

A Long Day

Part II

Dayna groaned into her pacifier as she bounced along the path, strapped securely into her stroller. After breakfast had wrapped up, Wendy had set about getting her kitten ready for their park trip, which included getting the cat out of her pajamas, getting her teeth brushed, getting her dressed, and then getting her buckled into the oversized, cloth-backed, purple and black baby stroller that Dayna hated so much. Wendy had been sure to pick out a cute outfit for their excursion. Dayna now wore a short yellow baby's sundress with white trim, belt, and collar. It of course did absolutely nothing to hide her diaper. Dayna also sported an oversized baby bonnet that matched her dress, as well as thigh high white stockings and a yellow set of booties and mittens. Dayna always thought it was kinda funny when her whole outfit got changed except for her diaper. The poor cat was still stuck in the dirty one she'd slept in, and it was seriously cold and uncomfortable at this point.

It didn't help that her messy bum was pressed against the seat of her horrible stroller. The thing was a very simplistic baby stroller, with a purple metal frame and a black nylon seat that had a set of straps that went around Dayna's crotch and waist. It also had a metal bar that went around the front that could be used to support a tray, although Wendy hadn't brought the tray along for this particular trip.

Wendy hummed to herself as she strolled along, pushing the grumpy kitty down the path to the park. The park was not too far from the correctional facility, about a mile or so. It sat just a short ways away from the bottom of the long hill that led away from the

backside of the building. There was a long, winding path built specially for the purpose of allowing caretakers to bring their prisoners down to play. The path was a lovely one. Tan colored paving stones that curved their way through the green grassy hill. Wooden benches dotted the length of it providing ample places for people to stop and rest, or for smelly prisoners to stop and get their diapers changed. Woods flanked the hill on either side giving the trail a kind of secluded feel. The path came right up to the edge of the trees in some places. The area was well loved by the facility staff and the public alike. The park was at the edge of the residential area of town, so people would often bring their children there to play, and the trail made a lovely hike. The caretakers especially loved it because it gave them a chance to show off their charges to anyone that happened to be passing by. Some members of the community frequented the trail in hopes of catching sight of a babied prisoner in order to have a good laugh at their expense.

Dayna had to admit the place was absolutely beautiful and charming, but that didn't mean she wanted to be there. She hated the way her stroller wheels bounced along the cracks in the pathway, jostling her about and making things even more uncomfortable in her dirty diaper. Most of all though, she hated how people looked at her. It was bad enough that she had to be dressed up and treated like this, did everyone else really have to see it as well? She would always turn bright crimson whenever they passed someone by. Sometimes they would stare at her, sometimes they would laugh or coo. Sometimes they would say mean, horrible things to her. The feline was always afraid whenever she was made to leave her room, dreading her first encounter with someone from the outside world. Dayna sucked

on her purple pacifier as she wished she could simply disappear off the face of the earth. They hadn't seen anyone on the trail yet, but Dayna knew it was bound to happen.

Dayna's thoughts were interrupted when her gut rumbled. She whined and shifted in her seat. Since her morning bottle, her stomach just hadn't felt right. She knew it was only a matter of time before whatever Wendy had put in it did its job. Dayna just hoped they would be back inside by that point.

Seemingly determined to drag this out for the poor cat, Wendy stopped by one of the park benches and sat down. It was actually one of her favorite spots along the trail. It was behind one of the hill's ridges enough that you couldn't see the facility anymore and it was still far enough away that you couldn't see the park. It gave off the impression of being in the middle of an endless field of grass and trees and it felt very relaxing to the wolf. Dayna probably would have enjoyed it too, if she wasn't stuck in a stroller with a messy diaper.

Wendy shut her eyes and tipped her head back, letting the morning sun warm her fur. "Ah, isn't this lovely kitten?" she said with a sigh. Dayna could only groan in response. After a minute of basking in the sun, Wendy got up and unbuckled Dayna from her stroller. She took the fussy cat back over to the bench and set her on her lap. Dayna fumed as she felt her dirty diaper come down on the wolf's knee. She still found it hard to believe how easily Wendy was able to move her around. Sure, Dayna wasn't big by anyone's standards, but she was still an adult.

