

WITH LITTLE PAWS WE TODDLE AFAR

A Babyfur Regression Adventure

CHAPTER 7

A Pack of Mall Rats

PAGES
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As we make our way through the parking lot, I notice that I'm already receiving stares from other furs. The vibrant primary colors of the stroller instantly catch everyone's eyes as well as my colorful outfit. At least I assume that's why everyone is gawking at me. Of course, it's not every day that you see an eight-year-old lion cub sucking his pacifier while riding in a baby's stroller either. I shake it off, lay back in my mobile seat, and try to relax. I close my eyes and tilt my head back against the headrest. The warm summer sun feels wonderful on my face and legs. With my eyes closed, the sound and vibration of my stroller rolling across the pavement becomes more apparent. The combination of the two is soothing. It's the same kind of sensation one would get from listening to waves crashing onto the shore while lying on a sun-drenched beach or sitting on the bank of a mountain stream. I begin to happily kick my little Velcro sandal-clad feet paws back and forth as I take in the tranquility of it all. My diaper soon becomes warm again as I relax into a euphoric babyish state of mind. Moments later the sound stops. I open my eyes to see Jess opening the door for Jenn and I. Jenn pushes me through the doorway and into the crowded mall. As the stroller rolls forward, it makes its way onto the mall's shiny polished marble floor. The sound and the vibrations instantly stop. Unlike the parking lot's asphalt, the smooth polished floor gives off no indication that it's even beneath me. I get this strange sensation

like I'm floating through the air as the stroller continues moving forward like a hovercraft across the slick floor. The whole experience triggers feelings of nostalgia which rush over me as I remember being pushed through the mall like this by Mom when I was little the first time. It doesn't take long for me to get the warm fuzzy feeling that has been becoming more frequent over the past few weeks.

Now gliding down the wide corridor of the mall, I notice that I am getting a bit thirsty. I don't know why, but at this moment, I feel extra small. I look up at Jenn and from behind the shield of my pacifier I babyishly say, "Baba! Baba! Baba Jenn! I want Baba!" Jen is obviously amused by my babylike speech as she smiles. "Awww, is our Wittle Pampered Prince getting thirsty?" I nod my head, reach my arms out, and begin to make 'gabby paws' as I repeat myself. Drool runs down my face, "Baba! Want Baba!" Jenn stops the stroller, digs around in my diaper bag, and pulls out a chocolate milk bottle from the small insulated bag that Mom packed for me. She then kneels next to me as she pops the clear plastic cap off the top of the bottle. Then as though I'm an infant, she grabs the ring of my paci, pulls it from my mouth, and inserts the nipple of the baby bottle through my lips. My now babyish instincts kick in and I immediately begin to suck down the milk. Chocolate milk dribble runs down my chin as I nurse the bottle Jenn is holding for me. After a minute or so Jenn grabs my paws with her free one and places them on the bottle.

She smiles at me, "Okay Asher, be a big boy and take over from here so I can get us moving again. The Fashionable Feline is about to open!

I wrap my little lion paws around the bottle and continue to suck down the milk. Jenn smiles again, "Good boy, Asher." She ruffles my mane and takes the helm of the stroller once more. The sound of furs talking as they busily shop echoes off the walls and marble floor. As I'm pushed along in my stroller through the mall once more, I can't help but happily kick my feet paws and reflect on my situation while drinking my baba. *There are so many furs here today. I'm surprised considering it's the middle of the week. Other than a few snickers and lots of staring nobody seems to mind me. Thank goodness we haven't run into anyone we know. I don't know how Jess and Jenn would explain who I am to someone.* Now finished with my bottle, I set it down in the stroller seat next to me. I immediately grab my pacifier, shove it back into my mouth, and begin to suck on it. Feeling childish, I snuggle Raz and continue to ponder. *Man, this stroller is super comfy. I feel kind of bad that I put up such a fuss about riding in it earlier. Honestly, I can get used to being pushed around instead of having to waddle everywhere. Heck, I am getting pretty used to all of this. Ha! Jenn was right, I really am their little prince... and I love it!*

Eventually, we pull up to the Fashionable Feline. A line of teen and young adult furs has formed outside of the store. The line is so long that

it wraps around the corner and down the mall corridor adjacent to this one. Jess is clearly irritated at the sight of it as she blurts out, "Really! A line this long for trendy popufur clothes! I just don't get why you like wearing this basic junk, Jenn." Jenn just ignores Jess's tantrum and sighs, "Well looks like I'll be picking through the leftovers again. Oh well, at least we get some quality time with our cute little buddy. Isn't that right, Asher?" I blush at her words as I begin to clap my paws together and happily blurt out, "Mall time! Mall time!" Jess giggles at my cuteness, "Okay, I guess there's more to this than just clothes shopping. I am glad we get to hang out with our adorable little compadre." Jess then pinches my cheek causing me to blush even harder. *I sure do love being showered by their attention and called all of these cute names that they come up with. Being the 'The Lil Prince' of our trio sure feels nice.* We take our place at the end of the line. Seeing the two twins and all of the other furs anxiously standing in line makes me even more glad that I'm riding in the stroller. *Ahhh this is nice... I get to just sit here, kick back, and relax while everyone else has to suffer and wait.* I feel my diaper get warm once more as the milk from my bottle begins to run through me. *Heck, I don't even have to get up for potty breaks! This is the life!* As I selfishly reflect on how nice it is to be little again while wetting my diaper, the young doe standing in front of us turns and sees me sitting in my stroller. Her eyes practically light up with sparkles as she notices me. She squeals with

delight and begins to converse with Jess and Jenn. "Awww your little boy is just so precious!" She then bends down to my eye level, "What's your name little guy?" Embarrassed, but loving the attention I sit quietly for a moment as I finish wetting myself. Then, for some strange reason, I reply to her question not with my name, but something far more awkward. I yell out from behind my pacifier, "I went pee pee in my diaper!" I'm immediately shocked by my unhinged response. The doe just giggles, "Awww well sounds like someone needs a diaper change soon." She then looks up at Jess and Jenn with a smile, "You all can skip ahead of me in line. It would be a shame if your little tyke sprung a diaper leak because he had to wait behind me." Jess and Jenn look at each other with their brows raised. They then thank the doe and move us ahead of her in line. Still appalled by my response to the young woman I quietly sit in astonishment. As I do, I hear Jess begin to laugh quietly, yet maniacally. She looks down at me with a cunning grin on her face. "Hey, I think I just thought of a quicker way to move through this line."





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