

WITH LITTLE PAWS WE TODDLE AFAR

A Babyfur Regression Adventure

CHAPTER 6

The Babysitters

PAGES
111 - 112



With Little Paws We Toddle Afar ©2023

Written & Illustrated By Good Boy Liger

www.Patreon.com/GoodBoyLiger



Once I reach my newest backyard toy, I stand next to it and stare in awe. "Whoa... It's so cool!" I had always wanted my own swing set, but Mom and Dad could never afford one when I was young. Dad was still working on getting his masters degree during my early childhood and Mom only worked part-time so she could stay home and take care of me. Money was tight, so I never had one of my own. Zach's parents on the other paw both work in the financial sector and have always been flush with cash. Zach had a swing set growing up that was much larger than this one. It had all the bells and whistles. Since I didn't have one, we usually played on his or went to the playground. Long ago, I remember Zach being worried that the other kids and I would think he was a rich snob. He was also worried that I would be jealous or sad that he had a swing set, while I didn't. Zach told me, "I could have four swing sets even bigger and better than this one, but they would all be useless if I didn't have my best friend to play on them with me." His words have stuck with me after all of these years. It was also the first time I got to see the real Zach expose his heart of gold.

I begin to run my paw over the smooth plastic of the swing set in wonderment. As I take it all in, my three friends and Mom walk up behind me. I hear Zach's voice, "So Kiddo, looks like after all these years you finally got one of your own." I grin gleefully and reply, "I could have four swing sets even bigger and better than this one, but they would all be useless if I didn't have my best

friend to play on them with me." Upon hearing my words, Zach gets an expression on his face that I can only describe as bittersweet. I have obviously hit an emotional nerve by echoing his words from all those years ago. After a moment of silence, he walks over and scoops me up into his arms. He begins to spin me around in the air, causing me to giggle uncontrollably. Zach then brings me down and gives me the biggest hug that I have ever received from him. After squeezing me tightly, he carries me over to the swing set's slide and sets me atop its pinnacle. Zach looks at me and smiles wide. "You will always have your best friend here to play with you Asher. I promise." He then catches me off guard by abruptly pushing me from behind. I am startled at first, but then realize I am sliding down the slide. I throw my paws up in the air while squealing and giggling with delight. "Wheeee!" I quickly reach the bottom of the slide, glide off the end and land on my tooshie. My thick pillow-like diaper cushions the blow. Sitting on the ground, I notice a warmth beneath me as I wet my freshly changed diaper. The initial shock of being pushed by Zach along with the adrenaline rush of shooting down the slide must have scared me a bit. Weeks ago, I would have been distraught or cried at even the mere thought of wetting myself uncontrollably. However, I have become used to it now, almost to the point where I enjoy the sensation and lack of control. So, instead of crying, I throw my paws back up towards the summer sun and begin happily clapping them together. "Again Zach! I want to ride again!"

As Zach continues to play with me on the slide,

Mom gives Jess and Jenn a few more pointers on how to deal with kid-aged me. She then yells over to me, "Alright Asher! Mommy is heading out to do her shopping. Be a good boy for your babysitters!" Distracted by the amount of fun I am having on my new slide, I wave back in my babyish 'grabby paw' fashion and simply reply, "Bye Bye Mommy!" Mom smiles, waves back, and heads out for the afternoon. Jess and Jenn then sit down on the grassy lawn and bask in the warm summer sun. They watch Zach play with me on my new swing set as though he is my big brother. I can tell Jenn is amused at Zach's playfulness. She was right earlier. Zach will indeed make a good father someday. His style of caretaking reminds me so much of Dad's. They both have that altruistic, fun-loving, sincere, playful yet fatherly personality that every kid on the planet yearns for from their dad. They truly are a special breed of parent and I admire that. As I said before, they are both more alike than either of them will ever admit.

