

It was in the few seconds that Biscuit stopped to clean his glasses that everything went wrong.

After finishing up his cardio and cleaning up in the showers, the white rat was all but ready to leave the gym when he stopped near the locker-room doorway to de-smudge his lenses. Humming under his breath, feeling upbeat after an hour in the gym, he pulled his glasses off of his snout and used the hem of his t-shirt to wipe them free of accumulated stains.

Unfortunately, being unable to see for a few seconds made it pretty easy for a pair of local bullies to sneak up on him. The tiger grinned to himself and bumped an elbow into the ribcage of his weasel buddy, motioning with his head towards the hapless rat.

“Get ‘em.”





After puffing warm breath on his glasses and wiping them over one more time, Biscuit was surprised to feel a sudden pressure at his hips and a rush of air between his legs as his gym shorts dropped in a pool of smooth, slinky fabric around his ankles. The weasel giggled at the sight, and before the poor rodent even knew what was happening, his arms were pulled behind him and restrained.

“Cute underoos, little guy.” A seamless pincer attack, the tiger approached from the front, grinning smugly and adjusting the fit of his bandana near the base of his ears. He stood a head or so taller than the restrained rat, and he made sure to put every available inch to good use. “Had some just like ‘em when I was five years old.”





“Y-Yeah, I guess they’re kinda silly...” Biscuit chuckled nervously, still wiggling in the weasel’s deceptively strong grip. Red in the face, heart racing, it was becoming increasingly clear to him by the second that escape might not be an option at the moment. He swallowed hard, sparing a glance downward at the cute, colorful briefs hugging his trim hips. “Ha-ha, you guys got me pretty good.”

“I dunno if the gym is a good place for li’l kids like you.” The tiger mused, feigning thoughtfulness as he rubbed his chin between two fingers, but he couldn’t keep his smug smirk hidden for too long. He gestured with his chin towards the locker room, and Biscuit shivered a little as the weasel’s high-pitched, almost cartoonish giggle tickled the back of his neck. “Don’t worry, though. Me ‘n Sly know how to handle li’l guys getting’ too big for their britches. Don’t we, Sly?”



Biscuit could feel the weasel nodding eagerly behind him, and he gulped again as he watched the tiger move past him and into the locker room. The rat struggled a little as Sly dragged him back inside as well, but with his lack of leverage, and constantly tripped up by his shorts around his ankles, he was largely helpless.

“Good thing you like embarrassing underwear, bud.” As the tiger rummaged in one of the lockers near the end of the row, Biscuit was manhandled down to lay on his back on the bench, held down by a couple of shifty paws on his chest. When the tiger turned around, though, all of the fight was drained out of the rat, his mouth open and his eyes wide behind the frames of his glasses.





“G-Guys... no way.” The big cat was holding a disposable diaper, smirking and patting it against his palm with a noisy thump and plastic crinkle.

“Let ‘em go, Sly. If he don’t be still, I’ll make sure he don’t sit for a week.” The threat was clear enough that biscuit felt a shiver travel down his spine. Sly acquiesced, though, and took a couple of steps back, bouncing anxiously on the balls of his feet and watching the tiger flip the diaper unfolded in one hand. “We’ll see how you like struttin’ around in diapers instead.”

“C-C’mon, this isn’t funny anymore, lemme go...” Biscuit whined; he was nervous, but still doing his best to stay quiet. The last thing he wanted to do was attract more of an audience to watch this bully tiger diaper him in the locker room. Both of his ankles were hauled up in the air, and a firm hand gripped him by the seat of his underwear to yank them all the way down and expose his privates.

“*Squeak!*”

“Still lookin’ pretty funny to me.” The tiger disagreed, expertly pushing the seat of the diaper under Biscuit’s raised hips. Despite the cursory struggling, the big cat handled his victim with ease, securing his tail through the seat of the diaper before lowering his legs and sinking his butt into the ample padding underneath him. “Better hold still, li’l guy.”

“Guuuys...” Biscuit whimpered, his face red and his ears slicked back a little. For fear of further punishment, he could only lay helpless and watch as the bulky, babyish diaper was bundled up between his legs. He glanced briefly up to see the tiger smirking down at him again as he secured the tapes into place, routinely diapering the humiliated rat. “This isn’t fair.”

“You think so?” The tiger mused idly, his grin broadening as he stood the rat back on his feet, pants around his ankles and diaper on full display. “Powder, Sly.”





Before Biscuit could process the words, he felt the back of his diaper being opened up, pulled back by the waistband, and a cool sensation spreading over his bared buttcheeks. It only took a twitch of the nose to determine what was happening; the giggling weasel was powdering his butt, dumping it directly down the seat of his diaper.

“How ‘bout this...” The tiger gripped Biscuit’s chin and gave it a little shake before reaching around to pat his diapered butt. “If I see you here without a diaper next time, I’ll really show ya ‘unfair’.”

“C’mon, Sly.” As simply as they had come, the pair of bullies sauntered out of the locker room, snickering at their own cleverness. Biscuit was left padded, puffy and distinctly baby-scented, full of a sneaking suspicion that diapers would become a far more regular part of his gym experience.

