

Ryu flew as quickly as his wings would carry him, pushing himself to move quickly through the storm raging all around him. Rain harshly pelted him from above, and a crack of thunder sent a shudder through the dragonite's body. He'd never been a fan of poor weather, and trying to fly through it was a nightmare of powerful winds and stinging raindrops hitting his skin and soaking his clothes.

The dragon continued onwards as best as he could his wings straining to keep him aloft with the gusts of wind trying to push him off course and the extra weight of his waterlogged clothes weighing him down. Even beyond that, the dragonite was freezing. The cold weather recently had been tough enough to deal with, but the freezing temperatures did not mix well with the rain he'd been caught out in, and he wrapped his arms close to his body as he flew, a shiver running through his form.

Ryu held the small basket he was carrying close to him as well, trying his best not to drop any of the berries inside. He'd been out picking some berries in the woods nearby his home when he was caught off guard by a powerful storm, only to now find himself trying to fly through the intense rain and winds to return to the safety of his house. The dragonite lived alone, a moderate distance from the nearest town, not being a big fan of the company of others. He'd always preferred the calm and quiet of being on his own, but when he was stranded out in a storm, it wasn't the most convenient thing to deal with.

Ryu's wings ached as he compelled himself to go just a bit further – he wanted to at least reach the edge of the woods before having to start walking, not trusting his navigational skills... or lack thereof, to take him even in a straight line out of the forest without getting turned around and lost. But as he tried to push himself to keep flying, he could feel his muscles start to tire more and more, and had to quickly find a safe place to land.

The dragonite spotted a clearing not too far away and steered himself towards it, gradually losing height as the remaining strength in his wing muscles quickly gave out. He panted as he descended towards the forest clearing, his claws eventually touching the earth below, gently digging into the soft soil as he did. He breathed for a second before willing himself to move over to the edge of the clearing and get underneath a tree so that he wouldn't be quite as open to the freezing rain descending upon him.

He set his berry basket on the ground and quickly followed suit, plopping down next to it, not caring if he got his pants a bit muddy. They were already completely soaked through, the sweatpants that were meant to keep him warm in the chilly air only leaving him colder as the cold water laid against his scales. The same went for his hoodie, the heavy fabric being completely saturated with freezing cold water. He held his arms to himself and shivered, letting out a shaky breath as his tail curled around to wrap around his stomach as well. The dragonite was frozen to the bone, and he was still quite a distance away from his home.

Ryu wasn't sure what to do. He'd ended up stranded on his own in a freezing storm, no energy to fly out and still a distance to go to get back to the safety of his home. Even beyond that, he was concerned about his health in the freezing cold water and his saturated clothes. Should he keep walking and try to make it back? Stay here under the trees and try to wait it out? Look for some kind of shelter nearby? He'd never bothered to pay attention to any of the wilderness survival stuff, it wasn't his cup of tea, but now he wished he knew what to even do here.

He reached down lazily to the berry basket on the ground next to him, pulling out an oran berry and taking a bite of it, only to quickly stuff the other half of the berry into his maw as well. The dragonite was tired and ravenous and didn't want to bother moving or doing anything. He quickly reached back down and pulled out another berry, a cheri berry, popping it into his mouth as well and pulling off the stem.

He sat there for a small time, most of the rain avoiding him thanks to the slight cover of the tree. He ate through a few berries, trying to recover his energy and having a bit of difficulty before something caught his attention. Ryu sniffed the air a few more times as the scent of cooked berries registered on his nostrils. That would mean... someone lives here? At least nearby?

Hoping for a chance to get out of the awful storm, the dragonite stood up and grabbed his berry basket, sniffing slowly as he tried to determine where the smell was coming from. His antennae wiggled curiously as he set off into the woods, wondering what kind of pokémon could live out here? Hopefully one kind enough to help him out in a bad situation, at least...

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Ryu turned around a bend, having followed the scent for a few minutes, only to pause as he looked forward. A small cottage stood in front of him... or at least what a large pokémon would consider a small cottage. It seemed appropriately sized for a fairly large sized pokémon, but cozy, set in a small area in these woods. A gentle amount of steam was coming out of a chimney, the scent of cooked berries now registering strongly on his nostrils. He took a few more desperate steps forward, his legs now beginning to grow tired just like his wings. The chubby dragonite wasn't cut out for all of this physical exertion...

