

Prologue:

A note to the reader: I'm not an Adult Baby, or a Diaper Lover, or Ageplayer, or AB/DL, or Little, or whatever you wanna call someone who...who likes wearing diapers and pretending to be a baby. I know that's not how you're supposed to start these kind of things, but it's really important to me that you know where I'm coming from.

Was I ignorant of that fetish? No. Not at all. I'm not claiming that. I went through...an experimental phase in late high school...and early college...and all through my childhood I kept thinking about that one Tom and Jerry cartoon-you know the one-or that Bugs Bunny Cartoon...or that Porky Pig and Daffy cartoon...I think you're missing the point here.

I could go for months at a time without ever visiting one of those sites. And I'd never visit a site that required me to become a member to look at their pictures or read the stories. I never made an account. I never wore "AB" diapers or bought big baby clothes. I haven't worn diapers of any kind since I was potty trained. I never even thought of doubling up on underwear to get that padded feel; too risky, too many questions. People who get in too deep with that stuff never get out. They never have lives of their own, and they just get stuck living in their mom's basements, swimming through their own sick fantasies.

That's why I played it smart: I'd lurk. I'd skim. I'd satisfy any lingering curiosity, and then I'd go cold turkey...till the next time. I mean, you can't really judge a person for what's in their head, can you? If you have dirty thoughts, you're still a virgin till you hook up with someone. Did I have those thoughts? Sometimes. Enough times. Maybe too often. But I didn't act on those thoughts.

I'm not an AB/DL or Ageplayer or Little, or whatever. I never wore a diaper, or big baby clothes, or was a registered member with any of those sites, and what I may or may not have wanted at any given time is irrelevant, isn't it? No sense in thought crime, is there? Point is, I was normal. I even had a girlfriend; operative word being "had".

And when it comes down to it, that's what this story is really about: How I had a girlfriend and how over the course of a day, I lost that relationship because of all this Adult Baby bullshit. By the way, my name's Gavin. Prepare to hear about the weirdest and worst day of my life.

Chapter 1

“So why are we here, again?” I asked, sleepily, staring out of the front passenger window. We were in the zoo parking lot, the top of Skye’s mini cooper down so that Skye could recline back in the driver’s seat and stare up at the clouds.

“Because, Gavi-poo” Skye called me by one of her many pet names for me, “today’s a special day.” Her tightly braided blonde hair, with streaks of teal and pink dyed in, hung lazily over the headrest; they seemed to be relaxing as much as she was. Every part of her was just luxuriating in her current sloth. Typical Skye: All or nothing.

It was almost nine in the morning, which wouldn’t have been that bad if I had had more than three hours sleep. Today was a special day, alright. Skye had been planning this little date for the last month- at least as far back as spring break- which was more than a little unlike her.

Skye was a free spirit, alright. I almost didn’t think the word “plan” was in her vocabulary. When Skye wanted to do something, she did it: No questions asked, no repercussions considered, and no worries about the future. It’s not that she was super impulsive, exactly, but it was more like nothing in life could throw her a curveball.

In other words, she was nearly my exact opposite. Me, the good guy; the buddy who you could always depend on; the beautiful loser. Her wild, almost dreadlocked hair completely contrasted my own short trimmed dirty blonde-do.

On paper, we weren’t going to ever work out. Ever. She was a junior, her major still undecided. I was a lowly freshman, my major in political science already well declared pretty much since orientation.

I was the nervous wreck. The planner. The steady one. She was the adventurous one; the exciting one; the girl everyone wanted to be around. Oh yeah...and the stripper. What? Strippers can have boyfriends that aren’t giant ‘roid heads or douchebags with too much hair gel. That’s the stereotype, right?

Long story short, we met because one of my buddies was a dick and slipped my phone number into her thong at a club. I wasn’t even there, I swear. He figured it’d be a hilarious joke on one or both of us. For whatever reason, because Skye does what Skye’s gonna do, she actually called the number and started talking to me.

I told her “wrong number”, and she kept wanting to talk to me. I kept talking back, being too afraid to hang up on a pretty sounding girl. Then, after about an hour on the phone with me, she offered to take me on a date, and some dumb, stupid, impulsive, part of my brain made me say yes.

That's partially why our relationship really worked. Being around Skye made me feel braver, and cooler, and more exciting, darn it! Even when I was at my worst or most self conscious, her own confidence was damn near infectious. I felt like a cooler, better version of myself; maybe not a stud, but at least I wasn't a loser.

What did she get out of the deal? I don't know. Or rather, I didn't know. Really, who wants the safe guy? Maybe people who settle, but that wasn't Skye. Skye got what she wanted, and for some reason, she wanted me right then, and that was enough for me.

What was so special about today- besides Skye having a predetermined destination in mind, I mean? For me, it was moving day. The Spring semester was over, and that meant it was time to move out of the dorms.

I would have paid for lodging over the Summer, but that Spring Break was when Skye had first suggested that I move in with her. I had never even been in Skye's apartment, and she wanted me to move in. She wanted to take our relationship to the next level, and she knew she wanted that at least two months in advance. How could I say no?

So, we had been up all night, shoving all of my things into cardboard boxes for moving day in between bouts of...other things...intimate things And now, the plan, as Skye outlined it, was to spend the day at the zoo of all places, while a moving crew took all of my stuff out of my dorm room and moved it into her apartment.

No muss, no fuss, no additional stress on either of our part. And, because of the money she made, she could afford it.

"No," I whined a little more than I had meant to, "I mean why are we at the zoo?"

"Because, honey," she regarded me with her cool, blue eyes, "It's a special day at the zoo, too."

"Yeah?" I cocked an eyebrow. "Some kind of bargain or discount or something like that?"

"Something like that," she winked at me. She was not going to tell me. No point in trying to find out more till she was ready. Skye was gonna do what Skye was gonna do. I was about to continue gazing out of the mini cooper's window while we waited for the zoo to open, when I saw something by my feet.

I bent over and picked up the rainbow swirled glass object and turned it in my hand. I sniffed one end of it, picking up the pungent smell of burnt ashes and used up marijuana.

"Skye?" I asked, holding up the pot pipe.

"Yeah, Gavi?" Skye replied looking over to me holding the thing, accusingly, in my left hand.

“Why do you still have this?”

Skye looked over to me and took everything in, examining me coolly. Then she smiled lightly-smirked really- and took the pipe out of my hand.

“Hey,” she grinned. “I’ve been lookin’ for this. Thanks, honey boy.”

“Skye,” I protested, “I thought you told me you were giving this stuff up.”

“Well,” Skye shrugged, “I kinda did. I just stopped smoking it around you and didn’t tell you about it. That’s kind of the same thing, right?”

I felt my face get hot. “So are you still seeing other guys and just not telling me about it, too?!” I almost said. But the words choked in my throat.

Another long story short: When we were first dating, I was under the impression that we would only be seeing each other. She clearly had had different expectations. About a month and a half into our relationship, I found a lot of pictures and posts about her nightlife. There had been more than a few times when she had blown me off to go hang out with other guys.

So I confronted her about it in my dorm room one night, and started yelling at her. She just shrugged like it was no big deal. She didn’t even try to justify it one way or another. It was what it was. I had expected a shouting match and a breakup; but it devolved into me just telling her how hurt I was that she was going out with other guys but still referred to us as a couple, and ultimately breaking down into sobs like a toddler. I was just a lovesick little boy, and she was the more mature, world-wise, woman.

That’s when she held me, and shushed me, and said she was sorry and promised she wouldn’t hurt me again. She promised she’d stop seeing other guys as long as we were a couple. That was the first time she called me “Gavi-poo.”

“Seriously, Skye,” I prodded her, “that stuff bothers me. This isn’t Colorado you know. You could get arrested, or something.”

“Awww,” she cooed, “inn’t he cute, lookin’ out for me?” She reached past my lap and opened up the glove box of her car, taking out a little plastic bag filled with pot. She rolled some of the stuff between her fingers into a ball before stuffing it into the pipe.

Then she grabbed a lighter out of her pocket, lit the pipe and inhaled deeply.

“Skye,” I heard my voice shaking, uneasily. “Could you...I don’t know, at least put the top up? Somebody might see you and report you. People are starting to pull in.” It was true. Plenty of

cars and vans were pulling into the parking lot, no doubt filled with families ready to go to the zoo.

“Oh, Gavi-” she smiled, puffing smoke into the air as she talked. “That’s not gonna happen, baby boy.”

“Why not?” I asked, beginning to fill with righteous indignation.

“Because,” she took another hit, and then let it out. “Nobody here cares.” She smiled, lackadaisically. “Everybody here at the zoo today is just gonna be going about their own business. They won’t care what we’re doing. But,” she added, “if it makes you happy,” she dumped the rest of the pipe out onto the pavement. I felt my throat unclench a little bit.

People were piling out of their cars and headed towards the front entrance of the zoo. Almost opening time. Not as many families as I imagined, actually. It was mostly young couples, like me and Skye; some a little older, some a little younger.

They went in pairs, holding hands towards the front entrance; two by two; like Noah’s Arc, or Mormons. Clearly, this was some kind of ladies’ day or something. Almost all of the women walked with a certain spring in their step, leading their boyfriends and husbands towards the front gates. Was it couples day at the zoo, or something? How odd.

“Whelp,” Skye stretched as she opened the driver’s side door. “Looks like this is our cue, Gavi-poo. Let’s go.”

I got out, and she offered me her hand. I took her palm and looked up at her: She was naturally an inch or two taller than me, but the difference was exaggerated when she wore her platform heels. My nose barely peaked over her shoulders when we were both standing next to each other.

“Aren’t you going to put the top up?” I motioned to the mini cooper. “Somebody might steal it.”

“Who’s going to steal a car from a zoo?” she asked, condescendingly. “This is a family place.”

“But what if it rains or something?” I pointed up towards the sky.

“Naw,” Skye corrected me. “Those little puffball clouds aren’t rain clouds, honey. But you are so cute when you worry about me.” she pinched my cheek, and I looked down at the ground in a vain attempt to hide my embarrassed, blushing, smile. Only Skye could make me feel good by calling me cute.

Feeling a little bit defeated, I let her lead the way and we joined the waiting throng of other couples headed to the zoo for some kind of “very special day”.

Chapter 2

“So, what’s so special about today?” I tried once more. We stood in line, my hand still in hers.

“Oh, you know, one of their theme days.” Skye carelessly shrugged her bare shoulders, an elegant glide of bones under smooth skin. She gently drummed her fingers on the back of my hand while we took a small step forward, moving up in line.

Flippant. I would’ve been suspicious she was blowing me off or intentionally avoiding the question if that wasn’t so Skye. She was even laissez faire with her finals. While I would be holed up in the library or in my dorm, panicking, stressing and studying all night, Skye would be out clubbing or getting stoned. By some miracle she managed to pass her classes. She was more fond of saying she was a “student of life”. If she didn’t consider it important, she simply was not going to remember or pay it much attention, no matter what the rest of the world thought.

“You had this planned, but you don’t remember the theme?” I wasn’t going to let this go so easily.

“Yah.” Skye glanced sideways at me. “Relax, Gavi-poo. We’re here to have fun. You’re too tense. Just let go and roll with the flow.” She shook my arm playfully. “We’ll find out what’s going down when we get inside. You dig?”

“Yeah, I guess.” She had a point. Did it really matter what the theme was? I relaxed and she rewarded me with a lopsided half smile. I glowed with pleasure, feeling both pride at making her smile and feeling foolish for making such a big deal about a silly theme.

The line moved again. I looked around at the couples everywhere. “I thought there’d be more kids. This being a family place and all.” I mused out loud.

Skye shrugged nonchalantly again. “It’s still early. The kids will probably come later.” She also had a point there. Getting small children ready for a full day out probably took time, so families probably wouldn’t arrive until later.

We were almost at the ticket booth now. The curvy woman with tight, frizzy blonde curls and obvious boob job in front of us dug through her purse to pay while chatting with the clerk. The man with her was a stereotypical lunk. All muscle, no brains with a huge helping of inflated ego. A walking wall of muscle topped by a handsome, chiseled face, dark brown eyes and dark brown hair with blonde highlights gelled up into crispy spikes. He probably lived at the gym and guzzled protein shakes. And he was looking right at Skye with a confident, roguish twinkle in his eyes. He glanced at me once with an expression like I was something smelly he’d stepped in.

I hated meat heads like him. My old insecurities rushed up to pick and peck at my self confidence. I gazed down at my sandals. My childhood had been spent as a magnet for red

rubber dodgeballs hurled by knuckle draggers like him. Was this the kind of guy Skye cheated on me with? She wouldn't be interested in him- I told myself- she was here with me. This was our special day. Right?

Despite the shaky self-pep talk, my fingers tightened around Skye's as if by holding on I could keep her at my side. She was like a beautiful, exotic bird that could fly away at any moment. I curled in on myself, instinctively shrinking back from the hunky lunk. Did he cheat on his woman the way Skye had cheated on me? No, she promised me. I believed her. I had to.

A gentle but firm tug on my hand pulled my stiff body to her side. I watched her sky blue eyes skim dismissively over the lunk then she leaned in, bending down in those high platform shoes to press a kiss to my cheek. I wouldn't look at the muscled meat sack, but I smiled with relief. Yes, Skye was here just for me. For us.

She tugged gently again, pulling me forward this time. Lunky had lumbered away, led off by his girlfriend. As she paid for our tickets and guided me into the zoo, my nerves slowly calmed down. Skye seemed to sense this; her thumb rubbed soothing circles on the back of my hand. She kept me closer than normal, our bodies almost touching.

"Hey babe, chill. It's just you and me today." Skye cajoled gently. She pointed up with her free hand. My eyes followed her arm up to a huge map. "Where should we go first? Monkeys, big cats, bears.....oh, here we go! A mini safari!" She talked more to herself than to me, like it was up to her to make all the decisions. It made me feel small, almost childlike inside.

"A Safari? Like an African Safari? Is it safe?" My mind filled with National Geographic images of lions and angry elephants attacking jeeps.

"Worry wart." Skye just smiled in amusement. "Of course it's safe. The animals are in pens here. It's not like we're going out into the wild savannah." She paused for a heartbeat. "That might be fun, too. Oh, Gavin, look! How cute!" She cried excitedly, taking off and sweeping me up in her enthusiastic whirlwind as if I were a fluttering leaf.

I stumbled behind her, caught off guard and kept off balance by her constant tugging on my hand. She stopped as suddenly as she had started. My unsteady momentum kept going while she stood still. I tripped, but her arms wrapped around my waist, steadying me. One hand briefly brushed over my butt, the touch so light it was probably an accident. Or a very, very sneaky grope disguised as an accident. Either way, I blushed, my cheeks bright pink at the contact. I nervously looked around at the crowd; no one seemed to have noticed Skye's hand on my butt.

That's when I saw what had Skye so enraptured. We had joined a small throng of zoo visitors gathered around some employees promoting today's special theme. I stared in shock, rubbing my eyes. A young woman in typical khaki zoo uniform and shiny name badge stood in front of a small cart on wheels. A huge sign hung from the cart's side. It read "Mother and Cub Day" in

bright, multi-colored letters. Happy cartoon animals in diapers had been painted around the letters. Balloons in a rainbow of colors were tied to each end of the cart. The most ridiculous part of all were the two tall men flanking the short woman. Clowns. They had bright red, round rubber noses and happy, smiley face paint. The clown on the left wore a curly blue fright wig, and the one on the right a matching neon green. Both wore the typical khaki uniform top and shiny name badge with typical zoo employee shoes. The typical khaki shorts had been replaced by diapers.

I rubbed my eyes. Was I seeing that? Yes, they were diapered. Adult clowns in diapers. What could be funnier? And not just any diaper. A Safari diaper with happy cartoon zoo animals plastered all over it. That print looked so familiar.... Only an Adult Baby would know about something like that. If this was done as a stray gag, any diaper off the grocery store shelf would do. To a normal adult, a diaper was a diaper. To an Adult Baby, the diaper details were everything. Not that I'm an AB, mind you. I only knew frommy occasional curious googling. That was it. Yet a pit opened up in my stomach. My nerves jangled. I wanted to puke.

I tugged on Skye's hand. "Let's go. I don't feel good. We'll come back another day." I tried to sound mellow and cool, but my voice shook, betraying how I truly felt.

"You felt fine this morning. It's probably just nerves; the zoo is a little crowded today. We'll walk around and the crowd will thin out. It's a big park. It'll be okay." She squeezed my fingers reassuringly and pressed her lips to my forehead. I could smell the minty gum she'd chewed earlier.

"But, the clowns-"

She pressed a finger gently to my lips, cutting me off. "Shh. You don't have a fever; you're just nervous, baby. Just relax and let me take care of everything. You always worry so much. Today is our day, I got it all planned out. I just wanna see you relax and enjoy yourself, babe. Just chillax and go with the flow." Skye planning was one hell of an oxymoron. But she was doing all this for me. This had been a particularly rough semester with intense classes for me; I had spent the months tense, worried and wound up; towards finals I was practically a neurotic nutcase. Skye had noticed- hell, she had even planned all this- just to help me. Touched, my heart softened and I looked into her eyes. The warm, tender expression in that concerned blue gaze melted my anxiety away.

"Well....I guess it ...couldn't hurt to just walk around a little." I mumbled. "But those clowns are ridiculous. Those diapers." I shuddered and took a step away from the balloons and diapered clowns, trying to pull Skye along with me.

She just tugged me back to her side. "It's cute, just a promotional gag. Mom and Cub day with silly baby clowns giving away balloons. Ooh, and the girl's giving out freebies! It looks like a big bag, too! The zoo's really going all out today. I knew I had good vibes about this!" She squealed

happily. She loved samples and freebies- it was a great way to discover new products. I couldn't argue with that logic.

"It's ridiculous. They're obviously going for a family theme here, but there's no families. It's all just couples like us." I pointed out, glancing around. Nope, not one kid yet. I just wanted to get away from those horrible diapers. Clowns. Get away from the clowns. My eyes darted around the crowd, but they kept straying unwillingly back to the colorful happy diapers. With the face paint, it was hard to read the clowns' expressions. Poor bastards; they had my sympathies. Walking around in a diaper all day. A tiny part of me wondered what that would feel like? That was the same part of me that had probed me into googling all that Adult Baby stuff. I ruthlessly squashed the stray thoughts.

Skye smiled like she thought I was being silly. "It's still early. The babies will come later. It takes time to get them ready."

Okay, I could see that....."But then why are all these couples here for a family themed day?"

She giggled. "Because the weather is perfect. Like I knew it would be; I told you I had a good feeling about today. Women's intuition." She pushed forward, taking her turn at the front of the crowd and dragging me with her. The smiling woman in khaki uniform handed Skye a big plastic bag plastered with smiling cartoon giraffes, monkeys, zebras, and lions. Just like the Safari diapers the clowns wore. What use would kiddie crap be to us? Still, a small part of me wondered what was in the bag...

Next to us, the clown in curly neon green wig and huge, eye-catching diaper handed an orange balloon to the spiky haired lunk from the ticket booth. Lunky took it with a "what the hell" expression on his face. His frizzy haired girlfriend with the manufactured, oversized hooters held the gift bag. Before he could notice us, she was already leading the confused-looking jackoff away. I quickly ducked behind Skye; for once I was glad she had worn her heels. I worried the muscled moron would look back and see us, or even worse, one of those damn diapered clowns would try to hand me a balloon. My cheeks burned with just the thought. Maybe they were trying their spiel out on couples as a practice run for when the families with babies arrived later on?

The female employee handed out gift bags to all the females, while the diapered clowns attempted to hand out balloons to the hapless guys. Quite a few feminine retorts of "Take it, don't be rude!" and "Say thank you!" were heard amongst the small crowd. Typical women forcing their men to mind their manners. I guess women saw us men as nothing but brutes in need of civilizing.

Luckily, I avoided the balloons and diapers. Clowns. Not soon enough for my taste, we walked away from the crowd with Skye happily digging through the gift bag. I pointedly looked away, keeping my gaze focused on the surrounding, landscaped trees and bushes or on the cement

path beneath our feet. Temptation nagged and I sneaked a few sideways glances. Just what all was in that bag? Normally a promotional give away was just a few things- poster, stickers, t-shirts, water bottles. Small, cheap crap like that. Nothing to write home about. I could tell just from the size of the bag and the way it bulged out like a toddler's puffy, diapered bottom that this was the motherload. It was like several promotions all rolled into one. The size of the bag had me curious; that was it.

Skye pawed through the bag like a curious raccoon. She "oohed" and "awwed" in excitement over the freebies. I didn't see what was so great about it. Not like we'd be able to use any of that crap. She caught me looking several times; each time I quickly looked away.

"Wanna see? There's some really great stuff in here." She offered, holding the open bag out to me.

Happy sappy baby lions and giraffes smiled up at me. I immediately jerked my head away, nose up in the air. "No, thank you. I don't see how any of that stuff would be useful for us. It's just for kids and families, right?"

"Oh, Gavi-poo, you're thinking inside the box. Families come in all shapes and sizes. Oooh! Coupons! Yay!" As carefree and careless as a lucrative stripper could be, Skye had also been raised by a family on a tight budget. She knew to appreciate a good coupon when she saw one. "Free drinks!" She elbowed me with a good-natured grin. "And you thought there'd be nothing in here for us."

"Well...maybe it's not that useless after all." I half-heartedly grumbled. Her smiles and cheer were infectious; this was how she'd gotten me to agree to come here in the first place.

"That's the spirit, my Gavi-poo." Skye said in a perky sing-song.

"So," I shuffled my feet, looking at the ground, "where do we go from here?"

"HURR-EEE, HURR-EEE!" Another diapered clown- this one with a curly yellow wig and a beer gut hanging out over his diaper- blared into a megaphone. "Ladies and gentle-boys," he hollered among the throngs of couples only now just beginning to spread out after the ticket counter and gift bag handout, "step right up!"

"Look Gavi!" Skye pointed him out as if I couldn't see him not even fifty feet away. It seems my question was being answered.

"Step right up, folks!" he bellowed, "Take the safari tram ride. Why walk, when you can take a whirlwind tour of the zoo and see the sights before you experience them?"

“Oh, Gavi,” Skye nudged me towards the clown. “Let’s do it. It’ll be fun!” I looked at the clown, his ridiculous ensemble beckoning all to stare at him, and my feet became leaden. Skye must have felt my resistance. “Oh come on, Gavi-poo, don’t be like that.” She teased. “If it’s the mean old clown that’s bothering you, I can always cover your eyes while we walk past.”

On the periphery of my vision, I caught site of the guy in front of the line, with his tank-top, and denim shorts, and pierced ears; a grizzled five o’clock shadow highlighting his stupid cocky grin while his eyes wandered over every girl in the park but the one he was with.

His girlfriend finally seemed to notice, giving him a sharp elbow in the side, making him recoil. A look of pure petulance came across his smug face. I couldn’t hear what they were saying, but the gist of their body language seemed to communicate her annoyance and his lack of care towards her feelings. Like, “So what? Why are you gettin’ mad?”

I saw her frizzy hair turn towards and gesture towards the clown and his announcement about the tram ride. The crowd was beginning to split now. Part going for the ride, the others deciding to start walking and observing the animals right away. He shook his head and crinkled his nose before pointing towards the section of people who didn’t want to ride the tram before giving his lady friend a quick slap on the ass and a grope for good measure.

“On second thought,” I leaned over to Skye, “tram’s fine. We’re gonna be here all day, so let’s get the most out of it. Get the full experience.” Anything to get away from that douche nozzle. Prick hadn’t said one word to me yet, and already I hated him.

“Okie dokie!” Skye agreed as she practically began to skip along into the crowd going on the tram ride. I had to to break out in a half-jog just to keep up. On the bright side, as annoying as it was to play catch-up with Skye, it was very gratifying to watch her walk away.

As we got closer to the clown in the yellow fright wig, Skye stopped abruptly and pivoted around to face me. “Don’t worry, Gavi-poo, I’ll save you!” She through her hands over my face, covering my eyes. “Now, the big bad clown won’t hurt you.,” she teased in a rather convincing baby-talk voice.

“Skye...” I groaned in exasperation. “Come on. Can’t we just be normal this one time?”

“Normal’s overrated,” I could feel Skye grinning, even with her hands cupped over my eyes. “Tell ya what, Gavi-kins,” she offered. “Every ten steps you take, I’ll give you a little kiss. Deal?” I

“Deal,” I smiled. I took a deep breath and strode forward blindly, taking awkward, lumbering steps; torn between getting this ridiculous exercise in flirting over with and seeing just how many kisses I could get out of this bit.

“Wheeeeeere’s Gavin?” Skye cooed on the tenth step. Her hands fluttered open like window shutters, revealing her radiant face and beautiful eyes. “There he is!” she cried out before giving me a playful peck on the lips. Then, like a cuckoo clock, my pretty little bird drew back, and her hands slammed shut over my eyes again.

Once again, I continued walking. More confident with each step. People must have been aware of our shenanigans and were giving us plenty of room to perform. Normally, I might be averse to such public displays, but Skye always did manage to coax me out of my shell. Besides, my eyes were covered. Out of sight, out of mind, as they say.

“Eight...nine...ten!” Skye counted. “Wheeeeeere’s Gavin?” Once again she flashed into my sight. “There he iiiiiiis! I couldn’t help but chuckle a little this second time as she rewarded me with a second peck on the lips.

“Three...four...five...” Skye counted, but then I felt her push up against me. “Hold on baby, we’re out of room. Line is forming up.” She removed her hands from my eyes, and I slumped a little bit in disappointment. That third kiss would have been nice. “Oh, what the hell,” she remarked before covering my eyes again.

“Wheeeeeere’s Gavin?” I grinned like an idiot in anticipation. “There he iiiis!” Skye sang out before leaning forward and giving me one last peck.

As we continued to shuffle along with the rest of the huddled masses, and proper lines began to form around security railings; we came to a canopied area that gave us a little break in some shade. Within the canopy there were big and tall aquariums filled with all sorts of little animals.

It was actually pretty smart, really. While a bunch of people were waiting to get on a tram to go see the big animals in reasonable facsimiles of their natural habitats, we could casually view smaller critters in their controlled underground and underwater habitats. It was nothing spectacular mind you, but it was more interesting to look at and mentally digest than the back of some guy’s head or the guard railing making us shuffle up and down like rats in a maze or something.

The first thing I could see was a decent sized aquarium. Little tropical fish swam around in it, oblivious to everything outside of the water. On the tank were the names of the different fish and a little plaque about what region they were originally from. It was a little weak, honestly. I’d seen similar tanks and nearly identical fish in restaurants and pet stores. Look. Yawn. Move on.

Next, as the line shuffled along was a rather impressive ant farm. It started at my feet and went up over my head. Hey, if you’re gonna do stuff with small animals, go big. Once again, there were little placards and stickers all over the glass.

Blah-blah-blah, live in colonies, blah-blah-blah this batch from South America, blah-blah-blah, queen lays a whole bunch of eggs. They were almost like your typical picnic-invading ant. Except for their jumbo size- larger than my thumbnail- and nasty tendency to swarm and attack anything near their extensive nests. Worker-ants, guard ants, male drones for reproduction and nothing else, larvae, nurse ants, yadda-yadda-yadda.

The line lingered a bit in a spot, giving me time to fully take in the spectacle of tiny little creatures living out their tiny little lives on display; and like one of those old magic-eye pictures, the random scurrying and chaos of the giant ant colony came into focus for me. All around, ants were scurrying with purpose and activity. Something had taken place that was making it an all hands on deck situation in ant land.

I leaned over the railing a bit to get a closer look. All over the colony there were tiny little, wriggling grubs. At first I suspected these were mealworms or something put in by the staff. It was feeding time. But I immediately decided against that when I saw that the ants weren't eating the little wriggling things.

Instead, I saw the ants carry the writhing and frankly creepy little blops through the tunnel to a single compartment. Were those larvae? Baby ants? Why were they all separated and only now being moved? Had some asshole shaken up the tank causing the nurse ants to move the larvae all around and only now they were getting reorganized? But it was just ants. What did I know? I'm not an entomologist.

"Look, Gavin!" Skye nudged me as the line for the tram kept inching along. She pointed to yet another aquarium filled with tunnel and dirt; only these tunnels didn't have ants scurrying around them. Tiny little bald, wrinkled, pink rodents with yellowed teeth too big for their mouths dug and squirmed through the tunnels.

"Awwwwwww," Skye cooed at the tank. "Naked mole-rats! Aren't they cute, Gavi?" Cute? Not really. Maybe cute in a so-ugly-they're-cute sort of way. Kind of like those troll dolls that my big sister used to collect before I was born and kept on her dresser growing up. Nah...troll dolls at least had hair.

"Kind of," I lied. It was a harmless lie, and it kept the conversation going. I had never seen a real naked mole rat. Closest I had ever seen was a cartoon one on that one Disney show about the kickass cheerleader spy and her doofus friend who was way below her league. Didn't they hook up in the end? Was I the doofus friend with the naked mole rat in this relationship? "I didn't know they lived in colonies," I said blandly.

"Well, obviously," Skye smirked at me. "I mean, the evidence is right there in front of our eyes."

"Yup," I sighed, boredly, "those are naked mole rats alright. And they're living in colonies."

“And if it looks like a naked mole rat,” Skye grinned mischievously at me. “And it scurries like naked mole rat.”

“Seriously?” I smirked back at her. “You’re stretching the phrase that much?”

“What?!” Skye brought her hands up to her chest in a coy little who-me pose, her playful smile trying to be concealed by mock confusion...and failing. “There aren’t any ducks around here.” She giggled playfully. “I’m just saying, those look like naked mole rats, and they’re living in a colony, so clearly...” she let the thought drop off.

“Naked mole rats live in a colony,” I finished the sentence for her. Skye was being so weird, today. But then again that wasn’t much different from any other day. I liked her weird.

Once again, my eye caught a little scene of drama in the tank. A tiny little mole rat, its eyes barely open, stumbled alone through one of the dirt chambers. Its whiskers twitched and probed as its head swayed slightly in the cramped corridor, like it was looking for something.

From behind, a bigger, adult mole rat came and grabbed the little one by the scruff of the neck and began dragging it around. The little one started thrashing about trying to escape the big one’s grasp while it was being dragged through a tunnel.

“Oh shit!” I whispered to Skye, pointing out what I was seeing. “I think the big one is an angry male and it’s about to eat that baby!” I told her. “A friend of mine with hamsters growing up saw this happen.”

Skye took in the sight, and then shook her head slightly.

“Uh-uh,” she said. “That’s not what’s happening. I’m betting that’s a mama rat. Look.” The big mole rat dragged the kicking and flailing baby one into a more spacious chamber and then released it. Then it gave the little thing a nudge and a lick. After a few seconds, the little one started peeing out little squirts into the chamber. When it was done, the big rat started dragging the little rat back out. This time, the little rat didn’t resist.

“How’d you know?” I turned to Skye.

“Because I can read, silly.” Skye indicated a sign on the tank right above the chamber the rat just urinated into.

It Read: NAKED MOLE RATS DESIGNATE A SPECIFIC CHAMBER IN THEIR COLONIES FOR URINATION AND DEFECATION. ADULTS DRAG THE PUPS TO THE CHAMBER TO RELIEVE THEMSELVES SO THAT THEY’LL KNOW WHERE TO GO WHEN THEY’RE GROWN

"It's rat potty training!" Skye gushed, and brought her hand up to her mouth, suppressing another smile.

"Huh," I shrugged. "Guess so." Then I saw the baby rat deposited by the adult into another chamber filled with more pups, all squirming and feeding on their mothers. Then the adult rat picked another pup and began to drag it back to the rat latrine.

"That's weird," I mentioned to Skye.

"What's weird?" Skye responded, her eyebrow arched.

"That little rat we just saw made it an awful long way away from the other baby rats. I can't tell. Do you think that one's older than the others?"

"I dunno," Skye shrugged. "Maybe that rat was just a little too big for it's britches."

"Yeah, but it was almost there, too, before it got snatched up and dragged the rest of the way," I offered.

"Maybe baby rat just needed a little help getting to the potty," Skye offered. "It's cute."

"Yeah, I guess so," I conceded. "Animals are just weird, sometimes."

"Yeah," Skye agreed. "I try not to think about it too much. Come on, Gavi-kins. The line is moving. It's almost our turn."

The procession inched along; more the crowd getting restless than there being anywhere to go. Then, the rumbling, squeaking and clanking of a giant machine bore into our collective ears as a jeep pulling along a nearly leviathan trail of carts. The carts were mostly open sides; bench style seats with metal siding and metal canopy to provide shade. It was painted a dull brown and green with the Zoo's logo on it, giving the impression it was ready to blend into the wild African savannah.

A woman who appeared to be in her mid thirties hopped out of a middle section of the carts. She wore a khaki button up shirt with the zoo's logo on it, with matching shorts, and a pith helmet to complete the ensemble. She looked every part the cheesy theme park's idea of "jungle explorer."

"WHOOOOOOO'S READY FOR A SAFARI RIDE?!" She screamed out into a megaphone of her own.

The crowd, including myself, hooted and hollered with the cheap pop she was clearly expecting. I had decided that I really was here to have fun, so I might as well let myself get caught up in all this cheesiness.

“Then ladies and gentlemen, hop on in! We’ve got some exploring to do!”, our tour guide announced. Excitedly, we all bounded for the tram and crammed ourselves in, four to a cart, two on each side.

Across from us, another couple sat, a man with long, almost hippie like hair, kept back in a ponytail, and what I assumed was his short, pixie cut girlfriend. Both of their skins were bronzed from hours of prior sun exposure. Their mutually laid back demeanor made me think they were both surfers or skaters. The type of people that did “extreme” sports but were otherwise laid back. The kind of people I honestly pictured Skye hanging with...and dating...before we met. They could have been related, honestly. As a couple they were nearly identical in attitude, while Skye and I felt...complimentary?

The dude-bro smiled lazily at me and gave me a polite nod.

“You two hear for the special event, too?”, the short little chick with the shorter hair asked Skye.

“You know it,” Skye beamed, as she wrapped an arm around my shoulder, pulling me closer to her and giving me a quick squeeze. The other woman reciprocated, and did the same to her boyfriend, adding in a quick little peck on the cheek.

“This is gonna be so fun, today!” she said, grinning giddily to Skye.

“I know, right?” Skye agreed.

I shot surfer-dude a questioning look. What was so cool about “Mother and Cub Day”? What did that even mean? Was I the only one not in on the joke? He just gave me a slight shrug, moved his eyes towards his own girl, and then smiled as if to say “Who cares, she’s happy, I’m happy. Why not just go with it?”

Damnit...surfer-dude was right! Who cared what was going on as long as Skye and me were happy?

“Everyone loaded up?” The tour guide’s voice boomed out of speakers connected to the carts. “Okay, good. Here we go. Thank you folks,” the tour guide began what sounded like a prepared spiel, “for coming to our very special Mother and Cub Day. I’m your tour guide for this ride, Rhonda. Can everybody say ‘Hi Rhonda!’ ?”

“HI RHONDA!” We all yelled in chorus.

“Good,” Rhonda said in a nasally and stilted accent reminiscent of Mr. Rogers. “I knew you could.” We all chuckled at the terrible impression, probably first written back when more people knew who Mr. Rogers was.

The tram started to move and wind it’s way on the zoo pavement, doing a long U-turn like a snake coiling around it’s prey. I shuddered just thinking about that.

“Now,” Rhonda went on, twirling her pith helmet on her finger. “I bet that at least half of you are probably wondering: “Why Mother and Cub Day?” I saw plenty of heads attentively nod in the carts in front of me.

“Well, the answer is very simple,” Rhonda continued, still sounding like a spiel. “We’ve actually had what could be a breakthrough recently.”

“Dinosaurs?” I snarked to Skye. “Is this the part where they show us the dinosaurs?”

“Hush, Gavi-poo,” Skye ordered. “I wanna hear this.”

“As you may be aware,” Rhonda kept doing her prepared speech while the tram slowly chugged along, “it’s actually very difficult to get some animals to breed in captivity. But now, thanks to the magic of modern medicine, fortuitous timing, and some generous contributions by various corporations and philanthropic groups, we have made it so that there are new baby animals popping up in the zoo.”

A collective “Awwwwwww” came from what seemed like every girlfriend, fiancée, wife, mother and sister, on the tram.

“That’s right. Thanks to some new medical breakthroughs including a combination of experimental immune boosters, fertility enhancements, and natural aphrodisiacs, we have a whole heap of proud new mamas in the zoo today and they are ready to show off their little ones to you all today!”

The applause was almost deafening as over half the train—mostly the women exploded into cheering and squees of joy. About half a second later, a lot of their dates were smart enough to clap along and hoot and holler with their spouses, but it was definitely the female half of the population that started the cheering.

