



LOGAN'S PUNISHMENT CHART

DID NOT EMPTY PAIL	10 SPANKS (MED.)
COMPLAINED ABOUT VEGETABLES	20 SPANKS (HARD)
SAID 'NO' TO DADDY	TIME OUT (effective...)
Naughty Language	40 SPANKS (HARD)

THE COIN

CRACK!

Logan's eyes watered as the paddle struck his backside for the fifth time. The snow leopard was naked and bent over his Daddy's lap, with the slightly larger tiger firmly gripping the wooden instrument and delivering hard whacks with a slow, methodical delivery.

Logan had tried to stay silent as his punishment was delivered, but it was already proving difficult as his cheeks began to sting and his tantrum bubbled within him still. His paws trembled inside thick mittens and tried to clutch the chair Daddy was sitting on, attempting to ground his wriggling and squirming posture, no matter how stoic he tried to remain. It was impossible to take this quietly, and he didn't want to give Daddy the satisfaction of his whimpering.

After the fifteenth strike, the spanking came to an unexpected end. Logan had thought it nothing more than a short break, but Daddy released his hold of the leopard, and allowed him back to his feet. Logan's paws immediately dropped back to his bottom, touching himself gingerly with his useless padded paws, and finding his skin burning and sore.

Daddy also left the chair, with the paddle remaining behind, as he stood several feet from Logan, at a distance of no intimacy or comfort.

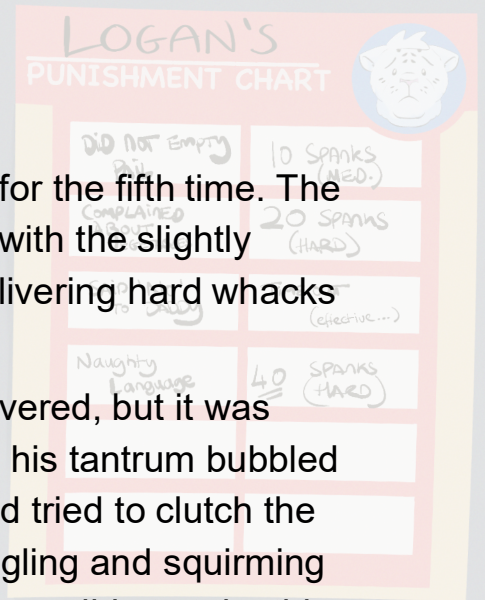
"You know, kitten," Daddy sighed, disappointed. "Maybe I was wrong about spanking you."

The leopard wanted to feel vindicated, but with a stinging behind he could only pout, annoyed. He'd told Daddy that he didn't want to be spanked, but the spanking happened regardless! Everything about this was totally unfair, but Daddy set the rules, and Logan accepted this. But if it took fifteen silent swats to bring an end to this session, then, this would have to do.

The tiger's paws rested on his hips, silently. What did he want, an apology? Logan was still bristling with defiance, and while he didn't want to antagonise the situation, he also didn't volunteer any apology easily.

"We need to try something else," Daddy followed up firmly. "So let's see if some time-out inspires some better behaviour from you, little kitten."

Logan groaned. The naughty step again? They'd tried it once before and it amazed Logan how powerless and childish it felt to sit in one place until told otherwise. The snow leopard *hated* it, and today was *not* the day he wanted to be left on the stairs.



"Diaper first," Daddy pointed at the floor, where Logan's change mat, supplies, and diaper had been waiting since before he was stripped for his paddling.

"Come on," Logan broke, without moving a muscle. "You've already spanked me raw. This isn't fair!"

"You deliberately avoided the last punishment I gave you," Daddy lectured, his posture straightening. "I need to be absolutely sure this one hits the mark. So, lie down."

Logan grumbled, climbed down and gasped as his red cheeks touched the plastic changing mat. He hoped the stinging would fade soon, and would normally have asked for some lotion, but there was none in the selection beside the mat, and he wasn't in a conversational mood to ask for it.

