

“Nephyr...Neph, sweetie...”

The black-feathered falcon jolted, startled as he was abruptly yanked back from the brink of sleep. He looked around wildly, and would've likely felt panicked if not for the pair of soft, warm wings wrapped around him, holding him against the chest of their owner. Blinking and idly gnawing on the pacifier comfortably resting in his beak, he looked up into the warm, gentle red eyes of his temporary caretaker.

“Sorry to startle you, honey,” the red-tailed hawk cooed, gently rocking him as he sat in her lap. “It isn't time for bed quite yet. If you take a nap now, it'll mess up your sleep when it's bedtime.”

Nephyr nodded in understanding, blinking the tired blurriness away from his vision. “I-I understand, miss Evie...er, m-mama,” he corrected himself. The hawk hadn't insisted that he call her that, but it just felt strangely appropriate. Looking down at the swollen, yellowed garment in between his legs, the events of the day flooded back into his mind—no pun intended. The humiliating field trip to the aquarium in which his diapers had been revealed to all onlookers, his reluctant acceptance of Evie's invitation to spend the weekend at her house, and the dinner, nursing, and snuggling that they'd recently gone through together...and lastly, how he'd accepted the fact that, for one reason or another, he was honestly, legitimately enjoying the sentence he was being made to carry out. Being dressed like a child, forced to be dependent to his caretaker, having to wear and use diapers...he couldn't explain it, but it had begun to make him feel safe. As if the world couldn't hurt him while he was like this. It was like the time he'd spent with his biological mother when he was an actual hatchling, how he'd always felt safe when he hid in her wings...it was a sensation that Evie was accurately reproducing now.

One of the hawk's wings rubbed along his belly before coming to rest on his soiled diaper. “You sure did a number on this one, sweetie pie.” She chuckled, rubbing the top of her beak against his forehead. “Let's go get your diaper changed, and then you can play in your room until it's time for bed. I'd love to continue cuddling, but mama's got some computer work she needs to take care of.”

“O-of course, mommy,” Nephyr said, rolling off of the other bird's lap and standing up, having to spread his legs to keep balance with the bulky, soggy garment sagging in between them. They were big enough to begin with, and it felt as though they swelled up to three times their size whenever he used them...he stretched, letting out a yawn as Evie rose to her talons, unhindered by such an obstruction. The peregrine falcon felt an unexplainable mixture of envy and pity; envy for her adult-

oriented undergarments, and pity that she didn't have the pleasure of wearing what he had on. He wasn't sure which of the two emotions were the more genuine, if either of them.

"Come along, then, my dear," Evie chirped, taking his wing in hers and leading him off towards the spare room of her house. As he'd seen earlier, she'd converted it into an adult-sized nursery to better fit the theme of the punishments that inmates she looked after and took home with her, such as Nephyr himself, had to go through. Therefore, he knew to expect the sight of the painted pink crib, the well-stocked changing table, and various types of paraphernalia normally reserved for young kits and pups—specifically the female side of the spectrum. But the falcon had been made to dress like a girl at the adult daycare facility, so this was also no longer a surprise.

As they entered the nursery, Nephyr didn't hesitate to waddle over to and climb on top of the changing table. Not only did he know that putting up resistance was an exercise in futility, but he was also rather eager to have a fresh diaper in place of the uncomfortably chilly and waterlogged one wrapped around his waist. He lied down on the soft mattress of the table, shyly half covering his face with his wings as he looked up at Evie.

The hawk giggled as she rummaged through a shelf of the changing table. "You're such a cute little bird, Neph. I could just eat you up! Alright, fresh diaper time. Do you want red, green, blue, or pink?"

Blushing, Nephyr looked down at the one he had on. It used to be light blue with wetness indicative owls, though now it had discolored into a strange, blotchy shade of green, and many of the owls were no more. "Um...l-let's do red, please."

"Red it is!" Evie winked, holding up a diaper that was indeed mostly red. The trim was red, but the actual absorbent padding was mostly white...patterned with fire hydrants that clearly served the same purpose as the owls had. It was almost as embarrassing as the pink "princess" diaper that he'd had to wear earlier that morning, as it was clearly intended for someone a bit more canine. Almost. The hawk tilted her head, seeming to understand his reservations. "Would you prefer a different one, sweetie?"