He stepped up onto the porch and stood in front of the door, raising his right paw to knock before hesitating... He didn't want to disturb a stranger at their secluded home, but he was desperate, and he needed somewhere to stay to get out of this storm. It would just be a few hours... maybe? He sighed and gave in, screwing his face shut as he knocked a few times.

He waited for a few moments before the door opened in front of him, the dragonite taking a step back instinctually as he looked up. Standing in front of him was what looked like a kangaskhan, who towered above him. Despite being a dragonite, Ryu was quite short for his species, standing at around 5'8". The kangaskhan woman in front of him, however, was a bit taller than he remembered even most kangaskhan being... he'd guess she was around 7 and a half feet tall. That would explain the size of the house, he supposed, aside from the coziness of a "small" cabin.

The kangaskhan was wearing a simple white dress with some floral designs running across it and had an apron over that which seemed stained with batter and flour. She looked down at the dragonite with concern on her face as she scanned over him, noticing how tired he seemed and how drenched he was from the rain, some mud clinging to his footclaws and the back of his sweatpants.

"Oh dearie me, are you alright, sugar?" the kangaskhan said, a slight country accent at the edges of her words. She raised a paw to her mouth as she looked at him with wide eyes, clearly very worried.

"I-I'm sorry to bother you, miss," Ryu stuttered out, his breaths a bit heavy and ragged. "I got caught out in the storm and I don't have anywhere to go... could you help me?" he said, looking up at her concerned eyes.

She very quickly nodded, reaching out for his free paw and pulling him into her cottage, shutting the door behind him. Ryu immediately shivered as the temperature shifted, feeling the cozy warmth of the inside as his senses were hit with the powerful smell of poffins baking in the oven. He looked around, seeing the simple walls of the small hallways were decorated with pictures of flowers, potted berries, and the kinds of inspirational quotes you'd expect to find in a mother's home.

He wiped his footclaws off on the mat in the entranceway, letting out a sigh, already starting to feel better just from being out of the cold. That didn't do much to help with the still soaked and freezing clothes he wore, though, the damp fabric still laying across his scales.

"Oh dear, you must be freezing! How long were you out in that storm, sweetie? You seem exhausted, are you alright?" The kangaskhan seemed to stir herself into a flurry of activity as she looked over Ryu, checking all over him, as well as pacing back and forth. The questions came one after another, not even giving him any time to react, or even for his exhausted mind to process them fully before another came.

"Here, follow me, sugar," she said, grabbing a paw once more and dragging him down a hallway. Ryu followed, not entirely sure how to react and still working on processing what was going on. Her grip was firm as she pulled him along, the kangaskhan clearly much stronger than the smaller dragonite, and he

tried his best to keep up as he was dragged along down the hallway, eventually stopping as she opened a side door, revealing a bathroom. Before he could fully react, she reached to his other paw and took the berry basket, gently guiding him into the bathroom.

The kangaskhan woman reached over to a robe that was hanging on the back of the door, setting the berry basket on the ground next to them. "You must be frozen, dear, we've got to get you out of those wet clothes. You'll get sick if you keep them on any longer," she said, reaching down and starting to peel the soaked hoodie off of him, guiding his wings through the holes in the back.

At first, Ryu was shocked and started to protest, but the kangaskhan quickly shushed him as he did, raising his arms up to pull the shirt off of him. "Now now, don't be embarrassed, sugar. I've raised and changed plenty of little ones in my time, I've seen it all." Ryu wanted to protest more and assure her that he could dress and undress himself, but another wave of exhaustion ran over him as he felt the soreness in his muscles when she raised his arms for him, and he stopped himself. She was trying to help him after all, even if it was a bit much...

But something about her just seemed to give off a sort of calming presence that he couldn't really place, and it put him more at ease. *'It's fine, she's just trying to help...'* he thought to himself. He caught a whiff of her flowery-scented perfume as she leaned over him, pulling off his hoodie and tossing it on the ground nearby, the sweet scent mixing with the smell of the poffins baking in the other room. He exhaled deeply, caught in a moment of slight bliss, only coming back to reality as he felt her unbutton the strap of his sweatpants that went over his tail, pulling them down too.

