

# The Babysitter Bitch

## Part II

If the nursery was weird during Max's tour of the house, it had now upgraded to intimidating. Though it might just have been because of the sagging yellow diaper Sean was lugging around, and what it all now meant.

Sean clambered on top of a large dressing table sitting against the wall. With a fully padded top, and diaper-lined shelves and cupboards below it, its purpose became very clear to the young wolf. The bear lay down on it, relaxed, and spread his thighs invitingly, grinning at how clear his babysitter's anxiety now was. Max had been preparing himself to change Sean's diaper all night, but that wasn't helping now with the big baby bear suddenly in the driving seat.

"Do you even know what you're supposed to do?" Sean snorted, as Max stood paralysed with indecision. The soaked diaper was bulging outwards, begging to be removed. Max at least knew that.

Max had a general idea of what a diaper change entailed. He'd never done one, but he was aware of the concept at least. It couldn't be rocket science. Ignoring the bear's comments, he leaned forward, bending over the big baby's legs as he awkwardly tried to grab one of the tapes with his fingers. With some effort, he pulled it free, and repeated it on the opposite side.

The wings on either side of Sean's hips fell to one side. Max swallowed hard and tried to focus on the two hundred dollars he'd get for babysitting. He took hold of the crumpled plastic nestled above Sean's thighs, holding it as high up the waistband as he could, and lifted the soaked diaper front away. Sean's penis appeared to breathe, releasing itself from the bear's wet fur and balls. Max quivered as the stench of piss grew stronger, and with relief dropped the open padding between the bear's legs.

"What now, what now..." Sean laughed.

Max couldn't tell if he was mocking him or aggressively 'flirting' now that he was face to face with the bear's crotch, and he really hoped Sean wasn't about to press the matter further after the diaper 'check' he'd been subjected to.

He did at least know that he needed to clean the bear's fur now. Baby wipes were a thing; he just need to find out where they were... Not wanting to engage the baby's taunts, he checked the shelves under the table but found nothing but fresh, folded diapers. As Max lifted himself back upright, he saw a selection of supplies laid out on another cabinet behind him, and smirked at how well the change was going as he opened the package.

With wipes in tow, he started to clean the bear's inner-thighs, knowing he was delaying his hands moving inward. Sean was sprawled out lazily as Max cleaned, his attitude making the wolf feel more like a servant than a babysitter.

Max worked his way around the whole diaper area as best he could, meekly asking the bear to lift his butt for access, before accepting he finally needed to pay attention to the bear's penis. With a fresh baby wipe, he cleaned the bear's balls, then paid attention to the shaft gently. He didn't feel uncomfortable, mostly just awkward. It was definitely the weirdest handling of someone else's junk he'd had to date.

Sean's penis throbbed a little from the caressing. Max's heart beat a little faster, but he held firm to his job nervously. He tossed the rolled-up, used padding (balking first at the sheer weight of it), and pulled a fresh folded diaper from the shelves. He unfurled it, barely comprehending the massive size, and asked Sean to once more raise his butt.

The baby bear was obeying, neither excited nor resistant throughout, and Max slid the flat diaper under his bottom, proud of himself for making sure it was the end with the tapes on it before doing so. Max turned around again towards the supplies, trying to hastily decide what was the correct next step. The baby powder seemed like the wisest option, which he picked up, hoping he was correct.

Max's back was turned on Sean, and the wolf hardly noticed the splashing on his shirt at first, before it rapidly grew wet, spreading and splashing over his clothes.

He pivoted rapidly as he felt damp, to find Sean was cradling his dick in one paw, and spraying him with stream of his piss! Max threw his arm up, hopelessly, but he could do nothing to stop it, and only succeeded in wetting his fur and rolled up sleeves.

He'd yelled out instinctively, but he had no idea what to do about the bear's prank now. Sean just laughed as the force of his urination dwindled, and the remnants of his piss dribbled down onto the clean diaper.