Nephyr blinked, shaking his head. "Er, n-no, that's okay...I-I mean, they're all made for the s-same thing, right? I-I've had to wear w-worse than that. I'll deal."

“If you’re sure!” Evie cooed, setting the diaper down and getting to work with changing the other bird. Nephyr immediately began fidgeting as his diaper was undone and unfolded, curling his talons as his malehood was exposed to his caretaker. It wasn’t the first time in the last couple of days that it had happened, but it was still hard to just lie there and endure the awkwardness with a blank expression. Or maybe it was simply awkward because he deemed it so...still, he couldn’t help wringing his wings together as his gaze darted from object to object in the room, looking for something to focus on as Evie cleaned the urine from his crotch and rump feathers with a chilly baby wipe. “I won’t put your nighttime diaper on you just yet, since it isn’t quite that late yet. When was the last time you made a stinky, sweetie?”

Nephyr’s fidgeting grew a bit more intense at the blunt question. “U-um...I’m...not really s-sure...”

“In that case, try to make one before too long, alright, sweetheart? Can you do that for mommy?” As Evie spoke, she rolled up the used wipes into the soggy diaper, disposing of it in a pail next to the changing table. She then unfolded the fresh red-and-white nappy and slid it underneath his bum.

“U-um...I...y-yes, mommy. I-I’ll make sure to, um...do that...” the falcon stammered shyly, feeling very small as some white powder was dumped over his crotch and hind end, followed by the diaper being pulled up and over.

“Good hatchie! You’re such a good little birdie, yes you are~!” praised Evie, giving his belly some playful, affectionate rubs. The gently tickling touch caused Nephyr to wiggle his talons shyly, but it felt...rather nice. He didn’t try to bat her wing away before she pulled it away herself, using both of them to hold his diaper in place as she secured it with two pairs of tapes on either side of it. “All fresh and clean, and ready to be made stinky!” Giggling, the hawk helped him sit up, giving him a kiss on the top of his head before helping him down from the changing table.

His legs trembled from the display of affection, but Nephyr was able to keep his balance and, somehow, found the courage to look his caretaker in the eye as he said, “Thank you very much for changing my diaper, mama.” He blinked, realizing that the sentence came out easily, without a trace of his usual stutter. Just as he’d spoken earlier that evening during dinner, when he’d declared himself the hawk’s good, polite little birdie...

A statement that was promptly reiterated by the avian in question. “Good boy, Neph, always so polite! You’re very welcome, little one. Now, as I said, mommy has some work to do, so I’ll leave you be for now. I’ll check in on you now and then,

but if you need anything—such as another diaper change—come and get me, okay? I’m just next door, after all.”

“I-I will. Thank you, mommy.” The falcon smiled shyly at his caretaker as she headed out of the room, crossing his wings to hug...“W-wait, where’s Mordecai?” Nephyr chirped suddenly, looking around with mild panic.

“Mordecai?” echoed Evie, pausing at the doorway of the room. “Who’s that, again? It sounds familiar.”

“W-well, Mordecai the Second. I-it’s my plushie bird friend th-that I picked out the o-other day, in that big c-closet of stuffed animals. I d-definitely brought him here.”

“Oh, I remember, yes! I think you had him out on the couch. I’ll go and get him for you, sweetie.”

Nephyr nodded as the other bird hurried for the living room, rubbing one wing with the other as he sat down in a beanbag chair. He felt...not great. Almost panicked. He found himself hoping that his little stuffed animal was alright, even though nothing could’ve possibly happened to the toy. These feelings quickly evaporated, thankfully, as Evie soon returned to the room to bestow the stuffed bird unto him. He reached up to grab Mordecai from her with both of his wings, letting out a sigh of relief as he hugged the plushie close, feeling much better now that he’d been swiftly reunited with his security toy. “Heh...th-thanks again, mama.”

“Of course, dear,” Evie replied, smiling as she ruffled his head feathers. Her charge appeased, she left the room once more, heading to her room this time to take care of the work that she needed to do.

Left alone, Nephyr sighed softly as he looked at Mordecai, then at his diaper, and then at the room around him. The nursery-type area should’ve been strange and foreign to him; he’d only been at Evie’s house for a few hours at this point. But the room, childish though it was, felt very inviting and comfortable to him. All the more evidence to how he was quickly growing accustomed to this new life of his...