"Come on, cheer up kitten!" Wendy said, giving Dayna a little bounce. "It's a beautiful day!"

Dayna couldn't argue with that, it was a beautiful day. But, her ass was still covered in filth and she could tell by the way her stomach was feeling that it wouldn't be long before she added to it. So, she was finding it fairly difficult to be cheerful.

Wendy hummed cheerfully as she bounced Dayna on her knee like a toddler. Dayna scowled and crossed her arms angrily. She hated being bounced. Not just because of the state of her diaper either. Of course, being dirty made it a hundred times worse, but she still hated it even when she was clean. She hated how it pressed her puffy diapers against her. She hated how it made her breasts flop around. Most of all, she hated how little it made her feel. It really drove home the point that she was no more than a helpless baby in her caretaker's paws, completely at their mercy. Dayna had enough reminders of that already, she didn't want any more.

Wendy finally stopped bouncing Dayna and gave her a warm smile and a hug as she lifted the cat up and plopped her back in the stroller. Just when Dayna was getting her hopes up that they might be finally moving on, Wendy went around to the back of the stroller where the little metal shelf that held the diaper bag was, and pulled out her water bottle and sat back down on the bench, taking a long drink.

"Do you want a drink kitten?" Wendy asked. "I packed a couple bottles for you."

Dayna very much didn't want a drink, she wanted to leave. But, it was clear she had absolutely no say in the matter. She shook her head and Wendy went back to relaxing and staring into the clear blue sky. Dayna went back to fuming, that was at least until her gut shifted. Her eyes went wide as the sudden need to go to the

bathroom came out of nowhere. The cat whimpered into her pacifier and squirmed in her seat. She knew she had no hope of holding it for long, but that didn't stop her from trying. She kicked and squirmed as the need continued to quickly grow. She bit into her binky as she clenched her jaw tight. Her hands balled into fists inside her mittens. Her stomach twisted and cramped. Her face scrunched up and she pulled her knees up toward her chest.

Then, it happened. With a muffled fart a wave of warm, semisolid filth pushed its way out of her to join with the cold mush that was already sitting in her diaper seat. The diaper rustled and crinkled as it pushed out as the fresh mess settled in the back. Dayna grunted and groaned as she lost control of her body. Finally the poor cat finished with a sigh and collapsed back into her stroller, panting. She could feel her accident pressing against her butt as she sat. She hated that feeling more than just about anything else about her treatment, but there was nothing she could do about it.

Meanwhile, Wendy watched the cat's plight from her spot on the park bench. She couldn't help but smirk as she watched the seat of Dayna's diaper expand out. She waited for her kitten to finish and let her rest in the stroller a bit afterwards.

"Come here kitten," the wolf said as she once again unbuckled Dayna from the stroller and lifted her out. The cat winced as her diaper contents shifted. The diaper hung heavily between her legs. Wendy lifted the seat of the swollen, drooping diaper and tested the weight of it. Then, she turned Dayna around and bent her forward. Undoing the diaper's tail tape, Wendy pulled the waistband back and peered inside to inspect the damage. She let the diaper snap closed and refastened the tail tape.

“That’s starting to look pretty full kitten,” the wolf said. “We might have to do something about that.”

Dayna was glad to hear that, desperately wanting a change. Her spirits rose when she saw Wendy open the diaper bag in the back of the stroller and pull out a fresh, white diaper. The cat was expecting to be led over to the park bench to have her diaper changed but hopes were dashed when Wendy instead threaded the new diaper between Dayna’s legs and wrapped it around the one she was currently wearing. Dayna whined in protest.