"What did you do that for!?" Max yelled, though not expecting to get any explanation from the baby. His shirt was soaked around his back and torso, and would surely begin to smell in time.

"Oh I'm sorry, it was an accident," Sean whimpered mockingly, "I guess you didn't get me diapered quick enough."

"You aimed it at me," Max spat, furious, but somewhat relieved it hadn't gotten on his face or hair.

"Relax, princess," Sean grinned, stretching out and resting his head on his paws, "Finish diapering me before it happens again."

Max clenched his paw around the baby powder. This was Sean's bedtime diaper he reasoned to himself. If he could finish the job and get Sean to bed sooner rather than later, his nightmare would be over for tonight. Max knew it was a lot to hope for with how things had progressed so far.

Ignoring his pissy clothes while he could, Max covered Sean's crotch in baby powder to the point where both boys coughed. It was excessive, but there was some catharsis to be had in dunking it over the brat.

Taping the diaper on the bear was the hardest part, unexpectedly for Max. He tried to make a tight seal on both sides, but it had all come out looking lopsided. He ultimately didn't care too much, but knew his amateur effort was just ammunition for further mocking.

Sean bounced off the table onto the floor, twisting and critically admiring the padding on himself. He rubbed his large paw along the plastic, along his butt, then crotch. "You did okay, you know, it'll hold." He patted Max on the back roughly as the wolf was busy unbuttoning his wet shirt.

Max exhaled, irritated as his undershirt also housed a large wet patch. Usually opting to sleep naked, he hadn't packed any spare clothes for the overnight stay.

"Oh no!" Sean exclaimed as he saw the t-shirt, as if it were all news to him, "We need to get all of those clothes in the wash."

Max held his tongue. He was at the mercy of the bear's washing machine, so thought it best not to snap back.

Sean forcefully grabbed both shirts from the wolf as he stripped them off. "Everything," he said, sternly, as the wolf stood shyly, topless.

"Oh come on! They're not wet" Max grumbled, but Sean just furrowed his brow. Max dropped his shorts, knowing he couldn't argue too much with the baby at this point. After everything he'd been through so far, it would be stupid of him to jeopardise his payment over being stripped. Max stepped out of them, and handed them over, covering the bulge in his boxers with his other paw and fighting off a blush.

"I said everything," Sean remarked, unimpressed at his babysitter's bashfulness, "Take them off or the rest just goes in the trash."

Max huffed, his cheeks reddening. The bear had beaten him for his clothes mentally and physically; there was nothing he could do to avoid taking his underwear off. He slid both paws inside his waistband, and pulled them down, exposing himself. Reluctantly he handed those over too. Unexpectedly, Sean dumped the pile of clothes straight back into Max's quickly welcoming arms, allowing him nothing but his tail to try and conceal his privates.

"Hold them," the bear ordered casually, while walking over to his wardrobe. Max would have panicked, but he doubted the bear twice his size was fetching anything that would fit him. It didn't stop him from feeling extremely exposed and embarrassed.

Sean was rummaging for something, and Max could see an array of babyishly coloured, big outfits lined together. The bear let out a cheery 'aha!', and turned around holding kids Y-fronts, far too small to fit himself.

Max groaned, but figured they were still better than being naked or wearing anything else that came from this room.

“They’re for little bears,” Sean laughed, “but should fit a big wolf like yourself.” He laid them across the changing table, and gestured for the wet pile of clothes back. “I’ll wash these. Put those on, come downstairs, and don’t delay!” Sean marched his way out of the room, leaving Max standing with his paws back over his privates, staring at his new outfit.

“Two hundred dollars... two hundred dollars...” he muttered, picking them up with one paw. He sighed, feeling ridiculous as cartoony animals stared back at him. Max put his legs through both holes. They were incredibly soft, and Sean was right about them fitting, with the light elastic around the waist and legs sitting snugly as he slipped them into place.