He blinked. “N-no, it’s not a new life...th-this is all just temporary. For j-just a couple of weeks. It’s a p-punishment because you did s-something stupid. I-it won’t...last forever...” Flexing his talons, he wiped the confused tears from his eyes as he stood up, still holding his plushie against him with one wing as he started

pacing around the room, looking for something to do that would help to get his mind off of things.

His eyes soon rested on the set of straps dangling from the ceiling in the corner of the room, supporting a soft, cushiony seat. The overly large baby bouncer had caught his attention earlier, and he remembered hoping that he wouldn't have to be put into it, while simultaneously being curious about how it would feel. In light of his recent revelations, the former feeling had been completely overridden by the latter. Plus, now that he had some time to himself, now was a perfect opportunity to try it out without Evie's knowledge; not that he was breaking any rules by trying out the bouncer—at least, not to his knowledge—he just wanted to keep his embarrassment to a relative minimum wherever and whenever possible.

Pushing the nursery door until it was roughly only a third of the way open, Nephyr doubled back to the bouncer. Clutching his plushie tightly, he gave the strange...piece of furniture? Baby toy? Whatever it qualified as, he gave it a few pulls, feeling how sturdy it was despite being very stretchy and bouncy. It'd definitely support his weight, no question about it. Licking his beak nervously, he lifted one of his legs and pushed it through the appropriate gap, ensuring that he'd be facing the rest of the nursery room and not the shrub-covered window on the wall behind him, feeling as though he was putting on a bulky pair of shorts. Having to use both wings to grip the support straps for balance himself, he carefully sandwiched Mordecai in between his chin and collar as he pushed his other leg through the adjacent opening. The padded seat rode up on him a little bit, as it was likely designed to do, but his diaper helped to make it a bit more of a comfortable fit.

Nephyr looked down at the blue bouncer, and how he was still standing on the very tips of his talons, but the device felt as though it had already stretched as far as it could go. Standing in the bouncer felt so surreal...a feeling that only intensified as he again hugged Mordecai with one wing as he allowed himself to sit down in the furniture. Sit was a strong word, however; it was more of a slump and letting his body give in to its own weight, as when he went limp, his talons still weren't flat on the ground. He flapped his wings once or twice, feeling as though he were about to lose his balance and topple over, but the array of straps supporting the bouncer's seat kept him perfectly upright as he slid into the support pad, the rim of it resting comfortably around his midsection with a comfy opening for his tail.

Feeling heat rising to his cheeks, he gently pushed off of the ground with his toes. His eyes went wide as the small push was sufficient enough to make the elastic straps compress in upon themselves, before swiftly being stretched out once more by his own weight. He gave another push, stronger this time, and the bounce went higher. Letting out a soft giggle, he fell into a steady rhythm of bouncing up and down, watching the floor retract and approach repeatedly beneath him. He never swung terribly close to the ground; his talons continuously brushed against the floor with his bounces—he found that bending his knees just a bit allowed him to get more momentum, as well as prevented his feet from dragging against the carpeted floor—but never enough to let him stand up straight in the unorthodox piece of furniture.

Nephyr's giggles slowly increased in volume and frequency, effectively losing himself as he bounced up and down, up and down, feeling as if on one of the trampolines that he loved so much as a young bird. The nostalgia made him see his current situation through a pair of rose-tinted lenses. He wasn't a semi-prisoner serving his sentence; he was a hatchling, still of diaper age, that very garment rustling loudly between his legs as he played, not having a care in the world other than making sure he didn't drop his special plushie. He felt calm and peaceful despite his playful exertions...

The illusion didn't last forever, naturally, but it was interrupted prematurely in a rather dissatisfactory way. Nephyr groaned quietly and squinted, clicking his beak as his tummy gave a subtle, but telltale rumble. It seemed as though cooked vegetables and breastmilk, though quite healthy in their own regards, didn't create a pleasant mixture after consumption. The falcon whimpered as he realized that he would have to go through with Evie's instructions and make a mess in his diaper before bedtime—and judging from the way his stomach was gurgling, this was going to happen sooner than he would like. Not that he wanted it to happen at all, as messing was a lot different from wetting. The latter was almost relaxing, in a bizarre way, but the first just felt...dirty.