“Are we complaining kitten?” Wendy said, giving Dayna a stern look. Dayna went quiet, fearing a punishment if she upset Wendy. Still, she couldn’t suppress a few quiet whimpers as Wendy tapped the fresh diaper over her messy night-time diaper. The new diaper pressed her mess against her bottom and forced her legs further apart, making her stand slightly bow legged. Dayna stared daggers at Wendy, but also felt like she might start crying from frustration.

The look didn’t escape Wendy’s notice. She sighed and put her paws on her hips. “Grumpy are we?” she said, “I think it’s time for a recitation of your little mantra.”

She reached up and pulled the pacifier out of Dayna’s mouth. “Well, go on kitten,” Wendy said. Dayna, not wanting to risk angering Wendy further, took a deep breath and spoke for the first time that day.

“I am here as a result of my own actions. What happens to me here is no one's fault but my own.” She hung her head. She hated saying that but she couldn’t deny the truth in those words.

“Good kitten,” Wendy said, popping the pacifier back into Dayna’s mouth and giving her a pat on top of her bonnet clad head. “Now then, let’s head on to the park.”

Dayna had forgotten about the park. She certainly wasn’t looking forward to all the people and kids there seeing her like this. Wendy buckled Dayna back into her stroller, and the two continued on down the path.

It took them another twenty minutes to reach the park but to Dayna it felt like hours. By some miracle, they hadn’t run into anyone else along the path. Dayna was glad that Wendy had chosen to take her out so early. The park was pretty empty as well, but not entirely deserted. There was a couple playing frisbee in the nearby field, and few people standing around watching their children play. Most of them didn’t notice Dayna and Wendy as they were too far away and preoccupied. However, Dayna wasn’t lucky enough to escape all notice.

“Big baby!” called a little white leopard girl as she giggled and leaned out of her baby carriage to point at Dayna as she passed by her and her mother on the path.

“Yes, she is a big baby,” the girl’s mother said, chuckling softly to herself. Dayna felt her face turn red.

The park was a very pleasant place to be, so people tended to gather there. It was a fairly big place. It had a large, open area that people often enjoyed playing sports in. Across from that was an area shaded by trees that was home to the children’s play area. It had a large, red and black colored playground set with climbers, slides, and tunnels. In front of it was a small sandbox that a lot of the littler kids enjoyed. The park also had plenty of seesaws, a swingset and even a merry go round. There were also

several picnic areas that people would often have lunch at on a nice day, and plenty of trails and paths for people to take walks on.

Dayna had expected Wendy to keep walking down the path like she normally did when the two went on their walks. So, she was very surprised when the wolf instead decided to pull off the trail and stop the stroller in front of the kid's play area.

"Here we are kitten!" Wendy said cheerfully, she went around to the front of the stroller, unbuckled Dayna and stood her up. Dayna looked back at her, confused and quickly becoming worried.

"How 'bout you go play in the sandbox while I find a nice bench to sit on, ok baby?" Wendy said with a smile. She gave Dayna a firm pat on her diapered butt. "Go on honey."

Dayna stumbled forward a few steps, her thick diapers making her waddle unsteadily. She looked back at Wendy again. *She can't be serious*, Dayna thought to herself. Then again, the wolf seemed pretty serious. Dayna looked around nervously to see if anyone was nearby. She toddled forward in the direction of the sandbox, anxiety starting to build in her chest.

She reached the wooden edge of the sandbox and half knelt, half fell down onto her hands and knees. Either from the change in position or the growing fear, Dayna felt a stream of warm pee start trickling out of her into her diapers. She could only hope that no one could tell. She glanced over at Wendy again. The wolf had found a place to sit on a nearby bench and was watching her intently. Unsure of what else to do, the cat reached into the sandbox, picked up a small plastic shovel, and started digging a little hole in the sand. She looked back at Wendy again hoping to see some sign of approval, but the wolf didn't give her any

indications on how she felt about Dayna's efforts. The embarrassed feline kept moving sand around, not sure of what she was really supposed to be doing but afraid of what might happen if she didn't do anything. She really didn't want to give any reason to end up over Wendy's knee in the middle of a public park.