Adjusting himself with a paw, he noticed how thick the material was between his legs, and with an instantaneous flashback, realised what he was wearing. Training pants! Sean had put him in underwear for toddlers. Max had spent the last few hours watching a giant adult baby walk around the house in a diaper, so how was he the one who felt so humiliated now?

He tried to remind himself that it could be worse, though he was starting to prefer the idea of being naked again instead. Not wanting to aggravate the baby anymore, he made his way downstairs. Sean was waiting for him, sitting in the armchair, with a disapproving look across his face. Max wondered what the hell was about to happen now.

“You need to be punished for your little accident,” Sean said, like a toddler imitating its parent. Max almost choked.

“Whatever, i-it’s almost your bedtime, so come along,” Max counter-argued weakly, but Sean just laughed heavily.

“Oh that’s funny,” the bear said, wiping a tear from his eye mockingly, before dropping to a deadly serious tone, “but boys who wet their clothes in this house can’t expect to get away with it.”

“That was YOU!” Max bellowed, his irritation finally bursting, infuriated by the injustice thrown by his charge. He had wanted to remain calm, but the bear was just pushing things further and further.

“I wasn’t the one in wet clothes,” the baby retorted as if his case was watertight, standing up and showing his width, unimpressed by Max raising his voice. “And I don’t like your tone.”

“And I’m not your plaything!” the wolf growled. Max would have laughed at how crazy this situation was, but he knew Sean was deadly serious about punishing him.

“And if you want my daddy to pay you, you’ll do as you’re told,” Sean said, stepping towards the wolf, “Otherwise you can go running home to your frat brothers, in nothing but your little training pants.”

The boys were standing nose to nose now, staring each other down. Max knew Sean was right, he couldn’t run home like this.

“Now are you going to be a good boy, Max, and take it?”

The wolf was silent, unable to assert himself yet again, but struggled to swallow his anger. There was no way this baby was bending to his authority. The bear had called his bluff far too early in the night.

“If you say yes, I’ll forget this little tantrum.”

Max’s fur bristled, but he shirked first in the bear’s heavier presence. He suddenly knew he’d found someone more dominant than anyone he’d played with, and ironically it was the giant baby he was supposed to be taking care of.

“Fine!” Max complained, “Let’s get it over with.”

Sean's muzzle beamed widely, bearing his teeth. "Go stand in the corner until I say you can move. And be thankful you aren't getting your butt reddened first."

Max buried his growl, exhaling loudly through his nose, and walked towards where Sean was pointing. He stood as close to the corner as he comfortably could, feeling far more exposed and stupid now than he did while naked.

He could hear Sean sink back into the armchair, and the sound of the TV powering on. Sean navigated the menus, and Max heard Barney start to play again. There'd be no escaping it now, no way of distracting himself. He stared at the wall, fearing for how long this sadistic baby would leave him for.

Barney played for an insufferably long time. Sickeningly sweet dialogue, irritating and infectious music. Max thought he'd crack, but the inaction of standing still for so long left him with an idea. His urge to piss was growing, and though nothing desperate, he saw a chance for a break.

"Sean, please, I need to pee," Max asked carefully.

"Do you think you've learned your lesson?" Sean called back to him.

"Yes!" he replied enthusiastically, unable to stomach any more Barney.

"Hmmm, a few more minutes won't hurt," the baby murmured.

"I really need to go," Max lied, grimacing but playing into Sean's game, "I don't want any more wet clothes."

"Ask me nicely," Sean replied, clearly enjoying himself.

"Please, sir, can I go to the bathroom?" Max asked, as respectfully as he could muster.

“Sir diaperbutt.”

Max rolled his eyes. “Please, sir diaperbutt.”

“Alright, alright,” Sean said, pausing Barney to Max’s relief, and getting out of his chair.