Oh shit. A tiny neurotic thought burrowed out of nowhere deep into my brain. Was Skye pregnant? Was that why we were moving in together? Was that why I was being taken to “Mother and Cub Day” at the zoo? Was this how I found out?

“Hey,” I leaned in and whispered to Skye when there was a break in the applause. “Are you pregnant?”

Skye snorted derisively.

“No,” she whispered back. “Do you know what pregnancy would do to my figure?” That’s true. Pregnant strippers weren’t exactly a commonly sought after commodity. “Sides, Gavi,” she whispered lovingly in my ear, “you’re all I need to take care of.” I shouldn’t have smiled at that. It was a little condescending. But I was all she needed. I liked that.

“But wait,” Rhonda the tour guide kept talking, “it get’s better! As a part of our marketing synergy, we’re going to pass on some of the magic to you!” Once again, more cheering broke out. This time though, not nearly as many guys cheered along. They all heard the bit about the fertility drugs, too.

“Don’t worry, boys,” Rhonda broke in through the cheering. “Don’t worry, we’re not including the fertility drugs. The FDA would have a field day with us if we did that. No one’s gonna be a daddy because of us.” Laughter greeted that pronouncement, this time more guys than girls. Girls laughed too, though. Skye looked like milk would have squirted out of her nose had she been drinking some.

“BUT…” Rhonda clarified once the laughter had died down, “we will be selling our very own energy drinks with nutritional and immune system boosting properties for men and women. Energy supplements and what not. Nothing you wouldn’t add to an after workout smoothie or chug after a game of basketball. We’re gonna give the gatorade and powerade a run for their money!” There was some appreciative clapping, but it was clear we were losing enthusiasm for this sales pitch.

“Well enough about that though,” Rhonda finished. “Let’s go see what we really all came here to see. We’re approaching the animal habitats.” There was another round of genuine, but less enthusiastic clapping. The kind of clapping that announced “about time.”

The tram went off the pavement and onto a dirty path through some bushes. The path was wide and rutted, well worn from the tram tires. The ride went from smooth to jostling as the carts rumbled onto the uneven dirt trail. The bushes were thick and lush, their branches allowed to grow untrimmed and tangled to enhance the illusion of wilderness. As we drew closer to the animal enclosures, the musky, sweaty smell of animals and dung filled my nostrils.

“Let me begin by telling everyone,” Rhonda’s voice echoed through the tram speakers, “that we will effectively be taking the backroads around and through the different animal habitats we have here today. If you see or hear about anything that catches your eye on our little trip, feel free to hoof it on back through the zoo and take a closer gander for yourself.”

Landscaped fauna brushed by us and we went on a slight incline up a hill.

“Over to my right,” Rhonda gestured, “we have our giraffe enclosure. We sell treats to feed the giraffes up close and personal. The giraffe habitat is home to George, Georgina, and most recently little George junior.” I looked over and saw two giraffes, an adult and a baby. The giraffe enclosure was mostly sandy dirt and grass sprinkled with a few tall trees for shade. Mixed in with the giraffes were a few zebras in an attempt to recreate what the herbivores would look like on an actual safari. On the other side of the huge pen was a big, raised wooden deck with roof for shade; people stood on the deck to feed the giraffes.

“Now some of you may be wondering where George is,” Rhonda spoke up. “Fun fact, baby giraffes are capable of walking within an hour after their birth. Adult giraffes, meanwhile are very cautious and fear intrusion, even by other, unfamiliar giraffes. So when little George was born three days ago, Daddy George ran and hid in his barn and hasn’t come back out yet.” The little fact was met with quiet chuckles, mostly from the women, likely imagining their dates doing the same thing at seeing a baby.

The tram went down the incline and slithered a bit to the left. “Next to the giraffes we have our elephants, with proud new mama, Jumbo and baby Gumbo.” Sure enough, among all of the elephants there was a large baby elephant floundering about in the dust of the elephant habitat while it’s mother. Their size and huge flapping ears distinguished them as African savannah elephants, different from their short-eared Indian cousins. The only difference from the giraffe enclosure was a watering hole for the elephants to play in. “Baby elephants can spend hours flailing about as they figure out what to do with their trunks, and elephant mothers have the longest gestation period of any animal pregnancy of roughly two years.” There was a lot of “ewwwing” and wincing as the women on the tram collectively imagined being pregnant for that long. I even caught Skye rubbing her tummy and flinching in pain.

Then another strange, intrusive thought occurred to me: How did the zoo manage to have all of these baby animals and new mothers with the different pregnancy terms? Did they start this project two years ago with an elephant, or did they just get lucky and happen to come across one that was already pregnant?

The tram rumbled back onto pavement, and horns honked warning pedestrians.

“Up here to either side of us are our wolf and lion enclosures,” Rhonda explained, “or as we call them the Starks and Lannisters.” More polite chuckle for an HBO reference. At least it wasn’t Mr. Rogers. “And coincidentally, each pack and pride has a new little addition that we lovingly refer to as Bran and Tyrion.”

Almost on cue, a wolf cub could be heard howling in mock ferocity. I turned my head just in time to watch an adorable little pup, its paws too big for its body, baying as it’s mother came up to start giving it a tongue bath. Everyone who saw it, pointed and “awwed” at the sight. That was Bran, no doubt. I couldn’t see little Tyrion among the lions on the other side.

The tram went back onto a dirt path. “Sadly, there isn’t much to see right now in the gorilla habitat,” the tour guide droned on, “the gorillas seem to be shy this morning. But be sure to stop by later if you want to see Queen Konga and her new bundle of joy Prince Darwin.”

“You can’t see it from here,” the lady with the mic kept talking, “but a ways beyond the gorilla habitat, we have our play area for the young...and the young at heart, complete with petting zoo, and pony rides.”

“Ooooooh,” Skye eyed me, hopefully. “We are totally checking that out.”

“Seriously,” I asked her.

“What?” Skye shrugged innocently enough. “She said for the young at heart. I’m young at heart. Aren’t you?”

“Yeah,” I agreed, not sounding at all convincing but wanting to make my girlfriend happy. “Sure. Totally young at heart. Love petting zoos. Love ‘em.”

“And, throughout the day,” Rhonda perked up for one last sales pitch, “we have all sorts of shows going on for your entertainment at our Animal Amphitheatre.”

The tram began to slow down. We were coming to the end of the ride.

“Now most places would dump you off where you started,” Rhonda went back into prepared speech mode, it seemed, “or drop you off at some gift shop. But not us. We’re in the very back of the park now, and all there’s left to do is wander around and enjoy your day. Do whatever you wish, but if I may suggest, why don’t you all take a nice leisurely stroll through our synthetic rainforest over yonder?” she pointed to a large building on the horizon surrounded by trees and painted up with pictures of monkeys and parrots and tropical frogs, and butterflies.

“I’ve been Rhonda,” she concluded, “unless you didn’t like me, in which case, I’ve been Wilma. Now have a great day at the zoo!”

Skye and I piled out of the tram. Almost instinctively, I stopped and stretched my back and legs, feeling cramped from the ride. Skye walked right by me, as if I wasn’t there, expecting me to catch up.

Chapter 3

“The Rainforest Room is just up here, let’s go!” Skye skipped, her long breezy skirt swishing. She caught my hand and tugged me along. I blushed with pleasure.

Opening the door to the Rainforest Room was like stepping into a steamy, animal-musk filled sauna: Hot. Moist. Pungent. Noisy. Somewhere, Macaws cawed, monkeys screeched, and humans chattered, their voices echoing off the walls and high ceiling in the huge building. In between the vast and various animal enclosures, the building was stuffed to the brim with realistic, plastic recreations of rainforest trees, bushes, and other plants. It felt like we were actually in a rainforest. Immediately to the left of the doors was a display of panels with pictures, explaining why the rainforest was so important, why it was endangered, and ways we could help save it.

At the end of the panel display stood two mobile carts. One was a small refreshment stand filled with ice and chilled drinks. Behind it sat a young, dark skinned woman on a stool. Her whole being just radiated pure Rasta. Dreadlocks have never appealed to me; I cringed a little behind Skye. The young woman wore a green t-shirt with the Zoo’s logo on it and khaki uniform shorts and shoes. The other cart was piled high with merchandise on display, mostly stuffed animals and t-shirts with cartoon zoo animals on them. Most of the shirts were small, kid-sized, but some underneath those lurked some larger ones; maybe for older siblings or matching parent-child outfits. Stuff that would appeal to little kids, who in turn would beg their parents for the goodies; smart advertising.

Skye’s eyes lit up when she saw the female worker. “Kadija!” She hollered, rushing over. She held my hand, so I was dragged along. The worker immediately perked up from her bored, half asleep slouch.

“Skye!” She waved back, all bright white smiles. I groaned softly; one of Skye’s on-campus pot head friends. Figures, just my luck one of them would have a job out here. “Got that bag I told you about? Good! Save your coupons, these ones are on the house. I still owe you for letting me copy on that test.”

She plucked two plastic bottled beverages from the ice, handing both to Skye, who passed one to me. Skye opened hers and drank while she chatted with her friend. I just held the cold bottle in my hand, staring. Part of me was appalled at them for cheating on a test, but another part was just resigned. Of course, Skye would not see it as cheating on a test; she was just helping a friend out. And now that friend was paying her back by giving her free drinks without taking the coupon. Nothing shady going on here. Sure.

“Gavin, try it. It’s really good.” Skye reached over and opened up my bottle, deftly twisting the cap off.

“So this is Gavi-poo?” Kadija leaned forward on the cart to get a better look at me. “Skye, you’re right. He is a little cutie.”

I blushed at her assessment, looking down and quickly raised the bottle to my lips. I froze when I read the label. “Baby Formula?” I quickly held it as far away from me as I could, as if it had morphed into a venomous snake. I glanced at Skye’s; hers read “Mother’s Milk”. “Is this some kind of sick joke? It’s not funny!” My cheeks burned and I glared at the two girls.

Skye laughed but Kadija snorted, rolling her eyes like she thought I was over reacting. That made me feel like a small child throwing a tantrum. “It’s a marketing ploy. Goes with the whole “Mom and Cub Day” thing. It’s a new product some company paid the zoo big wigs to test drive or something. I don’t know; I’m just paid to sell it. The Mother’s Milk is good, I’ve had it. Dumb name, but tasty stuff. Also healthy. It has...” Kadija looked down at a little plastic card. “Nutrients, vitamins. Probiotics? Lactotics? Whatever that science-y shit is. It’s healthy and tastes good. That’s all you really need to know.”

Skye already had her milk half gone. “It’s kinda creamy, like a vanilla milkshake. Forget the name; it’s probably still in beta phase.” I rolled my eyes at her use of gaming terminology. I still wouldn’t drink something called ‘Baby Formula’. That was way too humiliating to even contemplate.

“It’s just a name. Get over it, Gavi-poo.” Kadija rolled her eyes at me again. I glared at her, my cheeks red. I hated how she took Skye’s lovey-dovey nickname and turned it into a degrading insult.

“Umm...I’m not crazy about the name, either. But it is really, really tasty.” A second vendor spoke up. “Once you umm... try it, you won’t even worry about the... uh... name... anymore.” he stuttered on nervously. “It really is that good. Even better than those fancy drinks at Starbucks.” My eyes widened at the sight of him. He was young, about my age. He, like Kadija, wore a green t-shirt with the Zoo’s logo on it. He, unlike Kadija, wore a big white diaper plastered with colorful cartoon zoo animals. I thought only the poor clowns were diapered. My eyes shot to the kid oriented merchandise. Maybe that was just part of the promotional package? Poor bastard. He shifted shyly on the stool, the huge diaper crinkling and rustling noisily like a flock of plastic grocery bags.

“Come on, Gavi. Just one tiny sip?” Skye wheedled, taking the bottle out of my hand and holding it up to my lips while staring at me with puppy-dog eyes. Maybe just one sip wouldn’t hurt...and it would get everybody off my back....

“Fine.” I acquiesced. Skye smiled and without waiting for me take hold of the bottle- maybe she thought I would chicken out again- she raised it to my mouth, tilting it. I hurriedly parted my lips as cool, creamy milk rushed in. I had to swallow or it would come out my mouth and dribble all over me like a baby covered in spit up. I had chugged almost half the bottle before she relented.

“Well?” Skye smiled. “I knew you’d like it. I can tell by your face.” She purred in satisfaction. Both vendors stared at me, smiling just as Skye did.

“It...it’s not...that bad...” I grumbled, looking down at my sandals. It was a flavorful explosion of creamy dairy delight. My tastebuds tingled and even my stomach rejoiced. Already, I wanted more. They were right. Make an ice cream flavor out of it and stores would sell out.

“What does yours taste like?” I asked, reaching out to steal a sip. Skye raised her bottle up out of my reach. I lowered my hand, blushing. Even standing on tippy toes, I wouldn’t be able to reach that high up. I pouted up at her.

“No, no Gavi. This is mine. You still have some of yours left. They taste just the same ” Skye added hastily after a pointed look from Kadija.

“You don’t want that stuff, boy,” Kadija said pointing to Skye’s pink bottle of Mother’s Milk. “That stuff is specifically formulated to benefit a woman’s body.”

“Yeah,” Skye hastily added. “Kadija told me it’s supposed to give me easier periods and stuff.”

“And,” Kadija chimed in, “helps with older women going through menopause.” I immediately withdrew my hand from reaching for Skye’s bottle.

“Yours is more like uh..an...an energy drink, if you know what I mean” Kadija grinned and winked at me conspiratorially. Then she smiled big. “It...it really makes you....ahem... get up and go!” she chuckled under her breath. “You crazy kids have fun with that stuff,”

“Wait,” the guy in the diaper said, smiling like an idiot and blushing “do you...do you...uh...do you mean?”

“Kadija,” Skye hissed under breath. I saw her throwing her friend a serious case of side-eye. The diapered man and I just threw each other unknowing, uncomprehending looks. Holy shit, was I drinking liquid Viagra just now?

“Drink yours all gone and we’ll get some more.” Skye turned to me. “We’ve got all day to enjoy them.”

“Baby Formula...” I muttered, mulling it over with this new information then smiling a little. “It’s like it helps with making babies. So, Baby Formula! I get it now.”

“Yeah, it really helps with making babies” Kadija bit her lip as if trying to hold back laughter.

More people came into the Rainforest Room, forming a line behind us. I tugged on Skye's hand. She turned and looked. "We'd better get going." She waved by to Kadija and the diapered vendor boy.

"Call me later and let me know how it goes!" Kadija waved as we walked off towards the first Rainforest exhibit.

We rounded a corner, stepping deeper into the jungle. Plastic trees- lifelike, detailed replicas of the many varieties found in the Rainforest- stretched high overhead, their shiny, broad green leaves intertwining to form a canopy. They blocked the harsh artificial light, creating dappled shadows on the cement floor, which had been painted to look like jungle ground. A fresco of brown dirt, twigs, and green grasses paved our way to the first exhibit. Shiny metal plaques told the common name, scientific name and a brief blurb about each rainforest plant represented.

"Feels like we're in the Jungle Book." Skye said as soft, plastic fronds gave way to the heavy, smudged glass of a big tank. The walls were painted with jungle scenery. Rocks, dirt, grasses and a small but deep pool of green tinged water filled the bottom of the enclosure. Twisted, heavy barren brown branches and logs took up the rest of the space. Whatever was in here liked to climb; a tree dweller. I glanced down at the information plaque. Green Anaconda, dwells in the tops of trees. One of the largest and heaviest snakes in the world.

Didn't those kind of snakes eat people? I shivered, stepping back quickly from the glass. I hated snakes. Especially ones large enough to eat people. I recalled horror movies with snakes that did just that. Oh, I really, really hated snakes. I took another step back, eyes wide and glued to the glass, pinging around the thick barren trunks in desperate search of a reptilian body. Where was it? It couldn't have escaped, could it? My body was stiff, pulse starting to pound. My stomach tightened with nervousness. I suddenly felt the need to pee from my tense bladder.

A flash of movement at the back of the tank, just behind some rocks rimming the small pool, caught my eye. Greenish-brown coils blended in perfectly with the brown branches, dirt, rocks and vegetation. The snake was coiled up at the back of the big tank, its body thicker and wider than my thigh. Nature's deadly camouflage at its finest. I shivered again, slumping against a sturdy, decorative plastic tree trunk as my body went slack with relief. I blushed, feeling ridiculous. Okay, so I was a little anxiety prone. So what? Skye still liked me despite it. My bladder relaxed, the urgency to urinate receding.

"BOO! I'M KAA, AND I'M GONNA EAT YOU!" Skye hollered behind me, fingers jabbing into my sides. I jumped and screamed, a high pitched little EEP. My slack bladder tensed; I had to go again, bad. Like a little kid who pees their pants when frightened. I clamped down hard, slamming the gate on the potential flood. Skye's laughter echoed in my ears.

"Skye! It's NOT funny!" I glared at her, huffing in annoyance. She can be so juvenile sometimes. She knows about my herpetophobia, my fear of reptiles and amphibians. Hey, if you grew up

with a stepdad who thought it hilarious to wake you up by throwing a rubber snake in your bed you'd have a few mental scars from the experience, too. I never told her about that; I was too ashamed. But she knew about my deep fear.

"I'm-hah-s-haha-sorry." She sputtered, choking on suppressed laughter. "I...ahha..you were just...hehe...so damn cute. I..haha...couldn't resist...heh...". Her arms slipped around me, pulling my shorter, tense body to hers as she enfolded me in a warm embrace. My face pressed into her bony shoulder. The soft, feminine musk of her perfume enveloped me in a sensual cloud mingling with the apple scent from her shampoo. She rubbed my back, kissing the top of my head. Her body shook with amusement; slowly her laughter died down to quiet chuckles. I stayed stiff and unyielding as she smothered me like a python. I shivered, then shifted my weight to my other foot as my bladder protested the movement. I didn't really have to pee, not yet; but I would have to find a bathroom soon. It had been a long drive, and I hadn't gone since we left my place.

"Gavin. Baby. I'm sorry. I got carried away." That was part of the problem; Skye always got carried away, drifting on the winds of life. Live in the moment. Consequences be damned. That attitude was what had, in part, attracted me to her in the first place. And she really was sorry; I could hear the apology in her voice, in her soft caresses and tender kisses. I relaxed a little but kept quiet, basking in the attention. Hey, if she could have fun at the expense of my phobia, then I could milk this moment.

"I'm really sorry. I won't do it again. Gavi-poo. My sweet baby." Skye cooed, voice soft as a lullabye. A warm feeling blossomed in my stomach and I relaxed even more. She began to sway side to side, rocking me gently. I relaxed even more, leaning against her and letting her support some of my weight. She took it willingly, easily, as if I weighed no more than a bird. I wasn't a heavy guy, but I wasn't that light, was I? Maybe she was just that strong?

Her hand slipped under my shirt and a jolt of pleasure shot through me at the contact of skin on skin. Her hand was warm, slightly calloused from pole dancing as it skimmed over my back, rubbing soothing circles and drawing little designs. She felt me relax, her touch light as a hummingbird's wing. I sighed happily, my resistance fully crumbling. I hid my face against her shoulder to hide my little, contented smile. "It's....it's alright..." I mumbled out, voice muffled by her shoulder. Her skin was warm and soft under my cheek; I could feel her muscles and bones shifting with every small movement.

"I love you, Gavi-poo! My sweet baby." She hugged me tight at my whispered words. Her small breasts pressed into my chest and I blushed even more as blood rushed south and something stirred in my pants. She either didn't notice or chose to ignore it; this was not sexy time, this was comfort time. Still, I'd take whatever I could get.

"I love you too." I whispered back, my voice softer, more demure than her happy squeal. I forgave her, so all was right in her world again. I sighed, wishing my life could be so simple.

“Aww, how cute! I wish you’d be that cuddly.” I cracked my eyes open at the unfamiliar female voice. A woman with mousy brown hair slopped up in a stylishly scruffy bun and limbs long and pale, built like a gazelle, watched us with what looked like envy in her eyes. She pretended to look at the Anaconda, but I felt her gaze on me and Skye as she talked down to the little Asian boy tugging on the hem of her sunny yellow sundress. An apple red balloon was tied to the boy’s thin wrist; it bounced in the air with his tugging motions.

Huh, that’s weird. Maybe the little boy was adopted? She was cracker white, Caucasian through and through; he was Asian. Chinese? Japanese? I couldn’t tell, but definitely Asian and not from her womb. I studied them through the veil of Skye’s colorful braids covering most of my face. She was still occupied with rocking me and rubbing my back. So warm and comforting; I felt so loved, and after the scare I’d had, I was in no rush to relinquish this moment.

“But, I gotta go potty.” The Asian boy whined, then frowned. He spoke plain English; no Asian accent. Just a toddler’s cute lisp. “Potty.” His lips puckered some more, as if he didn’t like the sound of the word. “Baffwoom! I gotta go baffwoom!” He tugged pleadingly on his mom’s skirt, a desperate little boy trying hard to sound grown up while insisting he has a potty emergency.

“Shh. We just got here. A moment ago you were whining to see the froggies. Now you wanna potty.” She sighed, shaking her head and taking his hand firmly in hers. “You can hold it until we’re done in here. Then I’ll take you potty.” She held a gift bag just like Skye’s. Two bottles, just like the drinks we’d been given, poked out of the bag’s top. She pulled him along, vanishing behind some thick, leafy bushes that jutted out between animal displays. The boy grabbed his pants with his free hand, doing the potty dance. “Baffwoom!” he whined as she dragged him along, his pleas falling on deaf ears.

“We should get going, too.” Skye stepped back, the warmth of her body melting into the warmth of the humid air as she pulled away from me. I sighed a little in disappointment. She took my hand in hers once more and tugged gently while I followed. She gave me a reassuring smile and a peck on the cheek. “Don’t worry, baby. I won’t let any more snakes scare you.” She teased with a wink and I pouted, blushing and looking away.

“Here, you look kinda thirsty.” Skye handed me my partially drunk bottle of Baby Formula. I still blushed at the name, but now that I knew what it was for, it wasn’t that bad. And the drink really was so good I didn’t care much about some stupid product name. She had already taken the cap off before she passed it to me. I drank, distracted, while she led the way, tugging me along by my hand. I let her go first; that way, if there were any more snakes lurking about, we could avoid a full-blown panic attack.

A huge case of preserved butterflies hung from the wall, framed by information plaques and more imitation-jungle plants. We stood, doing more staring than reading. Some of the butterflies were huge; I didn’t know they could get so big. Giant snakes, giant butterflies; was there Miracle

Grow in the rainforest or something? There was the beautiful cerulean blue Morpho butterfly, the pretty black and yellow Swallowtail, the pale pinkish-purple Saturn, and the bright green Goliath Birdwing. It was the second largest butterfly in the world. The largest was also there; the Queen Alexandra Birdwing, with a wingspan of up to a foot. Can you imagine something that huge fluttering past? They were pretty, but I think I liked them better preserved and under glass.

Skye oohed and ahhed over the pretty colors and wing patterns, occasionally sipping from her own bottle, while I quietly drank from mine and read the different plaques.

After that came more reptiles like the giant green iguana. I didn't mind those so much; one of my friends has a pet iguana named Daenerys, who likes to ride around on his shoulder, and she's never bitten him, even when he feeds her lettuce right out of his hand. I've never been able to work up the nerve to hold her, or even pet her, but thinking of Daenerys made this iguana seem not so bad. It was actually kinda cool.

The chameleon was an odd little critter; Skye thought it was cute. I thought it was just weird. Then again, Skye was weird, too. I just shook my head as we moved on. More snakes; those Skye quickly pulled me past before I could give anything more than a quick glance. Next came the small rainforest mammals. Several species of bats were on display, their exhibits mimicking caves and other natural environments. They were numerous, noisy, and extra smelly. Skye exclaimed she wanted one for a pet. I pointed out their smell; she just waved a dismissive hand. "When babies make poo-poops, it's always smelly, no matter the species." She smiled at me as she said it, like she knew some secret that I didn't. I frowned, getting ready to argue the stink wasn't just from baby-bat guano. Bats stunk, period.

I was much more relaxed in the mammal section, but Skye still kept tugging me close whenever I'd try to drift off to examine some new animal, like the weird, bug-eyed furry little Tarsier. Walking in the rampant humidity took its toll on us. We were barely through the huge exhibit, our bottles were empty, and we were thirsty again. After the small mammals, we came to the aviary section. At the entrance to this was another drink vendor. The zoo sure made their money on beverages in the Rainforest Room. Skye redeemed her coupon for free drinks here.

"Sure, little lady. What strength?" The smiling vendor said. He had glasses, a trimmed black goatee, a green t-shirt with the Zoo's logo on it, and a big safari animal themed diaper. I blushed at that, edging behind Skye.

"Oh, toddler for him." Skye casually said as she handed over the coupon. I barely listened to what she said. My eyes were wide, glued to the smiling cartoon animals on the diaper. He seemed way too comfortable in it for my taste. I knew it was rude to stare, that the poor bastard was just doing his humiliating job. I tried to look away, really I did, but my eyes kept straying back to it. What did it feel like? I heard it crinkle with every move the vendor made. It looked so thick. How many wettings could it take? Did all that thirsty padding make it comfortable? It looked comfortable.....a small, curious part of me wanted to ask about it. I bit my lip. I couldn't

stop staring, but I could stop myself from opening up my big, fat, secret-exposing mouth. Still, the questions lingered on my tongue and brain, prodding me to open up.

The vendor caught me staring; he just smiled in an all-too knowing way. Could he read my mind? Did he know what I was thinking? Shame washed over me and I hid behind Skye, again grateful for her tall height. "So, are you two enjoying your visit?" He asked casually as he handed the drinks over to Skye since she was in front of me. She opened mine yet again then passed me the opened bottle while she thanked the vendor and drank from hers.

"We just got here not too long ago. I'm looking forward to this afternoon." Skye smiled, anticipation in her voice, her eyes lighting up. I drank deeply; walking in the humid, almost suffocatingly damp air made me very thirsty. A small glimmer of suspicion curdled in my stomach. Skye was up to something....she wanted to take our relationship to the next level...she wanted me to move in with her.... Did she want me to marry her? Was she going to propose? My heart skipped a beat and I felt light headed and dizzy. Wasn't the guy supposed to propose to the girl? Leave it to Skye to chuck the status-quo out the window. I felt rushed, nervous, my guts churning. Was this too fast? Too soon? Would I say yes? Of course I would. Marry Skye. Ride the wild wind, Gavin.

"Ah, the fun's just starting then. Enjoy your day here!" The vendor called, looking right at me as he chuckled. Lost in my own thoughts and swirling emotions, I ignored him.

I took a deep, steadying breath as Skye tugged me along through the open doors into the Rainforest Aviary. The noise level exploded through the roof with the chatter and shrill cries of colorful birds as they hopped around their vast cages. As we watched the brightly billed Toucans and neon and teal Quetzals, a growing need filled my bladder, aching for release. Was there a bathroom somewhere in this manufactured jungle?

"Skye?" I tugged on her hand. "I need to go the bathroom."

She didn't respond right away, too busy staring at a beautiful tropical bird. "Hm? You gotta potty?"

I let go of her fingers. "I'm going to find a bathroom." She didn't let go of mine, tugging me back to her side. My bladder ached; I bend over slightly to relieve the pressure, my legs pressing together.

"Skye!" I cried desperately.

"Okay, okay sweetie. I'll take you potty." I barely registered what she said, too focused on my bladder ready to burst.

For once, I led the way, taking charge; my only goal was the nearest toilet. Skye lagged behind, tugging on my arm and slowing me down. My bladder twinged; my free hand grabbed at my crotch, trying to hold back the inevitable flood. I didn't expect the drinks to catch up with me that fast.

"Skye?!" I whined, tugging on her hand, trying to make her hurry up. Why was she going so slow?

"Gavi-kins, slow down, baby. You're going to fall, and I can't read the signs when you keep tugging like that." She said, so calm and matter of fact, like she thought I could hold it until she found the bathrooms.

"Skye!" I cried, shaking her hand off. I couldn't deal with this now. I had to urinate, badly. What part of that didn't she understand?

"We have to find the potty so you can go, honey." Skye explained in the patient tone you'd use with a toddler. She snagged my fingers, tugging me back to her again, forcing me to go at her pace. Slowing me down.

The need to go grew with every step. This was now a bathroom emergency. My stomach ached with my need for release. "Skye!" I tried to break away again, but she gripped me tightly, forcing me to slow down. Her words made sense, but I didn't have time for that. I needed a potty NOW. "I REALLY gotta go!"

"I know, baby. Hush. Ah, here we go. This way." She made an immediate left into the amphibian room, suddenly in front of me and taking control. She tugged me along, forcing me to slow down. I paid no attention to the people or displays we hurriedly past. They were just tall and small blurs, the displays and decorative plants green blurs. She still didn't move fast enough. I tried to surge ahead as my bladder twitched and spasmed painfully. I gripped my crotch tighter and bit my lip with my effort to hold back the yellow tide bearing down on my poor bladder.

"Skye! Hurry!" I pleaded. Her grip was iron; she practically crushed my fingers as I tried once more to pull away. I winced. I couldn't break away from her, but I needed to rush. As we left the amphibian room, we heard the sound of running water. A small spurt almost squeezed out; I squeezed my pants hard, whimpering. It took all I had to clamp down on the leak. "Skye." I whined, voice squeaking in desperate fear and pleading.

"Gavi-kins, shush. We're almost there." Skye slowed, forcing me to slow as well. We passed a jungle themed seating area with yet another group of vendors. There was a drink cart and a snack cart. Plastic tropical flowers in bright pinks, oranges, and reds bloomed all around us. Broad, shiny green plastic leaves swayed in the moist air, stirred by the small fountain that merrily splashed down into a pond full of bright orange and white koi fish.

I could've peed myself right there. My knees buckled as my bladder twitched painfully. I whimpered loudly. I bit hard on my lower lip, teeth pressing into the soft flesh and sending waves of pain out in contrast with the pain and urgency of my bladder. It distracted me, just a little, from my need to pee. Gave me the edge I needed to keep from wetting myself.

"Here's the potty, baby. We made it just in- oh." Skye's reassuring coo fell flat. Her hand tightened around mine; she helped me stand up. If it wasn't for her hold on me, I'd have collapsed to the floor in a yellow puddle. Something in her tone brought me up short. I was almost trembling in anticipated relief but the abrupt cut off of her words jerked my head up.

Just ahead were the restrooms. Closed for repairs. CLOSED. All three bathrooms- men's, women's and family. Yes, I was so damn desperate I'd have pissed in the women's toilet. Better there than in my pants. Sadly though, it looked as though I was running out of options.

Chapter 4

“Skye.” I whined helplessly, at my breaking point. My legs trembled and my bladder spasmed.

“No. No. NOOOOOO.” I squeezed my crotch, thighs shaking with the herculean effort of pushing my urine back.

“Shh. Gavi-poo. It’s okay. There’s a potty nearby; I saw it when we first came in. Come on, baby.” Skye cooed encouragingly to me. She squeezed my fingers, tugging. “We can make it if we hurry.” We? Like I couldn’t go to the potty on my own. Toilet. Well, she knew where the potty-toilet was. She was just showing me the way.

My bladder spasmed painfully again. Did my underwear feel a little damp? No, no, I’m just freaking out. Who cares? I needed to PEE! I gasped, sucking in a deep breath and tensing my bladder and groin muscles. I can do this. Just hold it, Gavin. Almost there.

“H-Hurry!” I whispered urgently, squeezing Skye’s hand back. She took off with a small smile. I was so focused on holding back the impending yellow flood I couldn’t even be annoyed at her for being amused at my predicament.

I followed along behind as we hurried out of the Rainforest Room. We squinted at the bright, warm sunlight but still Skye hurried on, tugging on my hand as if trying to hurry me up. Each little tug on my arm was like a tug on my bladder. The muscle twitched, threatening to burst. Holding on by a thread.

Skye suddenly slammed to a halt; I stumbled into her with a surprised whimper. Did a little spurt just escape? No; if it had, the dam of trembling muscle would burst in a yellow waterfall.

“WHAT?” I shrieked, voice shrill and cracking with my urgency.

“We took a wrong turn-” Skye began, so calm and collected, as if this wasn’t much of an emergency.

“NO!” I roared suddenly, not caring about any onlookers or what Skye thought. Potty filled my entire being; all that mattered was rushing to a toilet. I broke free from her grip with a sharp jerk of my arm, and took off running.

Artificial landscaping, animals, and people all whizzed by me in a blur as I made one last, desperate, mad dash to find a bathroom. None of them mattered right now but my overwhelming need to relieve myself. The pain in my bladder was nearly forgotten. I was beyond pain at the moment.

I couldn’t fail. I couldn’t fail. I couldn’t fail. I was a grown-ass man. Grown men didn’t piss themselves in public without good reason. I was a big boy. Big boys used the potty. “Gotta go, gotta go, gotta go, gotta go,” became my own personal “I think I can I think I can I think I can.” Then “Gotta go, gotta go, gotta go,” turned into “Oh no oh no oh no!”

Just as I began to feel complete panic overwhelm me, my bladder ready to burst and my public humiliation all but assured, I felt this new sensation bubble up from inside me. I can't say it bubbled up in my brain, or my heart; more like my soul. I was feeling this incredible, but subtle warm tingly feeling begin to blossom inside my soul.

It wasn't overwhelming, either, to be clear. It's not like I lost my mind or felt particularly compelled to feel this way. I've never done drugs or alcohol, but I've had pain killers from the trip to the emergency room the summer I broke my leg. I know what it's like to feel foreign sensations and feelings whelm up inside of you and wash your rational mind away. This wasn't like that.

It was more like an itch that you can't quite reach. You don't notice it at first, but as soon as you do, you pay attention. You can't help but make your mind focus on this small, almost insignificant tingling sensation. Pretty soon, you just have to stop and scratch that itch or you are going to go crazy.

So I noticed this little itch; this little itch of warm and tingly happiness inside of myself, sticking out like a sore thumb in the midst of a sea of panic and anxiety, and I did the only thing I could think. I stopped.

The world stopped shaking as my feet stopped moving, the pounding in my head lessened as my sandals ceased pounding against the ground. I found myself taking a deep breath and the stitch in my side groaned in relief as I inhaled through my nostrils and exhaled through my mouth.

I closed my eyes, and felt a warm smile of contentment come to my lips. There was no reason to panic. All would be well. This was so zen.

My zen was suddenly and rudely interrupted by an ear splitting piercing scream that measured somewhere between dog whistle and nails on chalkboard on the uncomfortably annoying scale. My eyes shot open and my head whipped around towards the source of the sound.

A little boy, who couldn't have been older than two was standing off in the distance; maybe fifty yards away. He was hunched over with his hands covering his crotch, his head turned skyward as tears slid from his eyes. It was a sound loud enough to spook the animals, it was so bad. Nearby, clydesdale horses and their foals scurried away to the far side of their holding pen, away from the little boy's crying.

Even as far away as I was, I could tell what was wrong. The tell tale pose, the crying, the dark spot in the kid's khaki's and the puddle at his feet. Poor little guy had just peed his pants. Next to him, a dark haired woman, his mother no doubt, did her best to gently shush him and pat him

on the shoulder. She was smiling, too, I saw. Was she enjoying this? Nah, couldn't be. She was just smiling to try and make him calm down. It wasn't working.

"That's weird," I whispered to myself, the warm tingling sensation having now abated. I squinted my eyes, examining the little boy's mom. The lady didn't have a diaper bag on her, or a backpack, or any sort of kid kit. The only thing she had was one of those gift bags that the park employees were handing out.

Kid didn't look old enough to be out of diapers, yet. He should have at least been in Pull-Ups. If he was potty trained, it had to have been recently, a skill not yet completely mastered. A more experienced mother, I thought, would have come prepared. She should have made the kid wear a pull-up just in case, or something; at least have a spare change of clothes. And now the kid had had an accident and was freaking out in public, and all this woman did was try to impotently calm him with words when clearly some kind of action was in order.

Not that I thought about those kind of things mind you; babies and mommies. Not often, anyways. Maybe she was just the kid's sitter, though then why didn't the little tyke's parents pack him something. The point was, anyways, that this lady should have been taking charge and dragging that kid to the nearest bathroom. Poor kid's day was probably ruined. With wet pants and no change of clothes, best case scenario, he'd have a towel wrapped around his waist and then have to leave the zoo early and under the worst circumstances. The bathroom!

That's when I realized that the worst case scenario for me had happened: I looked down at my jeans. To my horror they were soaking wet, my urine pooling in the crotch briefly and then running down my legs to the ground. You could see my pee's journey from bladder to pants to ground like reading a map. Just trace the lines and follow the river from its source to destination.

I felt a hotness in my groin as more piss spurted into my already oversaturated jeans, before dripping down from my taint and freefalling through the air to the rapidly expanding puddle at my feet. Holy crap, not only had I peed my pants in public, but I was still peeing!

