

Bako's Christmas Morning

"Bako, Bako, wake up!"

The sleeping fennec mumbled around his pacifier, clutching his stuffed bear a little tighter. It was still dark, and he was buried snugly in his duvet.

"BAKO!"

The teenager jolted awake grumpily, rubbing his eyes with his free paw. His younger brother, Kory, was standing on the other side of the crib bars, his whole face lit up with a grin.

"It's Christmaaaaaaass!" The younger fennec yelled, before reaching his little paws up to release the clasp on either side of the crib. The side of Bako's bed slid down with a thump. Bako saw his clock across the room and groaned again, burying his face into his pillow.

"Oh, Kory, settle down please. It's six o' clock," their mother said groggily from the hallway. Bako could smell coffee downstairs, and knew he was doomed to get out of bed.

"But, presents!" Kory replied, practically bouncing before turning his attention back to his brother, tugging at Bako as his mind battled with waking up. "C'mon, get up!"

Bako's family had a simple rule at Christmas; everyone was awake before presents were opened. This was all the more painful with an overexcited pre-teen who would wake the whole house before the sun had risen.

"Alright, alright..." Bako droned, eager to get his brother off of his back. He kicked his legs, freeing himself from his duvet, before rolling over, sitting up sleepily and letting his feet dangle over the edge. His butt felt a familiar squish as he sat on his night diaper, far wetter now than it was when he'd gone to bed. Not that that was unusual.

He dropped his paws to the floor and stretched, opting to leave his plushie and pacifier behind him in the crib. He was still embarrassed about how he had so easily fallen back into babyhood at 17 (even though Bako's 'babyhood' had been most of his life), and leaving it in the bedroom would let him feel a little bit in control. This was despite the fact he was about to waddle downstairs in a thick night diaper, and pastel-yellow footed pajamas.

Bako's parents were waiting in the living room, with that mix of looking exhausted but enjoying the excitement. Kory looked like he was going to explode if he didn't get to start tearing at wrapping paper. "Finally!" he exclaimed as Bako entered the room. He noticed his parents' camcorder was resting beside them on the sofa, another family tradition.

"Just a moment, Kory," their dad interjected. "How's your diaper doing, kiddo?"

"It's fine, dad," Bako mumbled.

"Are you sure?" his mother asked sternly, "don't you dare leak on my carpet on Christmas Day!"

Bako rolled his eyes and tried to walk past. He knew better than to be difficult about his diapers, but the early awakening had done him no favors.

"Not so fast, mister," his dad said, chiding him, as the older fox's paw clamped down on his son's shoulder. (Kory sighed melodramatically). Bako felt the butt-flap on his sleeper pop open. There was a quick silence as his diaper was inspected, then the flap was fastened again. "On you go. Less attitude, okay?"

"Sorry," Bako said, while crinkling his way towards his side of the presents under the Christmas tree, where he once again ended up sitting in his own squishy padding. Their parents always coordinated their wrapping paper so they knew who owned what. This year Bako's was bright, with Santa and Snowman motifs, whereas Kory's was a little more elegant, grown up, and red. It seemed weird to him, but he was the one sleeping in a crib after all.

Kory leapt down beside him, grabbing the first box he could see from his side, desperate to know what was underneath the paper.

"Just a minute guys..." their dad said as the camcorder beeped to life. "No, wait... hang on," he frowned as the boys heard buttons being pressed behind them.

Bako hated this part. He was never keen on being filmed like this, but it was practically non-negotiable with his parents. They'd no doubt film every Christmas until Kory was old enough to care.

"Daaaaaaaad!" Kory whined as he clutched the present.

"There we go... Okay, go ahead!"

Bako started opening the first box, just as eager to get it over with as he was to see what he had gotten. He tore the paper away and found a fluffy blue puppy plushie underneath, with a pacifier attached. His heart immediately swelled, but he tried to downplay it. The puppy was pretty adorable, and it had been *years* since he had gotten a new plush toy.

"Why don't you show the camera your new little friend?"

Bako turned and blushed, holding up the puppy gingerly for the camera.

