

## Diaper boy

“I need changing!”

Kalmoor whined, stomping his paws on the floor and crossing his arms over his feathered chest. His wings fluttered behind him, beak clicking as his partner picked him up and placed him on the changing table. Kalmoor stuck out his tongue as he shifted in his wet and messy diaper.

“God, you really fill it huh?”

His partner said, and the hybrid let out a sing-songy chirp and giggled. He loved being changed, loved the feeling of a fresh, clean diaper over his naughty bits, encompassing his lower body. The freedom of being able to use the bathroom just anywhere, not having to worry about making it to a toilet. Best of all was the changies, getting his dirty diaper taken off and thrown into the large pail next to the changing table. His partner flicked the door to the pail open, and Kalmoor took a peek inside. Dirty diapers, wet diapers, any kind of diaper but clean all filled the tight space. He stared down at the diapers as his partner undid his, the tabs ripping and exposing the mess within. Kalmoor lifted his legs and let the other slide the diaper out from under him. The other seemed to be going on autopilot, and they rolled up the diaper into itself and tied the tabs. However, instead of putting the diaper in the bin, they put the diaper down and picked Kalmoor up.

“Huh? Hey!”

The hybrid cried, but it was too late, he was being tossed into the bin. He squeaked as he fell down into the dirty diapers, and the lid closed atop him. For a moment he panicked, and sank into the warm, messy diapers, their soft and lumpy folds pressing into his body. He squished down deeper into the pail, smelling the acrid scent of filth and piss, feeling the warm wetness touch every part of him. It was...invigorating? The more he squirmed, the more the diapers overtook him, and he hugged them close to his body, shoving his beak deep into their folds to sniff and smell the filthy scent that came from him.

“Could get used to this...”

“Kalmoor? Kalmoor!?”

It was the person who changed him, they probably wandered away after thinking they chucked the diaper out, and now couldn't find him. But that didn't matter, the hybrid was comfortable in the smelly, soft, squishy diaper pail, he could stay there forever. Kalmoor curled up into a little

ball, hugging the diapers close to his chest. Soon he was drifting off, falling asleep in a sea of dirty diapers, comfortable, warm, and content.