"W-wait, r-r-really, it's fine, ma'am—" he tried to say, only getting a "Shh, it's alright," and a pat on the back as she pulled off his pants and guided his legs to step out of them, tossing them to the side as well and leaving him in his underwear. Ryu started to blush and try to cover himself up before the kangaskhan took the robe that was over her shoulder and wrapped it around him, pulling his arms through the holes and tying it around his belly.

"There you go, sweetie, now let's get you warmed up," she said, grabbing his paw once more and pulling him out of the bathroom and back towards the entranceway. Without even a moment to react, he found himself being taken down the main hallway into what looked like a cozy living room with a lit fireplace and plenty of couches, as well as a large rocking chair with what looked like an open book sitting on a table nearby with a still steaming cup of tea next to it. The kangaskhan grabbed a pillow and placed it on the ground in front of the fireplace, guiding the dragonite down onto it and wrapping him in a quilt.

“Just stay right here, sugar,” she said, loping off back down the hallway and towards the direction Ryu presumed was the kitchen, as he’d smelled the baking coming from that direction. He looked around the room a bit more while she was gone, taking in more pictures on the walls, the slightly old but comfortable looking pillows and blankets, and the other hallways leading off of the main room. He tried to go over everything that had already happened in the past half a minute, everything feeling like a blur as this stranger invited him in, changed his clothes, and immediately did everything she could to make him feel comfortable after being stuck out in the storm.

His antennae perked up as he heard the sounds of her stomping back down the hallway, turning his head to see her carrying in a teacup and a small plate with a few pink poffins on it, setting them down on the ground in front of him.

“Here, honey, eat and drink a bit. Get yourself warmed up inside and out, alright?” she said, bending over him to place the food and drink in front of him. She placed two paws gently on his shoulders comfortingly, and he caught another whiff of her flowery perfume, taking in a deep breath of the sweet scents surrounding him.

He reached down and took a bite of the poffin, a strong sweet flavor filling his maw, and she stood back up, moving over to the rocking chair and pulling it over near the fireplace. The large kangaskhan sat down gently on the rocking chair that was now next to him, looking down at the dragonite with a concerned look on her face. He looked back up at her as he took a sip of the tea, a slightly bitter flavor only somewhat masked by the sugar stirred into it. He shivered, feeling himself already starting to warm up.

“Th-thank you, ma’am... I appreciate all of the help...” he said, taking another sip of the tea.

“Of course, sugar, I can’t just leave someone stranded out in a storm like that!” She said, a slight giggle rippling through her body and a smile coming to her face. Her ears still flattened slightly backwards in concern but seeing that he was doing better seemed to help her feel a bit better too. He watched as she took a sip of her own tea, reaching down to place a paw on his shoulder once more.

“Are you feelin’ any better, dear?” she asked, looking into his eyes. He looked up at her for a moment, feeling that moment seem to stretch on as he tried to bring his mind to wrap around the words he was looking for, having trouble doing so. After a bit, he shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts and focus.

“Y-yeah, thank you, I’m already feeling a lot better.” Ryu brought a paw to his head to rub at his eyes, taking another bite of the poffin. Flying through the storm had taken a lot of energy out of him, he

realized, feeling lethargic in his movements. “Wh-what’s your name, by the way? I realized I never got properly introduced.”

“Ah, that’s alright, honey. My name’s Loretta,” she said with a smile, her paw petting along the top of his head, running over the base of his antennae.

“It’s nice to meet you, Loretta, my name’s Ryu,” he responded, looking back up at her as he felt her paw petting across his scales. She gave him a big smile as she looked back, and he felt the same fuzziness clouding his thoughts as he stared into her eyes, looking up at her for a while. He returned the smile, his eyes not leaving contact with hers the entire time. He didn’t really consciously think about it... he more just did it out of instinct, letting out a slight yawn as he stared up at her.

She giggled as he yawned, and he found himself giggling back, the laughter rippling across his belly as he did. He saw her tilt her head to the side playfully, and he matched it, only for her to tilt her head the other way, his exaggerated movements matching that one as well with a playful swing. His tail gently wagged back and forth as he mirrored her movements, feeling the paw on his head slowly guiding him the right way as he smiled and giggled up at her.