"So cute!" his mother squealed, but she was rapidly cut off by a yelp from her youngest son.

"*Awesome!*" he cried, having pulled a sheet from a new bike against the wall.

Bako continued to work his way through his own side, picking up a present that had all the familiar weight and feel of being a bag of diapers. He scowled privately, not wanting to be reminded today about how badly he had failed potty training all those years. Under the paper, the bag was decorated in a childish style; they looked a lot fancier than the normal brands he used.

"Don't forget to show the camera, sweetie," he heard his mother say over his shoulder.

Bako gulped, then turned to face the camera once more, holding the bag of diapers aloft, hopefully covering some of his face in the process.

"They look cool, right?" his Dad said.

"Y-yeah," Bako said, trying to be thankful. He wasn't sure how happy-faced stars and hearts on his diaper were supposed to be 'cool'.

"Good! Maybe your brother can help you put one on before Christmas breakfast then, huh?"

Bako was saved from answering once more as Kory shrieked.

"Call of Duty, are you *kidding me!?*" Kory was ecstatically brandishing the Playstation 4 game. But Kory didn't own a PS4, thought Bako.

Their dad smiled proudly, "well you have been good this year, especially with helping your brother. Don't let it be a bad influence, okay?"

"Does this mean-" he bounced in excitement.

Their dad smirked, before exchanging a warm look with his wife, "keep going and see!"

Bako couldn't believe it. They'd both been bugging their parents for a PS4 all year, but he never expected they'd get one. Bako couldn't see any game or console shaped boxes on his side. Maybe the PS4 was already hooked up to the TV in the spare room?

Bako opened the next box, hoping for something gaming related, but it wasn't exactly the game he expected. It was a toy for babies... He looked at the box, stunned. *Baby Co. Stacking Rings, for two years and up*. This was ridiculous.

His parents stifled a chuckle behind him. "We thought it would be funny," his mom said, "seeing as you're back in your old crib this year. You loved that toy when you were five. You don't have to play with it, but it might make a nice desk toy in your room, huh?"

Bako was a bit dumbfounded. He could laugh off a joke, but really didn't want any more ammunition for Kory to tease him with. Luckily, he was too busy attacking a large present, and maybe Bako could make this one disappear easily enough.

Kory was too busy hitting the jackpot though, and sadly wasn't speechless when he uncovered the Playstation 4 as expected. "This is amazing! Best Christmas EVER!"

"You have to let your brother use it too, Kory, okay?"

"Did you buy him a baby game? He's not old enough for COD, mom."

"You're *nine*! Neither are you!" Bako shot back.

"I'm not the one in pampers!" Kory chortled.

"*Kory*, be nice or *you* won't be playing it either," their mother interjected.

Kory flashed a sheepish grin towards his older, diapered brother. He'd become a master of teasing Bako just enough to keep himself out of real trouble at the same time.

The rest of the presents were less dramatic. No more diapers or baby toys, but no more game consoles either. Bako couldn't believe the Playstation was given to Kory, even if he was told to share it. Was this the price for his babyish treatment the past few months? He'd never felt so inferior to his little brother before, but maybe this was a scary taste of things to come as the kid got older, and lived the teen life Bako never did.

The camcorder was finally put away, but their parents insisted on documenting things further with some photos. Kory smiling widely with his PS4, Kory sitting on his new bike, Bako sitting on his crinkly butt with his new puppy friend, while playing with his ring toy. Kory made sure to stand tall and proud beside him in his PJs for this one. Though no one complained when Bako made an unimpressed face for the photo with the 'joke' gift, much to his relief.

With that, their parents whisked off, off to make more coffee. As Bako sat up to gather his new things, he felt the familiar sensation of warm mush between his cheeks. Gravity was doing its thing as he stood awkwardly on his feet. With Kory mere feet away from him, his face flushed. Pooping his diaper in front of his brother was one of those things that had recently become unbearable for him, especially as these days Kory made it his business to knowingly, loudly, announce he was going to the toilet for a poop whenever he had the opportunity.

