

With a quick upward slash, the sneasel was launched into the air, the bone club quickly spinning around before slamming into its side, sending it flying off to the side, colliding into the cave wall in a crash of smoke, a few chunks of rock tumbling to the ground. Rika took a slow breath, holding onto the bone club as he slowly approached the wall, finding that the sneasel had disappeared, just like every other pokémon he'd fought in this dungeon so far. The lucario dismissed his weapon after taking a glance around the room to make sure he was actually alone after that fight. Even his aura sight couldn't help him – the strange, ruthless creatures in this cavern didn't seem to give off any aura at all.

He took a moment to breathe, allowing himself to meditate and calm his nerves, while thinking about the dungeon. This place was strange, and something was clearly wrong with it somehow, but he couldn't quite place it. While nothing looked especially familiar to him, and he never noticed signs of his previous fights, it felt like he'd been going in circles in this cave, despite feeling like he was descending at the same time. It felt like his perception was constantly off, the enemies he fought certainly felt corporeal and could hurt him, but they didn't seem real...

As he focused, he caught the feeling of a breeze coming from his left, though as he reopened his eyes, the rock wall clearly showed no signs of cracks or holes to let anything through. The lucario slowly nudged a rock with his paw, moving it into position before rapidly kicking it into the air in front of him and launching it at the wall. As he watched, rather than seeing it scatter against the rock face and fall down, the stone clearly soared directly through the wall, where he heard it clatter to the ground on the other side.

He should have put the pieces together sooner, he mentally chided himself, stepping carefully toward what he now knew was a false wall. This must be the domain of a powerful psychic pokémon, protected by their false wards and guardians conjured by the mind. It would prove a tough fight for the fighting type to manage, but he'd taken down stronger foes, and discovering their ruse granted him a moment of pride.

As he easily stepped through the illusion, the lucario found himself in a small room with a wooden chest placed prominently in the center of it. A trap that even a rookie adventurer wouldn't fall for, though sadly he couldn't confirm the ambush he knew would be waiting in this room with his aura sense. So he simply strode toward the chest as if he were tricked by it, until his ears caught the quiet sound of a careful footstep behind him, immediately turning and swinging his bone club as he summoned it at the sound.

The surprised face of the scraggy standing there gave him a bit of mirth as he easily struck it with his weapon, sending it flying towards a wall with a single swing, another explosion of dust as it impacted. He let out a chuckle, proud of seeing this coming from a mile away. His confidence grew as he walked over

to the impact site, only to stop for a moment in surprise, as rather than the scraggy he defeated having disappeared completely... it had seemingly been replaced by a plushie replica of the pokémon.

“Ooh, good job at seeing that coming, you’re so good at this, sweetie!”

A feminine voice suddenly spoke, seemingly coming from everywhere around at once startled the lucario, who quickly turned and held his weapon threateningly ahead of him as he glanced around the room, scanning for the speaker’s aura, though all of his senses turned up with nothing. “Who’s there?!” he quickly shouted, standing defensively.

“Oh, sorry sweetie, didn’t mean to ruin your immersion in the game, I’ll get back to narrating!~” the voice said again, Rika spinning around to try to catch any glimpse of the speaker, but finding nothing at all. He stood there for another few seconds, watching for danger, nothing happening at all. Was that... the psychic pokémon he suspected was at the bottom of this cave? It didn’t feel like telepathy he’d experienced, but perhaps a psychic type could cause their voice to manifest in any way they wanted...

He glanced back at the place where the plush scraggy was laying before, but it had disappeared just like the rest of the pokémon he’d fought did when they were defeated.

Feeling a bit more on edge, Rika slowly approached the chest, holding his bone club by the end to nudge the lid of the chest open from a distance, just in case it had any more traps. The lid swung open with ease, seemingly no traps, though the only thing inside looked like an amulet - a sapphire gemstone on a silver chain. Knowing better than to put on anything in a dungeon before having it identified and scrubbed for curses, Rika just placed it into a pocket of his cloak, before walking back to the wall, running his bone club along it until he found an illusory section, heading through.