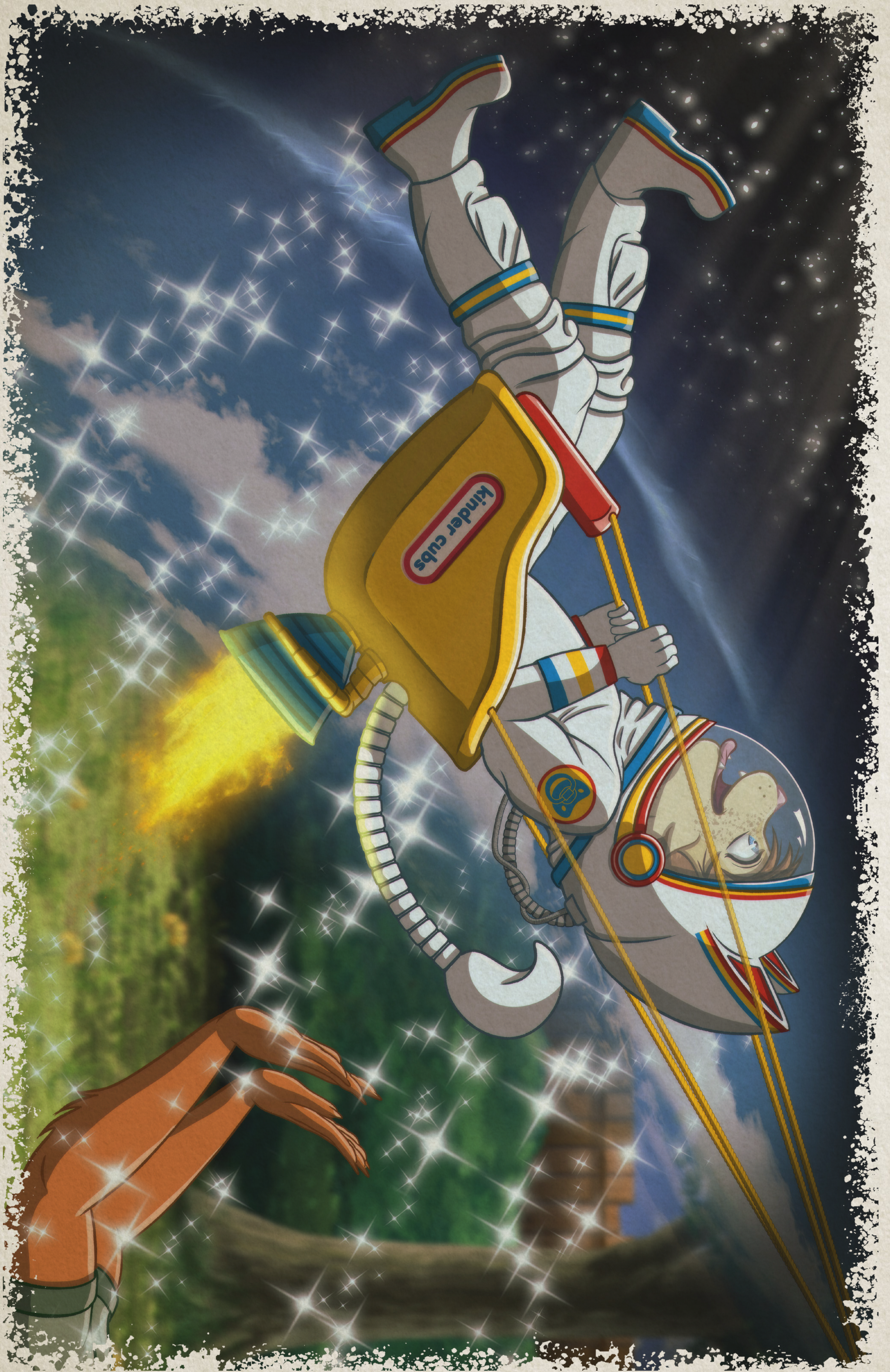
Eventually, I begin to grow tired of the slide and turn my attention towards the swing. It's not the typical swing that a kid my age would have. It's the same style as the one I got stuck in at the playground a few weeks back during my embarrassing mishap. Instead of a simple seat, it's shaped like a chair and has a front safety guard that comes down over your legs and locks into place. Not really a big cub's style of swing. It's more like the type a toddler would use. I don't mind however; I'm just happy and grateful to have one of my own. I look up at Zach, "Can I play on the swing Zach? I want to fly! Will

you push me so I can fly?" Zach chuckles, "Sure thing Champ." He then grabs me by my paw and leads me over to the swing. Zach scoops me up, sets me into the little chair, drops the front guard down, and locks it into place. Between the bulk of my thick diaper and my size, it's a snug fit. It obviously was not designed for an eight-year-old, but I manage to squeeze in. Zach looks down at me, "Alright Asher, so where do you want to fly to?" I ponder for a moment, then make my decision. "I want to go to space Zach! I want to fly in a rocket to space! Then I can meet aliens and explore the galaxy like the DinoCats!" Zach laughs at my childish reply and says, "Okay, 'Little Moonwalker', time to go to space. He begins to count down. "Engines prepped, systems are a go, ready for take off in 3... 2... 1... WHOOSH!" Zach gives me a hard push and the swing rockets into the air. I throw my paws up merrily as I fly forward in the swing. But then, something very strange happens.

As I fly forward in the swing, I enter a trance. The environment surrounding me magically changes. I am no longer in my backyard; I am flying through space! Somehow my babyish swing has morphed into a little spaceship and I am wearing an astronaut's flight suit. I look around at my surreal surroundings and am taken aback by the breathtaking view. The darkness of space is peppered with twinkling lights from a million stars. I see planets surrounding me. They are all a multitude of vivid hues. As I whiz through space, a little wolf flies up next to me in a disc-shaped spacecraft. He looks just like Raz, but he is green and has two little antennae! I squeal,

"It's an alien!" I wave at him, so he waves back before zipping away. I am at a loss for words as I continue to sail through the galaxy. Awestruck, I feel myself once again wetting my diaper due to my excitement. "Well, wetting your diaper is part of being an astronaut. Speaking of being an astronaut, How did I end up here? Maybe I should land on a planet." I steer my way towards a planet like ours. As I enter the atmosphere, there is a bright flash of light. I am blinded momentarily, but soon everything comes into focus. I'm once again in my backyard! I feel air rushing against the fur on my face as I realize Zach is still pushing me in my swing. My paws are up in the air and I am laughing uncontrollably. However, my laughing quickly subsides as my thoughts take over. *What the heck just happened to me?*





With Little Paws We Toddle Afar ©2023

Written & Illustrated By Good Boy Liger

www.Patreon.com/GoodBoyLiger

