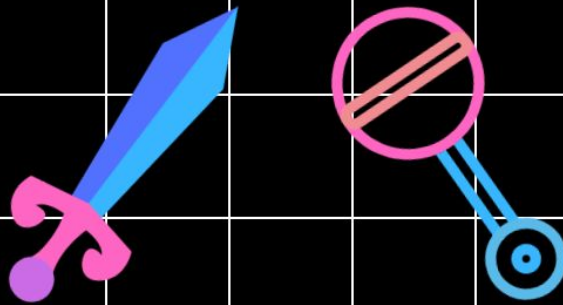


**PADDED
ADVENTURES:**

THE

PLUSHIE

DUNGEON



By Horatio Husky

Commission for Ollie

The Plushie Dungeon

By Horatio Husky

Commission for Ollie

The clinking of armor could be heard distinctly throughout the forest grove as a sheep clad in sparkling metal marched steadily towards his destination.

The confident smile adorning his face was hidden by a shiny, metal helmet with a visor that opened and closed revealing his smug expression with every confident stride forward.

A gleaming sword of four feet was slung over his shoulder, the bastard knight's prize possession and main method of income.

The sheep glanced at the map clutched in his gauntlet, squinting at the piece of paper in a vain attempt to decipher the magical runes which held the secret of a great treasure.

Greedy wizards wanted me to pay them 30 gold pieces for them to decipher this. BAH! I don't need their abra cadabra nonsense to help me. I'll get there myself just fine for I am the Mighty Oliver!

The sheep looked around, wool sticking out from where his pieces of armor met giving him a well insulated look. Glancing down at the map again, he shifted his sword into his hands and began to slash at the surrounding forest.

The great blade dug itself thirstily into the awaiting wood, the trees giving way like weeds to the knight's powerful blows.

"Who put these trees here? They're in the way of my great bounty!"

The knight bellowed, releasing an uncontained laugh as he decimated the surrounding landscape. The mighty tree trunks gave way to his hefty blows.

Oliver sensed a disturbance in the vegetation beneath him, but it was too late. As he took a weighty step forward he felt the ground fall away beneath him and he began to tumble downwards through a hole he had not seen.

“OW! OUCH! OH! OUCH! OW!”

The insulation of the wool betwixt his body and armor served as a resilient shock absorber, and the knight bounced his way quite literally down, down through the large tunnel in the ground.

The noise of his metal suit alongside his loud exclamations raised a ruckus, and he could hear birds and animals making a scene above him as the sound of his metal-encased body hurdling down reverberated back up to the surface.

Just as he was getting more frustrated with the fall than concerned with his own well being he landed with a grunt on his face.

Hooves raised up in the air comically, his face plant finally cushioned his great fall.

His sword arrived shortly after him, landing tip first and sinking into the soft soil several inches away from his face.

The mighty sheep gathered himself up, dusting his armor and looking around with curiosity. He hefted his sword out of the ground, a look of concern on his face like that of a doting father checking his daughter’s scraped knee.

“Bethelzda? Are you alright my darling?”

He looked the sword up and down, running a finger he wet with his mouth over its shiny sheen to make sure his sword had not been chipped or damaged.

To his great relief, the sword was as intact as it was a few minutes ago when he was contributing to the newly developed local deforestation crisis.

After checking to make sure that his armor was in order, the knight began to walk forward with an air of idiotic confidence.

“Hello there! Anybody home in this miserable tunnel?”

He squinted, shouting as loudly as he could not fearing a cave-in or other underground crisis as he attempted to make out anything familiar up ahead.

The amount of light continued to dim as he trudged forward, nothing but the sound of dripping water and clanking metal accompanying him.

At first the cave smelled dank, like moldy water. But as he progressed a subtler, sweeter scent alighted upon his nostrils.

He sniffed, realizing that the smell he was noticing smelled distinctly like talcum powder.

“Is there a talcum deposit nearby? What a strange scent I dare say!”

The muscular mutton continued on his merry way until he noticed a light up ahead.

“Huzzah! A secret hideout!”

Putting his stamina to use the sheep barreled forward, sprinting as fast as his armored hooves could carry him until he stumbled into a brightly lit room at the end of the tunnel.

He held up a gauntlet to shield his eyes, finding that bright light to be too intense on his dark accustomed irises.

As his vision adjusted to the room’s luminance he looked around confused, wondering at just what he had stumbled into.

The entire room was lined with a soft looking substance, as if every single inch of the room save for the furniture was insulated and cushioned.

The walls, ceiling, and floor was covered with soft, stuffed cushions which looked ripe for laying down upon.

And the furniture.

The entire room appeared to be an oversized playroom, equipped with various stuffed animals, baby toys, and a highchair which looked large enough to hold the knight himself.

The knight took a step back, looking around with a sense of apprehension forming in his lower gut.

“What ho is this? This does not look like the room of treasures I was promised by my wizard’s map! Trickery!”