Daddy knelt in front of Logan's spread legs, and quietly unfolded the ready-and-waiting diaper. Having his butt wrapped in soft cotton should be a comfort at least, he reckoned, and his time-out would be far worse on the wooden steps with bare fur.

Daddy then used one hand to bring Logan's ankles together, and started to lift his legs. Logan lay his head back on the floor, and despite his attitude, he automatically assisted his butt being raised as best he could, shutting his eyes as his tender skin touched the diaper and its waist affixed around his tail. He waited for the cooling dusting of baby powder to come, but Daddy had continued to adjust the diaper, or so Logan assumed from the crackle of plastic between his legs. Logan lifted his head to check out the delay, but as soon as he did, Daddy's wet finger pushed between his butt cheeks, and slipped into his hole with ease.

Logan gasped loudly in surprise, clenching around his husband's finger. Was he getting plugged for timeout? He hadn't seen any toy in the laid out supplies, but that easily could have been Daddy's misdirection. Just what he needed. He was going to be grumpy *and* horny!

With a furrowed brow and risking a further reprimand, he glanced at Daddy, who continued until his finger was knuckle deep. Logan writhed as his balls tightened, desperate to question what was going on but unwilling to ask the question while the pleasure grew.



Daddy's finger withdrew again slowly, and Logan's tight torso turned to a slump as he rested back on the floor. He figured the plug was coming next, and took a moment to catch his breath while Daddy cleaned his finger.

But Daddy started sprinkling the powder next, lifting the leopard's legs unexpectedly once more. Perplexed, Logan watched as his red butt touched the padding again, and Daddy started to wiggle the diaper up between his legs.

Everything clicked into place as the tapes sealed around his hips. There was only one reason for Daddy's finger to go up there and do nothing else. The perfect, unmentioned punishment.

"You didn't..!?" Logan tried to glare, but found his expression waver in fear.

"Yes, kitten?" Daddy said, without looking, as he adjusted the final tape and finished diapering his baby in thick padding.

"Did you," Logan gulped. His paws balled in his mittens and elbows pushed into the mat. "Did you give me a suppository?"

"I don't know, kitten," Daddy said, disinterested and standing up, "does it feel like I did?"

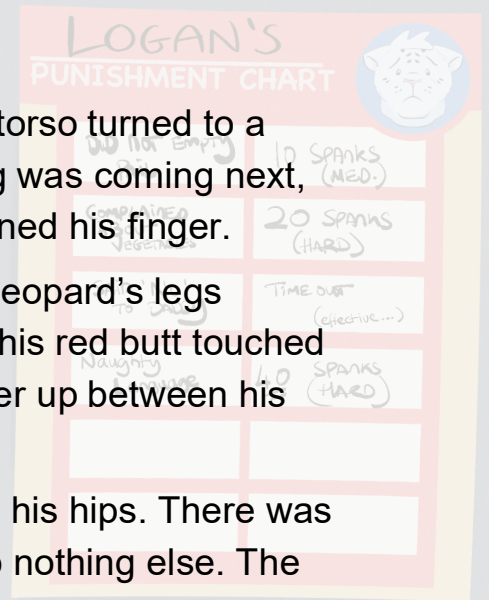
Logan shuddered. He didn't have to say anything; he knew Daddy had done it. He'd had this before, whenever Daddy wanted, or thought it was appropriate, for Logan to use his diapers in all of the ways he didn't want to. In all of the ways a *baby* does.

Logan should have seen this coming. The punishment he'd avoided in the first place was a full potty ban, because he was home alone yesterday and didn't want to sit in his mess all day. His bowels had struck at the worst time in the morning, and Daddy wouldn't have been back until the later afternoon to change him. So of course he tugged his diaper down and used the toilet! But somehow he'd been found out, spanked, and now... *this*.

Now he was going to sit on the stairs, in time-out, and try not to crap his pants. It was such an unappealing thought that it should have propelled the tantrum he threw after getting in trouble, but instead it shattered his bluster and turned him into Daddy's powerless little kitten.

