

## **PAYDAY**

by Dreyer

It takes you a moment to realize that people are staring at you.

You only just stepped foot into the store — a new big-box store that opened up in your neighborhood, one that sells diapers not only for babies, but for adults as well. You missed the grand opening, but you just got paid today, so now that work's over, you've decided to stop by on the way home and get a little treat for yourself.

You're halfway to the diaper aisle before you start noticing them. First, a lioness pushing along a shopping cart, who pauses to look your way as you pass. Beside her, an older vixen who turns to look over her shoulder at you. A few paces away, a cow leans over her cart, propping her chin on her hand and lazily smiling. They're not staring at you in judgment, you realize, but rather in amusement — perhaps even adoration.

You suddenly become very conscious of the bulk around your hips, hidden beneath your slacks. Do they know? No, there's no way. You're certain the rustling is muted by the fabric of your pants, and your shirt is long enough to hide the little bit of plastic poking up over the waistband. You're fine.

But then, why are they looking at you like that?

You do your best to ignore them as you head toward your destination. Soon the shelves of the diaper aisle loom over you: rows and rows of colorful packages, containing diapers of all different kinds. Plain white ones, colored ones, printed ones, plastic-backed, cloth-backed... There's such a variety on display, you're a bit overwhelmed. You knew they'd have a large selection, but... *whoof*. Which do you even buy?

"Hey sugar. Who're you shopping for?"

You're snapped back into the moment by a drawling voice to your side. You look to see a full-figured, dark-furred jackal woman in a snug knitted sweater and blue jeans, leaning on the handle of a loaded shopping cart, a wry smile on her face. She's giving you that same look as the others.

"Huh?" you stammer. "Uh... just, just looking for something for my, uh, cousin. A- about my age, actually. Little younger."

The jackal raises an eyebrow. "Uh huh," she says. It's clear that she doesn't believe you. "Well, lemme show you the ones I get for my little man." She goes to grab two packages off of the shelf: a pack of purple plastic-backed diapers labeled "Megamax," and a powder-blue pack of cloth-backed diapers with a little cartoon dragon on the front, labeled "Comfykinz."

"These ones are really high-capacity," the jackal explains, holding up the pack of Megamaxes by the handle. "I can change my boy into one of these in the morning, after his first dirty diaper of the day, and then he's usually good till dinnertime." She cracks a grin and chuckles. "But he really loves the designs on these." She holds up the Comfykinz. "Plus they're soft! Well, they both are... but in different ways, you know." She shrugs her shoulders. "You kinda have to feel them to know the difference."

Praying she can't sense the warmth rushing to your cheeks, you go to take down a pack of the Megamaxes. "I, I think I'll get these... for them," you mumble. "Thanks."

"No problem at all, sugar. And give your 'cousin' my regards." She winks at you.

You hasten away from the diaper aisle and make a quick stop at the next aisle over, where they keep the other assorted baby goods. Not wanting to linger too long, you snatch up a pack of wipes, a canister of baby powder, and a little tube of rash cream — and while you're there, a red pacifier.

While you're standing in line to check out, your ears perk up at the sound of soft muttering a few paces behind you. Two low voices having a back-and-forth with each other — then a playful giggle, and a velvety chuckle. You briefly glance back and see that same jackal woman, and that vixen from before in front of her. The two of them turn to look in opposite directions, the fox suddenly taking interest in the candy shelf, the jackal picking a Reader's Digest off of the rack.

At least the young mouse lady working the checkout doesn't say much as she rings up your items. Though you swear you can see a little knowing smirk on her face too.

Bags in hand, you quickly march for the door and out into the parking lot. Your heart races, your belly tingles, your cheeks smolder. You feel so self-conscious right now: somehow they all seem to know. Did they hear you, crinkling as you walked? Did they *smell* you? Pick up a whiff of wet baby powder as you passed? No. You can't think about that right now. You just need to get home, and then you can forget about all this and just enjoy your purchase.

You feel a firm hand on your right shoulder – then another on your left.

"Hey there, honey! What'd you get?"

You look to your left, and you see that lioness from earlier, smiling expectantly at you. To your right, that cow, smiling at you in kind.

Heat rises to your cheeks as your tongue trips on itself, struggling to form a response. "Uh... uh..."