My breath became short, rapid, and shallow as I gazed down in horror at myself. My throat clenched up and my eyes widened. My tongue felt heavy, and my eyes felt blurry. Why the heck had I stopped! Zen? How stupid could I be? If I hadn't stopped, I would have made it to the bathroom in time, and now I was looking and feeling just as stupefied and overwhelmed as that one little ki-

"There you are, Gavin!" Skye called out to me, interrupting my impending panic attack. She approached me from behind, sounding a little bit out of breath. "Why did you...?" she looked me in the eyes, seeing the obvious look of terror on my face. "...What's wrong ba-" her eyes darted

down towards my crotch. I wasn't even aware enough to attempt to hide my humiliation with my bare hands.

"Oh...oooooooooh!" Skye gasped a little bit in recognition in what I'd done to myself. I was ready to start bawling at that. I was even less of a man now in her eyes than the night I had emoted all over her about our relationship.

"Come on," Skye calmly but firmly said to me, urgency in her tone as she took me by my forearm. "Let's go, honey." Then without another word, without even looking back at me, Skye started walking towards the bathroom. Numbly, stupidly, like a little child or a chimp, I followed her; her hand firmly latched onto my forearm.

She made a bee-line for the restrooms. I'd say "we" made a bee-line, but to be honest, I didn't have much agency at the time. Skye was leading. I was just blindly following with my head on a swivel, my panicked eyes scanning the crowd for laughing onlookers, pointing at my shame. As Skye flung open the door to the restroom marked "Family", I found none. Either no one noticed my accident, as unlikely as that was, no one cared, or they were all pointing and laughing at me behind my back.

I stumbled into the single toilet restroom, my legs feeling as unsteady as my bladder, as Skye turned around and locked the door.

"Skye," I started to stutter out an embarrassed apology, "I...I...I'm sor-"

"Shhhh," she put a finger to my lips, cutting me off. "Not right now, baby. Just move with me," she grabbed a hold of me by the shoulders and positioned me backwards. I moved with her, searching her cool blue eyes for some sign of disgust or mockery. I found none.

"Just hold still," Skye whispered before she bent down and unbuttoned my pants and yanking down the zipper in one fluid motion. I stood there paralyzed as she grunted and shimmied my pants and soaking boxers down my legs.

"Shouldn't have let you wear jeans today," Skye muttered to herself, her voice echoing off of the tiled walls. "Now sit back, baby," she spoke up, gently pushing me back onto the waiting toilet.

My butt cheeks touched the seat, and I instinctively readied a shiver that never came. The seat was still warm. Looked like we just got in here on the heels of someone else. Thank God for small mercies.

Skye continued to work quickly and efficiently while I sat there, numb to the world. She unbuckled my sandals and tossed them haphazardly across the room with an empty flop that bounced off the bathroom walls. As soon as my shoes were off, she Skye went back for my pants and underwear.

“Skye, what are you...?” I managed to spit out as she freed one of my legs from my pee soaked clothes.

“I’m...hrrrn,” she grunted, “helping. Now help me help you and wiggle your leg a little big sweetie. Help me slide it out. These things don’t slide off easy when they’re wet.” I felt my face flush from embarrassment, knowing that I had made my pants wet; but I obeyed and helped her get the pants the rest of the way off.

“There we go,” Skye smiled genuinely as the bottom half of my clothes came free with a wet plop. Then she just regarded me, looking me down from head to toe. She smiled again, almost stupidly. Was she... glowing? She was glowing. She was glowing like a girl in the middle of her first kiss. Why? Skye had seen me naked before, and under much less embarrassing circumstances.

The door to the bathroom jiggled as someone from the outside tried to open the door. The lock stopped them cold.

“Occupied!” Skye called out. “Be out in just a minute.”

“What do we do now?” I asked, dumbly.

“Do you have to go potty anymore?” she replied, almost ignoring my question.

“What?”

“Do you have anymore pee-pee in your bladder?”

“What?!”

“Before we do anything, Gavi, let’s take care of that.” I folded my arms in protest. I know I had literally just had an accident in my pants like a toddler, but I deserved more dignity than that. Skye must have seen the look on my face.

Still on her knees on the floor, she pleaded, “Pleeeeeeease, Gavi-poo. Just try. For me?” I rolled my eyes a little bit and flexed my bladder. Much to my chagrin, a little bit more did tinkle out of me into the waiting toilet. Skye practically beamed, I’d never seen her look so relieved.

“Now what?” I asked. “Where do we go from here? I’m half naked, and my pants are on the floor, covered in...well..you know.”

“It’s okay, Gavin,” Skye placed her hand comfortingly on my knee. “You can say it. You had an accident. That’s okay. It happens to everyone every now and then.” On what planet?! Still, she

was trying to give me comfort, and it would have been wrong of me to snap at her. Also, I was in no position to be snide.

“Okay,” I mumbled. “I had an accident.”

“What was that?” she leaned in a little closer.

“I...had...an accident” I slurred the last two words together.

“Alright,” Skye nodded in approval. “Now let’s talk about where we go from here.” Finally!

“Let’s go home,” I sighed in defeat.

“What? Gavi...no.” Skye whined a little bit. “Then our day will be ruined, honey.”

“What choice do we have?” I asked. “Only rational option is for me to put those pants back on, we do the walk of shame out of here, and then go back to your...our place.”

“Ewww...” Skye wrinkled her nose a little. “You’d want to put those nasty, icky old wet pants back on after all the trouble we just went through getting them off of you so you could sit on the potty?” More blood rushed to my face. Why did she keep referring to it as a potty? It was damn near infuriating. Damn near, but not quite. God it was a good thing she was hot, sometimes.

“And,” she added, “the movers are probably still unloading your stuff over at our place. Do you want to show up in front of a bunch of big, strong, tough, and rugged men wearing pee-pee pants?” I did not. I shook my head.

“But what else are we supposed to do?” I wondered out loud, praying for some kind of solution to this predicament.

“Well...” Skye licked her lips thoughtfully. She had come up with something. Worse, she had thought of something and liked the idea. There would be a fight, likely, in the works. But Skye was gonna do what Skye was gonna do.

“What?” I sighed, ready for anything. Skye didn’t say anything. She just reached into the her gift bag and pulled out an adult diaper. Only it wasn’t just an adult diaper. It was an adult baby diaper.

It was a Rearz Safari diaper, with a plastic backed design, big strong tapes and soft inner lining, along with cartoon zoo animals; lions, parrots, hippos, zebras, and giraffes all decorating the diaper’s cover. I’m not an adult baby...I just...I just know things.

Skye held up the safari diaper and didn't say a word. She just pointed to it and let me connect the dots.

"No." I said, plainly and with certainty. "No way."

"Oh come on, Gavi-poo!" Skye caressed my face with her free hand. "It won't be so bad. It's dry right now, at least. And if you have another accident, there's always mor-"

"I am not going out in a diaper," I said emphatically. This is a line I would not cross. I wasn't some overgrown baby.

"Honey, you don't need to be embarrassed," Skye reassured me in hushed tones. "Just calm down and think about it." I calmed down. I thought about it.

"I got nothin'....so no."

"Look," Skye sighed. "They're giving these things away as some kind of promotional gag gift, right?" she said. I nodded, mutely.

"And," she continued, "we've already seen some zoo workers wearing diapers today already, haven't we?" Once again, I nodded.

"But they didn't pee their pants," I whined.

"How are they gonna know that you peed your pants, Gavin?" Skye retorted. "They're not. As far as anyone will know, you're just getting in on the act. No one will look twice, I promise. Between all the babies and all of the other people sure to be getting in on the joke, you'll be far from the only person in a diaper. So let me help you get dressed up in your little costume, and then we can go about enjoying the rest of our zoo day, as planned."

"That...actually makes a lot of sense," I admitted.

"Of course it does, Gavi," Skye pinched my cheek again. "I thought of it." She winked at me, conspiratorially.

I winked back as she reached into the gift bag and took out a large beach towel, decorated with more cartoon safari animals on it. She unfolded it and draped it on the ground. Invitingly, she patted on the towel, motioning me over "Now, come lay down, baby."

I rose up from the toilet seat, not even bothering to flush as I obediently walked the few steps over to her and laid down as I was told. My hands twitched in my feelings of vulnerability. It took everything I had not to cover my crotch with them.

Skye, meanwhile, seemed oblivious to my bashfulness as she rooted around the gift bag and pulled out a packet of baby wipes. “Huh,” she said turning the pack over in her hands. “They thought of everything when they made this promotion, didn’t they Gavi-poo?” I chose not to respond as she opened the pack and turned to me.

“What are you doing?” I asked, looking up at her.

“Cleaning you up first, of course, silly,” Skye cooed at me. “Your legs and diaper area still smell like pee-pee. So I gotta clean you up,” she pronounced in a sing-song rhythm. “These will be a little cold, honey, so just be ready.”

Gently, she pulled the first wipe free. I shivered slightly as she caressed it up and down my right leg. Then she took another wipe and quickly bathed my left one. A third wipe came out and began to wipe my pubic area. Briefly, too briefly, she took my trembling manhood in her hand and gently wiped it down as tenderly as if she were caring for a real baby.

“Legs up,” she instructed, and my legs obeyed without me even really thinking about it. I shuddered again, as she brought a fourth wipe to mop up my balls and taint. I felt her use her forearm to shield herself and prop my legs in an upright position as she got closer to wipe my backside. A final wipe probed the folds of my behind, just in case

Expertly, with one hand, she grabbed the safari diaper and flapped it open. Then, with almost practiced efficiency she pushed my legs back farther, almost into my chest, forcing the bulk of my weight onto the back of my shoulders and sending my ass up into the air.

I didn’t feel as much as sense it, as she slid the infantile adult undergarment under me, but I definitely felt the soft cushioning and heard the loud crinkle of the diaper as she backed up and my rump lowered onto the plastic backed padding.

The door jiggled again, more impatiently this time. Someone wanted in, badly.

“We’ll be out in a minute,” Skye called out at the rattling door. “Just be patient, please.” She turned her gaze back to me. “Almost done, Gavi-kins,” she reassured me. “Now just spread your legs a little.”

I spread my legs and Skye reached down for the front of the diaper and pulled it up snugly between my legs. Then, one by one, she secured the four tapes to the landing strip, securing me in my new plastic underwear.

She got up, while signaling for me to stay where I was. She threw the baby wipes she’d used onto the pile of my piss soaked pants and underwear, and balled the whole thing up before tossing it into the garbage. Then she gathered up my sandals and sashayed over to me.

“Figured it’d be easier this way,” she said to me as she slid my sandals back on my feet and buckled them for me.. I frowned a little bit. Yeah, I knew it was easier to get a diaper on with help- if you tried to do it yourself you could get leaks. Not that I was going to have another accident...but if you’re going to do something you should do it right. My point being, I could have put my shoes back on by myself.

Kindly and confidently, she stood back up and held out her hand. I took it and let her help me up. Just the act of standing made the sound of the diaper crinkling thunder in my ears. Experimentally I took a step.

Left foot. Crinkle. Right foot. Crinkle. Shift weight. Crinkle Crinkle. There was absolutely no way to move about quietly in this thing!

“Come on, honey,” Skye nudged me. “We’ve got lots of things to do and see. Now let’s not let this ruin our day any more than it already has, okay?”

“Okay,” I agreed, taking a deep breath.

Skye turned the lock on the bathroom door and opened it out into the world. I squinted as fresh sunlight poured in, blinding me. I stood there, blinking, expecting the blurs to metamorph into throngs of mocking people, all pointing and laughing; knowing what I had done in my pants. Nothing. Just an animal park with people coming and going. No one looked twice at me, just like Skye promised. Well, almost no one.

Right outside the family bathroom was the little boy who’d wet his pants just before I had. His mother, or the woman who had been comforting him. The boy’s snotty nose and tear streaked red face showed that while he was no longer crying, this was a very recent development.

The little guy’s mother, was now holding a diaper and baby wipes in her crossed arms, politely but impatiently. I couldn’t help myself, and caught a glimpse of the diaper. That was odd. It was plastic back, and had decorations that clearly matched the ones on the diaper I was wearing; I refused to think of it as my diaper.

The thing is, I could tell, this was a regular sized toddler diaper. It looked exactly to me like what I was wearing, but was sized to fit the kid in the squishy trousers pouting in front of me. Maybe I wasn’t wearing a Rearz, but some kind of off-brand that the zoo had manufactured for today. Weird promotion, but it appeared to be coming in handy for at least two customers this morning.

The boy regarded me. He glanced at me, then my diaper, and then at the diaper his mother was holding; and his lip began to tremble.

“Wait...” he squeaked, as Skye and I scooted past, letting the real family have the room, “I’m not a...”

“Oh it’s fine, Roger,” I heard his mother say. “Look at it this way,” she explained calmly, “at least you won’t be the only...” her voice trailed off, but I didn’t really need to hear the rest of the sentence. I bit my tongue, trying to tease away some of the agony I felt at being this little kid’s potty training lesson or whatever.

“Hey,” Skye got my attention away from my own inner thoughts, yet again. “Don’t worry about it. You just did a good deed.”

“How?” I asked, flabbergasted at Skye’s declaration.

“That little boy won’t be so embarrassed by his accident, now that he knows a big boy like you had an accident, too.”

I smiled a little at that for some reason. Even though I was walking around in public in a diaper, it felt good to me right then that Skye still thought of me as a big boy.

Chapter 5

“Now,” Skye hemmed and hawed. “Where to next?”

“Home?” I suggested with a little smile. I already knew going home wasn’t an option; we’d just had that conversation. Still, it never hurt to try.

“Gavi-kins, you’re so silly.” Skye fluffed me off as she looked around at the various cement paths, people, trees and greenery. Wooden signs with arrows pointed to various animal exhibits. She tilted her head to one side, indecisive. “So much to see....” Her eyes fell on me; on my waist. My diaper, in particular. I felt like she was staring at my crotch. My face burned and I ducked my head. I tried to cover my- the huge diaper with my hands.

Skye stepped close, her head bent down and forehead bumping against my own.

“Skye? What are you doing?” I shifted nervously, diaper crinkling. Would I ever get used to that noise? It was like an army of grocery bags following my every little movement. I peeked up at her, but her gaze was focused on my crotch. And the disposable underwear...diaper...covering it. Just what was going through her head?

She didn’t answer; she just grabbed my wrists and lifted them out of the way as she stared down at the colorful animal print. “Monkeys! That’s it! Good suggestion, Gavin!”

“But I didn’t say anything.” I frowned in confusion.

“You didn’t have to.” A finger darted out to poke my lower abdomen. Her finger pushed in on the diaper, plastic crinkling. Right on a picture of a grinning cartoon monkey. “See!”

“SKYE!” I jumped back, blushing furiously and smacking her hand away from the diaper. My crotch. She caught my hand, entwining our fingers while she laughed.

“Loosen up, Gavi-poo. Come one, daylight’s burning.” She quickly kissed my lips while I stood there like a stunned fish then she skipped off, her arm tugging on mine and I crinkled along at her side as we climbed the rising path to the Primate Palace. The wide cement path rose up on a hill. There were some benches along the side underneath shady trees, along with a small refreshment cart half way up. The hill leveled out into a long, wide array of enclosures. Trees and bushes dominated, almost obscuring the exhibits. Branches and foliage were well manicured and orderly trimmed, ruining the wilderness atmosphere. Cement paths branched off the main one at each outdoor enclosure, leading to small buildings at the back of each exhibit. Indoor housing and exhibit area for the various primates.

I crinkled noisily at her side, spending most of my time nervously looking more at the people than at the various primates. Monkeys, chimpanzees, orangutans I barely noticed. There were still a few couples, but now it was mostly mothers with their little boys. Where did all the couples

go? Maybe they left early? It was hard to be romantic with a bunch of babies around. Leave it to Skye to decide she wanted to stay.

I looked and looked at the people, but no one noticed me. A few females smiled at me; not a 'ha-ha look at the grown man in a diaper' laugh, but an 'oh isn't he cute' chuckle. I always blushed and looked shyly away, ducking to Skye's other side. Females. Who knew what went on in their heads. I mean, hell, look at Skye. She talked me into wearing a diaper!

"Gavin. Sweetie. Don't you like the monkeys? You've been very quiet."

"Huh?"

"You've hardly looked at the animals, and you haven't said a word. Are you okay?" Skye tugged me off the path, down to a fence surrounding another exhibit. Her blue eyes caught mine; the concern filling them would not let me look away.

"Yeah. I'm fine. Just...getting used to ...you know." I blushed and gestured at my waist.

"Has anyone said anything?" Skye asked pointedly with a Cheshire cat smile.

"No...."

"Just like I said. No one will mind. You're just another guy in diapers. ."

"Some women looked at me." My cheeks burned at her smug smile.

"Because they thought you were cute!" Her smile broke into a grin.

"Really?" My eyebrow arched skeptically. I wasn't used to girls checking me out.

"Oh, Gavi, you don't know how cute you are!" Skye laughed and pulled me in for a quick kiss to my cheek. "But you're all mine. My baby." Before I could reply, she playfully slapped my padded backside. Her hand hit with a muffled thump, then she whirled, grabbed my hand and tugged me along again.

"Skye!" I scolded with a blush as we moved further down the fence until we had a good view of the animals.

"Let's look at the-" She broke off, peering across the fence. "Gorillas. Hm. They're closer to the other side....oh hey, they have a gorilla tunnel. Look, Gavin!" She leaned across the fence, pointing across a wide canyon to the enclosure. A plain wooden fence, more decorative than functional, low shrubs, and a higher, more secure wire fencing surrounded the outdoor part of the exhibit. Keeping the humans even further from the animals was a twenty foot deep gorge

with a small waterfall and stream at the bottom; the animals could climb down, but they could not climb up the human side. The exhibit was a recreation of lowland forest; plenty of grass and dirt with several high, sturdy and solid, barren trees for places to climb and play. On the other side of the exhibit, where Skye was pointing, were big, black fuzzy lumps. The gorillas.

I squinted, following Skye's outstretched arm and pointing finger. "Kinda hard to see them from here." Hence on the other side, by the building for the gorillas, there was a small bridge leading to secure, thick glass in a frame of cement instead of fencing, allowing for up close encounters. The huge fuzballs clustered around the window.

"Let's go get a better look." Skye took my hand, leading us along the fencing until we came to the bridge. I crinkled along, unable to stop nervously glancing around me. Surely, someone was going to look at the grown man in a diaper. Yet again, no one noticed and I began to think Skye might be right after all.

We stepped onto the bridge and the glass viewing area came into view. Mothers and small boys and babies crowded around it. One little boy with spiked brown hair and frosted blonde tips smooshed his face right up against the glass, leaving snot smear in his wake. An orange balloon tied to his wrist bobbed in the air with his jerky motions. Several female gorillas crowded around the glass, passing a little fuzzy bundle of black fur between them. The females were plump; round balls with long arms. There was no huge, hulking silver backed male; just his harem and one baby. The middle female kept snatching the baby away from the two smaller females flanking her. She swung with her long arms and the two retreated out of hitting distance. Then the mother would go back to holding the baby and staring right at the crowd as if showing off her little bundle of joy. One of the other females would dart in after the baby, and the mother would go back to slapping at them.

The little boy laughed at their antics; he stood right up by the glass and pounded his chest. With no grown, aggressive Silver Back alpha around, the females just ignored the boy. So he started knocking on the glass, then smacking it with both hands. The mother slapped at another female, then raised both her long, hairy black arms and slammed her palms on the glass, right in front of the little boy. He jumped back, screaming and running behind a woman with frizzy, curly hair. The other little kids screamed and ran for the safety of their mothers' legs, too. Mothers jumped back with surprised, scared squeals; they snatched their children up and quickly left the gorillas.

The herd of mothers and babies and toddlers came right at us. Little boys cried; some mothers laughed, finding the whole thing funny now that it was over, others talked animatedly while a few concentrated on calming their scared children. Quite a few safari themed diapers sagged, the white plastic tinged yellow.

"JUST LOOK AT YOU! YOU PEED YOUR PANTS!" The frizzy haired female with a bad boob job thundered as she stomped along. She held the wrist of the little boy with spiked hair. He

sobbed, tears streaming down his face and his orange balloon bobbing crazily as the mother yanked him along.

“BABY!” the little boy pleaded, “THIS ISN’T WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE! THAT STUPID GORILLA MADE ME DO IT!” he hollered back, voice scratchy, squeaky. “HONEST!”

None of them noticed us as they passed but I stepped closer to Skye anyway. The people following behind us abruptly turned away after witnessing that spectacle. It made me pause, too. But not Skye. Oh, no. Of course not. And she held my hand so I had little choice but to crinkle along behind her. We had the entire viewing area to ourselves. The glass hadn’t even cracked. We were safe. So why was my heart hammering in my chest like a gorilla playing the drums?

“Well, that was something. I knew today would be an interesting day. I feel so lucky. Don’t you just love babies, Gavi-poo?” Skye beamed at me.

“Um....yeah....sure...” I blushed, sensing she meant more than she was letting on. Then again, this was Skye. Who knew what was going on in her head? I looked at the glass; the gorillas still sat there with the mother cradling her baby. The baby squirmed, stretching then latched onto his mother’s nipple and nursed. He rolled onto his side, revealing his little white bottom. He was all black except for the white fur covering his tiny bottom.

“Aww! How cute! He looks almost like you!” Skye giggled in delight.

My brows furrowed. “How? What are you talking about?” Just how did I resemble a baby primate?

“It looks like he’s wearing a diaper. And you’re wearing a diaper!” Skye laughed.

I blushed, staring at the nursing baby. An image of me as a baby, nursing at Skye’s breast while her hand rubbed my soggy diapered bottom filled my head. I shook my head to get rid of that horrible, awful image. I abruptly turned around, storming away with a crinkling thunder. What was wrong with me?

“Gavin! I’m sorry, I was just teasing!” Skye hollered as she swiftly caught up with me, taking my hand in hers again.

“It’s fine. I’m just tired of monkeys. Let’s go do something else.” I sighed, wishing I could crawl under a rock and hide. If Skye ever knew my thoughts....I shook my head, walking faster.

Skye skipped along at my side. “Now where?”

“This way!” I called, blindly taking a path. Anywhere away from the baby gorilla with the white fur on his bum. Diaper butt. Just like me. But somehow, deep inside, that phrase didn’t sound so

bad. I mean, we had passed all those clowns and workers in diapers. And all the padding around my bottom felt quite nice. Almost reassuring. It was still embarrassing and weird. But also kinda nice.

Skye glanced up at a sign. "Oooh. Petting zoo! What fun!" She chirped and loped ahead with her long stride, once more taking the lead. I blindly followed her away from the exhibits, lost in my thoughts.

Chapter 6

“Well, look at this, Gavi-poo,” Skye pointed me to the pen of animals in the distance. “This could be fun,” she offered. “Feed the safer animals. Pet them. Get a little messy. How’s that sound?”

I shrugged noncommittally “Could be fun, I guess. But what about...uh?” I gestured to my bottom half. No one might have taken note of me at the gorilla exhibit. There had been more clowns and vendors nearby the gorilla exhibits, still handing out gift bags and balloons and drinks. I wasn’t the only one my age wearing a ridiculous prop.

I didn’t think I’d have much luck of that coincidence at an exhibit targeted at actual babies. What if the parents there thought I was some kind of weirdo or something?

“What about uh?” She gestured to my bottom half. “You don’t need to be embarrassed about that.”

“But-”

“Honey,” Skye cut me off and drew me close, nuzzling my forehead like a cat. “I take my clothes off for tips, and I’m not embarrassed. I just own it and nobody can embarrass me for it. Just own being a cute boy in a diaper today and no one will be able to embarrass you, either.”

“But-” I started to whine and protest.

“Own it, Gavin. Own it,” she encouraged me. “Besides, I bet you won’t be the only big boy in diapers out there. Now let’s go play in the petting zoo. It’ll be fun!”

As we came up to the pen, Skye was only half right. I wasn’t the only boy in diapers, but I was definitely the only big one. Every other diapered person in the pen was maybe three or four, at the most. All of the little boys appeared to be in scaled down versions of what I was wearing, safari print diaper included. You’d think one of them would be wearing Pampers or Huggies or Luvs. Were all the mothers just eager to use up the free diapers gifted to them?

As we drew closer to the petting zoo pen, it felt like we left the world of exotic animals and entered Old MacDonald’s Farm. The cement path gave way to dirt and grass. Sprinkled around the big interaction pen were small, bright red wooden barns, each one housing different animals for the petting zoo. Leafy trees provided sun-speckled shade. A zoo employee slouched, dozing on a stool by the gate. She wore the green zoo shirt and khaki shorts. No diaper for her.

Inside the pen was a conglomeration of common barnyard animals- baby sheep, piglets, chickens, goats, lamps, and even a llama. They all mingled together while little kids wandered about, feeding and petting them. The pen itself wasn’t mud as much as it was wet dirt, with hay sprinkled about it. I suppose what it lacked in aesthetics made for easier mucking and cleaning out.

A baby billy goat trotted up to all the toddlers and begged and bahhed for pellets of food. A couple of hens, followed close behind pecking up what the greedy little goat dropped, a yellow chick close on their heels.

A little lamb followed its mother around the pen. Wherever she went, it went. A sow laid in the mud in the far corner with her piglet, both taking mid morning naps.

“So,” I asked, Skye “What do we do?”

“We get some kibble from the dispensers, silly,” Skye nudged me. Not five feet from us was a clear plastic casing, with a little turn crank, like with a gumball machine. Instead of gumballs, though, there were innumerable little brown pellets. A sticker on the front read “25 cents”. I didn’t have any quarters on me, but a quick look around showed a change machine next to a few overpriced soda machines.

“Seems easy enough,” I said reaching for my wallet out of habit. Instead of my back pocket, my hand slid against the smooth, soft plastic covering my ass. My ears filled with a slight crinkle as a reward for my mistake.

“Skye!” My voice rose in a panic. “My wallet! It’s still in-”

“Right here, Gavi-kins,” Skye smirked as she dug into her purse, dangling my wallet by her thumb and forefinger. “I made sure to dig this out in the bathroom earlier when I was changing your pee-pee pants.”

“Skyyyyyye!” I whined.

“Own it, Gavin. Own it. No one’s looking anyways.”

Hot faced, I held out my hand, palm up to take my wallet.

“Nope,” Skye said, dropping my wallet daintily back into her purse. “You don’t have any pockets. Besides, today’s my treat. Be right back, Gavi-poo!” She swished and skipped away to the change machine, leaving me alone by a playpen for baby animals and their mothers.

I leaned over and looked at the action going on. The children were behaving oddly. There were no squeals or shouts or giggles or crying, like I had expected. Instead, I saw a bunch of toddlers and pre-schoolers crinkling around in the mud, quietly feeding and petting the animals. They were well behaved. They were gentle. Some of them, I saw, made regular checks and looks around, blushing, like the animals were an afterthought and they were looking for something else.

They were all like little versions of me.

If anything, their mothers were rowdier than they were, cheering them on from the side lines with cooing cheers of “That’s right, sweetie!”, “ You can do it!” “Enjoy yourself!” and “Go Play!”

Something caught my eye in the dirt that threw me off a bit: Footprints. Lots of them were all over the place on the ground. Big foot prints, and shoe marks littered the mud and hay covered pen. They were too big to be women’s footprints by the looks of them, not on average anyways. Maybe Skye was right, maybe I wasn’t the only adult who had come to the petting zoo today.

Catty corner from where the two pigs slept, was a hay filled pen within the pen. Two rabbits, a mother and her kit, hopped around in their private little pen. That was odd, I realized. Bunnies didn’t typically have only one baby at a time. Neither did pigs, now that I thought about it. Same with lions and wolves. Yet each of those exhibits had only a single male cub.

Something strange was going on here. When the tour guide had mentioned that there had been a breakthrough in veterinary fertility treatments, hence the mother and cub theme, I had just thought they had found a way to make the animals mate. Maybe it wasn’t as simple as that. Maybe the animals, forced into pregnancy, had lots of miscarriages or unhealthy babies, leaving only one baby per mother, even in animals that birthed litters.

“Hey Skye,” I waved my girlfriend over as she came back with some quarters. “Something’s weird about this zoo.”

“Don’t be silly, Gavin,” Skye waved off my concerns, “you’re just imagining things.” Her body tensed for a minute.

“No, seriously,” I pressed on. “There are a lot of baby animals here.”

“Well yeah,” Skye relaxed when she realized what I was talking about.

“But there aren’t enough baby animals.” I told her. “Animals that birth litters still only have one baby a piece. Maybe this treatment their using to make mothers is a little shady.”

“Huh...” Skye seemed to mull it over. “You are too clever by half, Gavi-kins. I hadn’t thought of that. I’m impressed, big boy.” I practically exploded with pride at the compliment.

“Now detective Gavi-kins, why don’t you do the honor and get the first bit of feed?” she handed me a quarter and gestured towards the kibble machine.

“Don’t you want to do it?” I asked, trying to avoid getting in the dirt and the muck with all of those little kids.

"I do," Skye admitted, "I really do. But when I take my turn, I'm going to take a reeeeeeeally long time, so I thought you'd want to go first and get some fun in feeding the little critters." she lazily tilted her head to the side.

"Why can't we both go at the same time?" I asked. Skye tilted her head to the other side as she thought about it.

"We coooould," she replied. "But then I wouldn't get to stare at your cute little butt bending over when you feed the animals without people noticing, and then you wouldn't get to stare at mine on my turn." She blushed a little and licked her lips seductively.

"Oh you are bad!" I guffawed from sheer shock.

"Yeah I am," she flirted. "Now are you gonna go out there and give me a little show, or what?"

"Yes ma'am!" I practically saluted before crinkling off to get some pellets. I speed walked over to the machine and slipped my quarter into the little slot. I grabbed the rectangular knob and gave it a twist, making the quarter vanish as a handful of kibble spilled out into the waiting chamber below.

I lifted the shiny metal flap and kibble poured into my open hand. It was time for this incredibly awkward day to start becoming enjoyable. I turned from the pellet dispenser to stare about the pen and wondered where to start. I quietly observed the little kids and the baby animals. Two kids took turns feeding a hungry and ornery baby billy goat, who practically jumped upon them in order to get to the pellets in their hands. The kids didn't squeal or jump as I'd expected little children would. Instead, both little boys got bug eyed and quietly tried to scamper away from the energetic baby goat, who just followed them until he found another little boy who was crouched over to feed a little lamb. The goat jumped, practically crawling over the docile lamb to shove his own head into the little boy's hand and steal the lamb's pellets.

All these little kids in diapers. Just like me. I blushed and tried to shove that thought out of my head. Instead I concentrated more on the animals. I walked around the outskirts of the pen a little. At the other end of the pen was a little black boy standing close to his mother. He'd lured the baby llama over with the pellets and just stood there, calmly petting the fluffy, dirty coat as the animal licked pellets from his hand. He giggled and babbled at the animal, tilting his head back to grin at his mother with some drool running down his face.

I smiled at the scene. Then I giggled when something soft and wet tickled my toes. I looked down and jumped back in surprise to see a rotund little piglet grunting and snuffling about my feet. Through the thick layer of dirt and dust and drying mud, the pink skin poked through in patches. I wobbled slightly on the uneven ground then fell with a thump and a crinkle. Luckily the diaper was so thick, and the edge of the pen was more grass than dirt. Between both the grass and diaper padding, my fall was cushioned. Some pellets fell from my clenched fist and

landed by my feet. I sat, stunned and just staring as the piglet quickly gobbled the dropped food up before any other animals could. Then he went back to sniffing around my feet.

The pig kept nibbling on my toes. I sat there, padded rump in the dirt, giggling as the oinker kept licking and tickling my toesies with its tongue. Heh. The little piggie was nibbling on my little piggies. That thought made me feel incredibly witty and clever. I had to tell Skye that one when I got back over to her at the edge of the pen.

Slop slammed into my left ear as a thick, pudgy finger jammed something into it from behind me.

“CRUDDY CARL!” A nasal, almost repugnant voice shouted loud enough to reverberate the gunk so rudely placed in my ear. Without thinking, I clapped the palm of my hand over my ear and rolled to the right, avoiding my attacker. I quickly scrambled to my feet. Without thinking, I scraped the mud out of my ear and wiped it on my t-shirt. I looked around, trying to lay eyes upon my assailant.

He wasn't to my left. He wasn't to my right. Then I looked straight down in front of me. Standing in front of me, hands on his hips and his chin held high was some obnoxious little brat. His dark brown hair was short and wet as if someone had just run water over it recently. I could make out some blonde highlights at the tips of the bedraggled mess. What kind of douche dyed a kid's hair, anyways?

He was a fat little cuss, too. He was the kind of fat that substituted for muscle on the playground before puberty. His sleeveless top and basketball shorts did very little to hide the diaper bulge underneath. Around his wrist, an orange balloon bobbed at its tether.

He sneered at me more than smiled. His dark brown eyes twinkled with complete disdain for anyone who wasn't him. This was a brat. The kind of brat that grew up to be a bully who grew up to be a complete and total tool.

“Get it kid?” The pudgy, pug nosed preschooler smiled up at me, his expression complete three year old arrogance. “It's a Cruddy Carl instead of a Wet Willy, cuz I got some mud in your ear too.”

Kid? Kid? I wasn't a kid, even if I was in a diaper with stupid looking cartoon animals. He didn't have any right to address an adult like that. Somebody had to set this brat straight. I reared up to my full height glowering down at the little rugrat. He stared back at me defiantly, not even flinching.

“Meh,” the little punk grunted. “You're too dumb to get it. You're just a baby,” the brat waved me off and turned to walk away back towards the pig.

“Excuse me?!” my nostrils flared, and I put some bass in my voice. “What did you just call me, young man?” He looked back over to me, his brow raised quizzically, like he was taking me in.

“I called you a baby, punk. What about it?”

My blood turned hot. No way was I letting some little bastard talk to me like that. I dashed around and faced him, stared him down his pug nose and pudgy double chin.

“I am not a baby,” I growled.

“Then why are you wearin’ a diaper?” he asked, his arms crossed, a cocky smirk plastered on his face.

My blood froze. How did I counter that in a way a three year old would understand?

“I-I’m getting into the spirit of things here,” I lied. “Everybody is doing it. It’s like a costume.”

“Looks like a diaper to me,” he retorted.

“It’s NOT,” I spat. “It’s just a costume.”

“Did you pee your pants today?” the little brat said, still leaving his arms crossed.

“Uh..” I hesitated, “no!”

“Yeah, you did.” the punk called my bluff. “You pissed yourself and your mommy had to change your wet pants for a dry diaper, didn’t she?” He thumbed back to where Skye was waiting for me to finish playing. “All the little babies are wearing their zoo diapers today. They were being given away in the gift bags.”

I glanced around. Walking by, I saw mothers and their children walking, being carried, and pushed in strollers rolling by. The ones whose diapers were out in the open all looked identical to mine. There were even a couple kids just like that playing in the petting zoo with us.

“Skye’s not my mom,” I took the easiest defense.

“Pfft,” the preschooler snorted, “Okay, you’re babysitter, or your cousin, or big sister. Whatever. She still wiped your ass and put that diaper on you. You’re still a baby.” I was beginning to shake with rage. I’d never wanted to beat a kid before, but there was a first time for everything.

“What about your diaper?” I pointed to the obvious bulge in his pants. “You’re wearing a diaper, too!”

“Am not!” the little punk snapped at me, for the first time on the defensive. “I am not wearing a diaper, you little baby!”

“Looks like a diaper to me,”. Now it was my term to give a smug grin and cross my arms.

“It’s not!” he screamed at me. And without warning, almost as if he wasn’t even thinking about it, he yanked his basketball shorts down past his knees. I got a good gander at what he was wearing. Well, it wasn’t a safari diaper, but that’s where the differences all but stopped.

It was bulky and full of padding. It was light blue with little drawings of racecars all over it, and it had a plastic sheen. It bulged in all the right areas even though there were no tapes holding it together. They were training pants. Old fashioned non-disposable, machine washable, training pants; like the kind that people used before Pull-Ups were a thing. I think I’d even seen that exact same design on a random google search of mine the other night. You find the darndest things on Google by accident. Don’t hit “I’m Feelin’ Lucky” unless you mean it.

It was time for a little childish psychology.

“Pull your pants up, dude,” I said, shading my eyes as if he had done something obscene. Beginning to blush, the little brat shimmied his shorts back up to his waist.

“Yeah...well...” he paused, “see, I told you they’re not diapers.”

“They looked an awful lot like diapers to me,” I replied confidently.

“Nuh-uh!” he spat. “They don’t look a thing like what you’re wearin!”

“They’re big and puffy like a diaper,” I stated.