He made for a quick exit to dump his presents in his bedroom, just as Kory started sniffing the air. Their eyes met, and Bako braced himself for Kory to yell down the house, but the younger fennec had a look of faux-disappointment. This confused Bako, and instead of turning heel like he knew he should, he questioned his brother instead.

"It's just a shame," said Kory, "it would have been more fun to see you poop your pants in front of everyone later."

By 'everyone', he meant the extended family; grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins. A crowd big enough for one or two of Kory's comments to really mortify Bako.

Bako growled, and stormed from the living room. He was half way up the stairs when what he expected happened- "Daaad, Bako's left a present in his diaper!" cried Kory.

"Run a bath for him too, dear," his mother's voice echoed from the kitchen.

Bako almost stomped to his room defeated. He wished he could instigate his own changes more often, no matter how embarrassing it was to say it out loud lately. He'd feel a little better if he could grasp some sort of control over things, but he seemed to be getting caught out more often now. Someone smells him before he opens his mouth, someone checks him and leads him away, or worse, someone spots a wet spot. And when he tried to ask for a change preemptively, he often got told he didn't actually need it. He didn't even get to choose his own bath time, or when to get dressed for bed, because it all revolved around his diaper regime.

In his room, he started to take his footed PJs off, just for some sense of independence, but that just left him standing awkwardly in nothing but a heavily used diaper, tail tucked between his legs, waiting for his dad to come.

He heard his father's footsteps coming up the stairs, whistling sharply to himself ("I can smell you from here, stinker!") as if Bako hadn't messed himself every day for seventeen years. The sound of the bath filling started, before his dad entered the bedroom, sleeves rolled up. Bako couldn't help but involuntarily pout.

"Oh, don't be like that," his dad said ruffling his son's headfuzz, and preparing supplies from the change table.

"I need to start doing this myself!" Bako grumped.

His dad pointed for him to get on the table, which Bako did automatically. "With what you do in these things?" his dad chuckled, immediately going for the tapes, "You should be happy daddy is here to take care of it!"

Bako folded his arms, his new go-to way of fussing during a change. It was about as much as he could get away with.

"Cheer up, buddy," he said, tickling his tummy a little, forcing Bako to try and conceal a smile. "After you go for a splash, I'll put you in one of those cool new diapers *Santa* brought, okay?" He whistled again as he pulled the dirty diaper away from Bako's fur, expertly attending his butt with wipes.

Bako sighed quietly to himself. "Dad... you don't think this is kinda weird?"

“What’s weird, Bako?” he replied, without so much as stopping his clean up duty.

“Nevermind,” Bako said. They’d had this conversation before.

“If my son needs to wear diapers, then I’m going to make that as comfortable for him as I possibly can. I’ve seen how happy you are when you stop worrying about it. So, stop worrying, okay?”

“Yeah... I will,” Bako said, “alright.” His dad wasn’t wrong, technically. Bako did find a lot of comfort in the plushies, the pacifiers, bottles, crib and everything else when he stopped comparing himself to everyone else at school (and ignored Kory’s teasing).

“It’s Christmas Day. Let me see a smile,” his dad comforted him with a grin, “Don’t make me tickle you again. You don’t want to *know* where my paws have been.”

“Dad, you’re such a dork,” Bako laughed. As much as he complained about his lack of independence, his parents had a way of melting him when needed.

“And you’re my big stinker,” he teased with a final wipe along Bako’s butt.

The older fennec had endured the smell without a care in the world, bagging the used diaper, and giving Bako a helping hand onto his feet.

“Say ‘thank you, Daddy.’”

Bako bashfully stood up nude, repeating his father’s words playfully. Saying ‘Daddy’ or ‘Mommy’ always made him feel like a kid. Right now he was struggling not to enjoy it.

“Now go have your bath, big guy, don’t make the ducks wait any longer!”

Bako disappeared from his bedroom as his father tidied the crib, and stacked the new Tushies diapers under the change table. Smiling, he set the new puppy plush up on the cushioned top, with one folded diaper and some powder, ready for his son to emerge from the bath.

