

WITH LITTLE PAWS WE TODDLE AFAR

A Babyfur Regression Adventure

CHAPTER 6

The Babysitters

PAGES
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An hour or so later, I awaken from my chocolate milk-induced nap. Looking around, I see that I am in my bed. I roll over and notice that my naptime diaper is soaked, as usual. As I cuddle Raz, I find myself craving more chocolate. Once again, I'm convinced it's the reason Mom has only been giving me regular milk up until now. Jess, however has unintentionally opened the flood gates now. Just like when I was little, I again have a hankering for chocolate that can't be satisfied. Images of little plastic wrapped snack cakes and chocolate bars dance through my head. As my thoughts wander, I realize that unlike when I was a child before, Mom hasn't had a reason to hide them from me. I know where all of the snacks are! I wring my paws together as I begin to plot. Upon coming up with a plan, I stop cuddling Raz and instead begin to shake him. "Raz! Raz! Wake up Raz!" After a few shakes, my little plush friend comes back to life. He throws his fabric paws up into the air. "Stop shaking me Asher! I'm awake! I'm Awake! What's wrong?" I look down at him, "I need your help Raz. I've got a job." Raz shoots me an inquisitive look and replies, "Go on, I'm listening." I grin and continue, "I'm planning a heist! We are going to break into the kitchen and rob the cupboards of all the chocolate we can carry! It's going dangerous, but if we succeed, we'll never have to worry about sweets again!" Raz gets a sly grin on his face, "You canny little cub! I'm in!" We fist bump our paws together as we both say, "Let's do this." I grab Raz by the paw and hop down from my bed. As has become routine,

I fall on my thickly padded butt while doing so. I mumble under my breath, "Stupid bed. This thing is too tall for me now!" I then stand up, tuck Raz under my arm, grab a few thief essentials from my changing table, and quietly toddle my way out of the bedroom and down the stairs.

Once at the bottom of the stairs, I peek around the corner and see Jess is passed out on the couch. There is no sign of Jenn or Zach either. I set Raz down on the floor, "This is perfect! Nobody is around and none of them will be the wiser." Raz puts his paw over his face, laughs, and replies, "This will be a 'piece of cake' Asher!" I roll my eyes at his dorky pun and whisper, "Shhhh! You'll get us caught!" The two of us begin to tip toe across the living room. My soggy and sagging diaper crinkles loudly as we make our way past the couch. The sound of my diaper almost wakes Jess as she begins to stir on the couch. Fortunately for us, she makes a few snoring noises and just flips over. We then make our way past the back door. Jenn and Zach are on the porch, deep in conversation. They don't notice as we sneak by. Eventually we make our way into the kitchen and I set my plan into motion.

I examine the kitchen for anything that might alert the others to our presence. As I scan the room, my imagination kicks in again. The kitchen magically begins to take on the appearance of a bank. Traps and tripwires appear out of nowhere. The kitchen cabinets transform into bank vaults. I begin to feel a rush of excitement as adrenaline pumps through my little body. My shirt morphs into a dark tight fitting top similar to what

a thief would wear. "Whoa... this is cool! Do you see this Raz?" I look over at Raz who is now also wearing a matching suit. He has a very concerned and distraught expression on his little plush face. He looks up at me, "Uh... yeah... I... I actually do see it all. How am I able to see what you are imagining Asher? This is surreal!" I just giggle and grab his paw tightly and reply, "Come on Buddy! We've got a vault to bust!" We begin to make our way through the kitchen turned bank. I tiptoe around a button on the floor, then step over a tripwire. We then enter the area just before the vaults. It's surprisingly bare and devoid of any sign of traps. Raz begins to walk forward, but I grab his sleeve and yank him back. "Whoa Raz, something seems fishy about this. Doesn't it seem weird that there are no traps just before the vault?" After pondering for a moment, I remember that I grabbed a bottle of baby powder from my changing table. Now attached to my hip, I grab the powder from my side, aim the top at the empty room and give it a few quick squeezes with my paws. Puffs of powder begin to leave the bottle. Before long, a cloud of sweet-smelling baby powder fills the room. It's then that my suspicion is confirmed. As the powder floats through the room, the particles reveal an array of lasers shooting in all directions. I look down at Raz and say in a smug tone, "See, I am a pro at this. We'll never get caught." I then grab Raz, causing him to squirm around. Wait Asher! What are you do..." Before he can finish his sentence, I toss the little plush through an opening in the lasers. He flies through the hole and slides across the slick marble floor. I then follow behind as I jump and

weave through the grid of lasers. Eventually, I make it to the other side and find Raz pouting next to the vault. "Next time give me a heads-up Kid!" I just giggle as I kneel down next to him. It's now that I notice a child safety lock on the cabinet turned vault. I grin, "Clever Mom... very clever. Unfortunately for you, I am still an eight-year-old. Your child safety locks are mere 'child's play' for me!" Raz of course bursts out laughing at my dumb pun. I then begin to fiddle with the lock. I put my ear next to it. I turn the little nob a few clicks, release the latch on the back and give it a pull. The lock immediately pops off. I grin again and look at Raz, "See! Like I said, child's play!" I pull open the cabinet door and crawl inside. To my delight, the bank vault isn't filled with lock boxes and banknotes. Instead, its shelves contain a variety of sweet deserts. Bags of candy, boxes of snack cakes, and bars of chocolates line the walls and shelves of the vault. I begin to stuff anything that is chocolate flavored into my outfit and diaper. Raz soon does the same. As I am loading myself up, my addiction takes over. I unwrap one of the chocolate cupcakes and shove it into my mouth. I then do the same with a bar, and then another cake. I grab a bottle of chocolate syrup and squirt it into my mouth. Crumbs and chocolate run down my face as I consume everything that I can get my now chocolate covered paws on. Raz looks over at me and yells "Hurry up Asher! You're getting too greedy! You'll get us caught!" I roll my eyes at him as I selfishly shove another cupcake into my mouth. Now feeling satisfied, I grab few more items and begin crawling backwards out of the cabinet. About half way

through the opening though, the alarm goes off. I begin to panic and yell, "Hurry Raz! The jig is up!" I try to stand up, but before I can waddle away, I slip on the baby powder covered floor, and land on my thickly diapered tooshie. The sound of the alarm quickly changes from its annoying siren to the sound of Jess's voice yelling. "Asher Bradley Lionel! What do you think you're doing?!?" Now snapped back to reality, I am once again in our kitchen. I'm sitting on the powder covered floor, my diaper has begun to leak yet again, and I am covered in chocolate. I look up to see my three friends now turned babysitters towering above me. Their arms are crossed and they're obviously annoyed with me. I throw my chocolate coated paws up into the air. I know that I've been caught. Looking for an excuse, I remember my default fib from when I was little. "Uh... the Chocolate Gnomes did it! It was Chocolate Gnomes!"





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