He could see a fog surrounding the edges of his vision, like a pink mist enveloping him, hugging him from all sides as he breathed in the sweet scent of flowers once more. His eyelids drooped as he stared into her captivating eyes, her paw gently moving his head around with hers, before she gently pushed his head towards her and pulled her paw away, gravity taking over as his head landed in her lap, the dragonite completely unconscious.

Loretta giggled to herself once more, proud of her work.

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Ryu’s consciousness slowly filtered back in, the groggy dragonite letting out a yawn, or at least trying to. He felt strange, his head feeling fuzzy and warm, and his memories being equally fuzzy. Wading through what happened before he fell asleep felt like trying to swim through soup... he remembered flying in a storm before he found a house... the rest just being a foggy mess.

He tried to stretch his arms, only to find himself unable to move them, and it took his mind a second to catch up to that realization and start being concerned about it... he should probably be able to move his arms... or his paws? It felt like he couldn’t move them either as he tried to clench and unclench his claws. His legs and footclaws were in a similar situation as he slowly tried to move back and forth.

“Mmmmnfh...” he said, realizing the reason he wasn’t able to yawn easily before was that something was in his mouth. He moved his tongue around it, finding that it felt like a bulb of some kind. He couldn’t spit it out as he tried to, leading to him grunting confusedly once more as he struggled against whatever was holding him down.

He slowly opened his eyes once his brain started to catch up with him, with a bit of a headache as his eyes adjusted to the light. He was laying on his back on a somewhat comfortable surface, but his wrists and ankles were strapped to the corners of whatever rectangular surface he was laying on. With a test, he couldn’t move his tail either, feeling a strap over that as well. He could tell that whatever was in his mouth was strapped around his head as well, leaving him unable to get it out of his mouth.

His hands and feet were incapacitated even more, and as he lifted his head with some effort to look over at his paws, he could see that they were balled up into pink mittens, only leading to even more confusion as he tried to piece together what was happening. He grunted and mumbled through the gag, trying to move in his bindings but unable to do anything.

As he took stock of the state his body was in, he also realized that his clothes were gone, having a vague memory of them being taken off... but now everything was gone, leaving him completely naked on the table... and he could feel his shaft starting to stir a bit.

Ryu had always been at least a *bit* into bondage, and his groggy mind started doing some things without him wanting it, as he felt his dick start to harden and twitch, unable to touch it or even move himself at all. This wasn’t the *time* for this, he needed to be getting out... He struggled more against his binds, the inescapability of the situation only turning him on more.

After struggling a bit longer, he could hear the sounds of someone walking down a hallway, approaching whatever room he was in. He froze in fear, listening to the footsteps get closer and closer until he heard a door open somewhere in front of him. He listened in fear as he heard the person approaching the table where he was laying down, seeing the familiar smiling face of the kangaskhan woman lean over him. Some of his hazy memories started to return at seeing her, only leading to more confusion at what was happening.

“Looks like someone’s awake! Aren’t you a cutie, lying there on the changing table?” she said with a smile and a playful tilt of her head, sending Ryu’s mind racing as he tried to understand what had happened. Had she... drugged him? Hypnotized him? What was going on?

He struggled more against his bindings and his cock twitched once more, and he heard the motherly figure above him laugh quietly to herself. "Oh, there's no use in that, sugar. You're not getting out of those until I take you out of them! I'll have to get you dressed and ready first before that, though. I just wanted to save this part until you were awake. It's just so much fun to watch that willpower fade away..."

"Mnnnfgh?!" Ryu tried to yell though the gag in his mouth, his struggling increasing as Loretta moved out of his sight to grab something. As she came back into his line of sight, she held up something into his view – what looked like a white folded rectangle with designs of letter blocks across it.

"You're gonna be such a good little girl for your new momma, aren't you, Ri?" Ryu's eyes widened as he realized that the kangaskhan was holding up a large diaper, and that she intended to put him in it. "Of course, *this* little thing might be an issue..." Loretta said, reaching down and running the back of a claw along the underside of his dick, causing him to breathe in sharply through his nose.

"But don't worry, momma's got a plan for that, sugar." The Kangaskhan chuckled to herself as she continued to tease the dragonite's dick. "My my, does the idea of being a good little girl make you that excited, sweetie? I'm glad I got to make you mine, then! You're clearly just meant to be momma's little girl, isn't that right?"