“Yeah...” the brat was an animal walking into a trap, and he knew it, yet he didn’t dare disengage. He wanted to, no needed to see where this was going.

“And I bet they crinkle like a diaper,” I kept on. It was a safe bet given the plastic.

“Yeah...” the little punk agreed, reluctantly.

“And I bet you pee in them like a diap-”

“Ha!” the kid cut me off, pointing his finger at me like he had found an error in my logic. “They’re not for going pee-pee in!”

“What are they for then?” I asked, still maintaining my smug facade.

“They’re for just in case.” he said, confidently.

“Just in case, what?” I prompted him.

“Just in case I forget to go potty...I mean to the bathroom.” Oh this was too good.

“So if you don’t go to the bathroom,” I lead him along my train of thought, “and you pee in your pants, those things soak up the pee so your pants don’t get wet?”

“Yeah...?” he agreed, still not seeing

“How is that not what a diaper is for?”

“I....I....I....” the snot nosed brat stuttered

“I’m just sayin’, dude,” I looked down at him. “If it looks like a diaper, and sounds like a diaper, and does what a diaper does...it’s a diaper.”

“But...” the kid paused.

“I mean, I just started wearing this thing today,” I gestured to the zebra and lion infested bulge around my waist. “You probably woke up in a wet diaper just like that one this morning.”

“DID NOT!” the punk screamed, shaking his head furiously. “I JUST HADDA ACCIDENT! These were just in the gift bags and I didn’t have nothin’ else to wear!”

“You had an accident, and you think I’m the baby?” I asked incredulously, ignoring my own hypocrisy. Little kid logic was so much easier than adult logic sometimes. “Wait a minute...” a lightbulb of recognition lit up over my head. “Didn’t I see you by the gorilla exhibit about fifteen minutes or so ago?”

The kid paused. “Nnn...No!” Oh this brat knew how to be an asshole, but he was a terrible liar.

“Oh my gosh!” I cried out. “Yeah you were!”

“Nuh uh!” he denied

“Uh huh!” I corrected. “You were the one who was messing with the gorillas and peed your pants when they messed back!”

“Sometimes people have accidents, you little baby!” the kid was getting red faced now. “That doesn’t mean that I’m not an adul...a grown uh...a big boy! I’m a big boy!”

“Well I hate to break it to you, ‘big boy’” I pressed on, keeping him emotionally off balance. “But those training pants didn’t come in your gift bag. My gift bag didn’t have training pants in them. Did those shorts come with the gift bag too?”

He nodded, his eyes darting around furiously as he connected dots that he hadn’t seen.

“Yeah...no they didn’t,” I asserted. “That means you’re either lying to me, or someone slipped them into the gift bag.”

“I’m not lying!” The brat stomped his foot. “Somebody tricked me! Somebody put these things in the bag!”

“So that means someone knew you were going to have an accident,” I hissed to him.

“Somebody knew you were going to wet your pants and prepared for it.” The kid’s eyes widened with realization.

“They knew you were going to piss your pants and tricked you into putting on that diaper by telling you it was something big kids wore, and you fell for it. You wet your pants and put on that diaper because they knew...” I leaned in closer so I could look him dead in the eye. “You. Are. A. Baby.”

HOOOOAAACK...KTHWUTHP!

The little brat just hocked a loogie in my eyes! Mucus and saliva dripped off my face while the pudgy little punk stomped off in angry victory, his orange balloon bobbing behind him. That son of a bitch! I was fuming as I wiped the remains of his attack and smeared it on the side of my t-shirt. I wanted to hit him. Hypothetically, I’ve never supported corporal punishment, but right then, I had never wanted to beat a child’s ass more than right then.

Then I got an idea. An awful idea. I got a wonderful, awful, idea!

Chapter 7

“Skye,” I called out as I marched up to her. “Can I have another quarter, please?”

“Gavin, what’s that mess on your shirt?” Skye asked, pointing the stain the little brat left behind from the mud and the spit.

“That’s...well...” I paused and waited for a suitable explanation to come to me.

“Was somebody picking on you?” her eyes narrowed, examining my face for any tells.

“No, just playin’” I lied, glancing to either side of me so I wouldn’t look her in the eye. How do you explain to your girlfriend that you just got in a fight with a three year old and were looking for revenge?

“That doesn’t look like playing to me,” Skye decided. “Was that little boy with the orange balloon picking on you?”

“NO!” I shook my head fiercely. “Just playin’. Can I have a quarter, now?”

“Was that little boy picking on you because you’re wearing a diaper?” she asked point blank. I went quiet. Skye could read me like a book, but not saying anything was better than confirming or denying her suspicion. “What do you want another quarter for?” Skye asked, an obvious look of mistrust across her face.

“Playin’,” Was all I told her. Skye’s mouth twitched a bit to the right side of her face. Her left eyebrow cocked up. She wasn’t buying it. She was bemused, but she wasn’t buying it.

“PWEEEEEEEEAAAASE!” I pleaded in my cutest lisp, my bottom lip stuck out, hiding my mischievous grin, and my eyes went wide like a puppy dog’s, concealing my malefic intent.

“Heh,” she chuckled lightly. “Alright kiddo,” she reached back into her purse. “I’ll let you have a shot. But you call me if you need any help.”

“Okay,” I quickly nodded. As if I’d need help teaching some punk brat a lesson.

I took the quarter from Skye’s hand and put it into the animal food vendor. There was a slight grinding sound and a satisfying click as I turned the stainless steel knob and my ears danced with joy at the sound of feed dropping down into the little compartment beneath.

I opened my right hand and used my left to lift the little metal flap on the feeder. It was like a gumball machine, really. Little bits of brown kibble, good for pigs and sheep and chickens-but especially billy goats-flowed into my waiting palm.

Next, I crinkled across the petting pen, taking long strides to cover the most ground. There was no way I was going to be able to approach the kid silently, with all the noise the diaper was making. My only hope would be to act fast, cover a lot of ground quickly, and hope that the plastic in his training pants crinkled enough so that he didn't notice my approach.

He was feeding the baby goat that I had been feeding earlier; blissfully unaware of my approach. That thing was a total bottomless pit. Good. It seemed providence was on my side this one time. I slid up right behind the kid, and squatted down on my haunches. Kibble in hand, I shook it by the brat's left hip for the goat to see.

It didn't at first, as it ate the snot nosed spitter's kibble greedily, but then out of the corner of it's eye, it saw movement and jerked its head towards my hand.

"Huh?" the brat stared at the kid. "Hey, goat, what are you doin'?" The goat started nudging past my preschool aged antagonist for my hand, eager for more food. With the precision of a pickpocket I slipped the kibble into his shorts pocket, and stepped away.

"Back off, billy!" the brat shouted. The baby goat, deaf to the little bastard's demands, stuck it's muzzle in deep.

"Hey, stop it!" he demanded. The goat paid no mind. It had kibble to eat. I stood back and watched, my fingers crossed, waiting for what I hoped would be the inevitable to happen.

R!!IP! YES!

The little bastard's shorts hung in the baby goat's mouth. Now, just like me, the bully in the making stood naked from the waist down, save for his plastic backed undies, his mouth agape.

"Chaz, baby!" a curvy woman with tight, frizzy blonde curls and an obvious boob job ran up to the kid. "Are you alright, Chaz?"

Chaz? Chaz?! No wonder the kid was such a jerk at the ripe old age of four-ish; he had a douche name! Why did that woman look so familiar? Hadn't I seen her before?

"My...my...my" Chaz gasped, fighting back tears and failing. "My pants!"

"I know baby," the woman rubbed his back. "I know. Mommy will take care of it."

"Mommy?!" Chaz looked confused. "What do you mea-?"

"YOU!" she turned around to face me. "Don't think I didn't see that little stunt you pulled."

"Me?!" I looked around nervously. "What did I do?"

“Don’t give me that look,” Chaz’s mom wagged her finger in my face. “Just because you’re allowed to walk around without pants, doesn’t mean everyone has to!”

“The hell?!” I exclaimed “That’s not why I…”

“So you did do it!” She cut me off. She was so angry, everything but her obviously fake breasts were shaking. “Well, mister, I think it’s time someone taught you a lesson.”

With surprising quickness, she grabbed my legs with her outside hand, and grabbed my waist around the back, picking me up so that I was bent over, and suspended by my midsection.

Holy shit, what kind of steroids did this woman do?! Did I piss off an ex wrestler or something?!

I kicked and flailed, trying to get this madwoman to let me go. I thrashed against her, barely managing to squirm, while she squeezed me harder and harder in response. The ground came a little closer, and I thought I was about to be freed, but no such luck.

My oppressor took a knee and shifted my weight around so that I was laying across her upturned knee. My knees hit the dirt, and I squirmed and kicked, but I was doing little more than spinning my tires. My squirming transformed into shuddering as the realization that I couldn’t escape sunk in and became reality.

I looked up and saw Chaz, smiling with glee, eyes burning with anger and hatred at me.

“It’s past time you get disciplined, little man,” I heard her announce; manic, sadistic joy in her voice. Still shaking in fear, I looked back over my shoulder, and saw her hand raise into the air. Was she serious? Was I about to be spanked?!

A cry rose up in my throat, unbidden as pure animal panic welled up inside me

“MAAAA!” my voice erupted out as the blonde bimbo swung down towards my padded ass. I had meant it as a kind of war cry-something to draw power from; maybe make a final push to escape or blunt the pain. But it was more mewling than anything.

If I was lucky, she’d hit there instead of my legs; at least the diaper would absorb some of the impact. I slammed my eyes shut bracing for impact.

“That’s enough.” Skye’s beautiful voice rang out, clear as a bell. I opened my eyes and saw her, reaching out and taking the other woman’s wrist.

Chaz’s mother screeched “Let go you little-”

“You’re not gonna want to finish that sentence, honey.” Skye cut her off, her eyes burning with an intensity that I had never seen before. “Gavin’s mine. You have no right.” I felt the grip around my body loosen a little, and then let up completely. I wasn’t being pinned to this woman’s knee anymore “Get up, Gavi-poo. This lady and I need to have a talk.”

Trembling, I did as I was told and rose up on my own two feet, backing away quickly, and hiding behind Skye for cover. Skye released her grip on the other woman’s wrist.

“Do you know what your Gavi-poo did?” Chaz’s mom spat.

“Yeah, I know,” Skye answered. “And it was wrong. I’m sorry about that. I’ll be happy to pay you for the shorts. Do you know what yours did?”

“What?” Chaz’s mother cocked her head to the side.

“He was making fun of Gavin’s diapers,”

“HE WHAT?” Chaz’s mom turned her gaze on her little boy.

“And,” Skye hammered in, “I saw him spit in Gavin’s face, too.”

“Did he, now?” the rage was now directed at her own child instead of me. The volcano was getting ready to blow.

“Uh...no...” Chaz mumbled, looking like a cornered rat.

“I know when you’re lying, Chaz,” the woman was shaking again. “I’ve always known when you lie.”

“I’ll let you get to that,” Skye began walking away, with me in tow.

“AND YOU’RE WET AGAIN!” I heard her shriek as Skye walked us out of the pen.

“Come on Gavi-kins.” Skye directed me away as Chaz and his insane mom became so much white noise. “Let’s go have fun somewhere else.”

Chapter 8

I was still shaking from fear and rage as Skye led me by the hand away from the petting zoo, the diaper wrapped around my waist crinkling with every step had become so much white noise in my fury and self loathing. Was that lady really going to spank me? Did she think I was some dumb little brat like her son? Okay, I admit it wasn't great what I did to the little jerk, but I deserved a chewing out, not having my ass paddled in public.

I kept replaying the incident over and over again in my head, just talking to myself while I followed Skye's gentle lead. My mind was on a personal re-loop of my own personal failure. Why had I let that happen in the first place? I was bigger than her; it shouldn't have been so easy for me to be dragged over her knee. I should have fought back instead of cowering across her lap.

And Skye had to save me! That wasn't supposed to have happened! The guy was supposed to save the girl, even if he was the scrawny, slightly geeky type. It worked that way in *Back To The Future*, anyways. Why couldn't I have gotten an amazing adrenaline boost at my impending danger? Or at least not have been on the verge of tears? Couldn't I at least have wriggled out of that psycho bitch's grasp?

"Earth to Gavin," Skye said, patting me gently on the shoulder. "Come in baby, are you there, Gavin?"

"Huh?" I cleared the cobwebs out of my head, looking up to Skye.

"We're here, honey."

"Where?"

I looked ahead of me. Fifty feet away were dusty wooden log posts cemented into the ground. Other log beams connected them at the top, middle, and bottom, like life-size linkin logs, to create a broad ring.

In the middle of the ring, hard, sandy ground with a red metal pole in the center with a flag with the zoo's logo on it flying from the top. From the main pole, others sprung horizontally creating a kind of like a medieval wheat grinder that turned ever so slowly causing the flag at the top to turn and twist in the wind. Slow tired hoofbeats rang through the morning air.

"The Pony Ride?" I said, looking up at Skye.

"Oh please, Gavi-kins," Skye begged. "I really want to go for a pony ride."

"You really wanted to go to the petting zoo," I reminded her, "but I was the one who ended up feeding the animals and playing."

“And you were so cute playing with all the little animals, too.” she fluttered her lashes at me. “Okay, fine,” she admitted. “I want us to go for a pony ride. Come on,” she persisted. “You know you wanna make me happy.”

Damn it. She had me there.

“Fine,” I sighed. “Let’s get in line.”

There were at least a few dozen people ahead of us, all of them mothers and their infant children, it looked like. We were the only couple in line. Soon after we lined up more mothers and their small children lined up behind us, cutting off my escape. I had toddlers to the left of me, infants to the right, and there I was, stuck diapered in the middle with Skye. Skye was right, though, more mothers and their kids were showing up as the day continued.

For the most part, the line consisted of toddlers, just barely old enough to walk. They all seemed to be wearing just t-shirts and little safari-print diapers that matched my adult one. There was even a woman with a baby in a stroller near the front of the line. Kid couldn’t walk, and mom wanted him to ride a tiny horse.

I spotted a few tiny heads poking out amongst the diapered masses in line. They looked to be pre-school age, if I had to guess. The weird part is, they were all diapered, too. Most of them weren’t even wearing pants. I’m not one to judge, but at a certain point, you should teach a kid modesty. If you’re not potty trained, you’re not potty trained, but shouldn’t they at least have been wearing shorts?

But then I noticed that their diapers matched everyone else’s in line. Maybe they had been wearing shorts today, and then they had an accident. An accident just like the one...an accident just like a little kid their age might have. Sometimes little kids had potty accidents. Sometimes big boys and grown-ups did too. That’s all, I reassured myself. That’s all.

As the seconds peeled away into minutes, my throat felt dry.

“Hey Skye,” I tugged on her shirt a bit. “Do we have anymore of that drink I like?”

“You mean the Baby Formula?” Skye asked, her eyes forming little wrinkles as she smiled. “Sure thing, honey. Finish it off. But be careful,” she shook her finger at me while she handed me the little container. “That’s the last you’re getting till lunch, understand?”

“Mmmm-hmmm,” I agreed as I unscrewed the cap and knocked back the last of the deliciously sweet not-quite-milk. I gulped it down so fast that a few streams of it spilled out the corner of my mouth and ran down my chin. It really was quite good, and it wasn’t having the negative reaction

I expected due to the heat. It was hot, and yet I didn't feel sick like if I had chugged real milk. If anything I felt refreshed. Maybe this stuff really could compete with Gatorade.

"Awww," Skye tickled my chin after I wiped my mouth off with my forearm. "You spilled. We'll have to get you a sippy cup for lunch," she teased me. I jerked back, only slightly annoyed by my hot girlfriend's flirty teasing.

She leaned over and gave me a side hug, and I nuzzled her cheek with my short cut dirty blonde hair, languishing in her long luxurious braided hair of many colors.

After a few minutes of nuzzling, my stomach gurgled slightly. Gas pressure was building up and I was starting to shift uncomfortably in line.

"Something the matter, Gavi-poo" Skye asked me, feeling my squirming.

"Nope," I grunted, doing my best to maintain composure. I gentle breeze picked up and kissed me in the face. I was officially downwind, and figured this was the best time to break wind. This was gonna be my best shot, I knew, and so I cut off a slight fart to relieve the pressure. It did the trick, and I relaxed a bit after the gas came out.

It turned out the breeze wasn't enough, and I smelled my own pungent aroma as it invaded my nostrils. It wasn't that bad, I suppose, but then again everybody likes their own brand.

"Oh, Gavin," Skye turned her nose up, a look of slight revulsion crossing her face. "Did you...?" she let the thought trail off.

"Did I what?" I did my best to act innocent. There were enough people here, it's not like I was the only suspect. Skye wasn't buying it. I felt her hand on the small of my back, and the waistband of my...of the diaper I was wearing get pulled back. I saw Skye bend twist a little bit to get a peek at my backside.

"Just a toot," Skye confirmed, before letting the waistband fall back into place.

"What was that?" I asked, incredulously.

"Just checking out your cute little tushie," Skye grinned, "Like I said, It's just cute." She gave me a little peck on the cheek.

"Oh that's a good point," the woman in line immediately behind us said. She was a black woman in her thirties wearing a plain t-shirt and jeans. "Come here, Little Bit." She bent over her son, who was maybe one and a half and pulled back the waistband of his diaper and took a look inside. Her toddler son, "Little Bit", just smiled bashfully and stuck his fingers in his mouth, his eyes twinkling with wonder looking at me.

“All clean,” the woman pronounced, “...for now,” she gave a playful look to the toddler beside her. Her son giggled at that, looking back up with complete loving affection for his mommy.

“Ooooooh,” Skye cooed at the little boy, still chewing on his fingers. “Your little guy is sooooo cute.” she complimented the mother behind us.

“So’s yours,” the woman nodded in my direction. My mouth felt dry all of a sudden, and I took a step behind sky, ducking slightly behind her. “He’s a bit shy, isn’t he?”

“Oh, Gavi-poo is always shy around strangers.” Skye replied. “If I hadn’t asked him out on our first date, I don’t think we would have had a first date.” Both women had a good laugh at that. I shrank down a little more. This was so embarrassing! Couldn’t Skye keep anything private?

“Your boy there seems happy,” Skye commented to the woman behind us.

“Oh, he is!” the black woman lit up. “We’ve been planning this for months.”

“Oh-Em-Gee,” Skye slapped her thigh in excitement. “So have we!”

“I kind of got that feeling about you,” the other woman nodded in approval. “We’re even taking pictures so we can remember this special day for ever and ever.”

“Oh nooo!” Skye moaned. “I didn’t even think about that, and my phone is just the worst for pictures.”

“Oh, don’t worry about it, girl,” the lady behind us wove off Skye’s distress, “How about I take a picture of our two men together, we swap info and I’ll send it to ya?”

“That. Would be. Awesesome.” Skye grinned while I did my best to appear small and unnoticeable. “Come on Gavi, hold little...little...?”

“Kevin,” the boy’s Mommy told us.

“Come hold little Kevin’s hand and let’s get us a picture,” Skye told me.

“Do we...do we have to,” I stuttered, nervously. I didn’t want photo evidence that I wore disposable underpants today, yet alone ones that matched with an actual baby diaper.

“Come on, baby,” Skye leaned up close to me. “Don’t you wanna be a big boy, and help the baby hold still in the picture?” I did. I did want to be a big boy. Yeah. I could do that. Sure. I might not be able to fend off a mad woman from trying to spank me, but I can at least help a little baby take a picture for his mommy.

“Okay,” I licked my chapped lips. “Let’s do this.”

“Oh Gavi, you are really the best,” Skye hugged me and showered my cheek with half a dozen quick kisses.

“Okay, now Kevin,” Kevin’s mother instructed while reaching into her purse to pull out a tablet. “I want you to hold Gavin’s hand like a good boy, okay Little Bit?” Kevin’s mother shooed him closer to me. Kevin took his fingers out of his mouth, and offered them up to me to take hold, a mischievous smile on his lips. The little bugger knew that what he was doing was gross. But after messing with that one little brat at the petting zoo, I was in no mood to find out what this new woman would do to me if I somehow made her kid cry.

Gingerly, I grabbed the boy’s slimy, saliva soaked digits and turned to face Skye and Kevin’s mom. Skye was right behind Kevin’s mom, making trying to make goofy, funny faces at us so the baby would laugh. She’d bug out her eyes, and stick out her tongue, and the switch to puffing out her cheeks suddenly before yanking on her ears.

“Say cheeese!” we were prompted.

“Cheeee-ha!” I giggled as Skye pushed her nose up against her face so she’d look like a piggy and then start picking her nose. Okay. Okay. That one got me, I had to admit.

“This look good to you?” Kevin’s mom said pointing to the picture hidden behind the tablet.

“Perfect,” Skye gave a satisfied nod. “Now just send it here, when you have the time, please.” She began poking and punching in her email and contact information. “And here’s my phone number if you ever want to meet up.”

“Why, thank you,” Kevin’s mom smiled. “That would be delightful.” Kevin let go of my hand, and I reflexively wiped his drool off on my increasingly stained t-shirt.

“What was that?” I asked Skye when she came back to me

“Just networking,” Skye said coyly. “Never hurts to make new friends, does it?” I shrugged, indifferently. I just wanted this to be over.

As we got closer and I could actually count the horses, I counted only six ponies. And I had time enough to count the length of the ride. Not counting loading and unloading, which had to be done one pony at a time, the ride around in the little circle lasted close to two minutes each time. Every child here needed personal supervision getting on and off the horses. No wonder this was taking so long.

When we got nearer to the front, I started feeling uncomfortable again. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but something in my crotch felt like it was starting to ache a little bit. What could that be?

Maybe I was just getting antsy to get this ride over with: Based on the position of the sun, and the average ride time, we'd been waiting in line for at least half an hour. What grown man in his right mind waited thirty minutes to ride a pony? But I was with Skye. I was never fully in my right mind when I was with her.

"Gavi-poo," Skye whispered to me, "You're fidgeting. Is everything okay?"

"Yeah, just...restless, that's all." I whispered back.

"Are you suuuure?" she asked me, slowly, making sure to draw out the "sure". "You look like you might need to go potty. Do you need to go potty?"

"No!" I stiffened up, feeling a bit awkward and embarrassed at my own girlfriend asking me if I had to go pee. Of course I'd know when I needed to go pee-pee!

"Okay," Skye answered me, her voice tinged with doubt. "But if you need to go potty, it's okay to ask me. We can always get out of line and go potty and start over at the back. I won't mind."

BACK OF THE LINE?! I looked back over my shoulder, behind us. There were even more mothers and their young children behind us than before. The line looked like it stretched and wound all the way back to the petting zoo, now. There was no way I was going to leave and go potty and then have to go back to the end of this stupid line.

"No," I shook my head, "I'm good."

I counted the ponies and the people in front of us. Assuming that none of the mothers rode- and why would they?- there would be enough ponies for both me and Skye to ride and get this thing over with. Or even better, a thought occurred to me, maybe we could ride together.

The same warm, tingly, fuzzy feeling from before came over me as I imagined Skye and I sharing a saddle together. I'd be in front, of course, and Skye would ride behind me, so close she'd practically be grinding up against me, with her arms wrapped tightly around my waist. Maybe, a part of me wished, she'd even get a little naughty and sneak little gropes at my junk as the pony trudged around on it's never ending loop. That wouldn't be bad. That wouldn't be so bad at all. Suddenly, I wasn't so uncomfortable, anymore, and I stopped fidgeting.

I just kept picturing the delightfully pervy image in my head, again and again and again. Blood began to rush away from my face for a change and head down below. A warm, wet, heat

invaded my pants as I dreamily smiled at nothing but the images in my head. Was the promised aphrodisiac of the Baby Formula finally kicking in?

An inner heat, the heat of passion, I realized was very quickly becoming outer heat, especially in my pants. What I erotically attributed as a fire in my loins persisted and spread past my penis into my testicals, splashing -splashing?- off the front of my pants and flowing down to my testicular region. The majority of my man parts felt warm and wet; almost like a nice sponge bath.

Then, much too late, it occurred to me that I wasn't wearing any pants. Horrified, I stared down at my crotch. I was wetting! I was wetting! I was wet! How the hell had that happened? I froze, quietly panting as recent history repeated itself.

I scrunched my eyes shut, waiting for the urine to start flowing down my thighs and begin puddling at my ankles, just as before; waiting for the inevitable gasps and then uncomfortable laughter to follow.

I waited for a three second eternity in the blackness behind my eyelids. I waited. And waited. And waited. Nothing. The thirsty padding around my crotch soaked up my pee-pee accident, drank it into itself, and the leakguards around my inner thighs blocked any of the stuff trying to escape before the padding could do its job.

It turns out, that wetting your diaper was almost nothing like peeing your pants.

"Gavi-kins?" Skye broke in, "it's our turn next, honey bunny. Is something the matter?"

I took a quick glance down at my heavily padded crotch. There was some minor discoloration, yes, but nothing too noticeable unless you knew to look. Most of the diaper was covered with cartoon zoo animals, helping obscure what I had just done to myself. It was almost as if they were smiling at me as a way to reassure me...not mock me. 'Don't worry Gavin. We've got you covered!'

"No," I smiled and sighed with a tinge of nervous relief. "Nothing's the matter at all."

"Oh, Gavin, my silly billy baby boy," Skye kissed me on the forehead, for some reason.

The wooden gate to the little corral opened up, and Skye and I walked in behind the little families in front of us. The lady opening and closing the gate waved in Skye's new friend and her baby behind us. Hmmm...maybe Skye and I were going to be riding one horse together.

The animal musk kicked up a bit as we got closer to the ponies, but before we got too close, a man stepped in front of me, blocking my path. He was tall, at least a head above even Skye in her heels. He had silvery gray hair and a big 'fuck-off' mustache that started at his upper lip and

ended below his clean shaven jaw. His eyes were equally gray and he had bushy eyebrows to match.

He looked like he could have been the Marlboro man, with one exception: Below his leather cowboy hat, shading his eyes from the morning sun, beneath his button shirt and rawhide jacket, and above his worn in cowboy boots, complete with spurs, the dude had no pants on. Instead, like every other male employee in the zoo today, he wore a safari print adult baby diaper; and he wore it with confidence.

“Now just hold on a minute thar pardner,” he bellowed in a thick Texas accent. “Let ol’ Tex set ya up.” I stopped dead in my tracks, gaping in awe. With a long full wave of his arm he beckoned us follow him to a little piebald pony in the back. It was Skye that nudged me forward and my legs obeyed. The whole every-guy-was-diapered-thing was starting to nag at me, and the waddling cowboy seemed like as good a guy to ask as any.

“Excuse me,” I mumbled while we closed the distance to him as he busied himself checking the pony's saddle straps. He made no sign that he had heard me. “Excuse me,” I repeated, a little louder this time. He lifted his head and looked at me.

“Yeah?” he asked.

“Umm...” I hesitated, “I was wondering...why is every dude that works here wearing a diaper?” I gestured to our dia...to the diapers we were wearing, to make my point. He looked down at his padded crotch, and then to mine. He let out a low, almost bitter chuckle.

“You wanna know why I’m wearing a diaper?” the cowboy straight out of a western, minus the padding, asked me. I nodded, awestruck at how powerful he seemed instead of ridiculous. If someone wrote an adult baby story about someone like him, I’d totally have read it...for comedic relief purposes...and never leave a comment to let the author know I’d read it.

“Boy, when you’ve seen half the stuff that I’ve seen in my life, wearing a diaper ain’t jack shi-...” he must have caught Skye giving him a disapproving glare, “-ain’t nothin’. Beg yer pardon, Ma’am. Point is,” he looked back to me, “you play the hand yer dealt, kid.”

I nodded. Guy needed a paycheck. Made sense enough.

“Can my girlfriend ride with me?” I jerked a thumb back in Skye’s direction. The old cowboy’s eyes squinted at me, like he was trying to read my lips or something; like he couldn’t quite get the gist of what I was asking.

“You want her to ride with ya?” he repeated my question back at me.

“Yeah,” I nodded my head. “Y’know...we’re kind of on a date. Help a guy out,” I added.

The old man stuck his lip out like he was trying to figure what to say. Then, very slowly, but with an air of finality, he shook his head.

“No can do, lil’ buddy,” Tex declared. “Won’t work.” he jerked his own thumb at the pony behind him. “Saddle’s not made for two.” I leaned sideways and looked past him. The saddle that the piebald pony wore wasn’t an ordinary saddle. It had a high backing that you could lean against, with two leather straps, like a belt that hemmed the rider in. It was a saddle meant for kids too young to actually ride!

“Sides,” the old man added, “Lady’s gotta skirt on and we don’t got no side saddle, and I’m bettin’ at least one of you doesn’t want everybody hear to know whether she’s wearin’ panties or not.”

“Ah!” Skye’s jaw dropped and she blushed a little bit. “You old perv!” she slapped him on the shoulder. Skye wasn’t mad. Not really. I should have been mad for her or at her, I knew, but I couldn’t stir the outrage in myself just then. Old dude was funny. “You joke about how I’m dressed?” Skye laughed incredulously. “You’re a grown man wearing a diaper!” I spun around, my lip beginning to tremble, my throat getting tighter in milliseconds.

Skye thought I looked ridiculous. She was mocking me. This was all just one big practical joke to her. My knees got weak, and my whole body started to shake. My eyes darted, looking for a place to run away...maybe jump the fence and just dash for the entrance. Undoubtedly Skye would find me in the parking lot, crumpled into a ball on the hood of her car. She had the keys, and I had no money for a cab...not that I’d want anyone to see me like this.

She caught a glimpse of me, and immediately her face contorted with regret. She’d hurt me, and she knew it.

I felt a big heavy hand land on my shoulder. It was the cowboy. “Honey,” his baritone rang out. “I reckon there’s more material wrapped around my bum than you’ve got wrapped around your whole body. If anything, me and him are fine. You’re underdressed.”

Skye stood there for a tense second...then laughed her ass off. “Damn it, heh, heh,” she gasped out. “You got me there old timer, heh heh.” All the tension went up into the air, mine included. Then she walked to me and kissed me on the nose. “Come on Gavin, ride for me, I’ll help you in.”, there was a decent thwap as she playfully slapped my plastic encased rear. “Go on and help someone else,” she called back to the old man. “I’ve got this.”

“You can walk beside yer boy, like the others, if you want,” Tex offered as I put one foot in the saddle. “Ya just can’t ride beside him.

“Sounds great,” Skye called back. I felt her hand on my rump, boosting me up onto the miniature horse’s saddle. “Scoot back, baby,” she instructed me, placing her hand on my tummy, as I scooted, making smooth plastic rub against worn leather. The small of my back touched the high barrier of the saddle.

“Hold still, Gavi-kins, lemme buckle you in,” Skye grabbed ahold of the belt straps and pulled them taut, just above the diaper I was wearing. “Safety first.” I wanted to object at first, and was working on complaining that once again, this is not what she had promised me when I had agreed, but I had to admit, it was kind of neat. With the special backing in the saddle, and me buckled in, my head finally a bit taller than Skye’s- if not by much- it felt a little bit what I imagined sitting in a highchair would be like...not that I thought sitting in a highchair would be neat.

The old cowboy running the ride made one last quick circle around the ponies, giving each kid’s saddle, mine included, a final check to make sure they were properly strapped in and secured.

“Hyah!” he shouted, as on command the horses started moseying along in a wide circle. I bit my lip, waiting for pointing children and stares that didn’t come as my grown ass self was paraded around in a circle with a bunch of rugrats. I stuck out like a sore thumb on that ride, but no one seemed to care one way or another. As I circled around to the entrance gate, all I saw was more mothers and their tots waiting for their turns. No one gave me even a hint of side-eye. Maybe this place really was for the young and the young at heart.

“WEEEEEEEEEEEE!” A high pitched voice from the horse behind us giggled and screamed. I tried to look over my shoulder, but the straps holding me on the miniature mare stopped me from being able to turn enough.

“That’s right, Little Bit,” the mother who had been in line with us praised her baby boy, “have fun with it!”

“That’s good advice, Gavi-poo,” Skye, walking along at a leisurely pace beside me said. “Just have some fun, baby.”

“I’mmmm more of a drink it all in kind of guy,” I told Skye. It was bad enough that I was the lone jackass riding a kiddie ride at the zoo. I didn’t want to be the lone jackass acting like a toddler. My day was lacking in dignity enough as it was.

“Then drink it all in, Gavi,” she teased me, rubbing my thigh with her soft, smooth hands. “Drink it alllll in.” Playfully she brushed the leg gathers of the diaper as she rubbed my inner thigh. Now this; this was nice.

Chapter 9

I closed my eyes and felt her gentle hands caress me, immediately sending me back into the fantasy I'd concocted while waiting in the long line for this. Deprived of my sight, my other senses kicked in, and goose pimples rose on my skin as the wind kicked up a bit. But I wasn't cold. Not really.

The part of me in a diaper was quite warm, actually. Nice and warm. The diaper had begun to swell, now that it had absorbed what I had put into it. It swelled inward as well as outward, so that the warm, soggy, body temperature cloth lining the soft plastic shell reached inward for my loins as well as outward from them.

The slow steady trotting of the tired horse, me it's heaviest load of the day most likely, jostled me up and down, and my penis started accidentally rubbing up against the moist padding. I had always expected a wet diaper to be, well...wetter; all drippy like a towel dunked in a pool, but really, it was subtler than that. It was more subdued.

If you ignored that I was basically stewing in my own pee-pee, it felt kind of nice. It was squishy, and kind of pulpy actually. A little puffy too. Like a warm, wet, hug to my junk in the best way possible. It was a little like...well like sex, really. Oh God, I realized. I think I'd accidentally turned myself on a little bit.

The diaper had stopped swelling, but something inside the diaper swelled up, to my giddy surprise. My member throbbed with pleasure with each hoofbeat causing me to rub up against the perfect storm of heat and moisture going on inside my clothes. Maybe this is why baby boys were so hard to potty train. If I was hardwired for sex, and a wet diaper felt like sex, then it'd be easy to get hard wired into diapers...hypothetically I mean.

"Hey Skye," I grinned down at her. "I think the Baby Formula is really starting to kick in," I winked.

Without wasting a moment, Skye grabbed the front of the wet diaper, giving my dick a firm squeeze through all of the wet padding and plastic.

"Yeah it is," she winked back, seeming pleased with herself. Finally we were on the same page.

"How long do you think it'll last?" I asked her. It'd do no good if I lost wood before we could make something of it.

"Oh," she gave my crotch another playful squeeze in front of everyone, "I think it'll hold for at least a little while longer," she giggled like she was in on some joke that I wasn't privy to. I hoped this stuff gave me more stamina too. With how Skye was looking at me just then, I knew I'd need it.

“Whooooooah!” Tex called out to the ponies much too soon. The horses, from training and habit, almost stopped immediately. “That’s it, folks. Unbuckle yer youngin’s and dismount.

“You heard the man, baby,” Skye reached in and undid the latches on the special buckle. I moved my foot to get out of the stirrups. I struggled and wriggled, but it just wouldn’t come loose.

“Hold on, honey,” Skye ducked around the the front end of the horse. “Just hold still a second, Gavin,” she calmly told me while she jostled my foot out of its prison. “Gotcha!” My foot came loose and I swung my leg back over.

“Gavin?!” Skye cried out. “No! Wait!” But it was too late. I didn’t know why, but somehow I lost my equilibrium on the slow, living merry go round.

“Whoooooah!” My arms flailed as I started twisting and falling off the horse, writhing in the air towards the dusty ground.

My fall was stopped prematurely as a withered, calloused hand rested against my back, propping me back up.

“Hold still,” the old, deep voice commanded. Tex’s arm was around my waist, his free hand easily yanking my other foot out of the stirrup.

“You lose somethin’, Ma’am?” he said, as he gently put me back on my feet.

“Gavi!” Skye squeed, and started hugging me and looking me over from head to foot as if I had just fallen from a burning building, instead of a midget horse. “Don’t ever do that to me again, okay?”

“Okay,” I shrugged.

“No,” Skye grabbed my chin in her hand, forcing me to look her in her crystal blue eyes, now flashing deadly serious. “Don’t do that to me again. Promise me you’ll wait for me to help next time.” Next time? When would the next time be? It’s not like we were going to be doing this kind of thing often.

“I-I-I-I...” I stuttered, just flabbergasted. “I promise.” Skye hugged me so hard she pinned both of my arms to the side. Was she? Was she crying a little bit? I just stood there, and let her have her moment, my erection quickly fading as the strangeness of my girlfriend once again reared it’s teal and pink head.

“Alright,” she breathed a sigh, “let’s get going.” Skye took my hand and started leading us out of the fenced in ring.

Something else I noticed as we began to walk out of the corral, now that the diaper had absorbed and swollen up, it had definite weight. It felt like I had a little water balloon strapped into my crotch, pulling my pants down a bit. The crotch sagged a little bit, and the front of the diaper swung back and forth, brushing against the inside of my thighs as I walked. I widened my gait a little to compensate, giving me a definitely waddle.

