

GREENWAY

by Dreyer

You hit the brakes as your bike pulls into the park, your usual turnback point. You lean onto one foot and check your time. 27 minutes, 58 seconds. You're getting faster! Soon you'll have to extend your route a little farther to make sure you get your full hour in. Feeling good about your progress, you turn your bike around, ready to start pedaling back — only to feel a finger pull back on the collar of your shirt.

"Ah, ah, ah~ Where do you think you're going?" speaks a wry and husky voice behind you.

You look back to see a 40-something jackal woman, chestnut fur, full-figured, an ample bosom and a fat belly, black tank and khaki shorts, headfur grown long and braided. She fixes her eyes on you and raises one eyebrow, flashing a glistening fang as she cracks a little grin.

"Ma'am?" you stammer in a 'none of your business' kind of tone, an awkward crooked smile on your lips. "I-I'm just about to bike home..."

"Not like that, you're not," she says, shaking her head. "I coulda smelled you from a mile away. Here, let's get a look at you..."

You put up a brief resistance, but you quickly realize how strong her grasp is! She pulls you right off of your bike seat and up against her belly, and she pokes a finger into your bike shorts and pulls open the waistband — right along with the back of your tie-dye Megamax! It's no surprise to you what she'll find when she peeks inside: you're the one who stopped to empty your bowels halfway up the trail! You'd just thought you'd be able to finish your route that way without drawing attention to yourself. So much for that!

"Phew! Just what I thought," she huffs, wrinkling her nose, and she lets your waistband snap back into place. "C'mere, sugar. You need your diaper changed, *right now*."

Deaf to your sputtered protests, she takes you by the upper arm and pulls, forcefully leading you across the grass! You look around: people are staring, muttering to each other, but nobody is speaking out! You're certain some of them heard what she said about the state of your diaper...

She brings you to a blanket that's spread out a little ways away from the greenway. Sitting there is another jackal, mid-20's, dressed in a pair of blue denim overalls and a bright yellow shirt underneath, suckling on a big baby bottle full of milk. He glances up at you curiously as you approach.

"Scoot over, honey-buns. Mama's got a little emergency to take care of!"

The boy scoots toward the edge of the blanket, and he watches as his 'Mama' pulls you down onto the blanket on your back. She presses a paw on your belly to signal you to stay in place, and then she grabs your bike shorts and wiggles them down your thighs. Your heart races as you look around the park in a panic — is this lady seriously about to change you?! Out here?! In front of all these people?!

Your question is answered as she rips off the tapes of your Megamax. She opens it up, baring your messy bottom to anyone who cares to look your way! She wiggles it out from under you, then

picks it up by the waistband between her thumb and her first two fingers. You see the diaper sag as she brings it up to her nose and gives it a tentative sniff.

"*Peeyew!*" She brings the loaded diaper up to your nose and bounces it up and down. "You were gonna ride home in this filthy thing? Naughty, *naughty!*"

You scrunch up your face and turn away from the smell, and she snickers and plops it down on the mat beside your head. "Well, if you're not gonna take the time to change yourself, then you're gonna need someone to do it for you, ain't cha?" She grabs your ankles and pulls your legs up, pushing your knees up to your chest and fully exposing your messy butt. "Say, baby boy?" She turns to the jackal boy and smiles. "You wanna help Mama get this li'l cub clean?"

"Yah, yah!" The boy vigorously nods his head, his tail frantically wagging.

"Good boy. Fetch the baby wipes and the tushie paste out of Mama's diaper bag, wouldja?"

While the big jackal baby rummages around for the supplies, you can hear people gossiping and chuckling over the scene in front of them, and you can't help but cover your steaming face with both paws. Your vision so obscured, you're caught by surprise when you feel the cold wipes rubbing against your tailhole! The woman is thorough: clearly an experienced diaper-changer. She has to go through several wipes, but soon your bottom is sparking clean — far faster than you've ever managed yourself!

Next comes the 'tushie cream,' a sticky white paste with a distinctive smell that she smears all over your rump. And she's not shy about covering your crotch in it, either! You peek out from between your fingers to see her looking down at your hips with a neutral expression — like this is just another chore she has to do today. Beside her, her baby boy is staring you right in the face, an eager grin splitting his muzzle.

"All right, honey, I'm afraid Mama's gonna have to take one of your diapers. Seems like this li'l cub didn't bring any with 'em."

"Dass okay!" yips the boy, and he happily pulls out a cloth-backed diaper with a picture of a smiling dragon on the front and hands it to his Mama.

"Thank ya, sweetheart," she coos, and she leans over to give his cheek a little lick. She unfurls the babyish diaper and slips it under your butt, and then she pulls the front up over your cream-coated crotch and pulls the tapes on, closing the diaper snugly around your hips.

"All done!" she chirps, smiling in satisfaction at her work as she sits back on her heels and wipes her hands clean with a fresh baby wipe. You prop yourself up on your hands to get up — and then, she leans back over you, grabs your snout and gives it a firm but playful shake all around!

"And don't you *dare* lemme catch you trying to bike home with a diaper full of doo-doo again, y'hear?" she sweetly scolds. "'Cuz I ain't got a problem wipin' your dirty butt again — or spankin' it in fronna God and everyone!"

Only then does she tug your shorts up and let you go on your way. You scrabble up onto your feet, and she gives your padded butt a firm slap before you can get out of reach! With the laughter of

park-goers burning in your ears, you clamber back up onto your bike and pedal away as fast as you can!

Despite your initial haste, it takes you longer to get back home than it did to get to the park. You put your bike in the garage and head into your living room. You tug down the front of your shorts and look down at the diaper that was forced onto you — that silly dragon smiling vacantly at you. With a huff, you rip the diaper off and storm into the bathroom.

You step into the shower and turn the water on full blast. As the hot water runs over you, you take a moment to process what happened to you on the other end of your bike route: that brazen violation of your personal space. That jackal and her prying stare, that sultry scolding voice, that firm paw grabbing your muzzle, the smell of baby wipes and rash cream in the back of your eyes. You step out of the shower, you towel yourself off, you stumble into your bedroom, you flop down on your bed, and you masturbate so furiously that you go blind for just a couple of seconds.

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