Loretta looked down at the bound dragonite as she kept teasing his dick, seeing him still trying to pull out of his bindings. "Hm, maybe you just need a bit of help calming down, honey," she said, reaching under the table and pulling up what looked like a spritzer of perfume. She pressed on the bulb on the back of it, spraying the perfume into Ryu's snout, and his nose was suddenly assaulted by the floral scent that conjured up memories from the small amount of time he was in her cottage before he fell unconscious, remembering smelling it on her.

As he choked a bit from the strength of the smell, he couldn't help but breathe it in, finding his elevated heart rate start to slow down, the strength of his struggling lowering as well. He felt lethargic, like he couldn't quite fight back against what was happening, and while his mind was still trying to race through his thoughts, it only grew more sluggish as he felt like he was wading through a swamp to try and reach his thoughts.

"There we go, that's a lot better," Loretta said, smiling down at the dragonite who was still trying to struggle, but having a difficult time of it. She chuckled a bit as she kept teasing the dragonite's dick, before looking down at it. "Well, I guess just because you won't be making much more use of this doesn't mean we can't have some last fun with it, huh?" she said, before wrapping a paw around it and gently starting to pump it up and down.



“Mmmnnnnngffffh!” Ryu moaned out, the sexual pleasure reverberating inside of his addled mind. He knew he needed to fight, but his limbs just weren’t working like he wanted them to, his thoughts so hard to push through, and now it felt like he was drowning in a sea of pleasure, the pink haze surrounding his vision once more. It was almost like the heavy pink cloud that settled over his mind conducted the pleasure even stronger, like a stormcloud crackling lightning through it and across his mind.

He moaned and thrust involuntarily into the paw of the kangaskhan as she slowly jacked him off, working him higher and higher. “Aww, do you like that? Are you enjoying the thought of being momma’s little sissy?” She teased him before leaning forward and gently grabbing his snout, making his eyes connect with hers. Once he saw her eyes, he was locked in, unable to look away no matter how much he struggled and tried to move, his humping only growing more erratic.

“Just look into momma’s eyes, little girl. You’re gonna be a good little sissy for momma, isn’t that right?” she said, moans escaping from the desperate dragonite’s maw through the pacifier gag strapped around it. She stared into his eyes, her hypnosis taking effect and rooting deep into his mind through the pleasure, associating all of the thoughts she put in there *with* pleasure.

“You love being a good girl for momma. You just love being a little sissy baby. You love wearing your diapers like a good girl, and wearing the pretty dresses and skirts that momma puts you in. It makes you feel so good to be a good girl, just like how it feels now.”

“Gnnnnhhhhhhh!!” Ryu gasped out through the pacifier gag, desperately and wildly humping into momma—no, into Loretta’s paw. Sh—*He* thrust up, the pleasure sending crackles across his mind as she told him all the right things to think.

“You love being momma’s little sissy, Ri. And every time momma calls you a good girl, you feel the same pleasure you can feel right now, even without having to be touched.” Ri kept thrusting erratically as his—her—his momma jacked her off, feeling her dick pulse, desperate to cum and empty his pent-up balls. He couldn’t even think about anything like escape at this point, he was far, far too horny and desperate to think about anything but the pleasure that momma kept sending shockwaving through her body.

...Her body? Why did that... why did that feel wron—

“That’s right, *good girl*” momma said, immediately drowning out every thought in Ri’s mind with a wave of intense pleasure. She could tell that she was close, just on the verge of cumming from what momma was doing... only for the paw to get taken away before she could reach the climax.

“Nnnnnnhhhhh!!” Ri squealed out, humping the air repeatedly, desperate for stimulation that had been robbed from her.

“Not so fast, sugar! You still need to learn the rules. And rule number one of being a good girl is that good girls can’t cum without momma’s permission!” Loretta stared into the desperate, pent up dragonite’s drowsy, half-lidded eyes, taking her balls in a paw and slowly fondling them. She could see Ri’s eyes nearly roll back into her head from the amount of pleasure she was feeling, before they locked back onto hers.

“That’s right, cutie pie! It’s not that you *don’t* cum without permission... you *can’t* cum without permission! That way you only get rewards when you’ve been an extra special good girl.” The kangaskhan giggled as she looked down at the dragonite, seeing what looked like fear manage to break through the drowsy horniness that she’d put over all of those conscious thoughts. Good, the old dragonite that her new daughter used to be is still there to experience this all. And she’d get to slowly fizzle all those old thoughts away as she made a perfect good girl for herself...