“One pony ride, and you’re already walking like a real cowboy, aren’t you Gavi-poo?” Skye remarked as I walked bowlegged out of the pony corral.

“Yeah,” I nervously laughed as we strolled back into the zoo proper.

“Hey, wait up!” The black woman who was behind us in line called out to us. Skye and I stopped and turned her heads to watch her and little Kevin speed walk to us.

“So, what did you two think?” she asked us, a little breathless. She seemed genuinely excited, like we had all just ridden a roller instead of horses that were too short for any other use besides zoos and birthday parties. “Kevin loved it, didn’t you baby?” Kevin, his spare fingers back in his mouth, nodded and giggled playfully.

“Oh it was lots of fun, wasn’t it Gavi?” Skye looked at me and then motioned towards our new acquaintances, specifically little Kevin, with her eyes.

“Oh...oh yeah!” I said with lots of fake enthusiasm. “It was loads of fun! Wouldn’t have missed it for the world!”

“Or the potty!” Skye added, a mischievous smirk playing on her lips. Oh God! She knew! Everybody but me laughed at that one, even the baby. I felt very small right then. I thought I had been so smooth and gotten away with something. Apparently I was the only one who believed I could hide a wet diaper.

As the laughter died down, little Kevin bent his knees. He stuck his rump out a little bit and looked off into the middle distance, concentrating on something we couldn’t see.

“Is he?” I asked, pointing at the child.

“I think so,” Skye nodded.

Kevin’s gaze relaxed and dumb, dopey smile came to his face. His mother patted the back of his diaper and pulled back the waistband to take a look.

“Yup.” she smiled. “Well, I don’t know about you two, but Kevin and I here are gonna go get a diaper change. Isn’t that right, Little bit?” The little toddler nodded his head proudly. Only a mother could smile at the thought of wiping ass, and only a toddler could be proud about dropping a load into his pants. “You two wanna come?” My eyes widened. Was she serious?! What kind of freak invited two people to come along and watch her change her baby?! This lady was toxic!

I looked at Skye, hoping to instantly develop telepathy. ‘Please Skye,’ I begged with my thoughts, ‘I know you do some crazy things, but please not this. Please not this.’ Skye looked into my eyes, then down at my crotch, then back up to my eyes.

“No, I think we’re good for now,” she finally said to the mother and son from crazy town. “See you later?”

“You know it,” Kevin’s mother said, picking her son up and resting him on her hip. “Maybe we can set up a playdate later or something.”

“That’d be cool,” Skye agreed. “Later!” she waved, and we parted ways.

“That was a little...intense.” I muttered carefully to Skye in case they were still in earshot.

“Hey Gavin,” Skye ignored my comment. “How’s your diapee?”

“Oh, it’s...” I paused. “It’s fine. Why?” I spit out a little defensively.

“I just know that it’s a little hot out today,” she said, walking forward, but still keeping her attention on me by her side, “and those things have a lot of padding. I’m betting you’re sweating a lot down there.”

“Uh...yeah.” I took the bait.

“So, if you’re wet, or something...because of sweat...or another accident, or whatever,” she intoned. “We could always duck into a bathroom and I could change you. Put you in a fresh diapee.”

I didn’t want a fresh diaper. I wanted to have never had an accident in the first place.

“No,” I lied. “I’m good. Thanks for asking though.”

“Okay, Gavi-poo,” Skye pressed, not sounding convinced in the slightest. “But if you need a diapee change, just let me know, okay? I’d be happy to help you. Strip you down. Wipe you.” She reached a hand near my crotch to brush the diaper’s front again. Stubbornly, I slapped her hand away.

Skye stopped walking with me. She looked shocked, like I had slapped her in the face instead of her hand; like she had been trying to innocently kiss me instead of grope me in public. She opened her mouth to say something, then closed it. Then opened it again. Then closed it again. Till finally her eyes sparkled with an idea.

“Okay,” she said. “How about lunch?”

Chapter 10

“Okay.” I mumbled, looking down. I couldn’t see my sandals past the bulge of the swollen, soggy diaper. I frowned down at the cartoon animals smiling up at me. I was still smarting from having yet another accident and was in no mood for her fondling. Sure, I enjoyed it on the horse- hell, her rubbing me in a wet, warm diaper felt good. The memory of it sent shudders down my spine. Oh boy. Oh boy. Oh boy, had it felt good. Until the rush of hormones ebbed and reality sank in. I wet my diaper again. The pleasure had been too good to deny.

I peeked up at Skye. Her good humor seemed restored. “So, Gavi, what do you want for lunch?”

“Um....” I was more focused on the wet diaper swinging between my legs, rubbing my inner thighs and forcing me into a waddle.

“Oh, I know. It’s a little different than what you’re used to, but you’ll like it.”

I paused, and tugged on Skye’s hand to force her to stop. “Something normal.” I put my hands on my hips- my diaper covered hips- and tried to stare sternly up at her. Skye’s taste in food was weird as her personality. Perfect example; on one of our dates we were at some weird restaurant Skye had picked- Indian? Asian? Indonesian? I don’t really remember- and she drank kopi luwak. Coffee brewed from beans pooped out by a civet.

“Normal is relative. And boring. There’s the Safari Food Court with ethnic African food, or the Rainforest Cafe with South American-”

“American normal. Something I’d eat.” I pouted. When it came to food, I learned not to trust Skye any further than I could throw a fat sumo wrestler.

“How about these!” Skye chirped, hands under her breasts, lifting them up as she stepped close to me, practically smothering my face in her cleavage.

“Skye!” I blushed and stepped back with a crinkle. “That’s not food!” Skye laughed madly. “To some it is! Babies drink their mommy’s milk. That’s what these were made for.”

I stared at her like she’d suddenly sprouted another head. Did I ever mention that my girlfriend is weird? Was she implying she’d nurse me? That I was a baby because I had an accident...or two....and was now in a wet diaper? More than likely she was just teasing me. “Normal food.” I stated again.

“Milk is perfectly normal.”

“For a baby. I’m not a baby. No baby food.”

“Alright, alright. No baby food.” Skye promised with a huff. “We’ll get something boring and more American than a drunk redneck.” She turned her head and suddenly perked right up. “Oh, hotdogs! That was easy!” The path dipped down to the left and gave way to a small food stall advertising hot dogs, with an outdoor seating area framed by landscaped shrubbery and pretty, seasonal flowers. Pigeons milled about the tables and chairs, pecking at bits of french fries and bun on the ground.

She grabbed my hand and merrily skipped off suddenly, yanking me along. With my swollen, wet diaper I had trouble keeping up. My legs spread wide in a crinkly waddle while her long, sleek legs ate up the ground. How did she move so fast in those high wedge sandals? Between the fast pace and the tugging on my hand, I wobbled, off balance. “Skye!”

“Hm? She slowed unexpectedly and I still wobbled, free arm pin wheeling. She giggled, taking my other hand in hers and steadied me. “There you go, Gavi-poo. I’ll go slower so you can keep up.”

“I can keep up!” I insisted, cheeks red.

“Sure, sure.” Skye just giggled again. We set off, not holding hands. Skye moved fast, almost in line and I sped up too, trying to keep up. I got a pretty good waddle-run going on. I smiled, a small part of myself feeling proud for figuring this gait out. Several strides in and my balance went off-kilter. I wobbled to and fro, diaper swaying heavily between my legs when I lost my balance completely.

“Gavin!” Skye caught me, her slim arms around my thin waist. She steadied me. I blushed, mumbling a quiet thank you. I just wasn’t used to moving around in a wet diaper. Skye held my hand, leading me at a calm walk over to the food line. A tiny feeling of security, of safety welled up in me with Skye holding my hand. I frowned, wondering at that feeling. Surely I was a big boy who could walk all on his own. I just enjoyed holding her hand because she was my girlfriend, my Skye. That was all.

I was so busy mulling over all this I barely paid attention as Skye ordered. Two girls manned the hot dog booth; both wore the green t-shirt with the zoo’s logo and khaki shorts. No diapers for them. One girl, a curly redhead, leaned over the counter to grin manically at me. “Oh, what a cutie you have!” She gushed to Skye. I blushed and scooted behind Skye. It was rare for girls to flirt with me, and I was never really sure how to handle it.

“I know it.” Skye preened, pleased as if the girl had been complimenting her. “We’ll take the Mother and Cub special, extra Formula.” She ordered then slid over the change as the girl rung her up. I stayed behind Skye for the rest of the exchange, and I didn’t pay attention to the tray. I assumed they would be nearly the same. I mean, a hot dog was a hot dog, right?

Wrong, Gavin. Oh so very wrong. Sure, Skye got a regular hot dog. On a bun. With toppings. I got a regular hot dog, too. Except mine was all cut up like a toddler's, served on a paper plate shaped like some zoo animal, and served with a plastic toddler fork.

Skye picked a shady, clean table and set us both up for lunch. I just stared at the tray and crossed my arms while Skye happily dug into her own food. She's tall and slender and quite the successful stripper. And she could eat like a pig sometimes. She wasn't one of those Barbie girls that existed on bottled water and lettuce. If it was good, she'd eat it. That was another one of the things I liked about her; a girl who wasn't afraid of food. I think she just had a high metabolism or she burned it off with all that pole dancing. And I was NOT going to eat that toddler chow. I think I'd rather have civet poop coffee. Maybe.

"Gavi-poo, what's wrong, baby? Eat your nummy hot dog so you'll have lots of energy for the rest of our big day!" Skye cooed, leaning across the outdoor table. The sun shone annoyingly bright in the blue sky; no chance of rain washing out the day.

I scrunched my face up, pushing away the childish paper plate with the colorful blue plastic fork, made wide so that small, unsteady hands could easily grasp it. I wanted a regular round, plain white paper plate like she had. Like all the grown ups had. My cheeks flushed at the thought. I was a grown up, too, even if I was sitting in a slightly damp diaper as childishly colorful as the animal-shaped paper plate. I puffed my cheeks out, refusing to say outloud I wanted a new diaper. Pants. Big boy pants. I wanted my big boy pants because I was a big boy.

"You like hot dogs. If the fork's too hard, just use your fingers, baby." She cajoled in a sing-song tone. "Don't you want to see what Zoo Friend you got?" Her fingers pushed the plate insistently towards me. "Have some milky." She pushed a blue plastic sippy cup with a green lid closer to me.

I pushed them back. "No." My diaper rustled loudly as I moved on the hard metal chair. I crossed my arms and turned my head away. Families sat around us, mostly mothers and their little boys, with a few grandmothers and daddies sprinkled in. The further the day progressed, the more baby boys popped up like dandelions growing wild. Like me, most of them wore just a t-shirt, sandals, and a gargantuan diaper plastered with happy cartoon animals. Some wore just shoes and a diaper. I stared around at the crowd, feeling smaller inside with each passing second, as if I truly belonged with the babies. A few lucky ducks had shortalls with puffy diaper butts and obvious metal snaps in the crotch, but at least their diapers were covered. A few pre-school aged boys near us reluctantly fed themselves using the same despised, childish plasticware and plate I had. Across the outdoor cafeteria seating, a mother opened up her sleeveless blouse and brought her squirming, squalling infant to her breast. The safari print diaper poked out the leg holes of the yellow onesie.

"Gavin." The melodic tone withered to a sharp command as she picked up the fork and speared a dime sized slice of hotdog. She brought it up to my face; the motion made her breasts jiggle

gently in her low cut top. The bared swell of creamy flesh immediately snagged my attention with toddler-like fascination. I wanted to look away, but my eyes had a mind of their own. Was it just me, or did they look a little bigger? A little fuller and firmer like they were swelling. A strange craving for milk filled my mind.

My mouth hung slightly open; my lips wet. Was I drooling? Skye shoved the fork between my lips. "Good boy!" She cooed in a happy sing-song voice again. I frowned, but part of me- the same part that got all warm and tingly when I wet my pants then my diaper- glowed with happiness at the syrupy praise.

"Come on, baby, you need to chew." Sky encouraged as I mechanically ground hotdog between my teeth. My gaze stayed focused on the gentle swell of her bosom, mind in a hazy cloud of pleasure from her warm tone and thoughts of milk.

"Here comes the airplane, in for a landing." She dipped and zig-zagged the fork through the air, making airplane noises as she tried to feed me another bite. I closed my lips, refusing another bite. I was not a baby. She did not have to trick me into eating. A small part of me thrilled at the airplane game. What other noises would an imaginative girl like her come up with?

I mentally shoved those beguiling thoughts away forcefully. "I can do it myself." I insisted, cheeks turning red as I quickly picked up the childish sippy cup and took a long drink of the Baby Formula so she couldn't stuff any more hotdog in my face. It was chill and sweet; the more I drank it, the more it grew on me. Must be an acquired taste.

"Baby, you weren't feeding yourself. We've got lots of fun ahead. Don't you want to see the rest of the animals? I'm just helping you since you're having trouble." Skye smiled, reaching out to ruffle my hair. I tried to duck, but she was too fast. Her hand on top of my head felt.....not that degrading. Almost nice. I could tolerate it. She pulled the sippy cup from my lips mid-swig. Milk dribbled down my lips and chin, dripping onto my shirt. She wiped my face with a napkin then dabbed at my shirt.

"I need to get a bib for my Gavi-poo. Just look at that shirt." She giggled, immensely pleased.

"Hey! Not my fault. You pulled it out of my mouth." I glared at her. She just smiled back and jabbed another piece of hotdog, blithely ignoring my complaints as if I was just a fussy toddler.

"I can't let you chug your milky like that. You'll get a tummy ache. You need to eat your hotdoggy all gone like a good boy!" She cooed some more

I turned my head aside at her attempt to feed me. "I can do it myself." I insisted. A slight breeze picked up, tickling my bare legs. The sensitive skin of my exposed inner thighs prickled in goosebumps; I wished for anything to cover my diaper. Even shortalls with poppers in the crotch and a smiling kangaroo on the bib.

“Okey dokey.” Skye smiled with a raised eyebrow, as if she already knew how this was going to end. “But if it doesn’t work, then you’ll be a good boy and let Mommy feed you.”

I blinked. “What?” Surely I had misheard her? The word “mommy” made me feel small and helpless inside. Part of me liked it. The word sprang to my tongue, tempting me to say it. To call Skye “mommy”. Mommy Skye. I frowned, shifting awkwardly on the hard metal seat. My diaper crinkled noisily. My diaper. No longer “the” diaper. I had already wet it, my urine laying claim to the padding swaddling me. My diaper and Skye was my loving mommy. The warmth in my tummy-stomach- grew. A bigger part of me shuddered in horror at these thoughts.

Skye smiled so sweet, her eyes glued to me expectantly. “I said, you’ll be a good boy and let me feed you. It’s okay, baby. I’m sure you can do it all by yourself.” She pressed her soft lips to my cheek as she placed the fork in my hand, like a mommy encouraging her toddler to feed himself.

I blushed, dropping my eyes to my plate. Of course I could do it. I was a big boy. The fork was too wide and chunky to hold like a normal fork. I was forced to hold it in my fist like a clumsy toddler. I peeked up at Skye; she continued to watch me, smiling as she ate her own hotdog. Whole, on a bun, loaded with ketchup, mustard, and relish. An adult hotdog. I wanted one like that too. I pouted and jabbed at a round slice on my plate. The little piece jumped forward, pushed by the plastic fork tines.

“That’s the cutest thing I’ve ever seen.” She giggled.

My face flamed; I jabbed the hot dog harder. Success. Automatically, I looked up at Skye, beaming with pride. She was still smiling. What was I doing? I looked down in disgust in time to see the hot dog slip off the fork.

I puffed my cheeks out, suppressing a stream of profanities. Normally Skye wouldn’t care, but I had an odd feeling she’d reprimand me for swearing today. Probably because of all the babies and kids around.

I threw the fat blue fork down and grabbed (perhaps pinched?) the hotdog. It was halfway to my lips when it slipped and fell to the ground. My pout deepened. Maybe, in my frustration, I squeezed too hard?

Skye breezily laughed as if she was delighted. “What a determined baby!” She gushed as she dug through the gift bag, pulling out a folded up, small plastic rectangle. She had already finished her hotdog and mango smoothie made with a heavy helping of Mother’s Milk. She kissed both my cheeks affectionately, soothing away the frustration and distracting me. When she sat back, I realized something was around my neck. I looked down to see a happy cartoon lion smiling up at me from a plastic white rectangle. I was wearing a bib.

My eyes widened as I stared down at my chest. I blushed again, curling in on myself and sneaking a self-conscious glance around. Nobody- no mommy, no kids- batted an eyelash at the sight of a grown, diapered man in a bib. It was the same lack of reactions I'd experienced when first diapered. It was as if the world saw me as just another toddler in a bib and diaper. Pre-school boys fed themselves, gloomy in their happy cartoon animal print diapers. At least they could feed themselves and did not need bibs. Jealousy ate at me, so I looked away with a soft snort. Jealous of a preschooler. What the hell was wrong with me?

"It's okay, Gavi-poo. You did your best." Skye cooed, kissing the tip of my nose. I smiled back reflexively. She fed me a bite of hotdog; she had no trouble with the fork. That's how the rest of our lunch went. Skye was deliriously happy, in her element. She cooed at me, plastering my face with sloppy kisses and making silly faces as she fed me. Defeated, I cooperated, barely tasting the food; I was absorbed by the loving attention she showered on me.

Over her shoulder, I saw the bushes near our small table rustle. A female peacock darted out. The peahen's plumage was mostly brown, the infamous vibrant peacock colors only a faint ring around her neck. She pecked at the hotdog on the ground, snapping it up in her beak then dashing back to the bush. Diapered toddlers just stared, like I did. They did not squeal or clap like I would have expected of youngsters. Mommies cooed excitedly to their babies, pointing the large birdie out.

A peachick poked his head out of the bush. His downy feathers were brown and white with faint speckles of vibrant blue and green; a promise of future splendor. He pecked at the hotdog his mommy held in her beak, as if he were a fully grown bird trying to steal it. The peahen pecked him sharply on the head; then very reluctantly, he opened his beak and hungrily chirped like a baby bird should. The peahen ruffled her feathers in approval and dropped the hotdog into her baby's beak.

Was that normal bird behavior? Before I could ponder the strangeness anymore, Skye wiped my hands and face with something cold and wet. A baby wipe, just like she'd used to clean me with down there. In my diaper area. I shuddered at the thought, partly repulsed but another part of me knew it was true. Warmth bubbled in my stomach as I acknowledged it. Not my crotch- my diaper area.

Skye took my bib off, stuffing it back into the bag. "Come on, Gavi-kins. There's still so much more to do." She gently but firmly took my hand, guiding me to my feet. She smiled at me, her heart in her eyes, all soft and warm. She was truly happy to be here with me in this moment. My insides warmed in response. For a moment, I forgot all about my diapers and being babied. All that mattered was being with her, our hands clasped and hearts beating as one. I crinkled along at her side, feeling content and at peace within myself.

Chapter 11

“So, what should we do next?” Skye said as we wandered away from the lunch area. She looked around, talking more to herself than me, as if she was a mother with a toddler unable to decide such things. I was used to her impulsive decision making. In our relationship, she was the more assertive and I was usually content to follow her lead. My ideas for dates were always predictable- dinner at a nice, normal restaurant and some chick flick that bored us both- Red Robin and Nicholas Sparks’ latest hit. Her idea of a romantic date: pita bread, hummus and a hot air balloon. Have you ever had sex in a hot air balloon, hundreds of feet up in the air? Yeah, that’s why I was usually happy to follow Skye’s weird ideas. I did say no to some things. Like the Valentine’s Day when she wanted me to go sky-diving. Bungee jumping had the same results. Wetting my diaper on the pony ride, feeling the animal’s muscles shift and sway beneath me, rubbing that swollen, warm and wet padding all over me....I shivered, remembering the pleasant sensations. That was even better than the hot air balloon.

A daddy pushing a stroller passed us. It was a simple, classic and sensible umbrella stroller, not one of those overpriced SUV sized monstrosities that some morons with more money than sense bought. The print on the canvas seating was the same as the toddler’s diaper; white background with colorful happy safari cartoon animals. The diaper was the only thing the blonde haired boy wore; well, his diaper and a pair of blue plastic sunglasses with little smiling zebras on the corners. He happily licked at a melting ice cream cone. Drops of runny vanilla smeared all over his mouth and cheeks and chin and dribbled down his chest. He swung his bare feet contentedly, looking very comfortable in his stroller as his huge father pushed him along. I wondered what that would feel like, to sit in a stroller and have Skye push me. My cheeks blazed at the thought. What was I thinking? I was....just a little curious...and the little boy looked very comfy....I stared until his dad’s shadow fell over me; then I shrank, side-stepping with a loud crinkle, closer to Skye.

I peeked up at the boy’s father, tilting my head back. Damn, the man was huge. He looked like he could wrestle a bear and win. Unlike the muscular douchebag from the entrance gate, this guy’s muscles came from whatever his day job was. He didn’t work out to look good; he looked good from life. These weren’t show muscles; they were working muscles. Tall and wide and just huge. His head was shaved; he wore a floppy, somewhat dorky khaki hat, dark sunglasses and a thick mountain-man beard. Like the guys on Duck Dynasty.

I couldn’t help but quickly glance at his crotch; he was the only unpadded male I’ve seen today. Of course he wasn’t wearing a diaper. He was a daddy, a grown up. I frowned, confused at those stray thoughts. Then I caught him glance appreciatively at Skye with a slow nod of his head. Skye smiled back. Both me and the little boy in the stroller frowned. The man didn’t look like he was flirting with Skye; I couldn’t see his eyes because of the sunglasses, but his head was raised like he was looking at her face, not her boobs or the curves of her body.

“What a cute baby you have. All that blonde hair!” Skye complimented the dad on his baby. “He looks like he’s having a good time.”

The man laughed, a deep belly laugh. His dorky had flopped. With as huge as he was, towering even over Skye, no one would dare laugh at him. "He's really enjoying the day. Yours is a little shy, eh? Better not leave him in that wet diaper too long; they get rashes so easily in the heat."

My jaw dropped open; my entire face went red as the man looked at my crotch. My saggy, visibly wet crotch. I crinkled to Skye's other side, away from the man, and took her other hand. How dare he! He talked like I was just another little baby. Was he trying to emasculate me in front of my girlfriend? I opened my mouth to object, words strangled by embarrassment. Only a garbled squeak came out. Skye smiled and patted my diapered bottom; the plastic crinkled noisily under her touch.

"It was just a little tinkle when he was riding the ponies. He's good for a little longer. We just got done eating lunch."

The man smiled at Skye's words, giving me a knowing look. He just nodded his head at Skye. "You got lucky. We head an early brunch; in the middle of feeding my little boy his baby food when he had a diaper blow out."

"Dada!" The little boy's face went red just like mine had. He tilted his sunny blonde head back, arching his back, straining against the simple lap belt holding him in place. A little bit of drool ran down his chin to mix in with melted ice cream. He continued to talk, but it was all baby babble.

Skye laughed in delight as the baby scolded his daddy. She bent down to the boy. "He just learning to talk? What a little chatterbox! My Gavi-kin's is more on the quiet side." There it was again. Being mistaken for a kid...unless I was just being teased for being a grown man in a diaper. Just like the clowns and male workers. One big, run on joke. That was something Skye would enjoy.

"Yupp, said his first word today." The man beamed proudly and ruffled his baby's hair.

I tugged on Skye's hand. The joke was getting a little old for my taste. I was in a diaper. So were a lot of other guys. Big deal. So what? "Let's get some ice cream."

The man tilted his head to one side. "Iweam?" He stared at Skye as if expecting a translation.

Skye said nothing; she just stood there with a cat ate the canary grin on her face, as if she was really enjoying this.

I felt like kicking that mountain right in his shin. Not that I ever would- I'm not suicidal. I pouted down at the ground so I wouldn't glare up at him. That would be like poking a pitbull with a stick. I shivered at the thought. I just wanted to get away before I did something stupid. Like poke my

tongue out at a man who could squash me. I'd be mincemeat in a New York minute. I tugged on Skye's hand again. "Please, Skye. Let's go get icecream."

The man stared at me some more then chuckled in amusement. "That's adorable. 'Iweam Peese" I almost wish my little guy was at that stage."

This jackass really was taking it too far. I blushed and tugged harder on Skye's hand.

Skye sighed. "Okay, okay, I'll get you some ice cream." She looked at the man and shrugged.

He laughed and waved her off. "Yeah, I know how it goes" He looked down at his little boy in the stroller then started walking again.

"Skye!"

"Okay." She giggled. "You're impatient. You really want some ice cream, huh? Got some more room in that tummy, huh?" She poked me in my belly, right on the front of the diaper. Her finger pushed in with a crinkle.

"Skye!" I pulled my shirt down. She just poked me higher. I brought my hands up to block her; she dodged and poked lower again. I slammed my hands down but she was too fast for me, poking me here and there with both hands now. I squirmed, giggling. Then Skye's hands suddenly grabbed me by my arm pits and swung me around in a circle so fast my feet left the ground as I laughed, my tummy flipping and flopping around.

"There's my happy boy!" Skye cooed once she set me back down. She held onto me, her hands on my shoulders, until she was sure I had my balance. Then she took one of my hands. "Come on, the daddy and baby came from this direction, so the ice cream place must be around here somewhere."

We passed a few more animal exhibits but they were all too crowded to get a good look at the animals, such as kangaroos, camels, buffalo, and pandas. Right after the pandas, we found the ice cream cart amid a grove of bamboo. We joined the small line. "Oh, goody, this is gonna be a special treat." Skye chirped. I looked at the cart but with all the people around I couldn't really see. Once we moved up closer in line, I saw the sign reading "Today's special: Mommy Milkshakes and Cub Cones". I groaned, remembering the Zoo Friends lunch plate. Just what fresh horrors compromise the Cub Cone?

None, it turned out. The cub cone was just creamy sweet Baby Formula deliciousness in a small cone. The only downside was the bib Skye tied around my neck. "Skye." I whined in protest but she just shushed me.

“Do you want to be like that drippy baby in the stroller? Well, I could always take your bib and shirt off. Your shirt’s already messy enough, but you could go around in just your diapee while you eat. I’ll just clean you up with some wipes.” Skye chirped.

I stared at Skye like she was nuts. Bib, or run around in just my diaper? Neither one was appealing....but I’d take the bib over diaper streaking any day. Well, my diaper was already showing, but with my shirt on it was almost, sort of like wearing shorts. Not really, but it felt like it. Running around in just my diaper....that was something little babies did. The baby in the stroller could barely even talk.

“Was his daddy checking you out?” I squinted up at Skye as a little drop of Baby Formula ice cream dripped down my chin and onto my bib. I blushed. I had to focus on eating my treat or it would melt.

“You silly baby. See, the bib was a good idea after all. I’m not his type, not at all. Trust me.” Skye sucked down her Mother’s Milkshake. She didn’t get any drops on her.

We sat down in a small bamboo grotto a little further down from the ice cream cart. Bamboo grew tall, the reedy branches intertwining to create a small, green cave. A tinkling little fountain was surrounded by benches. Skye sank down elegantly in one fluid motion, crossing her legs. I plopped down next to her with a loud crinkle, wobbling a little as my padded posterior hit the cool stone bench.

The cone slipped from my grip; my hand was a mess with melted ice cream and the force from sitting down caused me to drop it. Skye caught it easily; she held the sticky cone gingerly between two fingers. “Here, Gavi. Let me hold it so it doesn’t fall again.” Her voice was warm, but her face was wrinkled in distaste at the sticky mess.

“Your face looks silly. I can hold it.” I reached out with my hand; it was already a mess anyway. Might as well finish with it.

“No.” Skye almost cringed. She put her milkshake down and caught my wrist with her free hand, as if she didn’t want melted, sticky ice cream all over her.

I giggled at her reaction, at the funny faces she was making as she grimaced, pulling away from my outstretched fingers.

“Gavin. Let me hold it for you, sweetie.”

“Oh, alright.” I pouted, relenting. It was nice to be able to tease her, for once. I dropped my hand and she sighed in relief. We quietly finished our desserts. Skye was done before me. My cone was small, but my belly was still full of hotdog. It gurgled as chewed up hotdog and Baby Formula digested and churned within.

Once my cone was all gone, Skye got out a baby wipe and cleaned my hands. My lips, chin, and cheeks were still smeared with ice cream. She ran the cool, cloth-like wipe over each finger, determined to wipe away every last trace of melted sticky mess. She concentrated hard, her face close to mine. That's when I got a wonderfully wicked idea. Just like I'd had with the baby goat at the petting zoo.

I darted forward suddenly and planted a big, sloppy smooch on her cheek then sat back, giggling like crazy. Her cheek now sported a large, sticky smear on it, a token of my affection. Her face froze in horrified shock. I laughed so hard my belly hurt and I would have fallen over if Skye wasn't holding my wrist, in the middle of cleaning my hand.

Her face almost clouded over in annoyance then she was laughing. "Oh, you think that's funny, do you?" Her voice was warm with affection then she blew a raspberry on my sticky cheek. I shrieked with laughter; even on my cheek it tickled. The crinkling of my diaper was just background noise I ignored. I squirmed, feet kicking as she tickled my sides. I managed to wiggle free and slide to my feet. Soon as the sandals of my soles hit cement, I took off, still giggling. "Skye, can't catch me!" I stuck my tongue out at her, teasing her. I ran a few steps then stopped, looking back to see if she was following.

Skye still sat on the bench. I stuck my tongue out again, but she just calmly gathered up our garbage. I blew a raspberry at her. She stood up; I jumped, ready to run, but she turned calmly to the garbage can just outside of the bamboo grotto.

"Hah, you know you can't catch MEEEEEE" My taunt ended in a squeal of surprise as Skye suddenly lunged toward me with her arms outstretched. I jumped, feeling a little spurt of warmth into my already soggy diaper. I barely paid attention, more focused on avoiding Skye's reach. I walked backwards, just beyond her finger tips.

"I'm gonna get you, Gavi-poo!" She called in a playful mock threat. She made a monster face and twisted her hands into claws as she lunged again.

I laughed, wobbling a little as I walked backwards. "Missed me!" I turned and walked ahead, picking up speed. My wet diaper swung between my legs, weighed down from my urine. It swung back and forth like a pendulum as I waddle-ran in an awkward gait. I took no more than half a dozen steps when my balance wobbled and my knees suddenly buckled. The ground rushed up to meet me; all I could see was cement. I closed my eyes, waiting for the impact and the pain of freshly scraped and blood skin.

"GAVIN!" Skye cried, true horror and worry in her voice. Then her arms were around me, squeezing me tightly as she lifted me up. One moment I was nearly horizontal with the ground, the next I was vertical once again, Skye squishing me close in a hug and running her hands through my hair. She pressed little worried kisses to my forehead and cheeks. "It's okay, baby.

You're okay." She sounded as if she was more scared than I had been. I never knew carefree Skye was such a worry wort.

"I'm okay. I didn't get hurt." I said in confusion. My heart beat against my ribs from the adrenaline rush. It had all happened so fast my mind was still catching up with the events. One second I was falling, the next I was not and Skye was there, smothering me in her concern. "Really, I'm okay."

"I know, baby. I made it in time. " Skye's voice was still shaky with anxiety. After a final hug, she let me go and took one of my hands. "But I want you to stay close to me from now on, okay?"

"But why did I lose my balance? The ground is flat and my sandals are like sneakers." I lifted one foot to show her, and suddenly I wobbled again. Skye held me steady. I would have tipped right over if she wasn't holding me. I frowned. My sandals had sturdy, grooved rubber soles perfect for walking.

"W-what's going on? This is weird!" I pouted in frustration. Sure, I was not the most coordinated or athletic person out there, but even I could manage to lift my foot and run. "Maybe....maybe it's my...my diaper?" I whispered the last part with pink cheeks.

"It could be. It's pretty thick and you're not used to it yet. Plus it's been a very busy day. I bet you're legs are just tired." Skye reassured me, kissing both of my cheeks.

"Maybe." Still, it didn't feel quite right. Skye had been walking around in those high sandal wedges. The damn things were practically stilettos. She hadn't lost her balance once! Then again, she made a living swinging around, climbing and gyrating against a pole on a stage in stilettos. She was used to it. I was not used to the thickness of the swollen padding forcing my inner thighs apart and giving me a new waddling gait. I mean, I was comfortable in my diaper but my muscles were still getting used to it.

"Let's go sit down for a bit. We can catch a show!" Skye announced cheerfully. I had been blindly following her, lost in my own thoughts as we turned onto a new path and left the bamboo behind.

Chapter 12

“Huh?” I looked up at her then followed her gaze to the outdoor stage up ahead, surrounded by rows upon rows of backless benches in a seating area. “Um...maybe....what kind of show is it?” I asked doubtfully as she walked over anyway.

“Probably something with animals. It doesn’t really matter. You need to sit down before you fall down, Gavi-kins.” Skye blithely led me to the nearest bench and smoothly slid into her seat. She held my hand, guiding me and wrapping an arm around me as I sat down with a loud crinkle and squish of my wet diaper.

“Skye. I’m not tired.” I protested. She kept her arm around my waist; she just pulled me closer to her, snug up against her side.

“Sure.” She agreed easily. “But I’m comfortable, and now I’d like to see the show. Aren’t you curious?”

I stared ahead at the faded, weathered wood, looking for any signs or clues about what the show was. The curtains were tattered and filthy even from a distance. The zoo really needed to upgrade.

“I guess.” I mumbled. Her body was warm and soft; I laid my head on her shoulder and relaxed against her. She kissed the top of my head. From this angle I got a good view of her breasts. They really did look bigger than I remembered. Maybe she was wearing a push up bra? But there was an aching fullness to them that no bra or boob tape could recreate. I bit my lower lip as the strange urge to suck washed over me. Skye’s hand rested on my padded hip; she absently ran her fingers over one of the diaper tapes then started patting the front of my diaper. The wet, swollen interior squished over my privates pleasantly and I sighed, smiling happily.

Just then the speaker crackled, full of static and feedback. It died once, then started up again, much more clear.

“DEAR PATRONS,” the speakers mounted on rickety looking stage blared. “THE CREEPY CRITTERS SHOW IS ABOUT TO BEGIN. PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH THE ANIMALS UNLESS INSTRUCTED TO BY THEIR HANDLERS OR MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVEMENTS THAT MIGHT FRIGHTEN THEM. THEY WILL BE MORE AFRAID OF YOU THAN YOU ARE OF THEM. PLEASE BE WARNED THAT THE FIRST FIFTY ROWS ARE THE SPLASH ZONE.”

A lot of the adults chuckled at that. Skye and I were in the very back, and I glanced at our row. “Row 49” it read. Ah, that’s the joke.

“FINALLY,” the pre-recorded message ran, “PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH CREEPY THE CLOWN. YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHERE HE’S BEEN. NOW...HEEEEEEEEEERE’S CREEPY!” A clown in

a lab coat and a stark white mad scientist wig entered the stage from behind the withered looking curtain, to a smattering of applause, and pre-recorded organ music and lightning.

His stark black and white makeup made him look more mime-ish than clown. His lab coat, which had probably been white at some point, was spray painted in streaks of red, blue, and neon green. Honestly, he looked more like a member of the Insane Clown Posse than anything you'd remotely consider funny. It wasn't even close to Halloween. Why would they even have this attraction year round?

Like every other male employee working there today, his lab coat was wide open to reveal a safari print diaper with smiling cartoon animals on it.

"Ladies and gentleboys!" his pack-a-day croon send shudders down my spine. "Welcome to the Creepy the Clown's Creepy Critter Cavalcade!" Applause echoed through the amphitheatre, bouncing off the rickety looking stage. "I of course, am the aforementioned Creepy the Clown, and I have the best job of any clown in the whole park! I get to scare little kids!" He looked down at a poor kid in the front row and began growling and barking. The little boy was unimpressed, and sat there with his arms crossing his chest.

"Okaaaaay..." the clown in the lab coat paused, "We'll work on that." The sound of him clearing his phlegmy throat echoed from his headset and through the speakers. "But," the clown went on, "it's not just about scaring the pants off of people. It's also about educating them. Many of our creepy little friends that you will be seeing today are simply...let's say misunderstood, and it is my sincerest hope that by the end of this show, you'll find some of these animals a lot less scary."

"Well," he seemed to consider for a moment, "maybe not a lot less scary; but a tiny bit less so. But I can't do this alone. I am simply your charmingly creepy MC this afternoon. The real hard work is going to be done by my lovely assistant. If you took the tram ride this morning, you know her, you love her; if you didn't you're about to; ladies and gentleboys, please allow me to introduce the woman on this show that actually knows what she's doing: RAAAAAANGER RHONDA!"

