøVaux Sagaris,” she added. “You’re one of my new charges, hrm?”

"Y-yeah," Juniper replied, burying her muzzle in Holly's soft cashmere sleeper.

"Heya, Juniper." Kahna bounced lightly in an adult-sized highchair painted a clean white. She wore a mustelid-print onesie that left the leg cuffs of her JaguarSoft diaper fully visible. Catching a whiff of an odor like the distilled musk of a 'roo blending with her sandalwood perfume, Juniper noted her diaper was probably already soaked. "It's good to see you're finally awake...though I didn't mind changing a sleeping otter."

"Are these really necessary?" Juniper cocked an eyebrow as Holly placed her in the highchair adjacent to Kahna. However, with a seat swaddled in creamy leather and an integrated massage function, she had to admit it was eminently comfortable. Once Juniper was settled in, the stoat brought the tray table down and locked it into place. "Isn't there some kind of...medical furniture for this sort of thing?"

"It's too sterile for my taste. Isn't this an improvement over something made of gray plastic and brushed aluminum?" Yangchen chuckled before setting a steaming plate of dumplings smothered in an earthy brown sauce on the tray. "A highborn's periods of convalescence are meant to be exercises in relaxation and the cultivation of inner peace in absolute comfort, you know."

Squeezing her legs together, Juniper gasped as the dense padding squished slightly. Nostrils flaring as she inhaled the fragrant steam, she internally cringed at wetting her diaper without even noticing. Parting her muzzle slightly, she allowed the clouded leopard to deposit a hunk of spicy dumpling onto her tongue with a long-handled sterling silver spoon. "Do you enjoy being a caregiver?" she asked Yangchen.

"I am a Sagaris, not a slave. If I hated changing diapers and running bubble baths, I would request to be assigned to combat duty. There is no shortage of us commanding peacekeeping forces in the Burn." Yangchen chuckled, wiping the otter's chin with a damp

linen napkin. "The Empress requested my service, and so I made myself of service."

"I'm not familiar with how this all works," Juniper said, watching as Kahna climbed out of her highchair. Waddling just past the demarcation between the kitchen and the living room, she dropped into a low squat as soon as she passed the threshold. Chewing on the dumpling, Juniper watched with interest as Kahna braced her paws against the couch. "Do you uh—"

"I change diapers, yes. It's all part of managing the household with the help of the *wahda* members who live here." Yangchen pointed to a chore chart pinned on the refrigerator, outlined in bright primary colors. "Juniper's Designated Caretaker" appeared to have been recently added in dry-erase scrawl with a stoat-shaped magnet beneath it. "I outrank all of you, if you're curious whether you're allowed to ignore your chores," she said with a smirk.

"Is she okay?" Juniper asked, blushing as the 'roo's tail visibly flagged. It was followed a moment later by a long, wet fart. *Prrrrrbblort!* A noticeable bulge formed in the seat of Kahna's onesie as her face reddened. Juniper felt a strange tingle in her nether regions at the sight of the 'roo shamelessly and loudly filling her JaguarSoft.

"Bowel control lingers longer than bladder control. Kahna's simply doing her business at a distance where she won't disturb your palate," Holly replied, giving her diaper a pat through her sleeper. "Now finish your food and let Yangchen handle the messy part."

Holly swapped positions with the clouded leopard while she toted Kahna away with a look of playful disgust. The stoat continued offering momo to Juniper until she was absolutely stuffed, her tummy protruding outward like a chubby otter-kit after a long breast milk feed.

"Now how about some cartoons, hrm?" Holly lifted the otter out of the highchair and carried her over to an expansive leather sectional. Several glass-fronted cabinets on either side of the OLED screen were filled with objects d'art in fine silver and gold. "How would you feel about being swaddled?"

"It might be a bit much"—Juniper met Holly's reassuring gaze—"but I'm willing to try anything once."

"Perfect." Retrieving a cotton-silk blanket embroidered with a cheetah's head sigil from a bar cart holding caregiving supplies, Holly formed a neat triangle on the chaise portion of the sectional. She brought the sides in to form Juniper into a toasty otter burrito. "How's that?"

"I don't hate it." Juniper squirmed a little, finding her movements constrained by several layers of less-than-pliable fabric. Rubbing a paw pad against her cheek to stimulate her scent glands, Holly began scent-marking her exactly like Juniper's mother used to. "Hey!"

"What? Afraid of a little musk, otter-kit?" Holly cooed.

Juniper's nose twitched. The maternal musk was not entirely unfamiliar, like the odor of a distant aunt. While distinctively mustelid, there was something along otter-like in the salty tang it left lingering in her nostrils. "Why do you smell...familiar?"

"I infused you with my Mutagen to speed your recovery," Holly replied, gently playing with Juniper's rounded ears. "Only the Hierarch fully understands the true properties of the substance but it seems to possess a genetic memory. It's why Anya has a red panda's tail and why I smell familial to you."

"So, the visions I saw..."

"A little of the Hierarch now lives in you." Holly smiled softly, brushing a paw across Juniper's bangs. The otter grimaced while a few muffled farts slipped involuntarily into her padding. *Prrrtch*. "She wore diapers too, you know."

"Um...can you help me to the bathroom?" Juniper groaned. The pressure of a heavy meal sitting in her stomach like a bag of concrete had stimulated her coma-petrified bowels. Building quickly, the sensation throbbed between her thighs. "I need to...go."

"Tell Mommy what you need to do in your diaper, little otter-kit." Juniper noted an immediate shift in the stoat's scent. The earthiness of her dominant arousal stimulated something primal in the otter's mind. "C'mon, Juni. Do you have to make a present in your diaper?"