As he passed through the wall into another room, the lucario froze as he saw what looked like a nursery, or a playroom decorated in pastel, babyish colors, with two plushie pokémon sitting in the center of the room, though this strange sight only lasted for a moment. With a single blink, it was gone, and he was once more standing in the cave, with a poochyena and houndour standing exactly where the two plushies of them sat a moment ago, both growling. Without much time to think, Rika dashed towards them on the offensive, quickly pushing them back, even in a two-on-one.

He smacked the houndour aside with his club before kicking the poochyena off into a tall stone. Turning around, he saw the houndour jumping at it before striking upwards at it, catching it in midair, the scene around him shifting with a blink once more, finding himself right back in that strange playroom, a ripped, completely inanimate houndour plushie falling to the ground in front of him. He stood there in fear for

only a moment before he was once more back in the cave, though the plushie stayed through the transition.

“Oh dear, did you rip your plushie while you were playing? You have to be careful not to get too rough even while you’re playing, sweetie! It’s okay, I’ll get it mended up for you soon.”

There was that voice again, was it taunting him? He snarled at the air as he took a few steps backwards, glancing to his left and right while holding his club defensively. Just about to shout out to the mysterious voice again, Rika suddenly yelped as he felt the ground beneath his paw suddenly depress slightly, trying to leap out of the way of whatever trap he’d triggered with that pressure plate, but he felt himself suddenly being scooped up in midair by it.

Rika’s legs flailed back and forth as he was hoisted into the air by something wrapped between his legs, feeling a heavy fabric wrapping from there around his waist, moving by some psychic force and merging together around him. Two strands connected the trap to the ceiling, and he quickly tried to stab at one of them with the spike on the back of his paw, only to find his wrists restrained by fabric attached to those strands, holding his arms nearly fully extended up above him, while his cloak was suddenly pulled off of him by an invisible force.

As the trap finally settled, the Lucario found himself suspended by it only inches above the ground, though as he tried to struggle against the bonds, his movements quickly caused the contraption to bounce up and down in place, the strands connecting it to the ceiling being elastic, making it all the more difficult to gain any kind of purchase as he was bounced up and down with each of his struggles and movements.

As he tried to move, Rika found that the trap seemingly wasn’t fully finished, and he could sense the psychic energy continuing to move and grow in strength, redoubling his efforts to escape as he tried to twist his handpaws around to stab at the elastic fabric once more, only to watch as shimmering psychic energy surrounded the both of them, coalescing into large, rounded black mitts, complete with a fake fabric spike on the back of each of them over the actual spikes that were there.

Panicking as this thing grew more restrictive by the second, Rika tried to hoist himself up and out of the contraption with just his arm strength, but even as he managed to pull himself upwards, the tight part around his midsection didn’t have enough slack for him to pull his legs through, only falling back down into a few bounces as his arm strength gave out.

In the meantime, the trap wasted no time in continuing to work its magic, feeling the area around his midsection growing tighter as the psychic energy there grew, the whole area growing larger and poofier before finally stopping, the lucario having difficulty closing his legs. Was the trap just getting bigger to make his movement in it slightly more annoying...? Or maybe it had done something entirely different, he wasn't sure.

He felt the energy slightly tickling at his footpaws as they barely touched the ground with each bounce, looking down to see big, rounded booties forming around them as well. He tried to kick his legs to throw them off or maybe interfere with the magic, but nothing seemed to stop it. The magic around the booties started to grow further, the same happening around the mittens on his handpaws, before fabric extended out from them to cover his arms and legs, the material mimicking the actual patterns on the fur beneath as it ran across his body, creating a one-piece outfit that eventually stopped at his neck. The front was lined with giant buttons, though even if his wrists weren't bound, he'd have trouble unbuttoning it with the mitts.

As the magic finally finished with the new outfit it had clad him in for whatever reason, it slowly faded away from the lucario's senses, seemingly finished with whatever it was intended to do. Rika continued to squirm and thrash about in the binds, though he made little progress, only ending up bouncing even more from it.