"Daddy, please," he pleaded quickly. He needed to get out of this diaper and onto a toilet. "I don't want to. Don't make me."

"Oh good, now we know *this* punishment is working," Daddy said, suppressing his satisfaction.



Logan sat up on the floor. He knew Daddy all too well. There was no veering off this path if he thought this was going to work. Logan was going to the naughty step. Daddy would get what he wanted. He always did.

But this wasn't actually what Daddy had in mind, as the tiger pointed towards an unobstructed wall in the corner of the nursery. Defeated, Logan followed the instruction, and walked towards it, realising he was getting corner time for the first time in his adult life. If there was any silver lining to take, it was that messing himself standing would be far better than sitting down.

Daddy followed the leopard, brandishing a coin for the baby to see. "Between your nose and the wall," he instructed, and Logan *almost* sighed in disbelief. He wasn't about to be just staring at the wall, he was going to be locked in place.

Logan allowed himself to turn back around to the tiger, looking him in the eye with one final, silent plea, but Daddy's resolve was as firm as ever, and his finger pointed at the wall, unshaken.

Logan turned back, and edged himself closer to the wall, Daddy holding the coin in place until he was comfortable holding it with his face alone. His feet shifted one more time. He wasn't going to be comfortable for long, he knew.

"If that coin touches the floor, we start again," Daddy warned. "Take this seriously. I'll come get you when you're done."

The severity of what Logan needed to do started to become apparent. There was surely no way he could hold his bowels *and* keep his face in check. His mittens would make it difficult to catch the coin, even if he found a way to cheat. This was doomed to fail, unless he could keep his diaper clean.

"When will I be done?" Logan said suddenly.

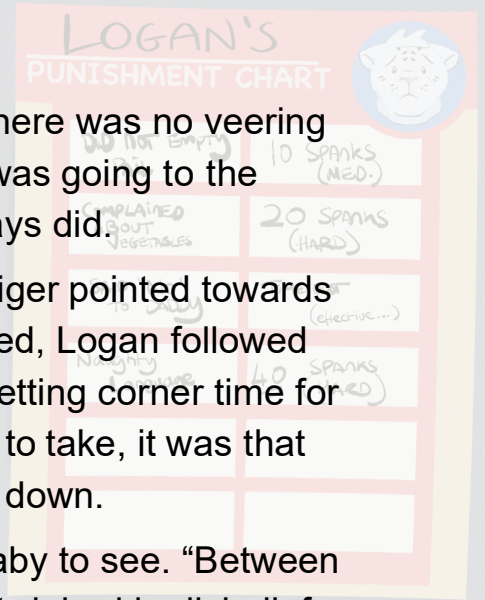
"I'll come get you," Daddy repeated firmly.

Logan gasped, and the coin hit the wooden floor. The sound bounced around the nursery.

Daddy tutted behind him. "Good thing I haven't even left the room yet, kitten."

The coin was placed back on the wall immediately, and the leopard took his position once more, resolutely this time, trying to find a still position where he could stay comfortable *and* avoid moving his head. Daddy had won, and it was just a matter of getting this over and done with now.

"Don't move," Daddy reiterated, with a hint of playfulness escaping his mouth.



"I won't," Logan gulped, realising how stuck to the wall he needed to be. He heard the tiger leave the room, leaving him alone for his punishment.

The mundanity of his task sank in quickly in the silence that followed. He remembered how boring his time on the naughty step had been last time, and yet, as he stood there with nothing to do but hold still, it dawned on him that he didn't remember it well enough. If he'd known, if he'd feared repeating this at all, he wouldn't have been cute or lazy and risked a punishment in the first place.

The snow leopard's fury had calmed in the face of his helplessness, and he realised how toddlerish this whole ordeal had made him. It just made Daddy's treatment of him feel *correct*, like he knew exactly how to handle a child who didn't want to do as he was told. Logan's stomach rumbled ominously, and he felt humbled.

