

The kitten cradles her paws to her chest, pressing her quivering lips together. Her cheeks are blazing, a bright red as she tries to squash the shame building inside of her. Just an hour before, Momma had diapered her. And here she was, wallowing in her own squishy pampers as the scent of baby powder and urine tickled her sensitive nose. Riiiiiip! The sound cuts through her swirling, embarrassed mind, succeeding in keeping the heat in her cheeks roaring. She knew the sound all too well, especially as it's followed by the gross sound of squishes and squelches of Momma balling up her diaper. It thuds into the pail nearby, a wet sound cut off by the clang of said pail.

"There we are~! Now, let's see what we can do for that wet little bottom of yours, hmmm~?" Her voice washes over the teal feline, cooling the ever rising burning in her chest. It's soothing, silky, and caring. Her eyes drift downwards, blinking away the beads of tears as they meet the alluring, glowing orbs of her Mommy. They swirl and pull her into their grasp. They glitter and diffuse, seeming to become amorphous the longer she looked. Encircling and entrancing the kitten within the pink, matronly rabbit's gaze. As soon as she had felt herself dip into the warm, comforting embrace of Mommy's eyes, she was pulled free from it. A cold, wet wipe washed across her bottom, her little sissy cock, and crotch. The rabbit's eyes were pointed downwards, focused on her task at hand. Rahka felt herself deflate, just barely. The warm, burning heat in her face had dissipated, but disappointment briefly took its place.

"Okey dokey, I think we've got you all cleaned up~! Now then, let's get you dressed, sweetheart." That is, until she spoke again. She cracks a small nervous smile as the chubby pink rabbit leans over, planting a quick peck on her little one's forehead. Momma Mint. She was a chubby, doting lagomorph with pink fur, a white belly, and a head of purple flowing hair that framed her kindly smiles. The large, matronly rabbit had offered her home to the kitten as soon as she noticed her fidgeting one day, unable to come with the words herself while over at the woman's house. Ever since then, it had become a blur of days toddling through the house, watching cartoons while the bunny took care of the live-in cat turned kitten. The nightly stickies in her pampers certainly helped to make the transition more agreeable...

She giggles as her Momma wraps the cozy, soft fresh diaper around her waist, expertly taping it around the teal bottom covered in bright white baby powder. Rahka's smile was wide and infectious, splitting her Momma's muzzle into one equally as bright. She pats her little's bottom, puffing a small cloud of powder out of the back of the cushy, comfy padding. Rahka coos quietly as she's suddenly lifted off of her changing table, taking just a moment to admire her room covered in frills and bright pink furniture before she's planted back on the plush carpet below; It was bright pink, just like everything else in the room. Including her diaper, adorned with adorable doodles of pastel colored rabbits. Just like her Momma.

"You ready for a nap, sweetheart~?" The kitten nods her head shyly at Momma's words, looking up with an expectant smile. Just like that, her Mommy's chubby paw engulfs her tiny teal one. Another glance from her Momma, getting lost in her glowing, alluring orbs before she looks away, leaving the kitten with a fuzzy feeling in her head. One that grows and expands outwards,

crowding out thoughts as gentle, calming words wash over. Nothing specific really, just the quiet nothings of her Mommy.

“You’re such a good girl.”

“You make me so proud!”

“Awww, you look so pretty in that diaper, hon~.” Sweet nothings that settle between the tufts of fur atop her head, sinking deep into her mind. The rabbit lavishes compliment upon compliment unto her charge, smiling all the while. It was loving and warm, always seeming to pull Rahka closer to her Mommy with each glimpse of that wonderful grin. Her surroundings seem to blur and fall away, diffusing from focus as her Momma becomes the one and only thing in the room, tethered to her by that safe, comforting paw toddling her down the hallway. In her fuzzy, cotton candy filled mind, Rahka dimly registers a familiar shape as Momma settles down, sinking back into her favorite chair. Just seconds later, she’s lifted, weightless and floating in the air.

She’s giggling, unable to hold back the warmth in her chest from bubbling outwards. It feels so good to relax and let her mind completely drift away, lost in a sea of childish thoughts. Giggling, clinging to her Momma as the rabbit relaxes.

“That feels much better, doesn’t it, hon? No icky, gross diapers~. No worries, no anxieties, no responsibilities for my little one~. Nothing but the next meal for such an empty headed kitten, huh?” That heavenly voice only made the few words dip beneath the pastel clouds Rahka could feel occupying the empty spaces in her mind. So much easier to completely let go, drifting away on a bed of cotton. Resting upon the plush, pleasant sensation of safety in her Momma’s arms, cheek laid against her bosom.

Snap. Her mind falls through the clouds, completely relaxed and empty as the sound of her Mommy’s dress unbuttoning. A sound she had grown used to over the weeks. So ingrained and entrenched beneath the clouds permeating her thoughts.

“Drink up, little one~. A princess needs her fill~.” Soothing, relaxing, guiding words are all she needed. Her lips, quivering just minutes before, latch around the perky nipple inches away. It was the most comfortable act of regression for such an empty, childish mind. Wrapping her lips around her Momma’s breast, suckling away with an empty head. Warm, succulent milk washes over her tongue. It was addictive, repetitive, and content. Rahka’s eyes meet Momma’s eyes as they slowly slip closed, cradling the image of Momma Mint’s glow as she drifts off to sleep. Weightless and relaxed with her mind empty, dreaming only of suckling her Mommy’s teat upon a bed of clouds. A distant, gentle whisper as the soft embrace of sleep claims her.

“That’s Momma’s good little girl~.”