"Aw, looks like you got caught in a restraining trap! Having trouble getting out?" The voice returned, the lucario growling at it once more, angry at the presumed owner of this dungeon, before his vision changed back to the babyish room once more. In his new surroundings, the trap was certainly recontextualized in his mind, realizing that for whatever reason, this restraining trap he'd been caught by was a baby bouncer.

As he turned his head, Rika suddenly saw an actual pokémon standing a few feet away to his left – a delphox. She seemed slightly amused by the sight of him, letting out a giggle as she approached. She spoke, her voice sounding exactly the same as the one that had been echoing around him moments ago, but without the magical quality to it. "You seem like you're having a bit of trouble, let Mommy help you out, dear."

Rika instinctually froze as she approached, with no way to fight back against whatever she was going to do, though as she reached forward, he felt the bindings attaching his wrists to the straps of the bouncer suddenly be released, before she started speaking again, putting on a voice like a narrator of an epic story.

“As the brave hero was caught off guard by a trap, he quickly tore his arms out of the chains as they attempted to hold him down, too powerful to be held back by crude devices such as those!” In shock, he didn’t attempt to fight back against her as she placed her handpaws under his armpits, lifting him up and out of the bouncer with ease, even though it had seemed completely attached to him when he’d tried moments ago.

“Leaping into the air, he tore his ankles from the chains that had tried to wrap around him, rolling as he landed and turning around, to find the shattered remains of the iron bindings, with no further traps there to catch him off guard. He could breathe a sigh of relief, but there was still more to this cave...” she continued in her narration voice, carefully setting him down onto his footpaws, though the booties left him a bit unsteady still. He was stunned, barely knowing what to even begin to do as she helped him... from a trap seemingly of her own making?

Returning to her normal, happy voice, she reached into a pocket on the outfit he’d been placed in, pulling out what looked like a blue pacifier attached to a clip, with a blue gemstone set into the mouth guard. “Don’t forget about the treasure you got, sweetie!” she said, clipping it to the collar of the outfit and placing the pacifier into his muzzle, which had been hanging open in shock. The delphox gave him two pats on the head before turning around and starting to walk back away, the scene fading back into a cave, the entire outfit disappearing along with it.

Rika slowly blinked for a moment as he registered his surroundings once more, right back in the room where he’d backpedaled into the trap, though back in his cloak rather than the outfit the trap had dressed him in. He slowly turned back to where the trap was, finding that rather than the bouncer being there, there were four metal chains, all of them broken and laying on the ground... just like the delphox had described.

Was it a hallucination? Some trick of the dungeon’s illusions? He felt woozy and unsteady on his feet, reaching up for his head, finding that the pendant he found in the chest was no longer in his pocket, but around his neck. As he reached for it and tried to pull it off, he was unable to lift it over his head, no matter how hard he tried, and using his handpaws felt... strange in a way he couldn’t understand, like they were slightly more clumsy than normal... even though he could still use all of his fingers just fine.

He suddenly felt like perhaps he was underequipped to deal with this place, with how it was getting to him, and the curse that this amulet likely held weighing on him. Deciding to retreat for now, Rika walked back towards the false wall where he’d entered the room... only to find his paw touching a solid surface rather than phasing through it. He froze once more and stared at it, testing the surrounding areas in rising worry, finding that there was definitely no way through. The only way on was deeper in.

Swallowing his panic, Rika turned and walked through the clearly open path ahead, trying to breathe, but feeling a bit more unsteady on his footpaws than normal. Like each step was precarious, his legs not quite sure where to move. He stepped into the next room, seeing another sneasel staring at him, sharpening its claws, and he felt a bit of worry that he hadn't felt in all of the fights up to this point... despite having easy type advantage and knowing he could handle it, it was like something inside of him was still afraid.