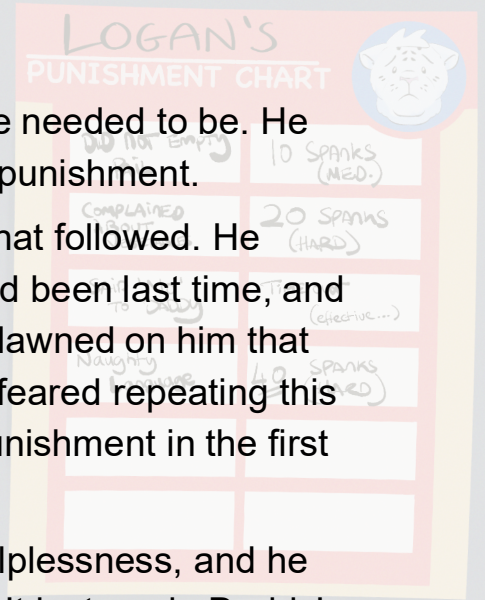
He was never successful with suppositories. It was easy to hate them, in fact, such was his distaste for messing his diaper and the unpleasant battle the suppository would wage with him. If he tried to calm his body, the urges would be unquenchable, growing in severity. If he tried to move and distract himself, the need to let go would worsen the moment he would need to stop. With such cruel items designed to make you lose control of your bowels, Logan could never win. Standing in the corner, unable to move his head, he knew he'd have a stinky diaper in minutes.


The itch inside him began, and he found himself wiggling his lower half gently, until he was contracting his loins, swaying them, swinging, almost humping the air to try to distract himself from the build up.

But all of this movement itself was difficult too, for he knew if he moved too much then his muzzle would slip, and all it would take was a split-second for the coin to be out of his hold and his punishment to increase. His standing-straight posture was preventing him from moving his legs much at all, and leaving him wide open for an accident.

He balled his paws into fists, and pressed them against the wall. The mittens would be useful for stabilising himself at least, and it allowed more freedom of movement, if only slightly, once he kept his feet planted on the floor.

He grunted to himself as the itch turned to a cramp, and he felt the first real need to evacuate his bowels. His body tightened, and he felt the coin slip for the first time.





His nose hadn't left its position, but he'd allowed *just* enough pressure to release that the coin moved down the wall, mere centimetres, with his nose following as if glued to the small piece of metal. He wasn't comfortable doing this stifled dance of incontinence, but his best-attempted posture for keeping the coin in place was now turning awkward too. He felt hunched, and the tightness in his shoulders grew as his neck arched to keep his head in place.

Logan felt trapped between two failure states. He wanted to call for Daddy, to beg and plead for anything else over this. The coin would fall. He'd have to start over, wearing full and dirty diapers, and his suffering seemed to have no end in sight.

But he didn't call out. The punishment mindset he'd been broken into *knew* he deserved this, that he had to fight and endure, whatever happened.