The tour guide from earlier that day her, mousey brown hair in a bun sans pith helmet, jogged out onto the stage carrying a light blue, thin cardboard box. It looked like something you might deliver doughnuts in.

"Well, Rhonda," Creepy the Clown addressed her, "what do you have in there?"

"Well, that's a secret right now," Rhonda replied in obviously scripted dialogue.

"Is it a...creepy critter?" the Clown asked, sounding genuinely excited. Clearly he was the better actor in this bit.

“Nope,” Rhonda smiled, shaking her head.

“Well what’s in it?!” Creepy asked, seeming more agitated and anxious with each passing second.

“You’ll never know,” Rhonda puffed her chest out. “This is a clown-proof box.”

“A clown-proof...a clown...a clown-proof box?!” Creepy half-shrieked. “That’s no fair, Rhonda! No fair at all!” Rhonda just shrugged. The clown turned around in a huff, every move, every facial expression exaggerated so that the people hiding in the back rows could tell what he was doing.

The clown marched to the pre-schooler in the front row, the one who had had his arms up in the front row. He grabbed the child roughly by the wrist and whirled him around onto the stage.

“You!” he pointed to the kid once he stopped spinning. “You’re not a clown! You open the box!” The boy looked back to his mother, who waved him on, and then approached Rhonda. Rhonda bent over so the kid could reach the box.

Just as the kid was bending over, the edge of his diaper peeking up over his shorts, the lid popped open.

“EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!” the kid shrieked jumping back on his heels. The little boy lost balance and fell to his butt. Bawling and wailing, he stared down at his crotch.

“NOOOOOO!” he began pawing impotently at the front of his pants, pressing down on his privates and curling into the fetal position.

His mother came onto stage and scooped him up, now with fresh tears and likely a not so fresh diaper.

Rhonda opened the lid more so we could all see what the tot had. “I said that there wasn’t a creepy creature; and there isn’t. There are many.” Even from the top row, I could see the black, squirming mass of disgusting insects crawling over each other in the boxes.

“Madagascar hissing cockroaches everyone!” The diapered clown announced. “Why don’t you tell us a little bit about these buggers, Rhonda?”

Rhonda happily complied. She reached into the box and held up one of the roaches. It was huge, about the size of her thumb, with a brown butt and long, wiggling antennae. Its butt wriggled as it let out an agitated hissing noise. “These moody little buggers are one of the largest cockroach species. They’re from Madagascar and they love to nest in rotting logs. There’s three types of hisses. The first one is what this little cutie is doing. The disturbance hiss,

which basically translates to “hey buddy, back off”. Next up is the mating hiss, when the males try to flirt with the females. Then the fighting hiss. Two guys fighting over one lucky lady. Now, Mommy Roach carries her babies around in a sack until they hatch. Unlike some bugs, Mommy and Baby Roach often remain in close physical contact for long periods of time.”

“Skye, what kind of show is this?” I whispered over the speech Rhonda was giving. “That was a mean trick to play on a little boy.”

“Oh lighten up, Gavi-poo,” Skye whispered back. “It was all in good fun. Besides, he’s in good hands, now.” Over in the side of the stage, the little boy was being cradled by his mother, sucking his thumb as she gently rocked him; smiling warmly. She patted the front of his crotch and whispered something to him before she gave him a light kiss on the forehead. “All’s well that ends well.”

“Now for this next creepy critter,” the clown rasped into his headset, “we have a perfect photo opportunity for a lucky boy or girl in the audience. Who wants to come on down?”

Mothers grabbed their children’s hands and raised them up into the air, waving them around, volunteering their pride and joys as the next victim for this macabre sideshow. I felt Skye’s slender fingers grip my wrist.

“OVER HERE!” She called, waving my hand frantically into the air. “OVER HERE! PICK HIM! PICK HIM!”

“Skye?!” I hissed, “What are you doing?”

“Gettin’ you up on stage, big boy,” she grinned. “Come on, don’t you wanna show me how brave you are?”

“Oh come on!” I whined, “this is a baby show! No way I’m going up there.”

“Does that mean you’re scared?” her grin took on a more sinister glint.

“Yes! You there! In the back!” The clown called out. “Come on doooooown!” I was a deer in the headlights.

“Go on, Gavi-poo.” Skye encouraged me while scooting me off of my spot on the bench. “Go get ‘em, big boy.” My stomach lurched and began to gurgle as I stood up and descended the steps towards Creepy the Clown. I was out in the open, yet trapped at the same time.

“Hurry up, hurry up. Don’t be shy!” he called out. “While we’re all young....” he stopped and looked around. “Poor choice of words.”

My diaper swung and swayed slightly with each step down to the stage, the front weighted ever-so-slightly because of my pee-pee in it. I waddled like a cowboy until I was standing, front and center, face to face with the diapered clown. I'd been trying to avoid his kind all day, but Skye had taken that choice away from me.

"Nice duds, dude," the clown gestured to my diaper. "Looks like you're really getting into the spirit of things today." There was some laughter from the audience. I grinned nervously and beared it.

"Name's Creepy the Clown," he extended to shake my hand. I eyed the buzzer in his hand and declined to shake his hand. "Smart man," he showed the buzzer to the crowd and more appreciative laughter rang out. "That normally gets 'em. You must be one of the smart ones. What's your name, little buddy?"

I opened my mouth to talk, but Skye shouted out before me, "His name's Gavin!"

"Gavin?!" exclaimed the idiot with the grease paint. "I just met somebody with that name...right here! Small world isn't it, Gavin?" I just smirked and rolled my eyes.

"Though seriously, Gavin," the clown joked, "I'm kind of embarrassed. If I had known we'd be wearing the same thing," again he pointed back and forth to our diapers, "I would have worn something else. This is why we should coordinate more. Didn't you see my status update on instagram?" More laughing filled my ears.

"But to be fair, Gavin, I'm pretty sure I was wearing mine first, so maybe you should do the honorable thing and go and get changed." I heard Skye's giggling waft down from the top row in the stands. I took that as my cue and started to walk off stage.

"Noooooot so fast, little buddy," the clown's fat meaty hand came down on my shoulder. "You're not getting off with just a few yucks and a joke. No one gets off that easy, on my show. Good try though. Ranger Rhonda, what do we have for Gavin?"

"We have our very own Biiiiig Bertha!" Rhonda cheered carrying a large burlap sack over her shoulder. I had the creeping notion that there was something besides potatoes in that sack. She opened the sack and then reached in and pulled out a long...scaly...vomit green with rotted log spots...thick as my thigh,snake.

I froze.

"Bertha is a nearly fully grown burmese python!" The stage shuddered with each step Rhonda took toward me. I wanted to run. I wanted to hide. I wanted to grab a fire axe and decapitate the legless monster that was even now being bought up to me.

“Burmese pythons are among the top five biggest snakes in the world,” Rhonda spoke into her headset, her voice echoing through the amphitheatre. “Now, like all constrictors, burmese pythons are nonvenomous. Instead they kill their prey by wrapping around it and squeezing the life out of it.” That’s when I felt the rough, scaly skin of the apex predator brush against the back of my neck.

I was only vaguely aware of the tour guide and the clown to either side of me. They were wrapping this monster around me, setting me up to be it’s next meal. I broke out into a cold sweat as its head swiveled around in the air, a vicious forked tongue probing for its next meal.

“But don’t worry, Gavin,” Rhonda assured me, “Burmese pythons rarely attack humans, though some can get big enough to actually eat alligators.” My mouth was dry. This thing could eat a friggin’ alligator and I wasn’t supposed to worry?

“A common misconception about reptiles is their predatory nature,” Rhonda lectured, oblivious to my terror, as the skin crawling monster slithered around on my shoulders, only barely being supported by the two professionals. My own frail, almost rabbit-like frame bore most of the weight. Didn’t snakes eat rabbits? “Most burmese pythons only need to eat once every month or so, and the bigger they get, the less often they need to eat.”

“Hey Rhonda,” Creepy the clown asked, “how long has it been since we fed Big Bertha, anyways?”

“Well, you were supposed to feed her last month,” Rhonda answered.

“No I wasn’t,” Creepy replied with mock incredulity, “It was your turn.”

“I thought it was...” Rhonda sounded worried.

“Gavin...buddy,” I heard Creepy stage whisper. “Don’t move. And if you feel Bertha hugging you...don’t scream...you’re gonna need alllll your air.” The snake writhed around and made eye contact with me, it’s soulless killer eyes locking with mine.

“Watch this, folks, we actually taught Big Bertha a little trick.” Creepy took a wand and waved it over Bertha’s head, her tongue dancing in the air barely inches from my nose. The wand struck Bertha’s snout and the snake opened it’s mouth with an audible hissssssss.

I stared into the pink, ribbed abyss as the leviathan opened its maw right at me. Too many living things had gone down into that living squirming, pulsating cave and never come back.

My jaw felt like it unhinged itself, mimicking the apex predator lying on my shoulders and staring directly at me, it’s pink mouth spread open to consume me. I tried to scream in abject terror, but nothing came out. Then something did. It just didn’t come out of my mouth.

Mushy, sticky, disgusting poop rushed out of me, hitting the seat of my diaper and spread out instantly. The constant crinkling that had become so much white noise to me that morning and afternoon was drowned out by a thick, sickening, squelching sound, as not quite solid stool collided with the soft cotton lining meant to hold and absorb my pee-pee accidents.

Uproarious laughter at my shocked expression gave way to pitiful silence as wet farts erupted from my backside in the intervening seconds. I was pooping my pants, except I wasn't even wearing pants, and I had a live audience of mothers and their toddlers all watching in shocked silence.

I willed myself to stop, to scream to cover the noise, to run, to walk, to fall down; anything really. But my body continued to betray me. All I was allowed to do was bend my knees, mutely grunt to myself, and stare off into the middle distance, as I pushed out more and more of my own bodily waste into my seat.

The weight of the mess practically jerked the back half of my diaper downwards as it sagged with the weight I was putting into it. I was only, vaguely aware of the snake handler taking "Big Bertha" off of my shoulders as my mess spread first up my crack and ass, and then as gravity took over, down into my taint, and coating my balls with smelly mud-like scat.

It now felt less like I was wearing plastic backed underwear, and more like a grocery bag full of shit strapped to my hips. I was dirty. I was vile. I wasn't even human anymore. I was unclean. And there was an entire audience of people watching me quietly debase myself.

In the front row I saw mothers hide their tittering behind their hands, and even toddlers blushed on my behalf. Further back, I was keenly aware of manicured fingers pointing at me and slender hands suddenly remembering to check their own babies for accidents in need of changing. Some of the kids even turned around to look at their parents, clear sounds of objections from their lips and looks of indignation on their faces.

As if they were as bad as the big person shitting himself in public! How insulting! How ridiculous. They were all younger than me, but bigger than me where it counted.

Up in the back rows, I spotted the little black baby and his mother from the pony ride. He was giving me the thumbs up with one hand, his other hand jammed back into his mouth, a thin line of drool visible from even where I was standing. Way to go, he seemed to congratulate me. Way to go. I had just gone alright.

An unfamiliar hand, patted my backside, gingerly squeezing the mess I had deposited. "Uh, I think this guy needs a little help over here." The clown called out awkwardly from behind me. "Ma'am, could you come get him?"

I needed help. I needed out of this place. I needed to go home and cry and forget all about this wretched day. But most of all, I needed a new diaper. And for any and all of that, I needed Skye.

Chapter 13

Skye climbed the steps, holding out her arms for me. "Come here, baby." She whispered in a gentle mother's coo. The moment my eyes fell on her, I blocked out the crowd, the stage, the creepy clown and even creepier snake. My world shrank to the loving refuge of those blue eyes and the heavy smelly mush pulling my diaper down.

I reached for Skye as my vision blurred. I took a few shaky steps forward to my haven, Skye's waiting arms. My diaper swung heavily with each movement of my hips. My mess shifted, slipping and sliding all over the inside of my diaper. Tears trickled down my cheeks and my legs wobbled. Disgusting. I was so disgusting. Helplessly messing myself like a big...baby. I whimpered then I felt Skye's arms around me.

"Shh. It's okay, baby." She kissed my forehead, one of her hands prodding at my padded rear. The poopy lumps smushed even more under her pokes and pats. A strangled sob tore its way out of my throat as my legs fully buckled. She caught me, enveloping me in her embrace. I buried my face in her shoulder, hiding from the world.

A pressure settled on my poop-coated, thickly padded behind, another bar of pressure behind my back then I felt my feet leave the ground. I barely noticed, drowning in fecal covered shame. How could I have done this, and up on stage, too? Peeing was one thing, but pooping? And I'd never felt it coming.

"Let it out, Gavi-poo. It's alright. I've got you." Skye said, so calm and reassuring. Like it really was alright for me to helplessly soil myself. I heard the clunk of her heels on the wooden stage and felt myself moving. Almost like she was carrying me.

"I'll get you all cleaned up and in a fresh diapee." Skye hummed a soft lullabye. Her hand on my back rubbed little soothing circles in rhythm with her humming. Occasionally she patted my bottom, and I felt the huge load shift and squish with each touch. I whimpered, tears trickling down my cheeks and splashing onto her neck and shoulder. I just wanted out of this horrible mess.

"Sweetie. It's okay. It was just a little poopies." Skye said sympathetically. Her hand left my back then I felt a tug on the waistband of my diaper. Air rushed over my feces encrusted butt; I felt the suction of my mess pulling apart like sticky mud as Skye pulled back my diaper and peered down. "Oh dear. You really gave that diaper a workout. Let's get you changed before that thing explodes."

The surprise and worry in her tone took me by surprise. What was wrong? I wanted her humming, her reassurance back. Just a little mess, right? All I needed was a new diapee. No problem. Just a little diaper change. Happened all the time, right? But not to big boys. Not to me. Except it had happened to me. Was I still a big boy? I sobbed softly. I wanted to voice all

these thoughts but they knotted up in my throat, choking me in emotions. All I could do was cling to Skye.

“Shhh. It’s okay, baby. I got you. We’re almost there.” She kissed the top of my head and rubbed my back some more. She didn’t pat my bottom anymore and her pace quickened. I heard voices of the crowd around us, but it was just a buzzing in my ears, background noise. White noise I barely noticed.

My face stayed buried in her shoulder as she hurried along while trying to soothe me. The background noise of the open air, animals, and people faded suddenly as Skye stepped through a door. The smell of pee, poop, and baby powder dominated the air and her heels clicked off tiled floor, echoing off walls.

“Here we are!” Skye cheered enthusiastically. I suddenly found myself pulled from her embrace. I whimpered in protest of the loss of contact. I wanted her warmth, her soft skin, her arms around me, shielding me from the world and the horror I put into my own diaper. She tried to soothe me with a kiss, her soft lips getting wet from the tears on my cheeks.

At the touch of the soft plastic padding of a changing table on my back, I opened my watery eyes to see Skye smiling down at me. I felt a tug on my waist as she secured the safety strap. We were in a changing room. I vaguely registered the background noise of babies crying and shrieking.

“Let’s take care of that icky poo-poo diaper, Gavi-poo.” Skye chuckled. I wanted to blush, to holler in protest, but words clogged in my throat. My insides were a storm of turbulent emotions, drowning me. I was sensitive, vulnerable, exposed and raw. Her teasing joke was like salt rubbed into a wound, and all I could do was let out a strangled sob in protest.

My lower lip trembled. I could feel the dam inside me ready to burst then I’d lose what little shreds of dignity I still had left. I bit down on my lip, my thumb pressing into it. I wanted to shove my thumb in my mouth and suck, shut my eyes and shut out the world and hide. I jerked my thumb away, smacking it down onto the changing table’s padding. My legs lifted into the air and I peeked up at Skye. She just looked down at me with a little smile then went to work cleaning me up. Cold wipe after cold wipe brushed over my butt, removing hand full after hand full of my mess. My own stench melded perfectly with that of the other dirty diapers. Slowly, wipe after wipe after wipe, Skye worked her way from my back end to my front then from my front to my back, leaving no cranny or crevice of my diaper area unwiped. Not a crotch, but a diaper area. My diaper area that had been covered in my poopies.

I winced at the thought while Skye moved my legs and pelvis around, double checking to make sure she’d gotten all of that mess. I even felt the cool, wet tip of a finger wrapped in a baby wipe poking at the puckered crevice of my butt, dipping into my back door briefly. I gasped, sucking in air, my chest trembling and tight with swirling emotions.

I opened my mouth to try and talk but all that escaped was a painful wheeze and strangled squeak of a sob. Done wiping me, I heard the familiar crinkle and flap of her opening a new diaper, then my bottom was lifted higher as she slid the fresh diaper under me. Salvation! No more poopy diaper! I should have been happy, or at the very least relieved to be out of that mess. Part of me was. Another part still burned in shame at having messed in the first place.

“Shhh.” Skye started humming again as she worked, rubbing baby powder into each clean cheek, my buttcrack, coating each of my balls and all over my penis and surrounding skin. The she sprinkled some on my lower belly, rubbing little circles on my tummy. I could feel the love in her touch, the reassurance in her humming tone, but even that couldn’t reach me. My emotions had curled up into a little fetal ball. Tears streamed down my cheeks and I trembled as I lay there.

“Almost done baby. Poopies all gone!” Skye chirped, trying to cheer me up as she brought the front of the diaper up between my legs, positioned it, then deftly secured the tapes like an old pro. How was she so good at this? Just from my diaper changes today?

“Gavin. It’s okay.” Skye soothed, rubbing the front of my diaper. Her fingers pressed on the tapes securing me into my padded potty. I didn’t look at her. She leaned down to press a soft kiss to my belly, right above my diaper. Surely she could feel me trembling beneath her lips. Then she pulled my shirt down and unfastened the safety strap.

I was crying, despite all my willpower as Skye guided me off of the large padded table to my feet. In my blurry, tear streaked periphery, I saw another woman carrying a screaming toddler in just his diaper- one that matched my own...my second one of the day...-and lay him on the padded surface to begin changing him. She was decidedly non-judgemental about wiping her son’s ass immediately after witnessing a grown man go through a similar treatment.

Skye pulled me away onto a nearby backless bench, and pulled me into her lap as I huffed and puffed my way to a temper tantrum. My diaper-my fresh, clean, dry diaper- rustled as I shifted my weight onto the soft material of her skirt. Her legs felt firmer and fitter than my own just then.

Good. Even though she was taller than me, biology gave me more than a few pounds on her. Any other time, I would have been conscious of her over myself. I would have been thinking about how I must be crushing her legs and that they’d be losing circulation within a minute. Normally, I’d be thinking about how after lugging my useless ass through crowds of people to find a place to clean me up after I’d publicly humiliated myself, but right then, I couldn’t.

I was stuck in the moment. The awful, awful moment. It was like every embarrassing nightmare I’d ever had rolled into one and multiplied by a factor of three. I had been at the head of the class, about to give my oral report that will determine fifty percent of my grade, and then I’d look

down and realize that I was naked. Only naked would have been preferable to what had actually happened. I'd never shit myself in front of the whole class in my dreams.

"Gavi-poo?" Skye whispered to me, rubbing my back tenderly, while busy mothers came in and out to change their crying charges. "Is everything okay? Are you alright?" I just kept heaving with each breath, my shoulders bobbing up and down uncontrollably. No words would come. "Gavin, baby. Say something to me."

That's when the gates burst inside of me, and I don't mean my bladder or my bowels.

"I'M SORRY!" I turned around and bawled into Skye's shoulder. "I'M SORRY! I'M SOOOOOO SORRRRRY!" I couldn't control my emotions, and only short, gasping sentences would come to my lips. "...hyuk...DIDN'T...hyuk...MEAN...hya..TOOOOOOO!" The smell of freshly applied baby powder invaded my nose. It was probably me that I was smelling, which made things all the worse. I hadn't needed baby powder earlier today. I hadn't needed diapers today, either, but as of less than ten minutes ago, I had.

Skye's skin pressed tightly to my own as she embraced me and hugged me harder and harder with each sob. I was riding pony style on her knee while I cried into her shoulder, her beautiful blonde, pink, and teal hair covering my shame as I cried freely.

"I'M SOOOOO....hyuh...SORRRRRYYY...hyeee...I DIDN'T MEAN TO...hyuh hyuh...EMBARASS YOUUUUUUU!"

"Shhhhhh" Skye rubbed my back and bounced me on her knee, trying to soothe me. "It's okay, honey. It's okay. I'm fine." she whispered. "You didn't embarrass me at all." But the truth was, I wasn't apologizing to Skye. I hadn't really been talking to Skye right then. I'd been talking to myself.

"You did nothing wrong," Skye assured me, still jiggling me lightly on her knee. "You had a diaper emergency, and like a good mommy, I took care of it." There was that word again. Mommy. Why that word?

"Mommy?" I sniffled, pulling back and looking at Skye so I could look her in the eyes. This time it was her turn to look slightly teary eyed. Only she was smiling instead of bawling.

"Yeah, baby?" She responded, her breath becoming shallow, a look of anticipation in her eyes.

"No," I shook my head. "I mean, why did you say it like that? Why like a good mommy?"

Skye shrugged noncommittally. The anticipation and satisfaction dashed from her eyes.

“How many girlfriends do you know who wipe their boyfriend’s butts?” she replied, her voice back to a calm casual matter of fact tone. “It wasn’t very girlfriend like.”

“Yeah,” I conceded. “I guess it wasn’t.” And somewhere in the depths of me, I pondered the question of whether that was a good thing or not. “Promise you won’t make fun of me for this later?” I sniffled, wiping a string of snot from my nose.

“Gavi-kins,” she giggled as if I had just asked the silliest question in the world. “I’ll never make fun of you, I promise.” And she drew me in and hugged me for the first time all over again. For an instant we were back in time. Me crying in her arms, her offering me quiet comfort. Only this time she wasn’t in the wrong. I was. Yet it still ended the same way. Skye never needed comfort. She just gave it.

Another piercing scream echoing off of the concrete walls of the changing area ruined an otherwise perfect moment for me. An older woman, with red hair up in a bun and flecks of gray trudged in dragging along a little red headed freckle-faced boy, maybe three-years old at most. Even in black slacks, the dark stain on the front of his pants gave away what had happened to him.

“MOMMY! MOMMY! NOOOOOOOO!” the carrot top screamed. “PLEASE! DON’T DO THIS TO ME! PLEEEEEEASE!” his voice was raggedly becoming scratchy and hoarse from yelling. He must have been screaming all the way.

Mommy? Mommy? That seemed unlikely. The lady dragging the screaming toddler behind her was almost as old as my own mother. Granny, maybe? But Mommy? Adoptions happened, sure, but if this was his biological mother, he must be her miracle baby or something.

“PLEEEEEEASE MOMMY!” the little ginger boy screeched, digging his heels in all the way to the changing table across from the bench where we were sitting. “I’M BIG! I’M A BIG BOY! I’LL BE GOOD! I’LL BE A GOOD BOY!”

Her face filled with consternation, the older woman lifted the little pre-schooler up onto the changing table and shoved him down before pulling the strap across his chest.

“You had your chance to be a good boy plenty of times already, Tyler.” The greying woman proclaimed staring daggers at what seemed to be her son. “But you’ve proven that to be a lie too many times to count. And I gave you a chance to prove that you were a big boy,” she gestured to his wet pants, so similar to mine only a few hours ago. “And look what you did with that opportunity?!” Tyler fell silent, cowed by his middle aged mom.

Tyler’s mom reached into her clunky, puffy gift bag and took out a bottle of “Baby Formula”. From her pocket, she withdrew a baby bottle and poured some of the oversweet drink in before screwing the nipple on.

“Now drink this and keep quiet,” she ordered her child, “while I get to work cleaning up yet another of your messes.” The little redhead took the baby bottle, and suckled obediently while his mom took off his shoes and socks and ripped off his pants. The kid didn’t have any underwear on.

Then, his mother reached into the bag and took out a Rearz Safari diaper. I rattled my noggin in disbelief. No way was that going to fit on a kid that size! He’d be enveloped in the damn thing.

I blinked, rubbed my eyes and looked again. I must have been dehydrated, or something. Too much diapers on the brain. When I looked again, Tyler’s legs were up in the air, and his mother was sliding a perfectly normal sized but still safari printed diaper under his bum and taping it up.

“Late to the zoo?” Skye inquired, breaking the silence.

“Oh yes,” the mother sighed exasperated as she finished putting her pre-school aged son back in diapers. “Just got here. We would have been on time, but Tyler here couldn’t be bothered to get out of bed and ready on time, just like always. Well that stops right now,” she wagged her finger at her now crying, diapered, son.

“Some boys, y’know,” Skye sighed dreamily. “They’re just late bloomers and never really grow up, do they?”

“He’s been given a lot of trust, but now he’s losing it,” the middle aged mom enunciated so that her son could understand every word. “If you can’t keep your pants dry, then you shouldn’t be trusted on what to wear, or what time to go to bed, or what to eat. You’ve earned this, Tyler.”

The lady reached again into the gift bag and pulled out a pair of shortalls with a little lion on the front.

Skye scooped me off her lap and onto the wooden bench. “Oh, you came prepared?” she asked the woman.

“I figured little Tyler here would have an accident in his pants,” the woman nodded holding out the shortalls for Skye to examine. Tyler, still on the changing table was suckling empty air from his ba-ba. He started whimpering when presented with the shortalls. “But I got this outfit from one of the gift shops.” she looked at Skye approvingly, like they were two kindred spirits. Then she glanced at me. “They’re selling them in all sizes, you know?”

Skye audibly gasped with excitement and spun me around to look her in the eyes. “Gavin, baby, we are so totally going to go shopping!”

Chapter 14

My eyes widened. “Sh-shopping?” I wasn’t ready to go back out there. Not after the accident I had. I shivered, pressing against Skye. Even though my diaper was nice and clean now, I could still feel the ghost of the warm, gooey mess squishing all over my backside, and mushing up all over the front, coating my crotch and making my diaper stick to me.

“Yes, baby.” Skye’s eyes softened to a gentle twilight when she saw my reluctance. I’d stopped crying and sniffing, but I wasn’t ready to face the world. She wrapped her arms around me, pulling me in for a quick cuddle. “I thought you’d like some clothes to cover your diapee? You’ve been watching the babies with clothes all day.”

I bit my lip, not paying close attention to her words, too lost in my shaky emotions. That did sound nice. And if I...if it happened again....maybe clothes would help hide another accident? I stiffened at the thought. Not that I was going to have an accident! Part of me recoiled at that thought, but another part of me felt reassured by thick, soft padding engulfing me. If I had another accident, my diapee would protect me. Diaper. The warm feeling that had been popping up all day made my insides feel fuzzy. It grew in strength, melting my resistance; I relaxed against Skye.

“I...I thought....we’d ...go home...” I mumbled uncertainly.

“Silly baby.” Skye laughed like I’d said something funny. “We’re not finished with our special day. There’s still lots to do, and you’re all clean now.” She swatted my padded rump, her hand thumping off the thick padding with a crinkle. The smell of baby powder filled the air once more and Skye giggled. Her hand rubbed my bottom, patting it more gently with soft rustles of her skin sliding over the smooth, noisy plastic. I blushed; little Tyler and his mother were still here. Still vulnerable after getting my own poopy diapee changed, I buried my face shyly in Skye’s shoulder.

“Mmm...you smell so good, like a clean, fresh baby. I could just eat you up!” Skye exclaimed, excited once again as she sniffed me. She tickled my sides, her fingers darting under my shirt like quick silver fish to dance over the sensitive skin of my stomach. I squirmed, a peel of laughter ringing out as I wriggled and crinkled. Skye smiled and blew a raspberry on my cheek. “That’s my happy baby! Now let’s get some clothes on that cushie tushie.” She playfully squeezed the dry, fresh padding covering my butt, almost like a mommy checking her baby for poopies.

“Skye!” I whined in protest, cheeks bright red. She stood up, her hand in my own, and tugged me to my feet.

“Shush. Come on, baby. We don’t want all the cute clothes to be sold out.” Skye beamed, eager bright in her eyes. She took two steps away from me. The warm, fuzzy feeling floating in my

stomach turned into a cold, heavy lump of fear. I didn't want Skye to leave me. I wanted to be next to her, as close as possible. I quickly followed, diaper crinkling loudly.

"Nice meeting you!" Skye called to the middle aged woman, who was busy finishing up fastening Tyler into his new outfit. The shortalls puffed out, making no effort whatsoever to hide his diapered condition. "Say bye-bye, Gavi-kins." She cooed in a motherly tone to me.

I looked down at my own visible diaper. Something to cover it would be nice...would help me feel more like a big boy....

"He's a shy one, isn't he?" Tyler's mom talked in the same juvenile, syrupy tone Skye used. Instead of feeling like a big boy, I felt like a I shrank on the inside, like I was just a little toddler. I was horrified by these thoughts, but deep down inside the truth of them shone in my gut, enhanced by the memory of that horrible mess. Wrestling with these conflicting emotions, I wasn't paying attention and didn't wave back.

Skye shook my hand. "Gavi-poo..." She trailed off, staring at me. I still stared down at my feet and exposed, fresh diaper. Cartoon animals smiled sappily up at me. The urge to suck something, like my thumb, brushed over my lips and tongue. I poked my lower lip with my thumb.

Skye just smiled and looked up at the other lady. "I'm sorry, he's still a little emotional from his poopy diapee and crying. I just finished changing him before you came in."

"Skye!" I whined, horrified. My head shot up, eyes wide, and my thumb quickly jerked away from my mouth. How could she say that out loud? My insides twisted into knots as I relived that awful moment all over again. I was never going to get over it.

"Little ones." Tyler's mother chuckled as she looked at me. She turned to her son; Tyler still lay on the changing mat, empty bottle in his hands. He stared at me with huge, saucer eyes as if he was horrified. I felt even smaller, and shrank closer to Skye. Her gaze turn stern. "You see? He made boom-booms in his diaper." She pointed at me, and I tugged on Skye's hand, suddenly wanting to leave. "And he's not throwing a fit over it. He's not fighting his mommy about getting dressed. You could learn a little something from him."

Skye just smiled, very satisfied, as she led me out of the changing area. I wanted to crawl under a rock and hide, or the ground to open up and swallow me. That lady just compared me to a baby, labeling Skye my "Mommy" so her son could understand her point. I was almost too mortified to listen. I just about died at 'boom-booms in his diaper'. Me, a grown ass man, serving as a lesson for little toddler on how to behave.

"Don't worry about it, Gavi-poo. She was just trying to make a point to her baby. Just forget all about it." Skye said airily as we wove through the crowd. I didn't see any couples about; it was

all families, mostly mommies with babies. They were staring at me, I was sure of it. They all knew, had seen me go poopies in my diapee. My eyes darted about nervously. No one noticed us; everyone just went about doing their own thing, minding their own business. My heart still drummed against my chest. Any moment, I expected someone to call out, to jeer, to say something. I stayed close to Skye, almost pressing up against her. One trembling hand latched onto her skirt, so I held both her hand and her skirt, cowering in her shadow.

Skye strolled, perfectly relaxed and in her element. She observed me with sideways glances when she felt the timid tugs on her skirt. She just smiled some more, as if she thought my actions were cute, then rummaged in the gift bag. As we walked, Skye sipped from another bottle of Mother's Milk, and she handed me a sippy cup of Baby Formula.

I frowned, not letting go of her skirt or her hand. The physical contact was more comforting and reassuring than a drink. "Come on, baby. All that crying dehydrated you." Skye wheedled, but I shook my head stubbornly, practically clinging to her, our steps matching.

Skye paused, staring at me. I peeked over at her; it wasn't like her to give up so easily. She stared like she was contemplating something. Then a sunny smile broke out and she brought the sippy cup to my lips, holding it for me.

I turned my head away. "No bottle?"

"A sippy cup is better. Your shirt is already all stained with dribbles. This will protect your new outfit." Skye reasoned. I opened my mouth, but she plopped the hard, plastic tip into my mouth and tilted the cup, pressing gently. I had no choice; I sucked and sweet liquid washed over my tongue, dazzling my tastebuds with milky decadence. Why had I protested drinking this? Who cares what it came in. Suddenly realizing how thirsty all that crying and pooping had made me, I sucked my drink down.

"Good baby." Skye praised in a honey sweet tone. She pulled my sippy cup away when I was sucking mostly air. I whined softly in protest; there were still a few drops left. Skye giggled. "Silly baby, if you suck all that air, it'll get trapped in your tummy and I'll have to burp you." She teased as I blushed. She put the cup away and wiped milk dribbles from my face with her free hand.

"Skye-" I forgot all about the other people around us, soothed by being so close to her and distracted by the milk.

"Here we are!" She cut me off as she led me into the gift shop. An island of stuffed zoo animals filled the center of the store, surrounded by a sea of clothing racks. Zoo themed baby paraphernalia filled shelves near the register; baby bottles, baby blankets, bibs, and toys for various small child stages, from infants to preschool. The main attraction was the clothes. Baby clothes in a rainbow of sizes and styles. This was an Adult Baby's dream come true. But I wasn't an Adult Baby; I cringed, pressing into Skye with a crinkle from my zoo themed diaper.

Skye stood there, just inside the door. Her blue eyes shone with glee and her fingers squeezed mine as she grinned. I felt her tremble slightly, as if she was so excited she didn't know which rack to run to first.

I stared, a wave of horror washing over me. I looked from the abundant cornucopia of AB clothing, to Skye, then back again. Was she thinking what I thought she was? "Skye...." I said, a trembling note of warning and pleading in my tone.

"I know, Gavi-poo! It's wonderful!" She squealed, rushing right into the little boy section. She moved so fast her skirt slipped from my fingers like grains of sand in a receding tide. Her fingers slid along mine, pulling away.

Panic curdled in my tummy. Alone, in public, just like I'd been when I'd...in my diapee...poo-poops filled my diapee....Again I was thrust back into that awful, awful moment, feeling it slip out of me and fill up my diaper like a mudslide. "SKYE!" I wailed when I grasped only air; her fingers were gone. My breath hitched, coming in short, tight gasps and I squeezed my eyes shut, groping blindly for her. I toddled forward on stiff legs, diaper crinkling all the way, powder shifting like dunes in a desert with every step.

"Gavi-poo, it's okay baby. I'm right here." Her hand calmly enclosed my own grasping one and she pressed a kiss to the top of my unruly hair. I opened my eyes to see her smiling down at me. My free hand quickly fisted in her skirt, clutching it like a toddler clutched his favorite blankie.

"I thought you were gonna leave me." I sniffled as she kissed one cheek.

"Silly boy. I'd never leave my baby! I moved too fast for you, huh?" That was more statement than question. "Well, come on." She tugged on my hand, leading me over to the clothes. This time she held herself in check though I could see the excitement in her eyes and feel it in her impatient tugs on my hand.

"Oh, how am I ever going to choose?" Skye wailed in exuberate, phony distress. "Oh, this is so cute!" She grabbed a pale green onesie with a big, happy cartoon crocodile on the chest and held it up to my chest. I stiffened, trying to lean back but her hand with the onesie just followed. The only way to escape was to step back, away from her.... I started to do just that. I felt her skirt lift up as I moved, beginning to pull away from me....I quickly crinkled close again, but I wrinkled my nose to show her what I thought.

"My shirt is fine. I don't need any clothes"

"Don't be ridiculous, Gavin. You got all kinds of kakka pukas on your shirt. What kind of mo-girlfriend would I be if I let you walk around like that?" Skye scolded, free hand on her hip.

“But-”

“Besides, you’ve been wanting something to cover your diapee.” She finished with an air of finality and I knew I was beaten. She rifled through the rack of onesies, picking a few out while I pouted at her side. By now, I was used to my diaper being on display. But only big boys had their diapers covered. I glanced over at a rack of shortalls and shorts. Big boy clothes. Onesies were for little babies who couldn’t walk. I pointed that out to Skye.

“Of course you’re not an infant, you silly goose. I’ve been listening to your diapee crinkle about all day.” Skye cooed indulgently as she picked up two onesies; a powder blue one with a cartoon zebra on it and a yellow one with a cartoon giraffe on it. My face burned when she mentioned how noisy my diaper was. I was about to protest both the crinkling and the onesies when she shook her hand free of mine.

“Skye-hey!” I cried out, reaching for her hand again as my heart sped up, bumping against my ribs.

“Sorry, baby. Mommy-I need both my hands.” Skye soothed in a sing-song tone and snagged my wrist in one hand, guiding it to her skirt. “There you go sweetie.” Now both hands fisted in the breezy cotton, rubbing the soft cloth between my fingers absentmindedly. I bit my lower lip, sucking on it absentmindedly as my heart slowed down.

Skye put the onesies back with a pout before moving onto another rack. She stepped away from me; I felt the skirt pulling and I quickly crinkled after her. I missed the reassuring hold of her fingers around mine, grounding me. I’d been holding her hand most of the day; the touch made me feel safe, let me know she was right next to me. Especially if...if anything...happened. I blushed and glanced down at my still dry diaper. She couldn’t leave me, when my hand was in hers. Now...now she could disappear at any moment, her skirt slipping through my fingers.