Sighing and suppressing a quiet whimper, Nephyr decided that he would have to end his time in the bouncer a little earlier than he wanted to. It felt strange to admit it, but he had genuinely been having fun for the few minutes he'd been sitting in it. Regardless of his enjoyment, he didn't want to have his impending accident with the cushiony seat pressing up against his backside like a pair of overalls over his diaper. Attempting to use the actual bathroom wasn't even something that he was considering; Evie had made it clear from the start that the toilet was strictly off-limits

to him while he was here, as it had been everywhere for the last few days. The falcon lifted up one of his legs, trying to pull it free from the bouncer...but the corresponding opening was pulled along with it, even now that the talon of his other leg was now able to rest flat on the ground.

Nephyr let out an alarmed chirp, trying to pull out his other leg, but achieving a similar result. Tucking his stuffed bird into the collar of his shirt, he tried gripping the seat with both of his wings to pull it down like a pair of underwear. But the farther down it stretched, the more difficult it became to pull, and he wasn't even able to reveal the upper end of his diaper's waistband before it became too difficult to push on. Trying to roll forward and capsize the dangling device was quickly ruled out after a handful of meager attempts, as well. The sturdy straps ensured it stayed perfectly stable for the safety of the victim within, and his struggles only caused him to bounce around humiliatingly.

The bird's breathing became rapid, his heart rate increasing as his eyes went wide. The reality of his situation had dawned on him. He was stuck. Completely trapped in the bouncer by his own doing. And the need to relieve his bowels was growing ever greater with each passing moment.

He looked around wildly, looking for something that would help him to get free. The effort was in vain, of course. There was no getting out of this thing without outside help...help that he was far too embarrassed to ask for. He knew that if he called for her, Evie would be here within moments. But he didn't want her to see how he'd gotten himself stuck in the babyish thing, nor to realize that he was totally stuck and desperately needed to make a mess...would she actually help him out of the bouncer, or would she stand in the doorway and gently, provocatively tease him, keeping her eyes on him until he had an accident in his diaper? And would she even release him at that point, or let him stay in the mess that he'd made as further punishment to add onto his sentence? He wanted to believe that the first of the scenarios was the one that was most likely to happen—actually, he was almost certain that it was—but his tongue was too tied to call for help. He was flustered, humiliated, and felt so very, very small.

Whimpering and already sniffing as he was prone to do in such situations, the falcon tried over and over again to figure out some way to get out of the bouncer. But he failed in doing anything more than continuously bouncing in place. It was clear that inability to escape on one's own was part of the device's core design. It'd

make an effective timeout tool for rowdy individuals...or those who were too curious for their own good.

Nephyr curled his talons as he went still, his beak clicking nervously as he had to wrestle with his own tail to keep it from flagging up. All the bouncing had wreaked havoc on his bathroom needs, and he knew that he'd only be able to hold it for another minute or two. The fact that he knew that he was wearing a disposable toilet around his waist didn't help him at all; it was as though his diaper was telling his body that it was okay to relax, to take care of his needs and get them over with. He wanted to hold it...but he knew that it'd be a while before Evie came to check on him. And even then, if she let him out of the bouncer, it wasn't like he'd be allowed to take care of his business on the actual toilet.

Squeezing his eyes shut tightly, Nephyr puffed out his cheeks as he finally allowed his tail to lift, grunting as he started pushing. Of course, it didn't take long at all for him to start having his accident, a soft, warm mush starting to fill the seat of his pants. He tried his best to stand on the tips of his talons to lessen the pressure that the bouncer was putting on his backside, but it was a pointless endeavor. His diaper was firmly held against him as he helplessly messed himself.

He shuddered and tried to stay completely still during the course of his accident, hugging his security plush close to him as he relieved himself, soft whimpers escaping his beak. It felt...not terrible, but certainly not good. It was certainly a relief to let the agonizing pressure work its way into his diaper, but from the way that his mess smushed and clung to his rear, he much would've preferred to take care of things in a potty. Moreover, it took him a few moments to realize that he'd actually started wetting himself at some point, and had been too focused on his hindquarters to notice until his stream was already petering out, leaving the front of his diaper squishy, damp, and much warmer than his rear. If only it could feel the same front and back rather than the dirty, mushy feeling he was stuck with...that only grew worse as he bounced up and down!