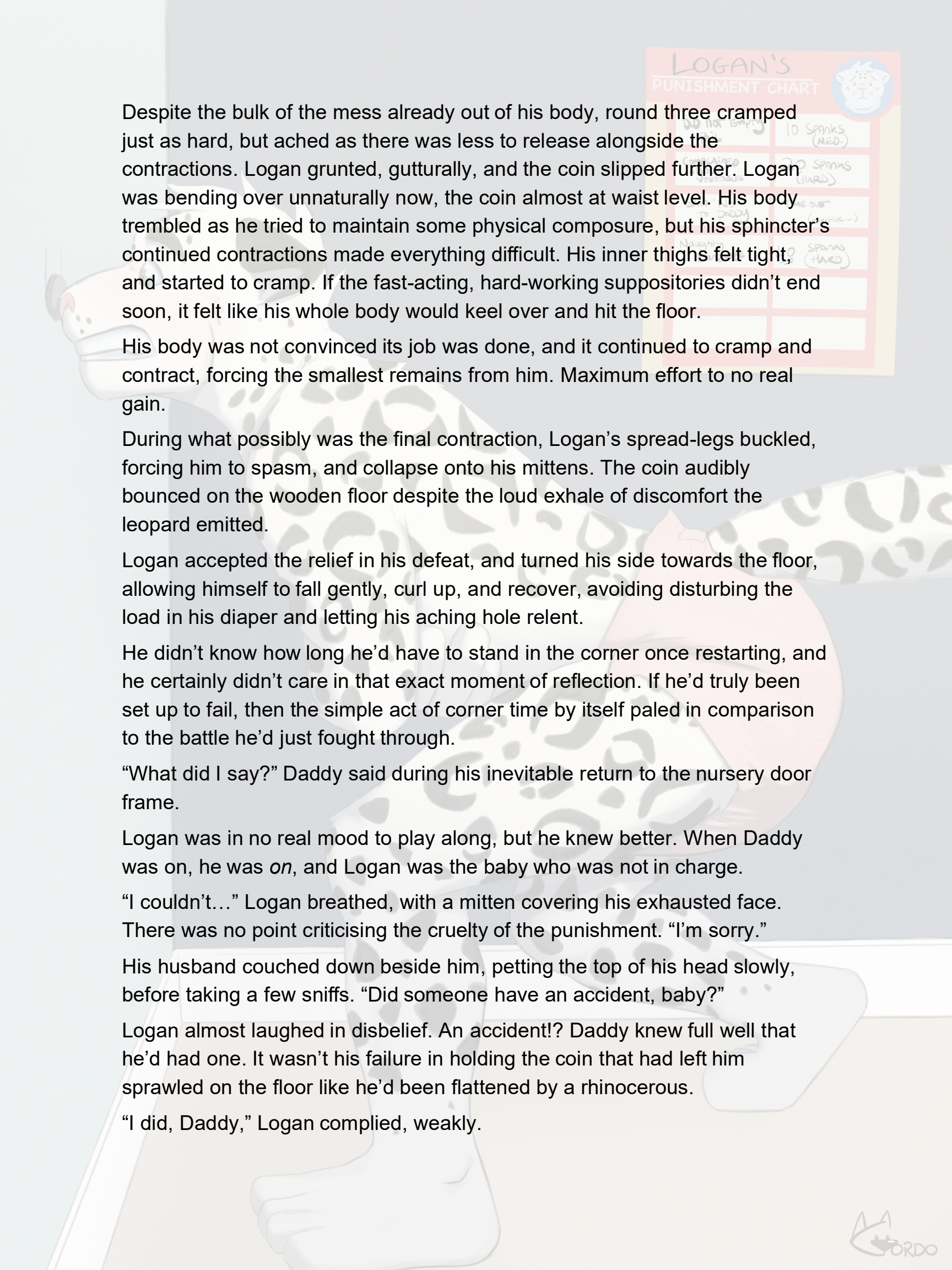
The coin slipped further and Logan found his stance further compromised. His back was arched, his legs spreading, bending, desperate to find any position that would work, but Logan knew it was all for nothing; he simply tried to hold firm as long as he could, if only to reduce how long he spent in this diaper, and in the vague hope that Daddy would return while the coin was still attached to the wall.

But the cramps renewed, harder, as they always did, and Logan's desperation turned to compromise; if he just let go, and tried not to fight it, then maybe he could keep the coin in place while it happened.

With a heavy grunt of defeat, the snow leopard squatted, spreading his legs while leveraging himself against the wall, sticking his diapered butt out, and simply *pushed*.

It didn't need much encouraging as the first round of desperate mess left his body. The line between choosing to let go and his body acting of its own volition was difficult to determine. Logan gasped so hard he felt his own breath against the wall.

But encouraging his body to start was a mistake. There was little moment of relief as the second wave gurgled and wanted to follow immediately. Logan caught his breath, and pushed once more, filling the back of his diaper with his own disgusting excretions. His body wobbled, and the coin zig-zagged down the wall. Sweat gathered and trickled down the sides of his face. This was far more difficult than his desperation had hoped, and round three very quickly prepared itself before he felt ready himself.