Max turned around and saw Sean pulling headphones out of his ears. The little shit hadn’t even been watching the TV! Max tried not to react, and stood bashfully in his toddler undies.

“Diaper or potty?” the baby asked, smiling, as he put his phone and headphones on the coffee table.

“Are you asking..?” Max asked, confused. He feared a catch in the question, but he was one hundred percent choosing the toilet over wearing a goddamn diaper.

“Yeah, diaper or potty,” Sean laughed, poking his finger at Max’s belly playfully. “Which are you going to use?”

“Potty! Absolutely a potty!” Max blurted, hoping his gusto wouldn’t backfire on him.

“Okay then, follow me,” the bear grinned, taking the wolf by the paw. Max started to feel nervous as he followed him, but once the bear led him into the bathroom and he saw the toilet, he realised he might actually get what he wanted.

Sean had something else in mind. The baby bear picked up a purple plastic bowl from the corner of the room, and planted it down in the middle of the floor. It was a potty chair. Max cursed himself for assuming he meant the toilet, but it was still better than a diaper.

Trying not to glare, Max dropped the training pants down his thighs, and pointed his penis towards the potty down at his feet.



“Whoa, stop, doofus!” Sean howled, like Max’s attempts to piss were bizarre. “You hafta sit.”

Max obeyed, starting to feel humiliated all over again, and sat his cheeks down on the cold hard seat, glancing to the side at the fully functioning toilet. The potty was big enough for Sean, which left Max with plenty of space to pee into. Now all he had to do was find a way to let it out while Sean lingered, watching him. He wished he needed to pee a little more desperately, to ease things along.

“I can’t go with you watching,” Max stated, trying to buy himself time or space.

Sean sat himself down on the toilet impatiently waiting for the wolf to tinkle. “If you’re not able to use the potty, then maybe you shouldn’t be in training pants.”

“I’m able, I just can’t go with an audience!”

“Didn’t stop you when you wet your clothes earlier,” Sean said authoritatively, and Max didn’t argue, despite wanting to throw his paws up in the air and scream. “If you can’t go soon, you can do it in your bedtime diaper instead.”

Determined to end up in anything but a diaper like Sean threatened, the wolf closed his eyes and concentrated as hard as he could. Sean continued to belittle him, but he managed to ignore it, eventually trickling audibly against the plastic potty. He fought harder and harder, working himself up to a full stream as he let go, splashing the overgrown child’s potty and relieving himself, mentally more than physically.

It was a considerable victory for the wolf, avoiding a diaper and surviving another one of the baby’s games. As he sat there on the potty in victory, he realised he was grinning to himself, and instantly blushed at how he looked to the bear.

“Such a good boy!” Sean exclaimed, crinkling and toddling over to ‘help’ Max off of the potty. The bear lifted the potty up, swirling with a pint of Max’s piss. The wolf gulped, fearing the worst, but it was swiftly dumped and flushed down the proper toilet.

Max tugged his training pants straight back up, covering his dick as fast as he could.

“Oh, don’t worry about those anymore,” the bear chuckled, “10pm is bedtime, so I need to get you into a diaper now.”

Max’s legs almost collapsed from under him. “Oh come on! Anything but a diaper!”

Sean frowned, hands on his hips. “Anything? You ready to change my poop diapers then?”

Max practically turned green. “No. I-“

“Then a diaper it is then. ‘Cause you’re gonna need it where you’re sleeping. No more arguing or I will drop a load, got it?”

Max’s ears and tail never hung lower. He nodded, not so much in agreement as in fear. He was wearing a diaper tonight and there was nothing he could do about it if he wanted to get paid. And what did he mean about where he was sleeping?

Sean ruffled the wolf’s hair demeaningly, and long before the broken wolf could protest, the bear slung him over his shoulder, carried him back into the nursery, and dropped his butt on the changing table.

Two hundred dollars, Max repeated to himself as the surreality of his night threatened to defeat him. Two hundred dollars.