Without asking, the lioness peeks inside your shopping bag. "Ooh, Megamaxes? Good choice!" She even reaches in and pulls out the pacifier you picked out! "Aw! And you got a little nukky too! So cute!" She holds a paw to her cheek as she admires it.

"Good thinking, picking out one of those too, sweetheart," says the cow. "Babies need something to keep their mouths busy, when they're not sucking on their baby bottles — or on Mommy's boobies." She sways her shoulders, her ample bosom rocking from side to side along with them. "Otherwise they might go putting things in there that don't belong!"

You blush all the way back to your ears, grimacing in embarrassment as your thighs close around your sodden padding. "C- cut it out!" you stammer out. "I'm telling you, they're not for me—"

Your protests are interrupted by a silicone nub being stuffed into your open mouth.

"Ah, ah, ah. No more of that, hon," the lioness gently scolds, smirking at you. She moves to stand in front of you, and she gazes into your eyes as she presses her finger against the plastic shield of your pacifier, holding it in place against your lips. "No one is buying it. Okay? We all know who those diapers are for. We all know whose pacifier this is. We all know what you really are, under all those grown-up clothes. So you just relax, stop your fussing, and let the real grown-ups take care of you. Okay?"

A little knot ties itself in your throat. You tremble as you stare back into the lioness' gaze... and with a soft whimper, you start sucking on the pacifier.

"Good baby," the lioness purrs. "Now, come with Mommy."

She takes you by the wrist and leads you along, while the cow's hand on your shoulder urges you forward. You go across the parking lot, toward a burgundy SUV. The lioness pops the hatchback, then reaches into a big pack sitting against one side of the trunk and pulls out a waterproof mat covered in pictures of teddy bears and baby blocks. While she lays it out on the floor of the trunk, the cow takes the shopping bag from you and sets it down on the other side of the mat. Then, both ladies get their hands on you, hoist you up, and lay you down on the mat on your back!

"There we go!" The lioness leans over you and gives you a pat on the head. "Now, let's see what we're working with here."

She hikes up the hem of your shirt, and her fingers lightly brush against your belly as she goes down to unbutton your pants. Heart pounding, belly quivering, you lift your head to watch what she's doing — just in time to see two more figures approaching the car!

"Heeeey! Is that that 'cousin' I was hearin' about before?" the jackal calls out. She comes up front and rests her arm on the frame, looking down at you with a sly grin. "Spittin' image, I gotta tell ya."

"And a real cutie, too!" says the old vixen, peeking over the lioness' shoulder. "Aww! Look at them, sucking on their little pacifier!" She beams, holding a hand under her muzzle. "So precious!"

"Oh, is that what they told you?" the lioness laughs, as she wiggles down your pants — and now, all four of these women get a full view of the drugstore-brand diaper that you taped on earlier that day, the wetness indicator long faded, bulging and drooping from the weight of the soaked polymer. "Ooh! That is one wet diaper." The lioness frowns as she puts a hand on your soggy crotch and gives the taut plastic a little testing squeeze.

"Oh, they soaked that thing through!" says the cow. "And here they were trying to say those diapers aren't for them!"

"Good thing they bought 'em too," the jackal remarks. "They'll hold up a lot better than that flimsy thing they got on right now."

"Right?" the lioness scoffs. "It's a wonder they didn't leak in their pants! Poor thing."

You smolder in shame. These mature ladies all clucking over your wet diaper, talking over you like you can't even hear them! It's getting to be too much to bear — as the lioness starts puling at the

tapes of your diaper, you squirm hard and kick your foot out, and she yelps as she jumps out of the way!

"Hey!" The jackal barks as you, and she leans in to give your haunch a firm *whap!* "You want a spankin' to go with your diaper change, hon?" She wags a clawed finger in your face. "Cuz that's what happens to babies who can't stop fussin'. And I can give you one you ain't never gonna forget!"

"Now, now!" the vixen urges, holding a hand up. "Let's not be too harsh with the little one. Let's try a gentle touch first." She leans in past the lioness's other side, and she reaches out to lay her paw on your belly and rub in slow circles. It only takes a few strokes for you to come down from the little adrenaline spike from getting smacked, and your eyelids start drooping as you mindlessly suck and chew on your pacifier.