The background features a faint illustration of a leopard's face and a punishment chart. The chart is titled "LOGAN'S PUNISHMENT CHART" and has a tiger's face in the top right corner. It contains several entries: "10 SPANKS (MED.)", "SPANKS (HARD)", "DADDY", "SPANKS (HARD)", and "SPANKS (HARD)".

Despite the bulk of the mess already out of his body, round three cramped just as hard, but ached as there was less to release alongside the contractions. Logan grunted, gutturally, and the coin slipped further. Logan was bending over unnaturally now, the coin almost at waist level. His body trembled as he tried to maintain some physical composure, but his sphincter's continued contractions made everything difficult. His inner thighs felt tight, and started to cramp. If the fast-acting, hard-working suppositories didn't end soon, it felt like his whole body would keel over and hit the floor.

His body was not convinced its job was done, and it continued to cramp and contract, forcing the smallest remains from him. Maximum effort to no real gain.

During what possibly was the final contraction, Logan's spread-legs buckled, forcing him to spasm, and collapse onto his mittens. The coin audibly bounced on the wooden floor despite the loud exhale of discomfort the leopard emitted.

Logan accepted the relief in his defeat, and turned his side towards the floor, allowing himself to fall gently, curl up, and recover, avoiding disturbing the load in his diaper and letting his aching hole relent.

He didn't know how long he'd have to stand in the corner once restarting, and he certainly didn't care in that exact moment of reflection. If he'd truly been set up to fail, then the simple act of corner time by itself paled in comparison to the battle he'd just fought through.

"What did I say?" Daddy said during his inevitable return to the nursery door frame.

Logan was in no real mood to play along, but he knew better. When Daddy was on, he was *on*, and Logan was the baby who was not in charge.

"I couldn't..." Logan breathed, with a mitten covering his exhausted face. There was no point criticising the cruelty of the punishment. "I'm sorry."

His husband couched down beside him, petting the top of his head slowly, before taking a few sniffs. "Did someone have an accident, baby?"

Logan almost laughed in disbelief. An accident!? Daddy knew full well that he'd had one. It wasn't his failure in holding the coin that had left him sprawled on the floor like he'd been flattened by a rhinoceros.

"I did, Daddy," Logan complied, weakly.

“Gosh, I can’t leave you unsupervised for two minutes without you dropping a surprise.”

Logan blushed, before realising he was smiling. Daddy *knew* Logan wouldn’t end up stinky, willingly, and still found a way to belittle him when the forced act occurred.

“Let me know when you’re ready to begin,” Daddy said, comforting him.

“There’s no rush.”

Logan took a moment to recover, before deciding he wanted it over and done with. The sooner he held the stupid coin, the sooner he would shower. He hoped. His legs felt tired and heavy, but it was worth powering through. This had to be easier than the first attempt.

Daddy held the coin in place, and allowed Logan to press his nose against it all over again.

“Hold still...” he said, as his fingers withdrew from the coin and Logan was left holding it by himself. “Keep holding,” Daddy instructed.

Keep holding? Why would Logan drop it now of all- Logan suddenly squirmed throughout his whole body as the dirty diaper he’d been cautiously carrying was pressed right up between his legs and cheeks as Daddy’s paw firmly and thoroughly took hold of that diaper seat and crushingly disrupted the contents.

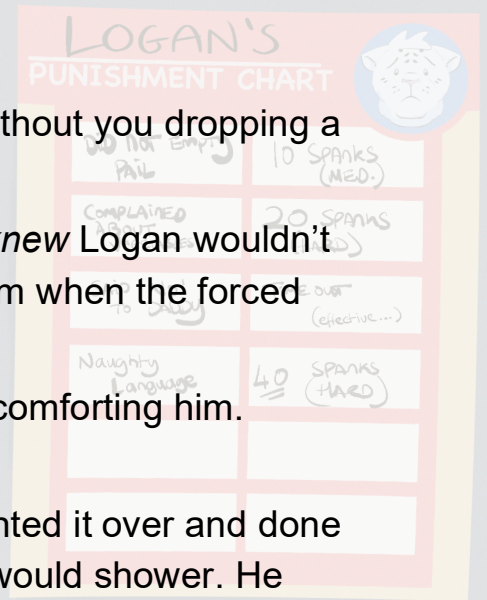
The tiger’s paw let go, but returned for several more quick pats, spreading the muck of the diaper up against the leopard’s genitals and through his fur and crack.