He turned around, realizing that a hasty retreat would be the most strategic move but was stopped dead in his tracks by the looming shape of a large gopher.

Immediately Oliver noticed a stark similarity to the gopher’s body with that of the rest of the room. It appeared as if the gopher was stuffed, a plush and plump figure the giant monster looked more as if it wanted to be hugged than fought.

“Well then! What have we got here? You know that little lambs shouldn’t wander too far off from their flock you know. They might get gobbled up by a wolf!”

The gopher chuckled, revealing two large buck teeth as it hid it’s laughter behind an impressive set of claws.

The sheep drew his sword, holding it with both hooves and pointed it at the gopher’s face.

A large pair of spectacles that stood on the bridge of the gopher's nose gleamed as it looked down at the sword, not appearing frightened in the slightest.

"Let me pass giant gopher! I mean thee no harm unless thee wishes to stop me!"

The gopher once again chuckled, a sound like logs clunking together before, faster than Oliver could have hoped to react, it used its giant claws to bat away the sword from the knight's grasp like a cat knocking down a mouse.

"Oh put away your toothpick, little one. That's not an appropriate toy for a little lamb."

Oliver paled, feeling that he may be outmatched he readied his gauntlets to fight the gopher with hand to hand combat.

However, he could not have been prepared for what the giant plush did next.

Lowering his spectacles, Oliver gazed into two large swirling orbs that stood in place of a gopher's normally very small eyes.

He felt his resolution slacken, and the muscles that had tensed and readied now relaxed and loosen.

He lowered his bunched fists, his face relaxing and jaw dropping as he looked deeply into the two spiraling eyeballs.

"Very good little one, just look deep into my hypnotic gaze and we'll have you nice and pampered in no time."

The gopher advanced, large, powerful claws working surprisingly delicately as he undid the straps holding together the knight's armor.

“What’s... happening... wasn’t I going to... He couldn’t have... But I thought...”

Oliver’s heart began to race as his defenses clattered to the floor, leaving him almost naked except for his undergarments as his mind was nothing but a wash of confused thoughts and questions.

“Tsk tsk, this won’t do. We’ll have to get our little baby groomed before we get him into more appropriate attire.”

Using his claws as a pair of shears like a child’s patterned scissors, the gopher plush cut deftly away at the sheep’s thick, woolen coat.

Within a few minutes the once proud and noble outer coat of the knight was reduced to a thin layer of wool. The sheep’s remarkable muscles still stood proudly but a significant amount of volume reduction left the sheep looking much less formidable than previously.

“Now then, let’s get that knightly butt into a pair of diapers so we don’t have puddles everywhere.”

Oliver tried once again to resist, but found that before he was able to gather himself into some sort of defensive strategy that he was once again drawn to a foggy state of mind by the gopher’s dominating gaze.

Grasping the sheep in his large claws, the sheep ragdolled as he felt himself being lifted and carried along.

“Wait... I’m not... Stop.... I...”

What am I doing here... I don’t belong here, I’m... Who... But the map...

The gopher carried him into an adjacent room next to the playroom, where the sheep’s hazy mind barely registered a large crib, rocking chair, and absurdly large changing table.

Placing the lamb on top of its crinkly surface, the gopher secured the lamb's wrists into small buckles at the top, bringing a strap over his midsection as he ruffled around in the drawers beneath the table.

Oliver's mind began to clear as concerned thoughts began to melt away, he found that it was so much easier just to let go. No worries, no difficulty plans, just allow himself to be carried around by the soft, plush gopher.

In order to properly rifle through the drawer's various contents, the gopher momentarily broke eye contact with the sheep.

Oliver felt himself stirring, feeling as if something was wrong once again. He tried tugging against the restraints but found that he could not move himself off of the table.

"What... Where am I... Why am I...?"

"Oopsie!"

The gopher straightened up once again, looking deeply into his charge's eyes as he held a large, baby blue diaper in one claw and a bottle of powder and rash cream in the other.

"I'm going to have to keep my eye on you for a good few hours sweetie before you'll be permanently mind cleansed and fully become my charge. Can't have my little lamb wandering off from his flock again, can we?"

He chuckled to himself once again, and set to work getting his new victim into more appropriate attire as the sheep's mind once again returned to the pleasant foggy haze it was beginning to descend into.

Expertly he cut through the remaining clothes keeping the sheep from nakedness, and began applying a liberal amount of powder and cream to the sheep's nether regions.

The sheep gurgled, feeling his mind grow even foggier once again as the gopher plushie stared intently at him.

"There we go, nice and securely diapered just like any baby should be."

The gopher laid the last tape onto the landing zone and patted the sheep's diapered front.

The feeling of the diaper encapsulating his midsection made the sheep begin to softly bleat, his left leg kicking softly as he felt a passion begin to grow inside of the diaper's front.

The gopher clucked its tongue, looking at the trapped sheep up and down and commented.

"My my, looks like a particular little baby is really enjoying his diapers. Frankly, I'm not surprised you didn't trounce in here already padded."