She pawed through a round, rotating rack of rompers. Some had legs, shorts, and sleeves while others were sleeve and legless, almost like tank-top ones. They came in a rainbow of boy colors; orange, yellow, green, light blue, dark blue, grey and black. Each had a cartoon zoo animal and puffy, snap crotch bottoms, as if the bottom part had been designed to accentuate how bulky a diaper was and add the optical illusion the diaper was puffier than it actually was. I shivered; those weren’t much better than a onesie.

“How about this one? That would look cute on you! No, this goes better with your eyes! They’re all so cute! How do they expect mothers to decide?!” Skye kept holding romper after romper after romper up to my chest. I was too nervous to squirm away from her- I’d rather be safe and close to her while she indulged in this insanity than be off on my own. Just in case. No matter what happened today, she’d been with me, seeing me through it. Wet pants, almost getting spanked by a crazy lady, wet diaper, poopy diaper, she helped me through it all.

“Skye. Those are for little babies.” I showed my displeasure by whining and making a face each time she held up a romper.

“And you’re not a little baby?” Skye asked with a raised eyebrow as she put a blue romper back. Her lips twitched in an amused giggle.

Just what was she implying? Or was she just teasing me about my diapers? My poopy accident? I blushed, trying to glare at her as she giggled. “Skye!”

“You’re so cute when you pout like that. Come on, Gavi-poo-poos.” She tittered some more.

I gaped, mouth hanging open like a fish. I stared at her, tears welling up and my lower lip trembling. Sure, Skye teased and joked, it was just part of who she was. But my accident was still so fresh, so raw; the experience still stung. “S-SKYE!”

“Shhh. Shush.” Skye cooed, rubbing my cheeks with her fingertips and kissing the tip of my nose. “It’s all over and you’re in a clean diapee now. Poopies are all gone. Yours wasn’t the first poopy diapee of the day, and it won’t be the last. So just relax and let’s get a cute outfit on that cushie tushie.” Her sing-song voice cajoled me. She playfully patted my padded butt; the plastic backing rustled at her touch.

“Skye!” I squeaked at the unexpected movement, making her giggle then kiss my cheek.

“Sh-shorts?” I sniffled hopefully. Even with snaps in the crotch, those were big boy clothes.

“Of course baby.” Skye soothed then she led me over to another rotating rack, full of shorts and shortalls with matching t-shirts. I stayed close, pressing against her. I clutched her skirt and rested my cheek against her shoulder blade while she tore through the shorts. What was she looking at? Curious, I tried to peek around her but she flicked through the rotating rack so fast I couldn’t get a good look. Pouting, I stood on my tiptoes with a soft crinkle. My chin rested on her shoulder and I could finally see.

They were almost like big-boy clothing, except for the colorful cartoon animals on the leg, puffy crotch with snaps to accommodate diapers. They were plain big boy colors; khaki, brown, blue and black. “I like those. These are nice. How about the zebra?” I suggested, but she just kept sliding the hangers along the metal rack.

“No. Meh. Nope. Eh. Maybe. Bleh. Yeesh.” Skye flipped through all the shorts, not even pausing once before she got to the shortalls with matching undershirts. “Oh, now this is more like it!” She perked up and slowed down to glance at each ensemble. These were something a toddler would wear, not a big boy in preschool.

"I liked the ones with the lions." I dropped the skirt with one hand, reaching past Skye's belly to point at the shorts just out of my reach.

"Don't be silly. Shortalls are much better for diaper changes. And they're so cute." Skye chided as she absentmindedly smacked my hand back down. She was instantly absorbed back into perusing the rack.

"Ouch!" My fingers stung; I was more surprised than hurt. Skye didn't turn; she just held up an orange and blue plaid shortalls and red t-shirt with a cartoon turtle. I whined and she just shushed me, putting the outfit back and picking out another one. I stuck my thumb in my mouth and sucked to soothe away the sting. The warm fuzzy feeling in my tummy grew while a small part of me wanted to yank my thumb out. But this felt so nice, and no one was paying us any attention anyway...

"OH, YES! PERFECT!" Skye cried out, sounding as if she was in the throes of an orgasm. She held aloft a shortall ensemble just like it was He-Man's Sword of Power. Powder blue cotton with a big, happy sappy cartoon lion on the front and a white t-shirt trimmed in baby blue underneath. She turned to me, her eyes alight in victory. "Oh, Gavi-kins, you'll look so adorable!" She squealed.

My eyes widened. "NO. Showts! I want showts!" I lisped, not realizing my thumb was still in my mouth. On one hand, that outfit was cute. Perfect for an overgrown baby boy...not that I was one! I was NOT one, so that cute outfit was not for me. I wanted big boy shorts, because I was a big boy. I tugged on Skye's skirt to emphasize I wanted shorts.

"Gavi-poo, you're so cute!" She giggled. "Come on, we're checking out." She held up the grown-up sized shortalls and caught one of my hands in hers, leading me to the check out line across the room.

Emboldened by the touch of her hand, I leaned back, trying to make her stop. "No! Showts!" I would have pointed, but Skye held one of my hands and the other was in my mouth as I still sucked.

"Gavin. Come on." The lullaby lilt faded from her voice as her face tightened in disapproval. She yanked, pulling me forward.

"NOOO!" I howled around my thumb. I didn't want shortalls; I wanted shorts.

"Gavin, you either knock it off right now, or I'll pull your diaper down and spank your bare bum right here." Skye whispered in my ear, voice low and deadly serious as she bent down to my level. The fuzzy feelings inside me withered; I felt small and helpless. Just like I had when I pooped my diaper, or when that mean lady was going to spank me at the play area. Desperate

for comfort and refuge from the fire in her eyes, I sucked on my thumb. The motion was a calming balm over the cut of her anger.

"I-I'm sowwy." I whimpered, cringing. "I be gewd." I lisped, my hand getting wet with drool but I barely noticed it. I was overwhelmed by emotions of inadequacy as I stared up into her snapping blue eyes.

She stared me down, watching me cower for a long moment. "Good." She said with a curt nod, pink and teal braids bouncing. She tugged on my hand and this time I meekly followed. We passed through the girl section and got in line. I stayed at her side, sucking the warm digit in my mouth. My tongue ran over the wet skin of my thumb, playing with it as I looked down at the happy animals smiling up at me from my diapee. Skye leaned down and kissed the top of my head. A wave of comfort washed over me.

The line moved up. "Come on, Gavi-kins." Skye cooed, tugging gently on my hand. I stepped forward with a crinkle and eyed the blue shortalls she carried. Soon I'd be wearing those. I blushed, desperately wishing they were big boy shorts.

A loud wailing filled the busy room. I looked up; right by the check out counter was a fitting room with plush wicker benches along the wall. A tall, lean lady with brown hair in a stylishly sloppy bun and yellow sundress cradled an Asian infant in her arms. The infant's face scrunched up and red, toothless gums on display as he wailed his little lungs out. His fingers curled in fists as he flailed. A red balloon was tied to the handle of a zoo gift bag.

Those two looked vaguely familiar. Maybe I'd seen them in the Rainforest Room? With all that had happened today, I wasn't sure. The worst part, the very worst, was what the lady had dressed her infant in. A zoo shopping bag sat at the woman's sandaled feet, along with a boy's orange t-shirt. But the infant wore a frilly lacy neon pink sundress, trimmed in white lace along the hem and bodice. A safari print diaper bulged out under the dress. He wore lacey pink socks with tiny, smiling hippo heads on the toes. The plushy heads rattled as he kicked his tiny feet.

"That's Mommy's pretty princess! Such a little fussy wussy button!" The lady cooed as her baby helplessly kicked like he was trying to get away. She made a big show of checking his diaper, sticking her fingers in the crotch then pulling the back of his diaper open for a peek. Through this the Asian boy just wailed as hard as his lungs would permit. "No poopy poo-poops or tinkle winkles, so princess must be hungry!" She proclaimed loudly. She tugged down her low cut dress and bra to free one heavy breast. A drop of milk beaded on the pink nipple.

Engrossed just as Skye had been in the clothes, I stared with wide eyes. The urge to suck filled me; I sucked hard on my thumb and thought of Skye's breasts as I watched the wailing infant turn his head from his mommy's boob. What was wrong with him? The lady just smiled, bringing his face back to her waiting nipple. She brushed the leaky tip across his pink lips; reluctantly he

stopped crying and latched on as if instinct took over. He nursed, sucking rhythmically and the mommy just smiled in satisfaction.

I watched, filled with envy and sucked my thumb in time with the nursing newborn.

“Such a cute baby girl!” Skye gushed, but she looked down at me as she spoke. Her words broke my reverie; I shook my head, blushing, and popped my thumb out of my mouth. What was I thinking? Big boys did not suck their thumbs or drink milk from their mommies. I was a big boy...right? At least, I wanted to be a big boy. Part of me did, anyway. The warm feelings that tickled my tummy insisted thumbs were made to be sucked and milk from mommy would be yummy. Even more yummy than the zoo’s Baby Formula.

I stared hard at Skye’s boobs. They didn’t look any bigger than they had at lunch; but they were heavier, fuller. Unconsciously, I licked my lips.

“You agree, right, Gavi-poo?”

“Huh?” I looked up from her cleavage to her face.

Her lips twitched in a smirk that said, ‘I know what you were doing’. But her eyes twinkled, like this pleased her. I blushed; I shouldn’t have been looking there.

“The infant stage is just the sweetest and that dress is so precious!” Skye raved, taking my staring for agreement. But she was gazing down at me as she spoke. Why was she looking at me like that? A worm of foreboding wriggled in me.

“I...um....I...guess...” I mumbled. Where was she going with this?

“You want one? Come on, let’s look at the pretty dresses!” Skye squealed, darting for a rack of disgusting frills, pink, and purple. Her hand was an iron vice around mine, trapping me.

“NOOO!” I wailed. “I WIKE MY SHOWTAWWS.” I leaned back with all my might. When had Skye gotten so strong? I could barely slow her no matter how hard I tugged back. Only my words made her pause.

“You’d look so cute in that pretty purple dress with all those bows. And matching diapee cover!” Skye cooed.

My eyes widened and I sucked harder on my thumb. “NOOOOO!! I WANT DOSE!” I popped my slobbery thumb out of my mouth to point at the blue shortalls she held.

“Oh, you do? Are you sure?” Skye turned her head from the girl clothing to the boy outfit she held.

“YES! YES!” I nodded enthusiastically, desperate to convince Skye to get the blue boy clothes.

“Goody.” Skye chirped, leading me back into the checkout line. I looked down at my sandals, my thumb poking at my lip before slipping into my mouth. The well trained cashiers kept the line moving quickly. All too soon Skye had paid and led me over to the benches by the changing rooms. The mother nursing her baby had finished up and departed; Skye sat in the same seat she had. She opened up the shopping bag, took out the new outfit and tore off the tags.

“Okay baby, reach uppies.” Skye pantomimed reaching up with her hands. I sucked my thumb and just stared at her. She wanted to dress me out here? Just like mothers were doing with their babies. Shouldn't we be in a dressing room? Skye was crazy if she thought I was going along with this. Heh..Skye and her crazy ideas...now that was nothing new.

“Come on, Gavi-poo.” She tickled my sides, fingers digging right into my sensitive spots. I squirmed, giggling as a little bit of drool ran down my chin. Skye grinned and yanked my shirt over my head in triumph. I froze when I realized I was standing there, a big boy in just his diapee. I looked at Skye in horror. She just smiled calmly and oh so slowly flapped open the white t-shirt trimmed in baby blue.

“Skye!” I whined. “Hurry!” I squirmed, my colorful diaper crinkling noisily.

She held the shirt up by the sleeves, making it dance teasingly in front of me. “Who wants to get dressed?” She cooed.

“ME! PWEASE!” I hollered, practically begging. This seemed to appease her; her smile turned to a huge grin and she tugged the shirt easily over my head. It came to just above my diaper, exposing a tiny bit of my flat belly.

“Belly button!” Skye squealed and poked me right in in said belly button. I blushed, yanking my shirt down while she giggled madly. I was busy trying to tug my short shirt down and hide my belly from her random belly button attacks; amidst all this she soon held open the baby blue shortalls, coaxed me to step into them with another belly poke, then she brought the straps up over my shoulders and snapped them into place.

“CUTE! So cute I could just eat you up!” Skye gushed, her eyes flashing in triumph.

I looked down, patting my tummy; no more belly buttons for her. Childishly I stuck my tongue out, teasing her like she teased me. Skye grabbed my tongue; I squealed in surprise and she laughed.

“Nice try, baby cakes, nice try.” She playfully patted my butt. My shorts did nothing to hide the awfully loud crinkle. She let go of my tongue and I looked down; instead of hiding my diaper, the shortalls puffed out at the crotch, accentuating the bulge and making it look even bigger.

“Ahem. Excuse me.” A feminine voice called stiffly.

I looked up and instantly stiffened at the sight of frizzy blonde curls and tits so plastic it would be impossible to suck milk out of them. Chaz’s mom. My thumb slipped into my mouth and I sucked, scooting and crinkling closer to Skye.

Chapter 15

“Yes?” In an instant, Skye was on her feet and in front of me. Her body language was relaxed, her tone cool and neutral; her usual open, friendly warmth was gone. I shivered, remembering being across that woman’s lap as she tried to spank me. My insides shrank into a tiny, helpless ball; my free hand grasped Skye’s skirt, just to make sure that lady couldn’t grab me away from Skye.

“I was hoping to run into you again.” Chaz’s mom talked stiffly, awkwardly shifting her weight from foot to foot as she struggled with her words. Talking to Skye was obviously not something she wanted to do, but felt she had to. Was she here to take another crack at my butt? I quivered at the thought, thankful for the thick padding protecting my bottom. I crinkled and inched more behind Skye so I couldn’t see the lady at all.

“Oh?” Was all Skye said.

“Yes. Well. You see...the thing is...about earlier...” The woman sighed huffily as her stiff posture deflated. “I’m sorry. I had no right to spank your child. I didn’t know what my own had done.” Her tone grew annoyed at the last part.

“I saw the whole thing. A mother’s job is to always pay attention and watch their baby.” Skye said in a carefully neutral and non-judgemental voice.

“I only looked away for a minute, and that brat of yours-” The woman cut herself off. I heard her inhale deeply. “Look, I just came over to apologize.” Her words were stiff and clipped. I pressed my face into Skye’s back, nuzzling under her teal and pink braids. I didn’t want an apology; I never wanted to see that lunatic again. I chewed my thumb. And just what did she mean by your child? Maybe that woman had some mental disorder or something? That would explain a lot. And as for that brat of hers...I could see him growing up and facing a life behind bars. Maybe he’d make it on television- as a fugitive on Cops.

“I appreciate that.” Skye said flatly.

“Alright. Well...Chaz here has something to say.”

Silence followed. “Chaz?...Chaz. Apologize. Now.” Her tone was dangerous with warning.

“Finel’msorry.” ” A squeaky voice grumbled and mumbled, words jumbled together.

“Chaz.”

“I’M SORRY!” The boy hollered and stomped his foot. His diaper crinkled just as loud as mine.

Silence again; it was my turn to speak. I just sucked my thumb; after a few moments I peeked around Skye, my diaper crinkling loudly. Chaz was no longer dressed as a big boy. His hair was still spiky and blonde tipped, but he was naked except for a big, bulging safari diaper. And a bib. I smirked around my thumb. Now the tables were turned, and I was the big boy. I didn't have a bib, and I had clothes on. My diapee was hidden and his was on full display. I scooted a little further out from Skye as I stared at him.

Hatred flashed in his eyes. I wanted to stick my tongue out at him and make a few comments on his big baby diaper that was on full display. And his bib. I opened my mouth to do just that but then I remembered Skye and Crazy Lady were right here watching us.

“Stupid thumb sucking baby. I bet you shi- poopies in your diapee, too. Dumb baby!” Chaz pointed at me then yelped when his mother smacked his heavily padded rear. “I'M SORRY MOMMY I DIDN'T MEAN IT !!” He hollered.

I was about to retaliate when he said poopies. My eyes widened in horror. Was..was he there when I had my messy accident? I ducked behind the safety of Skye, shaking slightly and whimpering around my thumb.

His mother glowered down at him. “You straighten up right now, mister. Or I'll drag you out of here and you'll be sorry when we get to the car.” His eyes widened at that.

He looked at me, then up at Skye. “I'm sorry for -for teasing the baby about his poopy diapers.”

My eyes widened at that and I tugged on Skye's skirt. That brat saw! Or he assumed I needed my diapers for peeing and pooping. The fact that I'd done both and the brat was right burned my cheeks crimson. Skye reached behind her, patting my arm.

“My baby's very shy. Now, excuse us, we have to get going.” Skye said quickly, bending to gather up my old, dirty t-shirt, gift bag, and shopping bag; she stuffed the shopping bag and shirt into the gift bag. She took my hand, tugging it loose from her skirt, then led me away.

“Can you say bye bye, Gavi-poo?” Skye cooed. I blushed, shaking my head and stepping closer to her, sucking noisily on my thumb. “He's just being shy. It's been a long day.” Skye waved to the little boy then we were out the door, lost in the crowd. I turned and at the last minute stuck my tongue out at the bratty boy. Chaz immediately started howling, and I smiled.

“Okay Gavi, it's my turn for a bathroom break.” Skye said as she led me off into the crowd. My anxiety returned as we wove our way through people, mostly mommies with their babies. I saw lots of little boys in just their t-shirts and diapees. At least my diaper was now covered, even if I still crinkled and the powder blue material puffed out around my bottom. I was still a big boy. Sort of. And if I had another accident in my diaper, no one would be able to tell. My shorts would hide it. I smiled at the thought.

The place was much more crowded than this morning. So many babies! We almost got run over by a toddler running around, pushing his own stroller and clad in just his safari diaper with one shoe on. His mother chased after him, holding his other shoe and calling his name. She quickly caught him before anyone got hurt; she snatched him up by the waist, smacked him soundly on his padded bottom, and let out a stream of angry Spanish. She held him under one arm as he squirmed and cried while she pushed the stroller with her free hand.

One path over, another toddler ran around buck naked, giggling and shrieking his head off in pure joy with a big, dopey grin. His hands were in the air as he blithely ran. A yellow stream suddenly shot out of him, almost hitting several passersby. A woman sat on a bench nearby, absorbed with her compact mirror and applying fire engine red lipstick. A folded up safari diaper lay next to her. Some harsh words and glares from others had her dropping her makeup and chasing after her streaking toddler.

Skye walked calmly, unphased by the chaos. She actually seemed to enjoy it; she had a small smile on her face. At least one of us was enjoying the day. A growing part of me insisted I was enjoying it, too. No, I wasn't! I tried to squash the feeling, but it just wriggled around. The baby animals were cute. Having all of Skye's attention was nice. The thick padding engulfing my lower half was comforting, reassuring with every noisy step. It was like a constant hug.

"Oh, before I forget!" Skye suddenly stopped. I looked up at her in confusion. She reached down to my crotch and yanked the snaps open with a loud "pop, pop, pop". She poked at the front of my diaper. I blushed, cheeks turning red at her touch. I looked around but no one paid any attention. I felt her hand squeezing the back of my diaper; it crinkled. A warm breeze suddenly wafted over my bottom as she tugged on the waistband.

"Skye!" I whined. After today, I was used to my diaper being on display. That didn't bother me. But I was a big boy and I could tell her when my diapee needed changed. She didn't have to check like I was some helpless little baby.

"Just checking if you need changed." Skye shushed me. "Your little butt's all white with powder." She giggled, playfully slapping my puffy, padded rear then snapping the crotch of my shortalls back together.

"Skye." I huffed, pouting. "I don't need-"

"No, you don't need changed. Your diapee is dry for now. Oh, I see! The bears." She took my hand again. We were at an intersection in the paved path; the bear enclosures were just to the left. The very first one had a huge tank filled with chilly bright blue water at one end and one huge, white furred bear lounging on a rock while a tiny, fuzzy white cub determinedly chewed on his mother's ear. It was hard to get a good view, though; too many people crowded around the exhibit.

“So that’s what got you so fussy. How silly of me. There’s too many people now, and I’m going to the bathroom. Maybe we’ll try the bears later.” Skye explained slowly. I didn’t care about the stupid bears; I was upset about getting my diaper checked. She could at least show a little trust and give me a chance to tell her. Not that I was planning on wetting or messing this diaper. But accidents happened.

This calm sojourn to the bathroom made me think back to my mad, desperate flight this morning in the Rainforest Room. That seemed so long ago, days instead of hours. It might as well have been another life. I had torn around like a tornado in search of a potty. But Skye strolled calmly, pausing every once in awhile to coo over one baby or another.

Next thing I knew, we were heading towards a swinging door with the universal symbol for woman on it; a stick figure in a triangle dress. I stared at that image, my eyes going wide. The ladies bathroom!

Chapter 16

“Skye! I can’t go in there!” I tugged on her hand but she didn’t slow down at all.

“Don’t be silly, Gavin.”

“But-but-it’s the ladies’ room!”

“So? No one’s going to care. What am I supposed to do, leave you out here? All alone?” She paused, hand on the door with me pulling back. She didn’t even break a sweat dragging me along.

“Ummmm...” I bit down on my thumb. Either go in there- to a place I didn’t belong- with Skye or stay out here, all by myself. What if something happened? What if crazy lady and Chaz came by? Or I pooped again? I shivered and Skye just smiled at the defeat on my face.

“It’s okay, Gavi-kins.” She cooed reassuringly. “No one’s going to say anything, I promise. And even if they did, I won’t let them.” She made my poopy diaper go away. She stopped the crazy lady from spanking me. I was much safer with Skye. Reluctantly, I nodded my head; she pushed open the door and led me in.

I closed my eyes tightly, blindly following her lead. I was too afraid to look; I felt like a crinkly crook breaking in to rob a church or a charity. This was the sacred space of females, a place forbidden to men. No screams, no curses came at the sight of a grown man in a diaper invading their feminine sanctity; I just heard the flushing of toilets, running water, running hand dryers, chatting women. After all the bizarre events of today, this shouldn’t have surprised me. What did the women’s room look like? How different was it from the men’s? Curiosity got the better of me, like when I clicked on those diaper sites, and I cautiously cracked open one eye. It looked...almost like a men’s room, except it was bigger, with more stalls, a small baby changing station attached to a wall, and no urinals.

“What are you doing, you silly baby?” Skye said in a light tone as she led me into a stall and locked the door behind us. “That’s not how you play hide and seek.” She giggled as she hiked up her skirt, gathering up the loose cotton under one arm and sliding her tiny teal lace panties down. There was nothing to them, unlike my own bulbous, noisy padding. I stared from her itty bitty lace to my puffy bottom.

She crouched down over the toilet, spreading her feet a little so she hovered over the toilet seat without touching it, then peed. The sound of her pee hitting the water made me think of the last time I sat on the potty. It seemed so long ago; somehow my diapers now felt more natural than underwear. They were safer, too; they prevented wet pants. I thought of all my accidents today: wet pants, wet diaper, and a poopy diaper. Yet this was the first time she’d gone potty...bathroom...when she did it, it was called bathroom... all day. How did she do it? Her bladder must be made of iron.

How could she hold it all day? I thought all of my accidents and how they each one took me increasingly by surprise, like my bladder was out of control. Like my potty training was disappearing; being erased. I felt safe and secure in my diapers. Only a small part of me insisted that was wrong, that I should use the potty....toilet...potty. Just like Skye. That thought seemed silly to the rest of me. Yet tears sprang unbidden to my eyes and I found myself reflexively sucking my thumb.

Skye flushed the toilet and smoothed down her skirt. Then she swept me up in a hug when she saw my tears. "Shhh. It's okay Gavi-poo. Don't cry. That scary loud noise was just me flushing the toilet...you know, the potty." She spoke like it was completely natural for me not to know what a toilet was. "It wasn't a monster. You're safe. The flushing makes pee-pees go bye-byes. See?" She cajoled as if she was explaining some complicated grown up thing she had to dumb down to a toddler's level. Grown ups went on toilets...big boys on potties...part of me wasn't even sure I could make it to a potty. But that's what my diapers were for.

More tears fell. Skye hugged me; I felt the press of her swollen breasts against me. The urge to suck overwhelmed me. I felt the familiar faint stirrings in my crotch and my diaper seemed smaller. Just like anytime I got to feel her magnificent rack. A stronger, unfamiliar sensation of hunger drowned me. Why was I associating her fun bags with food?

"Come on, fussy button. I'll save you from the potty monster." Skye teased as she opened the stall door and led me over to the sink. In one quick motion, she squeezed my padded butt and crotch through the shortalls. I looked down in horror at her hand, too embarrassed to look around at the other women and their children. What would they think of a grown man getting his diaper checked?

"Still dry." She said, almost surprised. Did she expect me to be wet? We were just at the potty; if I had to go, I would have told her. I mean, I would've gone like a big boy. I didn't have to pee. At least, I was pretty sure I didn't. After all my accidents today, I guess I couldn't really blame her for checking, but she could at least let me be a big boy and tell her when I needed a new diaper.

"Skye!" I whined indignantly. "I know when I gotta pee-pee."

She turned the faucet on; water gushed out in a noisy spray. "Of course you do, sweetie." She said placatingly. She didn't believe me.

"I can tell you." My cheeks reddened.

"Sure you can, baby." She lathered her hands up with foamy, lemon scented soap.

"When I need a new diapee."

“Don’t be silly, Gavin. I just checked you; you don’t need a new diapee.” Maybe she didn’t hear me over the running water as she rinsed her hands.

“No! I can tell you when I need a new diapee!” I insisted loudly.

Skye shut the water off, then turned and pinned me with a stare. I shrank inside, feeling small and helpless.

“Like you told me at the pony ride?” She arched a skeptical eyebrow. “If I leave you in a wet or poopy diaper, you’ll get a yucky rash on your cute tushie. Do you want that? No? Then leave the diaper checking to me.”

I turned complete beet red. She used the pony ride against me? I was positively vibrating with indignant rage, my hand balled up into white knuckled fists of anger. That wasn’t fair. That was...that was...extenuating circumstances; same with my poopy accident. It wasn’t fair! It. Wasn’t. Fair. I could tell her when I needed a new diapee. I really could! It! Wasn’t! Fair!

My impending tantrum was interrupted by the sound of a toilet flushing and mother cooing at a young child as they emerged from a nearby stall behind us.

“Good job, Sarah!” The mother congratulated her little girl, “you’ve kept your Pull-Ups dry all day! That’s my big girl!” The little girl beamed a pumpkin tooth grin at her accomplishment, clearly proud. “Now let’s wash our hands, okay?”

“Otay, Mommy!” the little girl agreed. Her mother lifted her up to the sink and started hand-over-hand washing the little girl’s hands. I glimpsed at the satchel hanging from the woman’s shoulder, and saw a folded up pink square poking out. Yup, pull-ups, not diapers.

Unconsciously, I inched back behind Skye while the mother and daughter finished their bathroom routine. I was embarrassed. This little girl had managed to keep her pants clean all day so far. I’d failed so far, and was on my second or third pair of underwear since showing up today, depending if I counted my boxers along with my diapees.

The mother turned to look at Skye and gave her a tired, but content smile. “Almost done,”

“Yup,” Skye returned the smile.

“Oh, is your little boy potty training, too?” she asked Skye. I did my best to hide.

“Huh..wha?” Skye shook her head, seeming caught off guard since for the first time. I caught her glancing at the Pull-Up poking out of the woman’s diaper bag, and saw her go pale. Was she embarrassed for me?

"I don't need to be potty trained!" I spoke up over Skye's shoulder. Skye instantly regained her composure and the color came back into her cheeks.

"That's right, Gavi-poo," she tousled my hair, before turning to the woman, "Yeah, we're not worrying about potty training."

"I thought he looked a little young, yet," the woman squinted her eyes. "How old is he? One and a half?"

Seriously?! Seriously?!

"Oh, he's not quite nineteen," Skye reached around and drew me to her side. I cuddled in her warm embrace.

"I figured," the woman nodded, "Sarah is thirty-two months and is almost done with potty training. She had almost no interest in the potty till about two months ago, but you gotta train them when they're ready, and not before."

"That's what I hear," Skye agreed nonchalantly. Great. More parenting talk. Skye seemed to be doing that more and more. Was she sure she wasn't pregnant?

"But, I'm guessing you've got a lot more diapers to change till then," she gestured to me.

"Oh, you have no idea!" Skye giggled. I just shrunk and squirmed futilely so I could hide behind her skirt. It wasn't happening.

Then the little girl leveled one pudgy finger at me and uttered a single word: "Baby". That hurt. That was humiliating. I had been called a baby by one little kid already today. But that was an insult from a little brat. This innocent child was stating a fact in her mind. She wasn't being mean, she was just telling the truth; and that made it worse for me. I just hid my face deeper into Skye's body and she rubbed my back soothingly, radiating a kind of warmth from her.

Why was Skye acting this way? Why was she taking pleasure in my discomfort? Then a stray thought snuck in: Did Skye actually like changing my diapers? Did she like the idea of treating me like a baby? How could that be possible? Skye took hold of my wrist and started leading me out of the women's restroom.

"Well, you and your daughter have a good time," Skye called behind her.

"Thanks, we're having a girl's day out," the woman remarked. "Sure are a lot of baby boys out today," her comment reached my ears off of the tile floor.

That's when another, clearer thought bore into my brain. It was so clear it was almost alien to me. "Why?" Why were there so many baby boys at the park, all of them in diapers identical in design to my own? That little girl's Pull-Ups was the first brand name diaper that I had laid eyes on all day; everything else was a plastic backed safari print diaper. That was weird, wasn't it? Baby diapers weren't normally made with regular plastic backing anymore, I had read enough threads complaining about that fact to know with certainty.

"Skye," I whispered, tugging at her skirt with my free hand "Skye, I need to talk to you about something."

"Sure thing, Gavi-kins," Skye smiled as she lead me along, "Let's walk and talk."

"Skye, something weird is going on here," I told her. "Something weird has been going on all day."

"What do you mean, Gavin?" Skye frowned, not breaking stride.

"It's just, everyone has been treating me weird all day, and I've been willing to let things slide, but something is definitely weird...like I don't know...." Skye kept walking, her pace picking up. "Skye," I huffed. She practically ignored me, still walking briskly. "Skye...SKYE!" I begged. "Can we please stop for a second, I need to tell you something."

Skye stopped. She did not look particularly happy about it, but she stopped.

Chapter 17

“What, Gavi?” she sighed, looking me.

“Things...are...are...weird!” I exclaimed. “I shouldn’t be having potty accidents at my age. I shouldn’t have trouble dressing myself. I should be feeding myself. I shouldn’t be sucking my thumb or drinking from sippy cups!”

“But do you like those things, Gavin?” Skye smiled, seductively at me.

“That doesn’t matter!” I all but wailed. “Something isn’t right, today! Something is wrong! I’m a big boy!” I stomped my foot. I had wanted to say “adult” instead of “big boy”. I would have settled for “grown-up”. But those words wouldn’t come to me right then.

“Honey, do you think you’re not a big boy?” Skye cooed. “Is that it?”

I shook my head, but not in denial or confirmation. Something wasn’t right, and a yes or no answer wasn’t going to clear anything up.

“Honey, you’re the same you’ve always been, I promise. You’re not changing into a baby, or something,” Skye looked me dead in the eye. “Those kinds of things only happen in internet stories, like Long Rifle, or Personalias, or Toddlergirl.”

Skye had a point. Wait...how did she know THOSE names? I had never told her those names! Who else would have?

“Skye?” a voice from earlier in the day interrupted us. I looked away from my girlfriend and towards the source of the voice. It was Kadija; Skye’s friend from earlier in the day. Only now she wasn’t in a zoo uniform. She wore short denim shorts that showed off most of her legs and a fire engine red tank top. Her dreadlocks were tied back behind her head. Trailing along behind her, holding onto her hand, was a little boy.

He was a cute little thing with a patch of wispy blonde hair on his head, too young for his first hair cut, he was one, maybe one and half, but not much older. He toddled along, unsteadily, on two pudgy little legs behind Kadija. His romper onesie was the same color as Kadija’s shirt, as was the button on the pacifier clipped to the top of his little outfit. His eyes scanned the crowd with a kind of weariness, while he sucked on his paci.

Something was definitely wrong. Skye had never once mentioned Kadija having a kid, let alone a white one.

“Kadija?” Skye called back to her ganja smoking buddy. “Heeeeeeeey!” she smiled back a little too cheerily. It was that awkward tone, the one that broadcast to the listener “HELP ME!”

“Is that Gavin?!” Kadija asked as she and the little toddler closed the distance. “Oh my gosh, Skye, he is soooo cute in that little outfit!”

“Who are you calling little?” I scoffed. Skye might have had a few inches on me, but I had at least half a foot on Kadija.

“Wooba wobblee wibble?” Kadija looked to Skye, her eyebrow arched.

“He doesn’t like being called little.” Skye explained. Kadija’s eyes widened in amusement and amazement. She covered her gaping mouth to stifle a giggle.

“Baby,” she looked down at the toddler by her side. “Tell these two what your name is and how old you are.” She picked the baby up and rested him on her hip before removing his pacifier.

“Nay...uh... my cul....uh... my deen.” the little boy stuttered.

“Did you get any of that?” Kadija asked, her eyes alight with wonder.

“No,” Skye and I both said in unison. Kadija burst out laughing as if something funny had happened.

“Kadija,” Skye gestured to the little boy on Kadija’s hip. “Is that?...” she let the sentence trail up.

“Yeah,” Kadija grinned.

“But doesn’t he...?” Skye gestured to a diapered employee pushing around an icecream cart, mothers and their babies eagerly flocking to the sweet treats in the distance.

“Not any more,” Kadija giggled. “Don’t worry, it’s cool. His aunt owns the zoo and is...was...his landlord and only family. She’s got no problem with me taking him home as my own. I played it smart, if you ask me” she went on, “he was already wearing his diaper when he had his first accident today.” the baby blushed a little bit and popped his pacifier back into his mouth. “No nasty wet pants to throw away like the rest of ya’ll.”

“The fuck is she talking about, Skye?” I looked to my girlfriend suspiciously.

“THUCK SHAWKING BAUW!” Kadija burst into hysterical laughter for some reason. “Oh, I just thought of a fun game to do next time we all hang out.” she cackled.

“Kadija,” Skye tried to interrupt her friend.

“I mean, we’re still gonna hang out right?” Kadija went on, oblivious. “Even though we’re both Mom-”

“KADIJA!” Skye shouted. Kadija stopped talking. She looked at me.

“Oh, Skye,” Kadija sighed, her voice tinged with disbelief. “You have told him, already, right?”

“Told me what?” I tugged on Skye’s skirt.

“Gavin...I...”, Skye paused, and clicked her tongue, as if searching for something to say.

Just then my pants became warm again. Uh oh! Pee-pee!

“I know that look,” Kadija commented as I gasped, my free hand releasing my grasp on Skye’s skirt and traveled to my mouth. “Seen it enough times today to have it burned into my brain,” she added.

Trapped in the moment, and not even aware enough to stop, not even wanting to stop, I sucked on my thumb as I wet myself, again. We hadn’t been out of the potty ten minutes, and already I was going pee-pee in my pants. My bladder hadn’t even felt full, to me. So instead of feeling pressure build up, instead of doing a little potty dance, I just wet myself and...enjoyed it.

I let out a long relieved sigh as I finished relieving myself, snapping back to reality and becoming acutely aware of my wet diaper.

“Gavin...did you...?” Skye asked me, her gaze drifting towards my diaper area. I was speechless. I had done it again, and hadn’t even had the presence of mind to be embarrassed about it or try and prevent it. No running, no wriggling, not even grabbing my crotch to try and stop the act in progress. “Never mind, let me check,” Skye spoke over my silent realization.

She took a knee and popped open the crotch snaps on my shortalls, pulling them up to expose my sodden diapee. She gave the front of my crotch a firm squeeze, before proclaiming. “Nah, it can hold another wetting or two. Maybe a poopy. He just did a tiny tinkle.” I just stood there, embarrassed.

“You sure about that?” Kadija asked.

“Trust me, I’ve seen Gavin push these things to their limit already. This is nothing compared to earlier.

“Let me check,” Kadija declared before leaning in and reaching underhanded for the front of my diaper so she could squeeze it herself.

“AHHH!” I shrieked, throwing my hands down to cover my diaper. “The FUCK do you think you’re doing, lady?! Skye can do that, but not you! I’m not a...I’m not a...a...”

“Skye,” Kadija sighed. “You gotta tell him.”

“TELL ME WHAT?!” I demanded to know.