Logan swore he stopped breathing for a second or two, that his heart stopped and his eyes blurred, almost as if the shock of the dirty diaper impacting him had disconnected his consciousness from his body, all before he crashed back to life with a cough, catching his breath.

Somehow, his muzzle had remained in place, and the coin was safe.

He whined though. He whined a *lot*, horrified at the mess Daddy had made after going to so much trouble to avoid that very fate. He shouldn’t have been surprised, but of all things to be optimistic about that morning, it was the hope for a quick shower and escape from this diaper that he’d clung to. But if Logan was going to fill his diapers so rarely, Daddy was clearly never going to waste the opportunity when it happened.

Slower, heavier pats of his diaper followed, and Logan hardly protested as the best vocabulary to escape his mouth was gibberish; a gurgle, if anything.



His brain had melted. His senses overloaded. He didn't move an inch, and he wasn't sure if that was fear for the coin, or a new inability to do the basics.

"You're very adorable like this you know" Daddy purred into his ear. "Now stay put this time, okay?"

Logan managed an "uh-huh", somehow, as his body weight fell towards his muzzle and the wall. He was shook, and there was no chance of moving this time; the wall was propping him up.

As Daddy left him alone again, Logan realised he felt incredibly calm and contemplative, despite almost being brought there by force alone. He wasn't sure Daddy was right about being adorable, as the diaper now clinging to his butt and the stench that erupted from it was far from pleasant. But he wasn't going to argue if Daddy's satisfaction would shortly see him free.

Logan's time against the wall passed quicker than he imagined as his mind drifted, until Daddy's footsteps and paw on his shoulder signalled it was over.

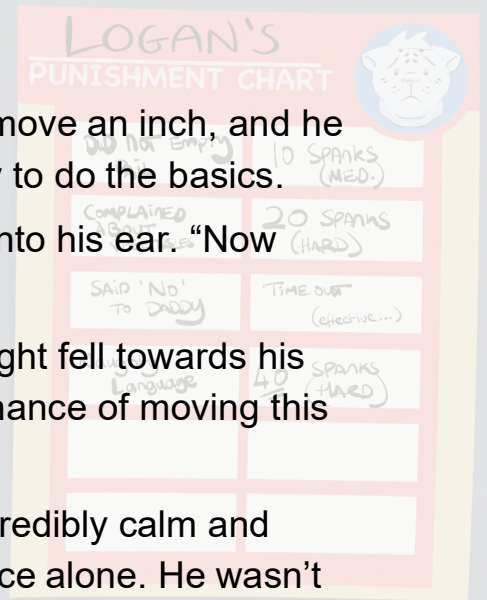
"I think that's enough," the tiger said. "Are you sorry?"

Of course Logan had contemplated the actions that left him here, and while the snow leopard wasn't convinced that using the toilet was entirely wrong, he knew that defying Daddy was costly. He'd been knocked from a tantrum throwing toddler down to an agreeable and behaved child, with relative ease.

Logan blushed, and chewed his tongue slightly. "Of course, Daddy," he replied, definitely relieved to have removed his nose from the coin, but not convinced he was telling the whole truth. Either way, he knew it was a mistake to say otherwise unless he wanted his entire weekend spoiled.

"Good boy," Daddy smiled, patting his back and leading him from the room, where he hoped a shower would follow. Daddy might not have been convinced either, but they were at an acceptable middle-ground at the very least.

It wasn't the first time Logan had been in trouble, of course, and he'd be in trouble again.





I don't care
if the suppository
is tough.

If that coin
touches the floor
timeout starts
again.