Unbuckling the sheep from the changing table, the gopher turned the sheep over onto his tummy and began to gently pat the lamb's padded rear.

"Do we like that? It looks to me like the lamb is enjoying himself."

Feels... Good... Soft plushie... Big diaper... Good...

The sheep continued to coo, feeling the continuous pats on his rear end continuously remind his senses of the padded state of his butt.

He found himself growing continuously aroused, his mind filled with nothing but the attention the gopher plush was giving his diaper and the distinct lack of thought.

The hypnotic swirls of the oversized plush caretaker were already making their way into his subconscious, cementing the notion that he was just a helpless little baby who needed to worry about nothing except the next colorful object to shove into his drooly mouth.

The gopher looked over his charge with an expression of satisfaction, seeing how the sword wielding himbo quickly turned into the oversized baby that he knew he truly was on the inside.

Taking advantage of the lull in control, the gopher wasted no time in securing a onesie over the head of the sheep, equipping a pacifier clip, locking mittens, and booties onto the hooves of the sheep.

"You won't be needing those for anything other than holding a bottle and stuffed animal, might as well put those away from safe keeping."

The gopher took the key which he had used to lock the mittens and booties on and put it on his tongue, swallowing it whole as he picked up the giggling sheep and deposited him on his hip.

"Now then, I think it's time we get our little champion his dinner before we put him down for his nap."

Crawling over to the highchair, the gopher deposited the sheep into the awaiting seat with a distinct crinkle.

"Beeh.... B-beehhh..."

The sheep continued to babble incoherently, eyes almost crossed as the pacifier fell out of his mouth only to be quickly replaced by one of his mittened hooves.

The gopher clucked his tongue as he put a bib on his charge, which read, "Daddy's Little Adventurer."

"You're making a mess and I haven't even gotten anything inside your tummy yet, I bet you'll be a little sogchamp in no time."

The gopher retreated a moment, grabbing a prepared and grossly oversized baby bottle filled with the brim with a greyish substance.

"This will get my little adventurer's system going, open up darling."

The gopher secured the highchair's tray over the sheep, making sure to properly strap him in with a five-point harness before doing so.

The sheep giggled, but was quickly preoccupied by the bottle in his muzzle as well as the pleasurable pressure the straps put on his diapered front. The mixture inside tasted like a mixture of oatmeal and honey, and gave the sheep a warm feeling from the inside.

The warmth emanated throughout the sheep's body, making him feel woozy and lightheaded as his stomach grew heavier and heavier.

Unable to complain, the sheep whined and winged until the gopher had decided the sheep could truly not take anymore.

The sheep gasped for air, panting and drooling profusely as he began to squirm in discomfort.

The gopher examined the bottle, appraising it and returning his attention back to the sheep as Oliver continued to grunt in frustration.

Despite the haze over his mind, he could feel a distinct pressure building in his lower abdomen. The gopher replaced the pacifier into the sheep's mouth, this time equipped with a strap that went around his head.

"Now then sweetie, be a good little lamb and use your diapers like a good baby so you can stay down here forever with me!"

Something registered through the sheep's foggy mind, he realized that he must have wandered somehow into this gopher plushie's trap.

He looked down and realized that if he did have an accident in his fresh padding he would indeed be trapped down here with the plushie caretaker in his padded dungeon forever.

Noticing that his victim had gained a semblance of awareness through the intensity of the moment, the gopher once again imbued his hypnotic gaze and gently propped up the chin of the sheep with one of his oversized claws.

"Now, now sweetie. Look into my eyes and let all those big knight thoughts just float away."

It was hopeless, the moment the sheep glanced up into the swirling orbs he could feel his concerns melt away.

As their worried thoughts disappeared a grumble could be heard coming from his stomach. He grunted, feeling the front of his diapers growing warm as he wet himself uncontrollably.

As the diaper front swelled and pressed firmly against the straps holding him in he felt his bowels begin to shift.

Releasing another grunt into his pacifier, the sheep bleated helplessly as he felt the backseat of the diaper expand and grow as warm as his front.

The accident was quickly pressured throughout his diaper as the accident conformed to the shape of the chair. He grimaced helpless mittens hooves pushing against the highchair table as he felt himself release entirely into his pants.

As he finished, he felt his mind sink into the haze that had been formly and utterly submit.

He couldn't have formed a coherent thought if he had wanted. All he knew was that the gopher plushie was now taking him out of the highchair and assessing the state of his diapers.

The gopher spoke in an appraising tone, pulling back the back seat of his diaper and continuously patting and groping it as he cooed over him.

"Hmm, maybe I'll use all this wool I've now got to sew you a little something. I think a footie, mittened sleeper would fit just right on you!

The sheep's mind floated in bliss. Nothing felt better than utterly soiling his diapers to be praised and adored by the groping claws of the gopher plush.

He felt the front of his diaper tent, and realized that he wanted nothing more than the gopher plushie to continuously pat his diapered front until the end of his little adventuring days.