"G-gross..." Nephyr mumbled to himself, wiggling around to try and stop himself from bouncing in the easily agitated device. Of course, this only caused him to bob around some more, which in turn spread and smushed the mess around on his rear some more. He furrowed his brow. It had felt good to get his bathroom issue over and done with...but why was he still feeling some lingering effects of relief? It wasn't the "afterglow", so to speak, but it felt like he was still in the process of taking care of things...

He blinked. No, that wasn't it at all. Could it be? No, it couldn't...he gave another intentional bounce, shivering as his soggy, dirty diaper squished audibly, his eyes widening as that feeling intensified. It wasn't relief. It was enjoyment.

Nephyr blinked again. His eyes weren't tearful, like they should have been. He'd just completely lost control of his bodily functions and soiled his diaper like a hatchling while unable to escape a piece of furniture that was also designed for hatchlings—albeit with a minor twist. He should have been absolutely beside himself...and yet he wasn't. His cheeks were hot with embarrassment, for sure, but he was far more perplexed than upset. Perplexed by the sensations he felt. The very same sensations that he'd experienced just earlier that evening, sitting in the highchair and then cradled in Evie's arms.

He *liked* this.

The notion was absurd, but this didn't make it any less true. Why *shouldn't* he like this, seeing how he was growing to enjoy everything else in the way of his big baby treatment? Yes, he had loathed messing himself the few other times he'd done it. But perhaps, now that he knew what to expect, it no longer had that same effect on him. He could put aside the things he disliked about it purely out of instinct, and all that remained was a deep, profound enjoyment for such an action. The thought that he didn't have to worry about a thing, that all of his decisions and needs were being taken care of for him, down to the point where he didn't even need to bother with seeking out a bathroom when the time came...

It was all utterly absurd. But it didn't stop Nephyr from giggling. That giggle soon grew into squealing laughter as he bounced around, up and down, up and down, almost losing himself to his excitement. What he was excited and laughing about, be it the feeling, implications, or the results of messing in his diaper, he couldn't pinpoint exactly. All he knew was that he was happy, perhaps even a little delirious. Thus, he expressed it all by bouncing with wild abandon, relishing the feeling of being airborne for brief moments at a time, unperturbed by the squishy warmth in between his legs...

The bird swiftly lost track of time as he sat there, trapped and mushy, not having a care in the world save for making sure Mordecai the Second didn't slip out of his wings. He only considered escaping the confines of the bouncer and his dirty diaper when the latter became...unpleasantly sticky, likely from the moisture working its way into the absorbent padding itself. Not to mention cold and clammy,

as well. The high gone, he slowed to a stop in the bouncer, his legs tired from pushing off the ground over and over again, anyway.

He felt his cheeks growing warm again as he opened his beak. He knew what he had to do, and while he'd accepted this fact by now, he wasn't any less humiliated about it. "M-mama!" He called out. "Mamaaa! M-mommyyyyyy!"

Whimpering softly and hugging his plushie close, he curled his talons as Evie soon appeared in the doorway of the nursery room. A smile lit up her face as she saw him, and while her eyes gave away her amusement, she didn't let a trace of a giggle escape her beak. "My, my, it seems the little hatchie has gotten himself into a bit of a situation, hasn't he?"

Nephyr nodded, covering his face with a wing. Again, he should've been deeply humiliated at his situation, but all he felt was shy and wriggly on the inside. "Y-yes, m-mommy. Um...c-can you help me out? P-pwease?"

"But you look so comfy in there~!" the hawk giggled, pacing over to him and not dropping her smile for a moment as she placed a wing-finger on his cheek. "Why would you want to get out, hm?"

He gulped. It was undeniable that her eyes had just briefly flitted down to his diaper. Plus, the smell lingering in the air was undeniable. It was quite obvious that she was waiting to hear him admit what he had done. His shyness doubled in the span of a few seconds, but despite his growing embarrassment, he managed to stammer out, "C-cuz, mommy, I-I, um...I m-made a mess in m-my diaper."