After a bit of aimless digging, Dayna picked up one of the sandcastle molds and began filling it with sand. The sand was dry, so she wouldn't be able to actually make a proper sand castle, but it just felt better for her to be doing something instead of just sitting there awkwardly. Not that there was much she could do to make this less awkward. She was still a grown woman dressed like a baby in the middle of a park, and with a loaded diaper to top it off. The cat could hear the sounds of people snickering and whispering behind her as they passed by on the trail. One thing she was glad for is that being in double diapers made it harder to tell just how messy she was.

She had no trouble telling, however. The smell hung around her constantly, and her ass was beginning to itch from being left in her own filth for so long. At this point she highly doubted that she was going to get away without a rash.

She sat, fiddling in the sandbox for what felt like hours. For the most part, she was left alone, only having to deal with the stares and quiet chuckles from the people who passed by her. Most of the people avoided her, knowing that she was likely from the correctional facility and not wanting to have much of anything to do with her. That didn't stop one little wolf pup however, as she came running up to play in the sandbox, only noticing the large kitten when she got close.

The young girl stopped in her tracks and looked at the diaper clad thirty year old in front of her. "Hi!" she said with a smile. "Why are you wearin' that?" the wolf girl cocked her head to the side.

Dayna didn't respond. She just looked down at the ground hoping the big bonnet hid her blush.

Undeterred, the pup squatted down to get a better look at Dayna's face. "Are you a baby?" she asked earnestly, "you look like a baby."

Dayna's blush deepened as she nervously sucked on her pacifier.

The little girl inched closer, "are you scared baby?" she asked, sounding concerned. "Don't be scared, I'm not mean or anything. Do ya wanna play with me?" The girl stopped and sniffed. Her nose wrinkled. "Ew!!! Baby's smelly!" she declared, stepping back and covering her nose. "Does baby need a diapy change? I can help!" the pup shouted cheerfully, a little too loudly for Dayna. "I've seen my mommy change my baby brother and I think I can figure out how to do it!"

"Michelle! Get over here this instant!" the wolf pup's mother called, clearly not comfortable with having her daughter around a criminal. Even if that criminal was dressed up like a toddler.

"Ok mama!" the pup called back. She turned back and gave Dayna a pat on the head, "bye bye baby!" Then, she turned and went running back to her mother. Dayna could hear her shouting, "mommy, mommy! I met a big baby kitty!"

Dayna heard more snickering around her. It seemed a few people had noticed the cat and stopped to see what was happening and had overheard the little girl. "Oh jeez she does stink!" Dayna heard someone behind her say.

The cat wished she could just sink into the ground and disappear. Her face burned from the embarrassment and tears began to form in the corners of her eyes. *Please God, someone get me out of here*, she thought to herself. Her eyes went wide when she felt something lifting up the hem of her dress.

“Wow, this thing is massive!” the stranger who had just lifted the skirt of Dayna’s sundress said in surprise as he stared at the two puffy diapers that covered the cat’s backside.

Dayna had to resist the urge to turn around and punch the man in the face, not that she could do much damage with her thick mittens. The man gave her padded butt a poke with the tip of his shoe before mercifully releasing her dress and walking away with the rest of his group.

A shadow passed over the cat and she turned her teary eyes upward to see what was there. Wendy stood above Dayna looking down at her.

“Having fun kitten?” she asked with a smirk.

Dayna could only manage a faint whimper in response.

“Come on sweetheart,” Wendy said, bending over to lift Dayna to her feet by her underarms. “We should start heading back. It’s getting close to lunch time.”

That was the best news Dayna could possibly have heard. She couldn’t wait to get out of the park and away from people. Wendy brushed some of the loose sand and dirt off of Dayna’s clothing before taking her hand and leading her back to the stroller. Wendy got her kitten secured back into her stroller, and then the two headed out of the park and back up the path.