"There we go. That's a good baby," she soothes. "No more kicking and fussing, okay? Nice and calm, now."

"I have an idea what'll *really* get them to settle down," says the cow, swaying her hips. "But it'll have to wait until after their diaper change."

With your fussing settled down, the lioness gives the other women an appreciative smile, then gets right back to work. Off come the tapes of your wet diaper, and then she opens it up and pulls it out from under your butt. The cow passes her the supplies she needs: first a baby wipe to clean your wet butt, then the tube of diaper rash cream so she can smear a thick dollop over your crotch and each cheek, then baby powder to sprinkle all over your mound and your thighs. The ladies can't help but giggle and coo at you fidget and squirm at all her intimate touches.

Last, of course, comes the diaper: the lioness rips open the pack of Megamaxs, and she lets it fly open and vigorously waves it in the air to fluff it up! "You're gonna be very happy with these, baby," she assures you with a grin. The jackal and the vixen help to lift your hips up, and then the lioness slides the fresh diaper under your butt and pulls it up snug around your hips, taping it up nice and tight!

"All done!" the lioness praises, and she wiggles her fingers across your tummy and the front of your fresh diaper! "Good baby! Feels so good to be in a fresh diaper, doesn't it!"

She's right — it does. And so do the little tickles and teases. You can't help but smile, and a little gurgling giggle even escapes your throat! It melts the ladies' hearts, and they erupt in a chorus of "awwwwww"s!

"You said you had an idea to help the baby relax?" says the vixen to the cow.

"Oh, I certainly do." She steps forward and politely ushers the lioness aside. She slips her hands under your shoulders and leans in, her heaving bosom drawing close to your face. Soon, you're smushed up against her chest, being turned around until your freshly diapered bottom is planted on her lap. Seated on the edge of the trunk, the cow cuddles you snug against her belly, rocking you gently — and then she starts unbuttoning her blouse with one hand.

Your eyes widen as her breasts fall out from the fabric. Then off comes her bra, freeing a pair of big, bulging nipples. A sweet, milky smell wafts into your nostrils.

"That's right," says the cow, as she plucks your pacifier out of your mouth. "Mommy knows just what you need." One hand cradles the back of your head, and urges your face closer to her chest. You give only the softest token groan of resistance, as a warm nipple slips between your parted lips and pushes itself against your tongue.

The shame overwhelms you. She's going to breastfeed you. Out here, in public, with you wearing nothing below your waist but a big thick diaper, three lovely ladies gawking at you, eagerly waiting for you to start sucking. If you don't stop yourself — if you don't try to wiggle your way out of this and assert your adulthood *right now* — there'll be no going back. You'll have shown them all that you're really nothing but an overgrown baby, and that you *deserve* to be treated like this.

You can't stop yourself.

It only takes a few suckles for the milk to come streaming into your mouth — rich, creamy, warm. As you gulp it down, your belly tingles, and your head starts swimming. Your eyelids droop, your shoulders go slack, and your whole body goes limp in the woman's arms. You suckle and suckle and suckle, hungrily, mindlessly, little rivulets of milk dribbling down your chin and staining your shirt.

"Gosh, you were right," the lioness marvels. "They really needed that."

"They really needed all of this," says the jackal. "We did a great job here today, ladies."

"Look at them," the vixen swoons. "They look so much happier now."

"They really do," says the cow, stroking her palm up and down your side. She cups your diapered haunch in her hand and gives it a firm pat. "Now the big question is: which one of us is going to take this little tyke home?"

The question leads into a polite but animated discussion among the four of them. They agree that they should each have a turn looking after you and making sure you get everything you need, but the question is who should go first. The lioness argues for the skill she demonstrated in changing your diapers, and she thinks her husband would adore you too. The fox says that she has the perfect room in her home for you to relax and unwind after all this excitement. The jackal still thinks you could use a good spanking, which she's well prepared to give you — and besides, she also has a boy at home who can be your playmate. The cow posits that you're probably still hungry after your big outing, and she's eager to take you back to her place and make sure you're well fed. And not one of them asks you for your opinion.

All you can do is lay there sucking on booby, snug in your fresh diaper, while the ladies work it out among themselves. Mommies know better than babies, after all.