"Well, that's a very legitimate reason," Evie admitted, stifling a giggle as the other avian said what she had wanted him to. "Alright, wings up for mama. Let's get you out of their and out of your stinky didee, hmm?"

"Y-yes please, mama," Nephyr agreed, nodding as he lifted up his wings. Expertly balancing on one clawed foot, Evie used her raised one to hold the bouncer seat in place as she lifted him up and out of the device with her wings, again exhibiting her impressive strength. Once one of his legs had been freed, Evie set him down and released the breath she'd been holding, helping him to keep balance as his other leg was pulled free.

Almost on cue, the hawk placed a wing against the soiled diaper against his rump, as if to check it. The discoloration of the white padding and the mostly faded fire hydrants was a clear indicator of what he'd done—and while he'd neglected to

look at his rear, he was sure that it followed a similar pattern—so there was really no need to physically check it like this. It was just another of Evie’s ways to make him fidgety. “Goodness, you sure did a number on this one. Good boy for calling mommy to help! It doesn’t seem like it could’ve held even another small wetting. And we both know how heavy of a wetter you are!”

Nephyr whimpered softly as he was led to the changing table. Why was he having a hard time fighting away a smile that insisted on forming upon his face? As his beak parted in a yawn, he chalked it up to being tired and slightly delirious. As he lied down on the thin mattress yet again, he said, “Y-you can put me in a n-nighttime diaper now, m-mama. I think I-I’m ready for bed. I’m sleepy.”

“Whatever you say, little one,” Evie cued, tugging up his shirt to make sure that it remained clean. “But once I put you in your crib, you’re not allowed out until morning. That means no late-night snacks or sneaky restroom trips—I’ll give you a bottle for the night of course, in case you get thirsty. Understood?”

“O-of course, mama,” Nephyr promised, averting his gaze as his dirty diaper was undone and opened up, trying to hold his breath to smell what he’d done as little as possible.

Thankfully, Evie was as swift as always with the diaper change, though this one naturally required a bit more time and effort than usual. He was soon left feeling much better once his backside was cleaned and the old diaper disposed of, and Evie tied the bag in the pail shut in preparation to take it away. “Would you like to wear pajamas to bed? Or just sleep in your diaper? I know people have their preferences, and I do keep this place a bit on the warmer side.”

He nodded as she retrieved a bulky-looking diaper from the shelf of the changing table, not letting him choose which one to wear this time. He didn’t mind this, however; the diaper was actually quite cute, colored a light purple with a space theme, decorated with stars, moons, and spaceships. “J-just in my diaper, please. A b-blanket keeps me nice and w-warm on its own.”

Evie smiled as she unfolded the thick diaper, sliding it under his fresh and clean rump. An extra step was added during this diaper change; a creamy white substance was rubbed all around his rear, which the caretaker explained was to help combat diaper rash prematurely, as well as take care of any lingering odors. Once the chilly cream was worked into his rump feathers, he then received the usual

dosage of powder before the new diaper was taped up around his waist nice and snugly. “There we are! A nice and clean birdie ready for sleepy bye~”

Nephyr blushed as he was helped down from the changing table, still clutching Mordecai in one wing, and led over to the crib. The nighttime diaper was extra bulky, and it was impossible to not waddle with how it forced his legs apart. He stood by as Evie lowered the side of the crib for him, allowing him to crawl inside. He was glad that it wasn’t like the one he had to sleep in at the adult nursery, with the closed top that made it so he couldn’t escape, no matter what. This one, while having only half the blankets, pillows, and plushies—though no less pink and girly—felt much warmer and inviting than the veritable baby prison.

“I hope it’s comfortable enough for you,” Evie said, helping him to remove his Top Wing t-shirt before allowing him to lie down, pulling a pair of frilly blankets over him as he made himself comfortable, resting his head on a soft, puffy pillow.

The falcon nodded shyly, hugging his plushie bird close, the other stuffed animals present serving as silent sentinels to watch over the pair of avians for the night. “Y-yes, mama, it’s very comfortable. Th-thank you for...for giving m-me some time off. A-and I’m sorry about my attitude e-earlier today, back at the daycare.”

“It’s alright, little one,” Evie assured him, leaning in for one last kiss before sticking a pacifier in his mouth and pulling up the side of the crib, locking it into place. He could climb out of it with little effort if he tried to...but he truly felt cozy and content, and had no desire to break away from his crib and caretaker. “Tomorrow will be a new day, after all. It’s best to let all your stress melt away overnight, hm?”