Despite the horniness that still clouded her mind, Ri could feel her dick start to soften as momma focused on just fondling her balls, until eventually it had wilted all the way back down. She whined, wanting momma to make her feel good again, but saw the kangaskhan smile.

“Perfect! Now we get to move on to the next fun part,” she said, reaching under the table once more, pulling out what looked like a small metal device resembling a flaccid dick with a ring underneath. Ri recognized it as a chastity cage, and the fear shone through in her eyes once more.

However, Loretta didn’t even acknowledge the fear that she saw, simply getting to work. She slipped the dragonite’s now limp cock into the cage, wrapping her balls in the ring below and putting them together, placing a key in the keyhole and turning it before setting it to the side.

“There we go, perfect! The little sissy’s clitty looks much cuter when it’s safe in a cage,” she said, looking back into the dragonite’s fearful eyes. She watched as the fear was buried back under the fog, words being replaced in her new daughter’s head, giving her a better vocabulary more suited for a sissy like her. She smiled and nodded as she fondled Ri’s balls one more time before reaching back for the diaper she’d set aside earlier.

“Now, let’s get the princess padded up!” she said, slipping the plastic diaper under the dragonite’s chubby bottom and pouring a liberal heaping of baby powder over the entire area. “Sissy Ri loves her diapers, doesn’t she?” the kangaskhan asked rhetorically, seeing a twitch from the chastity cage affirm it and grinning at her. She pulled up the front of the diaper and taped it snugly together, giving a gentle squeeze at the bulge the cage made in the front of it.

“Now, let’s get back to having fun, sugar,” she said, pulling out a vibrator wand and placing it against the bulge, turning it onto a low setting. Ri writhed and struggled in place as she felt her mind explode into pleasure, humping and grinding desperately and erratically against the wand.

“That’s a good girl!” Loretta said, and Ri’s mind blanked from the sheer pleasure and denial she experienced. She couldn’t think or do anything other than struggle as her body flooded with intense pleasure, her dick trying *desperately* to grow but being stopped by the unyielding metal of the cage she was trapped in. She heard momma giggle at her through the haze of pure pleasure but couldn’t do anything, or even entirely register what was happening.

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Her ability to think eventually started to gradually phase back in through the pleasure as she started to realize that she was being told things. As she tried to think about it, she felt like she had been hearing things for quite a while, but she couldn’t really remember anything that was being said...

“Good girls love their diapers. Good girls need their diapers. Good girls feel pleasure from their diapers. Good girls feel pleasure from being good girls.” The words were less recognized by Ri’s conscious mind, instead laying on top of her brain like a thick, heavy blanket. She didn’t even think about or really understand what was being said to her, all of it just turning into rules in her subconscious.

“Good girls love being caged. Good girls love wearing diapers. Good girls need to use their diapers. Good girls love to wet their diapers. Good girls feel pleasure from wetting their diapers.” Ri’s mind started to slowly pick up on some of the stranger phrases being said, or at least the things that still registered as strange to her conscious mind. Wetting? What did...

She started to realize that momma wasn’t even there anymore. She was just listening to some kind of audio being played in the background. How long had she been out? Where—

“Wet”

A single word command from whatever audio was playing in the background and Ri instantly started flooding into her diapers, feeling the wet warmth of a soggy diaper expanding between her legs. Not even a second later, she felt her body's senses explode into pleasure once more, the feeling of wetting her diaper intense and amazing. The warmth around her cage expanded as her coc—clitty spasmed in its metal prison, trying desperately to get hard despite the cage keeping it soft, all while her bladder emptied into her diaper. She couldn't do anything to stop herself, she was entirely helpless to it and to the pleasure causing her to struggle against her bonds and hump against her diaper. She eventually blacked out once more from the sheer euphoria of it all, unable to handle the amount of pleasure she felt from it.

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Her consciousness came back once more, finding herself no longer strapped down to the table. In fact, she was moving without even thinking – she was on her knees in the living room of the house, still wearing the soggy diaper, as well as what looked like a short yellow and white sundress that did nothing to cover the diaper underneath. She could feel the pleasure clouding her mind, and eventually registered that the vibrator was underneath her diaper, against the cage, as she mindlessly humped and grinded into it.

