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N-no, he *should* be fighting this. He needed to get away from this, he didn't want to end up like the breloom next to him, he had to—

A puff of pink smoke suddenly engulfed his vision, Leo coughing suddenly before starting to inhale it. It smelled and tasted so sweet, almost sickly sweet... and yet, he started to breathe in more, his body taking a deep, full breath before letting it back out, his thoughts suddenly calming down from the panic he felt before... the rising emotions replaced by a sudden feeling of heightened arousal. Almost immediately, he let out a little whimper and brought his mittened paws down to the front of his diaper to press at his cage, hearing a similar one from the breloom next to him.

Leo turned his head, half-lidded eyes looking at the breloom, watching him try to reach down to his diaper and fail... he didn't have any tent on his diaper, was he caged too? He watched him struggle for a bit, before seeing him start to bounce on his full diaper entirely of his own volition, the act seemingly helping with the overwhelming huffiness he was feeling.

Did it feel... good?

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