"Um...yeah. I need to...mess my diaper," Juniper replied. She cringed slightly as the words leapt off her tongue. "I cannot believe I just said that."

"Is this okay?" Holly asked, reassuringly rubbing Juniper's shoulders. "There is only one toilet in this apartment, but I can take you to it. I do know a little bit about using elimination communication with infants from my studies with the United Created."

"Uh..." Juniper froze, a single question hovering in her mind—to try and make it to the potty or give in and use the JaguarSoft hugging her bottom? "I haven't gone in a diaper since I was like...six."

"Wanna tell me about it?" Holly cooed. "Give your mommy stoat every detail, otter-kit."

"Well...that was about the time the weakened CK virus strain was circulating. I came down with a horrific case." Juniper groaned, puffing her cheeks and balling her fists as she began to push like an infant. The swaddling slightly muffled the sound of her wet farts,

turning them into something like squeezing a nearly empty ketchup bottle. *Prrrrrsh!*

Pbbbbrtch! Pbbbblt!

"I remember that too. The diarrhea was brutal." Holly blushed, shifting slightly to give Juniper's thickly padded seat room to bulge outward. "My nanny probably changed about two dozen of my messy diapers over the course of four days."

Juniper groaned, the violent contractions shooting through her core forcing a warm mass into the seat of her JaguarSoft. The plastic shell crackled softly as it bulged underneath an otter-sized load. Holly playfully wrinkled her nose as the sickly-sweet smell reached her muzzle. "Hnng...I couldn't make it to the potty so...my mom kept me in my younger sister's Pampers for a week."

"Awh, isn't that sweet? I bet you looked so cute back then!" Holly was unphased by the heavy pile of soft muck spread across the otter's bottom. Juniper bit her lip as the JaguarSoft's mudslide protection forced the mess to begin slinking forward across her taint. "Though I think you're even cuter in your mushy Jaggy," she cooed while groping the otter through her swaddling.

"R-really?" Juniper asked, ears folding as she filled her diaper from waistband-to-waistband. Once her princess parts were entirely caked in warm mud, she whimpered and began to fuss. "M-mrmph."

"Phew! Would you like me to play with you before I change those stinky pants?" Holly asked. "I'm sure you must be a little pent-up from being zonked out for so long. Don't worry, I'll let you be a pillow princess this time around."

Juniper shyly nodded. "Y-yes."

"Yes what, otter-kit?" Holly asked lasciviously.

"Yes, mommy," Juniper replied. A moment later, the oversized nipple of a pacifier slotted neatly between her lips. She whined for only a moment before giving in and lightly nursing on the soft latex. "Mrmph."

"See? I'm not a half-bad caretaker for someone who grew up a spoiled brat," the stoat said with a demure smile. "Now let's take care of those tingly princess parts, otter-kit."

Carrying Juniper back to her nursery, Holly laid her out on the changing table. From the bottom drawer the stoat retrieved a sleek Magic Wand, the stainless-steel body engraved with poppy designs. "W-what is that?" Juniper asked, heart pounding with anticipation.

"Something for good otter-kits who pack their Jaggies." Undoing Juniper's swaddling, the stoat's eyes widened as she was walloped by the pungent odor of a full diaper. "Phew! You really stink, little one. It's a good thing I'm used to being around full diapers, huh?" Holly cooed.

"I'm ready," Juniper said, spreading her legs to allow Holly better access to her mucky Jaggy. The otter's enormous load had completely saturated the padding and stained the leg guards a deep chocolate brown. "Just um...go easy on me."

"Don't worry, I'll be gentle," Holly replied, watching the otter's toes curl in apprehension as she lowered the Magic Wand to brush against her padding. Centering the rubberized head on her crotch, Holly focused the intense vibration on her clit. Juniper squirmed on the creamy leather, the saturated diaper noticeably amplifying the pleasurable pulses. "There's a good little Princess-Consort."

Juniper moaned, driven wild by the sensation of the vibrator sliding across her slit. She held tight to the otter plushie Holly slid into her arms, rocking a little as the stoat let

the vibration move down to caress her mucky bottom. "Fuck!"

Expertly controlling the intensity with a click wheel, Holly intermittently turned it down before cranking it back up to make the otter squirt. "You like that, hrm?"

"A-ah! You're gonna make me have an accident, Mommy!" Juniper shouted, involuntarily bucking her hips like a breeding otter in heat.

"Those Jaggy pants aren't cheap, you know. It's best not to waste them," Holly said, grinning and intensifying her strokes. Each upward thrust sent a lightning bolt of arousal through Juniper's trembling thighs. "Now are you going to have a sticky accident in your diaper like a good otter-kit?"

"Y-yes Mommy! Can I please cum?" Juniper's foot claws dug into the changing table's trim and her legs curled inward as she crossed the threshold of orgasm. Latching onto her pacifier, she aggressively suckled, knowing one more word would send her plummeting over the edge.

"Cum, little stinker"—Holly cranked the vibrator to the highest setting before pushing it hard against the center of Juniper's clit—"for Mommy."

"Gah!" The otter yipped and squealed with ecstasy, her absorbent padding handling her spurts as she was caught in an orgasmic riptide. Back going stiff as a lockjaw victim, she thrust her hips into the empty air while slamming her head against a memory foam pillow. Only after a minute of animalistic huffing and panting did Juniper finally regain control of her faculties.

"So, how's the Tower of the Eternal treating you so far?" Holly asked with a grin.

"I...I could get used to the royal treatment," Juniper replied. "For a little while, at least."

Hugging the plush otter tight against her chest, she laid still and enjoyed the first messy diaper change of her new life as a highborn of the Immortal Empire...

~ END ~

**That's the end of the zine.
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