She was close, so close to release. So close to cumming. But she couldn't quite get there... something in her mind just stopped her. Fuzzy memories started to come back of her being here for some time, being slowly edged over and over again, before falling back into unconsciousness with a spray of the perfume on her face. She was slowly suckling on the pacifier without even thinking about it, humping the vibrating wand underneath her diaper.

“Oh, looks like the little girl's awake again!” she heard momma say from next to her, and she slowly turned her head, her half-lidded eyes making contact with hers. She could see that momma was holding something – what looked like a small key. It took a few seconds for her to realize that it was the key to the chastity cage locked around her sissy clitty. She suckled on the pacifier a bit more and whined as she humped the vibrator. Her paws, still trapped in useless mittens, pressed down on the front of her diaper, trying to get just a little bit more pleasure from it.

“Now, are you ready to cum this time? You showed momma that you weren't ready the last 6 times, but maybe you are now?” Ri nodded desperately, over and over again, grinding quickly back and forth over the vibrator. She was just on the edge, and felt like her balls were going to burst. She didn't know why she wouldn't be ready the other times, but she didn't care, she just needed to cum.

“Well, all you have to do is take the key from momma and toss it right over there, into the fireplace. Then you can cum out the last few big boy thoughts left in your brain and be momma’s little sissy forever and ever! Doesn’t that sound like fun, baby?”

Ri could feel some small part of the back of her mind screaming at her, desperately trying to convey anything, but it was all buried under layer after layer of pleasure and conditioning. She hesitated for a moment before she reached out with both her mittened paws, taking the key inbetween them.

She stared at it for a few seconds, unable to do anything, still feeling the last little bit left in the back of her mind trying to struggle and break free, but also feeling all of the new thoughts in her head telling her how fun it’ll be to cum and be a good girl forever!

Her arms shook as she reached forward, looking at the fireplace just a few feet away. She slowly reached out her arms towards it, still hesitant but moving slowly to the fire... and dropped the key in.

“Good girl!! Very good girl!” momma said to her, and she felt her senses explode into pleasure once more, the humping growing incredibly desperate. “Now cum for momma. Cum out those last few big boy thoughts into your wet diaper and be momma’s sissy forever.”

Ri’s humping reached a fever pitch, the pleasure only growing stronger and stronger. She could feel her cage spasming inside of her diaper, and both of her mittened hands reached down to knead and press against it as she grinded her wet diaper against the vibrator, all while staring at the key in the fireplace, knowing that she’d never be unlocked again.

She’d be a good little sissy forever and ever for momma.

And with that thought, she tipped over the edge, cumming through her cage, stickies splattering all over the inside of her diaper just like a good girl. She whined, moaned, and squealed for momma as she came, hearing her momma’s praise and happiness without even being able to register the words over the pure pleasure reverberating all through her mind and body.

All she could feel was pure pleasure. The pleasure of being a good girl.

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Ri waddled along the forest path, her giant diaper forcing her legs apart and the booties covering her footclaws making it difficult to stand. She followed behind momma, carrying a basket filled with berries of all different kinds. Her sundress flowed in the wind, her diaper easy to see under it, with a small bulge on the front where her cage pressed up against it.

Every now and then, momma would stop at a berry bush and pick off some ripe berries, dropping them into the basket that Ri carried for her, reminding her what a good girl she was being for carrying the berries for them both. Ri loved it when momma called her a good girl, it made her cage twitch inside of her wet diaper, and sometimes she'd reach down and rub it with a mittened paw and moan through her pacie gag because it felt so good to be a good girl.

She felt a trickle as her bladder started to empty into her diaper again, flooding it as she moaned and squealed, humping the wet, warm diaper and feeling her cage twitch more and more as she did. She loved wetting her diapers for momma because that's what good girls did!

"You've been a very good girl today, Ri! I think you deserve a treat when we get home," momma said, and Ri gasped. She loved treats! That meant she got to play with the buzzy wand, and if she was an extra good girl, momma might even let her make stickies in her diaper!

The dragonite giggled happily, a spring in her step as she followed behind momma. She loved being momma's good little girl.~