“You’re right,” Skye agreed dejectedly as she buttoned my shortalls back up, covering my wet padding. “Gavi-poo, come on. I wanna show you something.”

Skye took my hand and I toddled along at her side. My diaper swelled up, forcing my thighs apart so I once again waddled like a soggy cowboy. We left Kadija and her baby without a backwards glance, walking along in a silence that stretched out like an ocean between us. Skye had lost all her spunk. She walked slowly, dragging her feet, head lowered. A breeze wafted past us, blowing her pink, teal, and blonde braids in front of my face.

A small part of me wanted to just forget the worry churning around inside, to just let it all go and enjoy my warm, swollen squishy wonderful wet diapee, to tug and pull on those multi colored braids. To put them in my mouth and chew. What would they taste like? I bit down then blinked in surprise when I found my thumb in my mouth. How had that gotten there?

We kept walking. Skye didn’t even look at me. I looked around at the people we passed. I saw the little blonde boy with his huge daddy coming out of a gift shop. Kevin, the little black boy, was sitting with his mommy as she fed him ice cream. They didn’t notice us in the crowd. In the distance I spied the tall lady in the yellow dress with her Asian infant in his pink dress. She sat on a bench, nursing him again.

I stared, fascinated as we trudged along. My head swiveled. What was so spell binding about it? I shook my head, but I couldn’t get the notion out of it. I sucked hard on my thumb. As an infant, the only food source that baby had was his mommy’s breasts, or bottles. I frowned around my thumb at the thought of a bottle. But nursing straight from the tap? Soft, warm flesh of mommy’s nipple in my mouth, her warm milk filling me, trickling down my throat. Her body providing nourishment for me as she held me close, rocking me. Drool ran down my chin.

“Okay.” Skye sighed and gracefully sank down onto a bench under the dappled shade of a tree. “Might as well get it over with.”

“Huh?” Get what over with? I wanted to talk to her..but about what? My mind was full boobs. But not in a sexy sex kind of way; in a...a...hungry, infantile way. Comfort and nurture, not hormones and cum. Slobber dribbled down my chin as I still sucked on my thumb.

“Our talk.” Skye stared up at me, her brows furrowed as she watched me suck my thumb.

“Wha?” My thumb tasted good, but my mouth still yearned for more. I wanted to nurse. Realizing what that unbidden desire was stunned me. I wasn’t a little baby...was I? Yet these feelings had

always been there, buried deep down in me. Buried with a part of me I had long denied, still fought against. My adult baby side. The self realization dazed me and I stared stupidly at my girlfriend.

“You don’t remember?” Skye stared at me intently for several seconds. My eyes were caught in hers, but then mine drifted down to her breasts. Her top was cut low, her cleavage full. Her breasts really had gotten bigger, fuller and heavier somehow. I licked my lips, my thumb still in my mouth. I could drown in her breasts.

Skye caught my stare and her sulky expression changed to a cheshire cat’s smile. She reached for me with both arms, grabbed my upper arms and tugged, guiding me down onto her lap so I was sitting sideways on her. “Gavi-poo, we need to talk.” She tilted me back, my head cradled in the crook of her elbow, the side of my face resting against her breast.

Pleasure shot through me. I was close, so close. I couldn’t suppress my moan, which had an echo. Did Skye just moan, too? I rubbed my cheek against her top and stared up at her as pleasure zinged along my nerves, making my entire body tingle. I drooled some more. Skye shuddered as well; I felt her body tremble slightly all around me. Her eyes closed and she moaned, too.

She sighed, part content, part disappointed. “Gavin.” She opened her eyes and gazed down at me. I felt so little and helpless being held this way. Like I really was a baby. I should be protesting. I wasn’t a baby. I was a big boy; a grown up. This waswrong, wasn’t it? Then why did it feel so right? So natural?

“Gavi-poo.” She pulled my thumb out of my mouth; I whimpered in protest. I tried to put it back in, but she held my wrist. “Gavin.” Her tone turned serious. She stroked my cheek, catching my eyes with her own. “You know how today, some things seemed...a little off?”

I scrunched my face up as it all came flooding back to me. But it didn’t seem as important as it had been. I wanted my thumb back, but Skye still held my wrists, so I nuzzled against her breast. It was soft and warm, even through the cloth of her top. I felt her shudder and moan again. She wanted it just as much as I did. Didn’t she?

“Gavin?” She prompted, looking down at me. I realized she wanted an answer, so I nodded. “Today was a special day. A day for mommies and babies.” She paused. “You know, there are all kinds of mommies and babies out there.”

I nodded, thinking of all the animals I saw. All kinds of mommy animals. And human mommies. Some adopted their babies, like Kadija and her little boy, and the yellow dress lady with her Asian baby. And some mommies were just plain crazy, like Chaz’s mommy and her fake boobies. I licked my lips, trying to bring my thumb up to my mouth.

“Not yet baby.” Skye smiled at that. She ran a finger over my drool wet lips; I sucked on the tip of her finger and whined, pleading up at her with puppy dog eyes. I wanted my thumb! She bent down and kissed my nose.

“I need you to pay attention, sweet boy.” How the hell could I focus on anything with her breast right under my cheek? All I had to do was turn my head, tug her top down and latch on. My eyes widened at that thought. I could almost feel her nipple in my mouth. I whimpered, turning my head to lick her breast through her top. Desire overwhelmed rational thought, shoving it down into the back of my mind, just as I had so often shoved my infantile desires down. It was like my baby side and adult side had switched places; the baby in me had steadily been growing stronger, taking over. Now he sat firmly in the driver’s seat, shoving my adult side and denial into a carseat and slamming it in the trunk.

“My baby.” Skye’s fingers gently but firmly gripped my chin, turning my face away from her breast. “Gavin.” She gently admonished as I whined in protest. I stared up at her, pouting.

“My thumb.” I protested. If she wanted me to focus, then she should let me have my thumb back. I raised my hand up but she pushed it back down. I whined, and she kissed my drool wet lips. Not a lingering, loving girlfriend kiss, but a soothing mommy kiss.

“You’ve been acting more and more like a baby today. You couldn’t hold your pee-pees at all. You couldn’t make it to the potty and ruined your jeans. I had to throw them out, clean you up and diaper you. Then you wet that diaper. You didn’t want me to change your diapee, then you made poo-poops in it. You could barely feed yourself at lunch; I had to feed you. You got your shirt all dirty, too. And you stood there in front of me and Kadija and wet yourself. Didn’t even try to get to the potty.” She spoke gently, matter of factly, staring me down.

With each word, I felt myself shrinking. Tears welled in my eyes. What the hell had I done? What was I doing? More importantly, why couldn’t I stop it? Because I didn’t want to. That part hurt most of all. Warm wetness trickled down my cheeks, shame burning my face. “I-I’m s-sor-ry.” I sniffled.

Before I could fall apart, Skye rocked me. Her warm fingers tenderly wiped away my tears and she bent down, pressing little butterfly kisses to my wet cheeks, my nose, my forehead and my lips. “Don’t cry, Gavi-poo. I’ve taken care of you all day, haven’t I? I changed your diapees, fed you. I’m holding you now. You have nothing to be ashamed of, sweetie.” She hugged me close as the tears fell. She kissed the top of my head and rubbed my back.

“I enjoyed every minute of it.” She whispered in my ear and I froze.

“W-what?” How could she enjoy taking care of me? Shouldn’t she be disgusted? Hate that big baby part of me as much as I did?

"I love you, Gavin. All of you. I love taking care of you." She nuzzled my hair. "You've been like a baby all day. And I've been like a mommy. Don't you see? We belong together, mommy and baby. Those moments when you let yourself go, let the baby in you out...." She grew breathless, her voice a husky whisper. "You have no idea how precious you are to me."

I stared up into those eyes so brimming with motherly love and affection I could happily drown in them. Something in me broke then. My resistance crumbled. This was what I'd always wanted, deep down. My deepest, most denied desires coming to life. It's why I hadn't fought very hard, not hard enough...oh, I had tried to resist, the adult in me refusing to let the baby out, too full of shame. But that shame was melting away. Skye had seen the big baby in me...had taken care of the baby that I was...and she still accepted me. She loved me. Safely. Love. Comfort. Acceptance. It was all there in her eyes, all of it just for me.

"I love you, too." I grinned up at her, my lips still wet with drool. I went to put my thumb back in my mouth, but she caught my wrist again and kissed my curled fingers.

"I've got something much better than a thumb." She smiled coyly. "Those mother and cub drinks we've been guzzling all day....they have some...interesting effects...but I think it's better if I just show you."

My brows furrowed. "Mo-Skye, what are you doing?" Mommy almost sprang unbidden from my lips. Did I almost just call her mommy? I was even more confused, but the word felt so right on my lips, so natural for me to say it. She had been a good mommy after all, hadn't she? Taking care of me all day, helping me, looking out for me. More like a mommy than a girlfriend, and I had acted more like a baby than a boyfriend.

She pulled her top and bra down; one swollen, creamy breast popped free. A pearly white liquid beaded on her pert pink nipple. My mind went blank, drowned in desire. My tongue lolled out of my mouth, reaching for that nipple. Rational thought had fled; I was driven purely by instinct. I'd been wanting this all day, down in my subconscious. Had been wanting this for years.

Skye cradled my head, adjusting the angle she held me at slightly, then she brought me closer to that wonderful paradise. Her dripping nipple filled my vision, filled my mind. It was all I wanted right now. My universe had shrunk to her breast. Instincts took over and I latched on immediately, sucking the pink nipple into my mouth, lips closing around it.

Warm, sweet, creamy milk filled my mouth. Heaven, pure liquid heaven flowed over my tongue and down my throat. So much better than anything I'd ever tasted, even the Baby Formula I'd been drinking all day. Oh, yes, this was what I'd been craving unknowingly all day. Yes, yes, yes.

I moaned happily as I suckled, shivering slightly in elation. Some milk burbled between my milk-wet lips and the soft, warm skin of Skye's breasts. As my eyelids slipped close to savor the sensations assaulting my body, the last thing I saw was the look of soft, warm love filling Skye's

eyes. I cooed around her nipple, milk dribbling down and milk bubbles popping. This felt so right, so complete. Skye was my mommy, and I was her baby.

“That’s my sweet boy.” Skye hummed a soft lullaby, rocking me gently as I nursed. Warm, creamy breast milk flowed into me, comfort and reassurance filling up my tummy. This was meant to be. Another wave of warmth engulfed me even lower, around my diaper area. I barely even noticed; whatever was going on, my diapee would protect me and Skye would clean me up afterwards. The soggy, warm material swelled as it absorbed my pee-pees. Milk flowed in and pee pees flowed out.

I giggled, almost choking on the nummy milk. Skye shifted me so I was tilted up more, making it easier to swallow. Never once did the flow or my suction on her nipple break. One of her hands slipped between my legs: I felt her poking at the leg holes of my shortalls. I kicked feebly, squirming just like the baby I was. I didn’t care about a wet diapee; all that mattered was filling my belly up with Mommy’s delicious milk.

Through the material of my shortalls, she squeezed my diapee. I felt it squish all around me and I giggled, cooing and blowing more milk bubbles as I continued to nurse. Warm pee pee pooled around my bottom; was I still going pee pees? Who cared?! I sighed in contentment as I felt the padding on my bottom swell up too.

Chapter 18

My very being was pulled into all the right extremes. My eyes were closed, my mouth was open, my tummy felt bloated, my diaper was saturated, and my was soul full. I unlatched from Skye's nipple and let out a contented sigh. Then, without thinking about it, I whispered:

"I love you, Mommy."

Skye pulled me closer to her; almost smothering me in her heaving bosom with one hand as she rubbed my back. I looked up as she loosened her embrace the tiniest bit and she smiled.

"Say it again, baby boy." she told me. "Say it again,"

"I love you, Mommy."

Skye leaned in and gave me the tenderest, most loving of kisses on the cheek, before looking me in the eyes.

"Gavin," she said. "You have no idea how long I've been waiting to hear you say that. Now let's go get you changed."

"Okay," I agreed, dreamily, still lost in the amazing sense of rightness that I was awash in. Maybe I was an adult baby after all. And maybe that was okay. With Skye around, everything was going to be okay. Always.

I hadn't even turned to walk with her, when she grabbed me and picked me up to carry me. Such simple words, but they really are the best descriptors. She didn't foist, or heave, or lug, or heft. All of those words are wrong. They convey too much effort on her part. She just picked me up, and carried me; easy as that.

I didn't even question it this time. Not really. There was no need to question it. It was Skye. She could do anything. Mother is the name for God on the lips and hearts of all children. And right then, some essential part of me that I had kept buried for time untold knew her to be God. She was Skye. She was Mommy. Nothing else mattered.

I bobbed up and down with each step that she took. My legs wrapped comfortably around her slender waist, my soggy bum was supported easily by one dainty hand while I peered over her shoulder, finally feeling just a tiny bit taller than her. Funny how I didn't get to see over her until she made me feel so small.

This was going to be great, I knew. I had a girlfriend and a Mommy now. I'd get to have everything I ever wanted. I could be happy at last. I could have my cake and eat it, too. No more having to worry about being stuck in my mom's basement while my sick fantasies took the place of real companionship.

Skye had shown me the truth of what I was. She had already seen it, and now I saw it in myself. And all it took was her drugging me, and pushing me into a zoo filled with babies to realize that I had more in common with them, emotionally, than I did people my own age.

I didn't flinch this time as Skye brought me into a public diaper changing area. Let them stare. I was happy and was with the woman I loved more than anything. With much more care than before when I had messed myself- God I secretly hoped she'd let me do that again; it felt so good when you weren't humiliated by it- Skye laid me down on the large changing table. Like the last time, it was soft enough to be comforting to a child, but sturdy and big enough to accommodate me.

Skye hummed to herself a combination victory tune and lullabye as she unsnapped my shortalls. The clothing that I had been so convinced would make me look like a big-boy became little more than a dress that barely covered my diaper as the snaps came undone. With almost practiced ease Skye shimmied the shortalls up past my belly button, my wet diaper on full display.

The ripping, tearing sounds of tapes rang in my ears as Skye wordlessly undid them, and I felt fresh air seep into my diaper area as Skye pulled the front of the Rearz down, exposing my privates.

My manhood stiffened up, almost reflexively as she reached for the packet of wipes and began to caress me down, wiping every inch with seductive tenderness.

"Does my baby boy like having his diapee changed, now?" she cooed. I nodded, grinning from behind my thumb as I popped it into my mouth. It felt so good to suck my thumb. I could admit it now. It made me feel little, and in need of care, but without shame. I could have no shame ever again, as long as I was with her.

"Up we go," Skye baby-talked to me in the sing-song lilt of mothers everywhere as she lifted my legs up and wiped my backside. She slid the used diaper out from under me, and slid under a new, pristine diaper, ready for soiling. "Down we go," she cooed as she lowered my hiney down on the soft padding.

"Now Gavin," Skye talked to me in a gentle way, explaining things to me so that I could understand them, "I think it's time you know the whole truth about today."

"Otay," I lisped, quite by accident, but pleasing to the ears all the same, while she grabbed a bottle of baby powder and began dusting me with wonderful, cooling, aromatic talc. I shuddered; my skin had become so wonderfully sensitive that I could almost feel each gentle puff of baby powder tickle me as it was sprinkled on.

"I suspected you had this side of you from the moment we had that fight and you ended up crying in my arms." Skye told me as she pulled the diaper up between my legs, shimmying the front around to get the perfect fit.

"I knew you had this side a little bit before Spring Break when I snuck onto your laptop and found all those diaper sites. You really gotta clear your history." She taped the bottom row of tapes on my new diaper. "Though, I've got to admit," she conceded as she taped up the top row on my new diaper, "the only reason I found those sites is because I was checking them, too. Imagine how relieved I was to find that you had already visited them."

I blushed a bit. I had been found out by my own carelessness. Maybe I had wanted to be caught. Maybe that's why I hadn't noticed any of this sooner. I wanted, no, needed to be pushed over the edge into ABYhood.

"You might be an infantilist, baby boy, but I'm a maternalist," Skye explained as she shimmed the ends of my shortalls back into place. "Taking care of you, and loving on you, and you being my baby is gonna be the most fulfilling thing ever."

"This is how it's gonna be from now on, Gavi-poo," Skye assured me as she popped the snaps to my shortalls closed again, covering my fresh diaper and making the fabric around my legs take on the semblance of pants again. "I'm Mommy, and you're my baby, forever and ever. You wear the diapees, and I change them."

"Every afternoon when I get home fwum school," I promised, taking my thumb out of my mouth.

Skye sighed as she pulled me up into a sitting position.

"No," she whispered. She seemed a little sad, like there was something she had to tell me, but didn't want to.

"No?"

"Oh honey," she frowned, "my sweet, sweet, boy. You still don't understand, do you?"

"I love you," I confessed. "What else is there to understand?"

Skye sighed and walked over to a nearby trashcan. It was almost overflowing with used and balled up diapers. A lot of babies had been changed today.

"Take a close look at the diapers in this trash can." she instructed, "now take a close look at the wet one balled up next to you." I looked at the diaper I had been wearing only a few minutes ago, and then craned my neck to see the loaded trash can. They were about the same size. They were all adult baby diapers. All of them. Not a single regularly sized diaper in the bunch.

“What am I supposed to be looking for?” I asked her.

“Gavin, think, baby-kins,” Skye caressed the side of my face. “All of those diapers are adult diapers. Besides the people working here, how many adults wearing diapers did you see?”

None. Not a single one besides myself. Every other time I had seen those plastic backed diapers covered with cartoon animals, it had been wrapped around a child. I didn’t even need to tell Skye this. She read it on my face.

“And how many grown-ups have stared at you, even though you’ve been going pee-pee and poo-poo in your pants and have been walking around in just a t-shirt and diaper for most of the day?” Skye looked into my eyes, reading me as I recalled my own recent past.

Again, I realized, not one grown-up stared at me. Not even a comment; at least not one that could be considered appropriate to the situation.

“Mommy,” I pleaded, “Skye...what’s going on?” She seemed a little sad at me calling her Skye instead of Mommy.

“Honey, those special drinks we’ve been having all day,” she paused, “they’re magic, honey boy.”

I just stared. My jaw went slack; wide open. I literally couldn’t comprehend what my girlfriend had told me.

“Everyone besides me who looks at you, sees only a little boy. They think you’re a toddler, not even two. No one besides me can really understand what you’re saying. You’re not potty trained. You can barely feed yourself, have trouble running around, have oral fixations, and emotionally you’re more or less a kid. Gavi-poo...you’ve been regressed.”

“That’s...that’s” I stuttered, chuckling nervously, “that’s some pretty interesting stuff for role-play, Mommy.”

“It’s not role-play honey.” Skye gave me that same sad, smile. “It’s the truth.” she insisted. “The stuff I’ve been downing all day makes me stronger, and faster, so I can take care of you; and I’ve started making milk.”

“Yeah, right,” I huffed and moved to slide off the changing table onto my own two feet. With one hand Skye kept me from scooting forward.

“Skye,” I protested, on the verge of whining. “Quit it. This isn’t funny anymore.”

Skye reached into her purse and pulled out her phone. She looked at it and thumbed through a few things before turning it around showing me a picture. "Remember this picture from earlier today, after the pony ride? Kevin's mom sent me a copy."

There I was in the picture: Same pony ride in the background. Same wet diaper drooping on my hips. Still holding hands with someone, but now the someone was different. Instead of Kevin, the little black boy who moments after that picture was taken pooped his diaper shamelessly in front of us; I was pictured standing with a large black man with a trimmed goatee, smiling around his slobbery fingers. He was a full head taller than me and had that same twinkle in his eyes that the little boy had.

"Everyone sees you as a baby now, Gavi-poo. It doesn't work on cameras, but that's a minor inconvenience. You're a big baby" Skye stated. "But you're far from the only one."

My mouth went dry. I'd never seen this guy before...but maybe I had. Skye wasn't lying.

"You mean..." I gulped, "all those other babies were...?"

"Just like you?" Skye told me, smiling as soon as she heard me refer to them as "other" babies. "More or less. I don't think most of them were infantilists," she clarified, "just men whose Mommies decided they needed to go back to basics. But yeah...they've all been going through the same thing you have today, convinced that they're grown-ups surrounded by babies."

"But...why?" I rasped out. My throat was dry. I was beyond tears. I had been betrayed. On some fundamental level, Skye had robbed me of some essential part of myself. She'd taken away my choice.

Skye shrugged, and made flirty goo-goo eyes at me. "I was just planning on going to an ageplay con or something with you; tell you it was a comic con or something until we got there, but then Kadija- you remember her- told me that the zoo was going to be doing this, and I knew it was fate."

"So you've turned me into a baby?" I wanted to scream. I wanted to shout. I wanted to thrash. But I just couldn't find the strength of purpose.

"Gavi-kins," she replied and smiled again, as if I had said something silly. "You are a baby. I just brought it out of you, sweetie. I made it real."

"Too real..." I choked. "Too real. How long?"

"Forever."

I had no words. Not that it mattered. They had been stolen from me.

“No one will ever think you’ve aged in appearance,” she put her hand on her shoulders. “And we’re both going to be aging much slower, which is good. We’ll be able to enjoy it a lot longer. Don’t worry about money, either. There are dancers in my line of work who can make close to a million dollars a year. And I’m going to have a much longer career now because of this.”

“But why?” I croaked. Why me? Why why why why me?

“Gavi-poo,” she cooed. “I chose you. I could have had any big dumb, alpha-male that I wanted. But I didn’t want them. I don’t want a big dumb jock.” She rubbed my hair and touched her forehead to mine. “I want you. I don’t want an equal to argue and fight with me. I want someone to take care of and love and nurture. I want you.”

“I don’t want to be a wife,” she whispered soothingly to me. “I don’t want to be a girlfriend. But I do want to be a Mommy. And I’m willing to spend the rest of my life taking care of you; feeding you, dressing you, changing your diapees; the works. I need this Gavi. I need you. You complete me.”

“But I don’t want to be a baby,” I moaned in despair.

“We both know that’s not true, sweetie.” she kissed me on the forehead. “I’m your mommy. I know you better than you know yourself. And I know that this is what you need, too. I didn’t give you the choice because I know you would have made the wrong one, and backed out. You couldn’t handle the pressure of not having responsibility. So I made the choice for you, like a good mommy, and now you’ll never have to worry about those grown up things ever again.”

“But cowwege,” I insisted.

“You’re going to be dropping out, don’t worry about that anymore.” she held me close. “I’ve already maxed out your credit card to help pay for today, and your bank accounts and loans are going to be drained and used up paying for the first round of diapers, new clothes, and furniture that I’ve got set up out our place.”

“My life...” a single tear found its way onto my cheek.

“Is over and renewed,” Skye rubbed my back, as she picked me up again. “You’re with Mommy, now. Don’t worry about money that’s never going to have to be paid back. Gavin the college student doesn’t exist anymore. Just Mommy Skye and her wittle Gavi-poo. We’re gonna be fine.”

“Mommy...” I fought back a sob, “I’m scared.”

“Shhhhhh,” she rubbed my back some more. “It’s okay. Mommy’s got you. Mommy’s got you. Let’s go home.”

She carried me out of the changing area, hugging me as we walked. I didn’t sob. I didn’t bawl. My breath stayed even. But I did cry. I wept the silent, bitter tears of a man betrayed. It was one of the only dignities I had left to me. I held onto that dignity. I would not lose it so easily as I had lost my potty training. I refused to.

We were leaving the zoo. It was time to go home to my new life. Every time we passed another woman with a baby- another poor soul put under this curse- Skye would kiss my face. If she tasted my tears on her lips, she gave no indication. Like so many of these “Mommies”, she would write my misery as being “fussy” or “cranky”, and that a diaper change or a num nums or a nap would fix it soon enough. The worst part of it is, part of me still wanted her to be right.

Skye sidetracked near the entrance and stopped at a fenced off area near the front. Inside the chain linked fence were strollers. They weren’t the expensive kind that you saw soccer moms and joggers push their kids in, just the cheap one- all wheels and metal poles with some canvas stretched around to make a kind of seat hammock. It wasn’t the very model of child convenience, but it was simple enough to unfold, plop a baby in, and push, with a hook on the back to hang a diaper bag on.

Diaper bag: I shuddered a bit at that realization. Skye would likely be toting around a diaper bag from now on instead of the “gift bag” filled with goodies to regress me. I wouldn’t be sitting on the potty for the foreseeable future if Skye had her way.

Holy shit. I just now realized that the last time I sat on a potty was with pee stained pants around my ankles. My adulthood was lost with a whimper and the slightest bit of tinkles in a potty.

“Excuse me,” Skye approached a man by the fencing, “how much for a stroller to take home?” The guy wasn’t wearing a diaper. And why should he be? This late in the afternoon, there was probably no point in convincing regressed baby boys that they were big grown-ups and all the grown-up boys were wearing diapers too.

“Is that a real baby,” the man running the stroller rental area asked, “or...?”

“He’s my baby,” Skye told him confidently.

“Well in that case you should have a coupon for a free stroller in your gift bag.”

Without putting me down Skye rifled through the canvas bag. “Oh!” she exclaimed, “here it is!” She handed the man a ticket. Within two minutes, he was back pushing a big canvas stroller. It would fit me alright. I hoped it would at least be more comfortable than it looked. I’d be spending a lot of time in that thing, I figured, glumly. More quiet tears slid down my face.

"This is perfect!" Skye bounced me up and down like I was a fussy toddler. "I love it already." I was lowered down into the seat smoothly, the material taking shape around me. My feet fit comfortably on two black foot rest pedals near the wheels. I noticed that they had straps for my feet on them, likely to stop big babies like me from slamming my feet down on the ground.

I didn't bother to kick, or struggle. What was the point? I was screwed; the day's events had proven that. I couldn't even run ten steps without losing my balance. I couldn't even take a dump outside of my pants. I wasn't going to make it out there without Skye, so why struggle? These thoughts and more swirled in my head as Skye strapped me into my new prison transport.

She looked up as she finished buckling me in and saw me, really saw me, crying. For the first time that I could remember, she showed pause.

"Gavi-poo...?" she cooed. "What's wrong sweetie? Mommy will make it better, she promises."

"Nothing's wrong, Mommy," I shook my head slowly, committing to the lie, unable to meet her gaze. "I just can't stop crying. I don't think I'll ever stop."

"Oh, Gavin. Honey." She cooed, wiping my tears away with her finger tips. "Please don't cry like that, baby. Please don't cry." She was cooing to me, but for the first time today, it wasn't cooing to me like I was a child. She got down on one knee and looked at me, lifting my chin up so I would meet her gaze.

"Gavin. Please understand." she begged, "I know you. I love you, but I know you. And I still know you. You haven't changed, honey. The Baby Formula might have changed some things about you, given you some urges you didn't really have before, and taken away a few skills here and there; but it didn't change who you are fundamentally."

"Think about that little boy who made fun of your diapers in the petting zoo, Chase" she prompted me.

"Chaz," I whispered, still crying softly.

"Chaz," she corrected herself. "You might not realize this, but we met him earlier today when we were in the ticket line." I nodded meekly. I had already put that much together in the short time that all the truth was made available to me.

"He didn't act like that because the magic was making him act like a little brat." Skye whispered. "He was a little brat because that's who he is, and the only difference between a brat and an asshole is age. It's not okay to call a baby an asshole, so we call them bratty instead."

“So what am I?” I asked, my eyes wet; Skye’s visage blurring into a mix of blonde, pink, and teal.

“You’re my Gavin,” I heard her voice crack through my tears. “You’re the nice, shy, boy who’s too afraid of what people think to take risks. You want to, but you just can’t make yourself go out there. You want to be happy, but you’re too wrapped up in your own hangups to get there by yourself.”

Now it was her turn to sob. She took my hands in hers and held them in her own. She used my fingers now, guided by her own slender digits to brush away her tears.

“If you were a song, you’d be Bob Seger’s Beautiful Loser: I cheated on you and you had every right to try and emotionally destroy me, but instead, you destroyed yourself. You’re the little boy in the big boy’s body that I fell head over heels for that night. You complete me. And I promise you this is the best way for both of us to be happy.”

I shook my head at her. Not fiercely. Not angrily. I just shook it.

“This isn’t what I wanted,” I squeaked, my own voice betraying how I felt. “It’s not normal. I wanted normal.”

“Normal’s overrated, Gavin,” her own voice gurgled a bit. “And think of everything that you’ll get to do. You’ll get to be loved, unconditionally. You’ll get to put yourself out there and take risks, and no one will think you’re anything but adorable. You could run around in just a diaper and no one would think it otherwise. You can breast feed and get changed in public and that’ll be okay, too.”

She sniffled a bit and went on. “You can laugh and cry and scream and be in complete touch with yourself, and no one will ever judge you for it. You can play as much as you want and not ever have to worry about money or a job or where your next meal is going to come from. You can experience the closest thing to complete freedom and complete security all at once. Mommy will always be there for you.”

“I know,” I nodded, my breath still even, my pulse still steady. My tears were beginning to stain my clothes. “But I can’t stop crying.”

“Gavin,” her voice gently pleaded, “is this because I didn’t tell you about it?” I made no reply. “Gavin, baby boy. We both know that if I had told you, you would have backed out...and you might not want to admit it, but you would have regretted that decision for the rest of your life.”

I had no reply to that. I wanted to say that she was right, but how would I know?

“Gavin. Please say something. Please stop crying.” she was on both knees now. “Please.”

"I can't, Mommy. I'm sorry."

"Gavin. Please don't hate me for this." Skye croaked. "I just want to be your Mommy."

"I don't hate you Mommy," I told her. "I don't think I could ever hate you."

Then why are you still crying, baby?" she implored.

"Because..." I stopped, arriving at the truth; my truth. "I think...I think I hate myself." And then I lost it. All the control I had slipped away. My breath became ragged and my body wracked with sobs.

Skye lunged forward and held me again, muffling my sobs in her bosom. It was the night of our first argument all over again. Only this time I felt like more of a man crying openly in public into my Mommy's chest than I ever did screaming at my cheating girlfriend in the privacy of my own dorm room. This time, she cried with me. We both hurt.

It might have been half an hour that we sat there, holding each other; me in my stroller, and her on her knees. It might have only been a couple of minutes. How long it happened doesn't matter. That it happened does.

I let her go, and then she let go of me. "You hate yourself?" she spoke first.

I nodded.

Then she smiled, her eyes still a little red. It wasn't a sad smile. "Well we're gonna have to work on that, won't we?"

Again, I nodded, a weak smile graced my lips, unbidden.

"Let's go home," she finally decided, taking point behind me in my new stroller. We rolled out together, as one unit, Skye pushing me along to the exit. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad, I hoped.

Then, as we were entering the parking lot, I saw them: The madwoman with the giant fake tits; the one who had wanted to spank me. Cradled in her arms was a nearly bald, squalling infant wrapped in an ugly pea-green onesie, the leg gatherings of his diaper peeking out. If Chaz still had his frosted tips, I couldn't see them anymore.

"Oh, looks like my big strong man made a big poopies in his little didee," she beamed almost sadistically. She was massaging his backside with her hand, rubbing and mushing the stuff in

his diaper, rubbing it up and caking it against him. Chaz, now magically younger than even me, was not happy.

“It’s too bad you had so many accidents, and now we’re out of fresh ones, my little poopmeister” she added. “I was planning on keeping you old enough to be potty trained, but I think I like you better this way.”

Two big, burly guys wearing zoo t-shirts carried out some large packages and slid them into what must have been the woman’s car.

“There’s all the diapers you wanted ma’am.” one of the big guys said to Chaz’s new Mommy. “Is that enough?”

Chaz’s Mommy looked back for a second. “For now,” she said dryly. Chaz mewled something. “What? I’m not going to open up those huge boxes just so I can change you again. I’ll change you when we get home. Maybe tomorrow.” Chaz’s hysterical cries were muffled by the sounds of a bottle being put to his lips and him being forced to suckle on it.

Yeah, it could definitely have been a lot worse.

We rolled up to Skye’s convertible, open and still untouched. Well, that’s not quite true. Something had been added in while we were away. A very large car seat was now installed in the back. From across the parking lot, the two men who had just put the diapers in that crazy lady’s car waved to Skye. She waved back at them and gave them a big thumbs up.

So that’s why she left the top down.

As she unbuckled me from my stroller and buckled me into my car seat, Skye squeezed the front of my diaper through the shortalls.

“Skye,” I gasped. “Private!”

“Oh Gavi-kins,” she grinned, “we are so totally going to have to desensitize you to this sort of thing. Besides, I was just checking your diapee. All dry,” she winked, “for now.”

That was almost a year ago. I’ve been stuck like this ever since. I still have mixed emotions about the whole thing. Sometimes it’s great and I can allow myself to get lost in Mommy’s embrace and cuddles and play with her. I’ve had my ass wiped on a public park bench and the closet exhibitionist in me loved every moment of it. Nobody’s the wiser.

I'm living the dream. I'm a baby and that's okay. I have a Mommy who loves me and lives for me and will never abandon or leave me. I can do no wrong in her eyes and she can do no wrong in mine. Those are the good days.

Other times, in the quiet, still times, when I'm just thinking to myself and looking around my nursery full of toys and diapers and furniture sized just for me; I stare down at my padded crotch and I think "What the hell happened to me? Why am I like this? Why do I like this?! What's wrong with me?! I'm a fucking adult!" And I'm not always talking about the spell, either. On those days, and sometimes they do last days, Skye just rocks me and holds me while I cry to myself, and let's me know it's okay to cry.

She doesn't know, but I've been writing this down over the last couple of nights, trying to remember what happened, how I felt, and what led me down this path. Maybe get some clarity.

Her friend Kadija comes to babysit me with her little boy on the nights that Skye goes to work. She can't understand me like Skye can, but she's just as strong, and she's nice enough. Changes my diapers, gives me a bottle if I show her I'm thirsty.

I might not have much in the way of dexterity anymore, but Skye's computer has a talk to text option, and the magic that makes people hear my voice as baby babble doesn't work on something without a brain. Skye works late and Kadija and her baby sleep over, so I get to be naughty sometimes and write down what I remember on her computer.

When I first started writing this, I didn't know who would be reading it, and I still don't. But I said some things: I'm not an Adult Baby, or a Diaper Lover, or Ageplayer, or AB/DL, or Little, or whatever you wanna call someone who...who likes wearing diapers and pretending to be a baby.

That wasn't a lie. Not really. Those people, for better or worse get to be adults some of the time. I, for better or worse, don't. I don't know if I can say I truly hate myself and who I am, but I can't say I'm completely comfortable with my situation either. It is what it is, and that will have to be enough.

It was still the worst day of my life. No major change is pleasant. And I did lose my girlfriend. I just gained something else in return.

I tried hiding who I was for a long time. But a trip to the zoo last year made it impossible for me to do anything about that. I can't change who I am, and that's a fact I've got to learn to live with. Leopards can't change their spots, and neither can I.

THE END

RETROSPECTIVE:

Years ago, I read a Sandman Comic wherein Shakespeare's crew performed a Midsummer Night's Dream for a cast of actual Faeries. Puck, in particular was enchanted by it. "This is magnificent ... and it's true! It never happened, yet it is still true! What magic art is this?"

That's what this story is to me. Emotionally speaking, at its heart, this is the story of my wife finding out that I was ABDL and deciding to become my Mommy. There was no zoo. I wasn't 19 and I don't physically resemble Gavin in any particular way. Nor is she as crazy and manic pixie dreamgirl as Skye, but emotionally it hit so many of the beats when the woman who would become my wife accepted me for who I was, even before I had accepted myself.

This was also a collaboration with fellow ABDL writer, Cute_Kitten (or C.K. or C.K.Cat. She goes by a lot of names, but they all typically involve C.K. in there somewhere). We were friends before and admired each other's works. (I highly recommend Bad Seed if you like a little revenge fantasy with your ABDL), and decided to collaborate.

The way we collaborated was quite intensive. We wrote out each scene or detail in an outline format, and then divied up what we each wanted to do, sometimes purposefully assigning different scenes to each other, just so we wouldn't fall into a predictable pattern. Then we'd read and commen on each other's work, and add in our own turns of phrase or little details just to further blend and mask our individual writing tastes.

To this day, I can no longer remember exactly who wrote what save for a few key scenes. But chances are if it was subtle and clever, she was at the center of it, (I remember her idea of using the animals as a kind of mirror to what the humans were doing), and if it was so over the top that it worked, it was probably mostly me. (I totally had the diapered cowboy idea).

I still get a decent amount of messages about this one, and it's stood the test of time over all; in storytelling terms at least, though I think my writing has evolved from a mechanical standpoint. If you find my co-writer online somewhere (and she's everywhere if you know where to look), make sure to give her a kudos for her tremendous part in this. This was literally a 50/50 effort from start to finish.

-Personalias