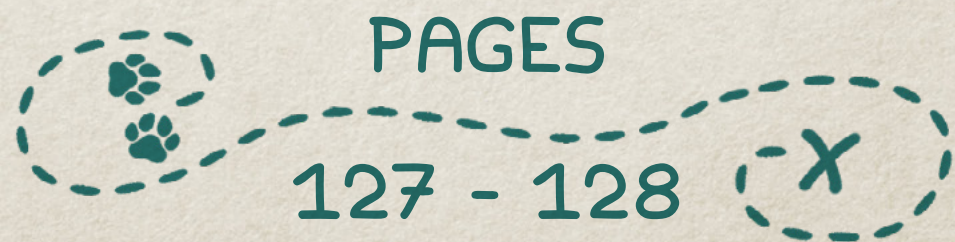


WITH LITTLE PAWS WE TODDLE AFAR

A Babyfur Regression Adventure

CHAPTER 6 *The Babysitters*

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"Alright Squirt, settle down.", Dad says as he laughs at my little cub antics. I ignore Dad and continue to jump up and down on the crinkly mattress of my new race car bed. I still can't believe Mom and Dad remembered that I always wanted one of these as a kid! I giggle with delight. "Wheee! I love my new race car bed!" Mom stands proudly as she replies, "We're glad you like it Peanut. I knew you'd like the custom dinosaur theme." She pauses as she gets a mildly sad look on her face. "Sorry we could never afford one when you were little the first time, Asher. This time though, things are going to be different! Mommy and Daddy are going to give you the best and most fun second childhood we can." I feel a little guilty after hearing this. I smile and reply, "It's okay Mommy! I had a great first childhood! I wouldn't change it at all! Well... maybe it would have been nice to keep my... Uh... little cub stuff a bit longer. It's okay though." She begins to grin, "Well, this time you don't have to worry about that, Pumpkin. We'll worry about potty training and breaking baby habits when you're ready to. No rush this time." Feeling the overwhelming need to prove that I'm not a baby like any kid would, I retort. "But I AM a big kid cub Mommy, see I have a big cub race car bed... and big cub DinoCats jammies too!" She laughs and nods her head. "Okay Peanut, You're a big cub."

After a few minutes, Dad laughs and walks over to the edge of the bed. He then holds his paws out. I know all too well what that means. Like an acrobat, I give one last hard bounce, rocket into the air, and land in his huge muscular arms. I giggle and squeal happily as he catches me and hugs me tight. I lovingly nuzzle my head into his thick mane as he pats my thickly diapered and crinkly bottom. *PAT* *CRINKLE* PAT* *CRINKLE* He laughs, "Okay Sport, that's enough bouncing for tonight. Let's get you ready for bed. I nod my head, "Okay Daddy." Dad carries me into the bathroom so I can brush my teeth as Mom walks downstairs. After brushing my teeth, Dad grabs my little paw and leads me back into the bedroom. As we walk through the doorway, he steers me over to the wall next to my bed. "It's been a few weeks since we checked your height, Asher." He positions me under the dinosaur height chart Mom bought for me. Dad then marks the top of my head with a permanent marker. As I step away from the chart, Mom has returns and is curious what we are doing. She walks over next to us as we both examine the marks. Dad's eyebrow raises, "Huh... You're about one-quarter of an inch shorter than you were a few weeks ago, Asher. Interesting... We should keep an eye on this for sure." Mom gets a worried look on her face, "Is everything okay?" Dad hides his concern, smiles, and replies, "Yeah, everything is fine. Now let's give this Lil Gremlin one last diaper check and get him tucked in for the night."

Not wanting to sleep, I whine and ask, "Can you and Mommy read me a bedtime story?" Dad smiles, "Sure thing Kiddo. Which one do you want?" I ponder for a moment, "Uh... Can you read me The Littlest Lion?" Dad nods, as he turns me around and checks my diaper for the night. He announces, "I see ya got a little too excited about your new bed, Sport. You're a little damp, but should be fine for the night." He then leads me over to the bookshelf and grabs the book. I clap my paws as he lifts me up and carries me back over to the bed. Instead of tucking me in as I expect, he climbs into my bed and sets me on his lap. As he does, Mom begins to laugh at the sight of my father sitting on the racecar bed. She walks over, sits down next to us, and hands me a sippy cup. She smiles, "Here you go Sweet Pea, some chocolate milk for my good little boy." I happily take the cup from her paws.

As I hold the sippy cup filled with chocolate milk, I suddenly get this weird feeling. While I'm overjoyed with the fact Mom brought me chocolate milk, there still feels like something is missing. I stare at the sippy cup. Then, like a ton of bricks, I get one of my most memorable cravings from when I was little. Butterflies begin to flutter in my stomach as I get an overwhelming flood of babyish thoughts and feelings. I bashfully look up at Mom, "Uh, Mommy... can I get my chocolate milk in a BaBa? Chocolate milk just tastes so much better in a BaBa." I can tell Mom is surprised at first, but then realizes she should have expected the question considering my past. She smiles and nods, "Awww, I should have known my little cub would want his Baba. Sure thing Pumpkin. Mommy can go find you a BaBa." I smile embarrassingly and hand her back the sippy cup. As Mom leaves the room Dad grabs Raz from the headboard of the bed and hands him to me. I lovingly accept the plush and squeeze him tightly as Dad smiles at the sight of me acting so Kiddish.

After a few minutes, Mom returns. In her paw is a baby bottle filled with chocolate milk. I squirm a bit as I try to push back the butterflies in my stomach once more. Just the sight of the baby bottle gives me warm fuzzy feelings. Mom then walks over and climbs into the small bed with Dad and me. It's snug, but the three of us manage to squeeze in. I situate myself between my parents as I sit on both of their laps. Mom hands me the baby bottle. "Here ya go Peanut. A chocolate milk Baba for my special little boy." I take the bottle from her paws. As I hold the bottle, I get a torrent of babyish thoughts. I lift the bottle to my lips and press the nipple into my mouth. As I begin to suck on the bottle, I'm overwhelmed by blissful and euphoric feelings no words can truly describe. I sink into an empty and relaxed headspace as I slowly suck down the sweet chocolate milk. As I happily kick my feet paws just like a toddler, my thoughts begin to wander. *This is paradise. I love Mommy and Daddy so much right now. I feel so secure and loved in return. This is pure ecstasy.* My reflections are interrupted as Mom starts to pet my head. Feeling very babyish, I snuggle both of my parents. Dad begins to read from the storybook. As he does, only one thought enters my mind. *I... I don't want this to ever end. I don't want to be big again. I want to be the baby... forever.*