“Y-yeah...you’re right,” Nephyr mumbled around his purple pacifier, sinking into the soft bedding and pillows all around him, letting his eyelids flutter closed. He was faintly aware of the other bird disposing of the bag with his dirty diaper, setting a bottle of milk—or possibly baby formula—next to him as she’d promised, and turning off the overhead light so that the room was very dimly lit by a single, pink, castle-shaped nightlight. He was already drifting in and out of consciousness, however, and it didn’t take long at all for the hectic day’s events to catch up with him. Soon, he drifted off into a deep, peaceful sleep...

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*Nephyr was hanging out with three of his good friends in a small park, the sun above warming them up and trying to melt the ice cream that they held faster*

*than they could eat it. They were laughing and chatting about nothing and everything as they normally did, each building off the other to bolster each other's spirits. The falcon felt oddly distant, though, almost feeling out of place with the other three...*

*He swiftly realized why this was. He was sure that there were three other individuals at the park table with him, but despite being able to hear their voices as clear as day, he couldn't make out their forms. He knew who they were supposed to be, but didn't at the exact same time.*

*This, however, was only the first of two reasons that he felt the way that he did.*

*"Hey, guys, I think the baby here might need his diaper changed—again!" one of the voices suddenly said, clearer than it had been.*

*Flustered, Nephyr looked down at himself. His cheeks grew hot as he realized that he wasn't wearing the jeans and t-shirt that he thought he'd had one, but rather a small, pink dress decorated with ribbons and lace that looked as though it barely fit him. The small size allowed his equally pink diaper to be fully visible. "A...b-buh...nbah..." Talking was an immense struggle. It felt as though he was wrestling with his beak.*

*"Aww, the baby boy is all flustered!" giggled another voice, the sound seeming to almost envelop the bird. "That totally means that he had another accident!"*

*"We'd better get his diaper bag, shouldn't we? And where's his mommy? The baby can never go very far from his mommy!"*

*"I wonder, will he ever get potty trained? Or does he really just like his didees THAT much?"*

*"I think they suit him; they make him look very cute! Babies should never go without their diapers, and his dress and makeup only complete the picture!"*

*"He's such an adorable little sissy..."*

*The teases, taunts, and doting all intermingled and overlapped upon one another, making it impossible for Nephyr to follow along with any singular line of dialogue. He wanted to curl up and hide himself from the embarrassment, but it was all around him, invading and penetrating any barriers he might try to put up, mentally or physically...feeling overwhelmed, squirmy, and very, very small, he felt*

*his lower regions heat up just like his cheeks as he lost his grip on his ice cream cone, lunging after it as it tumbled towards the floor...*

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Nephyr jolted awake as he hit the ground in his dream, feeling as though he'd actually fallen from his seat, though he hadn't budged an inch. He was still lying in the pink, comfy crib, sunlight streaming in through the curtained window, his pacifier still resting in his mouth. He'd kicked off his blankets sometime during the night as he often did, but thanks to the warmth of Evie's house, he didn't feel uncomfortably cold like he normally would...that is, not everywhere.

He let out a soft groan, his vision still blurry and unable to make out much of anything with great detail, but he didn't need his eyes to tell him what had happened overnight. His absorbent underwear was squishy, swollen, and soggy, but this wasn't what had elicited the sound of frustration from him. Either Evie hadn't properly diapered him before bed, or he'd shifted in just the right way while he slept, as the bulky nighttime diaper had sprung a leak. The bedding around his rump, upper legs, and lower back was unpleasantly cold and clammy, though the diaper itself still retained some small amount of heat from the liquid waste.

As he sat up, however, he suddenly tensed up and froze in place. Perhaps it was something that he'd glimpsed from the corner of his cloudy eye, or it was his sleep-addled mind playing tricks on him, but he suddenly felt a presence. He wasn't alone in here. Of course, he relaxed once he remembered exactly where he was. It must've been Evie, coming in to check up on him. Rubbing at his eyes to hopefully restore his vision, he let his pacifier slide from his mouth and cleared his throat. "Good m-morning, mama."

