

You squirmed a bit on Mommy's lap, still not fully over the embarrassment of being around her friends. She seemed unbothered as always, the kangaskhan happily chatting with all of them around the living room while occasionally bouncing you on her lap. The rest of them were similarly unconcerned, with most of them having given you plenty of "aww"s and little pats and head ruffles, complimenting your onesie or your pacifier. They all had little ones of their own anyways, all of whom were at home or daycare at the moment, but even though you'd seen them all visit plenty of times, it was hard to shake off that embarrassment that came with being seen like this.

Their conversation wasn't of all too much interest to you, you were mostly just resting against Mommy's belly now that your bottle feeding had finished, your full belly making you feel a little extra sleepy. Though that feeling never seemed to last for too long after your midday bottle... almost on queue, that familiar feeling started up again, that growing warmth down in your belly. You were pretty sure Mommy always put something extra in your midday bottles, but she always feigned ignorance on it whenever you asked. You tried your best to hide it, not wanting to embarrass yourself further in front of all of Mommy's friends... but it was difficult to hide. Your breathing was heavier already, slightly panting around your pacifier, and you couldn't stop a few instinctual movements from happening as you squirmed in place.

Mommy looked down at you with a curious expression, as if she didn't know exactly what was happening, giving you a little pat on the back. "What's wrong, cutie pie?" the kangaskhan asked as you looked up at her. You gave her a little nervous whimper from behind your pacifier in response, not wanting to be too obvious about it to everyone else... but as your cage started to strain just a bit underneath your diaper, it was a losing battle. At least being taken to your nursery to be set down in your playpen with your big plushie to hump would mean getting away from the eyes of everyone else here, even if you knew Mommy would embarrass you to them talking all about it.

"Aww, is my little tyke feeling all huffy again? Cage feelin' a bit too tight?" You whimpered at a higher pitch as she loudly told everyone else what was happening, a few more "aww"s catching your ears from across the room as your blush deeply intensified. But you knew Mommy wouldn't let you move on without an answer... so you nodded to her. A lie certainly wouldn't get you anywhere but in trouble, anyways. "Need some humpies to get your energy out, sweetie?" You gave her another nod in response, feeling the burning heat of embarrassment mirror the rapidly growing fire inside of you, begging you to pay attention to it. You already found yourself slightly grinding your diaper back and forth against Mommy's leg, quickly trying to stifle it as best as you could.

"Alright, let's get you all situated then, dear." The kangaskhan quickly lifted you up and repositioned you so that you were facing her, your legs on either side of one of hers and your belly up against hers. As she

sat you down, she gave you a few pats to the back of your diaper, resting her paw there as she cradled her arm around your side. "There you go, go ahead, sweetie! You can hump Mommy today!" It took you a moment to process that as your face turned bright red, looking up at her and giving a whimper. You didn't want to do that in front of all of her friends! But with how desperate you were rapidly getting, you could feel your hips already twitching as your cage strained.

"Shh, it's alright, dear. Just relax and focus on the good feeling, there's nothing to worry about." The kangaskhan slightly lifted you up by your bottom with her paw, guiding your hips to hump against her a few times as you whimpered from behind your pacifier in a different way, pleasure now mixing in with denial in your head. Once she'd started it for you, inertia took over, your shame not able to stop you from humping her on your own. Your arms reached out to wrap around the kangaskhan's belly as you humped and humped, letting out little squeaks and moans from behind your pacifier.

As lost as you were in the feelings and sensations, it took you a bit to notice that all of her friends were cooing at you, talking about just how adorable you looked when you were huffy, how cute your little humps were... the praise made your head swim even more than it already was from the aphrodisiac and from the feelings of humping Mommy and from the embarrassment of the whole situation... You could hear Mommy chatting with them happily like everything was normal, talking about how well behaved you'd been with your cage, and offering to share her recipes for bottle mixtures with the other Mommies.

It was nearly impossible to focus on any of that though, your attention so heavily centered on how desperately you had to deal with that intense, burning *need*. You could feel yourself working yourself up more and more, even with the cage in the way making it hard to feel anything, humping Mommy just felt so good... You were sure you could actually push yourself all the way this time. Higher and higher, closer and closer, hump by hump and whimper by whimper, you got closer... and closer... until...

Your whole body shuddered as you felt your bladder give out on you, freezing as you soaked your diaper uncontrollably. You whimpered even more as the feeling of denial washed over you, some kind of mental block inbetween you and... and... what you *needed*! Whatever it was called... The Mommies gave more little coos as you had your accident and sniffles, Momma picking you up as she stood up.

"There you go, got all your humpies out, sweetie? The girls and I were thinking about going on a walk, let's get you into your stroller, alright? You can come with us!" You whimpered, wrapping your arms over Mommy's shoulders as she carried you there, sighing as you gave her a nod. You would like to come with them. "There's a good tyke. Mommy's very proud of you."