"Mama? How flattering! But I think you have the wrong bird, Neph."

Nephyr's heart felt as though it completely stopped. That voice...he had to have still been dreaming, right? Shaking his head and blinking the nighttime crust from his eyes at last, he looked up to see a bird leaning against the side of the crib. However, it was not the darker brown and white plumage of Evie that he'd come to recognize at a moment's glance. Instead, the feathers before him were of a lighter brown and sandy yellow color. They belonged to a golden eagle. He was ABSOLUTELY still dreaming. He refused to believe that this individual was actually standing in front of him right now.

"N...N-Natalie?"

“That’s my name, alright!” the eagle chirped pleasantly, smiling down at him. “Don’t wear it out, ya hear?”

Nephyr felt like he was about to pass out again. It took him several moments to realize that his leaky diaper was very visible to his good friend, and he hastily gathered a blanket around himself. “W-w-wh...what are you d-doing here!?”

“For a school project,” said a second voice. Evie had entered the room, making it two adult female birds gawking down at him, sitting in a childish, girly crib, his wet diaper sticking to his feathers.

“Kind of! It’s for extra credit,” Natalie corrected the eldest avian. “That, and it technically counts for community service. Pretty cool, huh?”

“N-no!” Nephyr twittered, but immediately felt bad afterwards. “I-I mean, th-that’s great a-and whatnot, b-but I don’t want you to s-see me! N-not like this!”

“But *I* do, Neph,” the eagle replied, kneeling down to stare at him through the bars of the crib, now on even eye level with him. “Listen, when we ran into each other at the aquarium, I could tell how distraught you were, even though you were trying to hide it. I figured that, if you had to go through all of this, maybe it’d be better for you if you had a friend to do it with. Well, maybe not as a, ah, playmate, seeing as I’m technically in charge of you. In conjunction with madam Evie, at least.”

“You can just call me Evie, my sweet,” said the hawk, reaching down to stroke Nephyr’s head feathers. It took quite a bit of willpower for him to not pull away. “And Nephyr, Natalie asked to be assigned to you, specifically, as my co-caretaker. I know this was already embarrassing for you, and I have no doubt that this might make it a little bit more so. But you need to remember that Natalie is doing this for you. Because she cares about you. She doesn’t want you to have to suffer through this on your own—other than with me, of course—so won’t you at least give her a chance?”

Nephyr’s gaze flitted between Natalie’s calm, yellow eyes and Evie’s red, warm ones. He felt incredibly trapped and helpless. He could feel tears in his eyes, and he wanted to shrivel back into the crib, to cover himself completely with the blanket wrapped around him...but he took a deep, shaky breath, trying to remain calm. “I-I...understand. I, um...I’m n-not sure if, uh, I l-like this at all, but...I g-guess I do need a f-friend...”

Natalie smiled at him, holding one of his wings through the crib's bars. Never had he ever thought that he'd be facing his best friend in a situation such as this. It was degrading...but that sense of belittlement soon gave way to a feeling of comfort, of rejoice that his dear friend had arrived to help him when he needed it most. Letting the blanket fall away to expose his soaked diaper once more, he took Natalie's other wing with his own, managing to return her smile. The eagle giggled. "That's what I thought, lil' Neph. So, Evie, where exactly do we begin? I await your tutelage."

Nephyr flinched as he noticed the hawk glance down at the garment between his legs, undoubtedly seeing the puddle he'd made on the bed, as well. "Normally, I'd give my babies a bottle straightaway. Then I'd change their diaper before sitting them in front of the television to watch cartoons until it was time for breakfast. But considering the evidence before us, I think it'd be best to swap the first two steps—and throw in some laundry at some point, too. And it'll be the perfect opportunity to show you how to change a diaper, Natalie."

The falcon's eyes went wide, his face heating up as his friend stood up. He expected her to refuse, to state that she couldn't change her closest friend's diaper...but it was wishful thinking, at best. "That sounds wonderful, Evie. And I'm sure it'll feel good to get out of that leaky thing, won't it, Neph?"

Gulping audibly, Nephyr tried not to tremble as he slowly nodded. He'd barely woken up, and he'd already had so much thrown his way...and now he had to submit to receiving a change from Natalie.

Again, today was going to be a long day.

*To Be Continued*