Shaking it off, he stepped forward, summoning his bone club once more and swinging it toward the dark type, only to completely whiff as the weapon had massively reduced range. He teetered as he had to follow through the momentum of the swing, expecting to have had the resistance of a strike, leaving himself open for a slash at his leg, barely stepping out of the way in time. He looked down at the weapon in his handpaw, only to find that instead of his aura bone club, he was holding a bright blue baby rattle.

In a panic, he turned back toward his foe, only to notice too late that the sneasel was charging right at him, getting hit in the stomach with a shoulder tackle, knocking him back onto the ground and temporarily knocking the wind out of him, his eyes instinctively closing.

"Oh dear, did you trip and fall, sweetie?" The voice returned, and as he opened his eyes Rika found himself back in the nursery room, the delphox looking at him with a bit of concern from the rocking chair she was sitting in. He moved to get up, finding that he was right back in the outfit he was placed into when caught by the bouncer trap, struggling to even close his legs. He took a moment to actually look over himself like this, seeing that it was definitely a kigurumi, one strangely modeled after his own species. The large bulge between his legs underneath the fabric explained his difficulty there, and with the state of the room around him, he was able to put together that apparently the magic had seen fit to put him in a diaper too.

He tried to say something to the delphox in shock and anger, but found his words completely muffled, noticing that the pacifier she'd placed into his mouth the last time he was here was still there, and he couldn't seem to spit it out. It resisted his attempts to get it out of his mouth, the gem on it glowing a light blue whenever he did.

"Aww, let Mommy help you up, sweetie," she said, standing up and walking over to him, reaching down to grab his arms and lift him up onto his unsteady feet. The booties felt like they made it harder to balance, not to mention the padding between his legs keeping him from being able to move them quite as easily. "There you go, now, let's try again, hm?"

Not sure how to respond, Rika didn't fight back as she moved behind him and grabbed his right arm from behind, looking down at it to see that the rattle he was holding in the cave seconds ago was attached to

the fingerless mitten there. She guided his arm up like he was holding a weapon as she started to narrate once more. "Though he was knocked down, the brave hero stood once more and readied his club, swinging mightily at the foe that dared to stand in his way!"

She guided his arm to gently strike at the sneasel plushie sitting on the ground in front of him with the rattle, with just enough force to gently knock it over. "You did it, sweetie!" she said with pride in her voice, letting go and clapping for him as she walked back over to her rocking chair. He wobbled in place without her support, barely keeping himself from falling as the scene shifted back to that of a cave, the sneasel foe having disappeared.

Rika's head felt very dizzy as he reached up to place his paw against it, only to find that the mitten was still there this time. He quickly opened his eyes and saw that the whole outfit was still there, just as it was only a second ago. He felt a bit lightheaded and took a moment to sit down and breathe, not sure what to think anymore. What... what was happening? Why did everything feel so strange, suddenly?

He... he was an adventurer. Here to defeat the powerful pokémon who had taken up residence in this cave. He was a powerful fighter, a trained dungeon delver... he was capable. So why...

Why did it feel like the whole world around him was fake?

It... it was the illusions. The illusions of the... of the nursery. And this outfit was just an illusion, too. And the pacifier he couldn't get out of his muzzle... all illusions. He was a capable adventurer!

As he sat on the rocky ground, he felt himself involuntarily squirming in place, not sure why he felt so uncomfortable. His diaper was thick enough to keep the ground from stabbing into him from any sharp rocks, and he had his comfy adventurer costume on... his legs automatically tried to press together at the knees as the feeling of discomfort and pressure increased, the dam finally breaking as he felt his diaper slowly start to grow warm.

He let out a sigh of relief through his nose as he slowly wet his diaper, feeling the plush material swell even further between his legs, the relief washing through him. He slowly started to automatically suckle on his pacifier as his diaper warmed up, feeling even more comfy than before. That... was normal, right? That part wasn't part of the illusions, was it?

Y-yeah, it couldn't be, because he could feel it. It was normal for adventurers to wear their adventuring diapers, wasn't it? Big diapers meant to hold plenty of accidents during playtime... o-or adventuring time, when there wasn't time for changes. That made sense, yeah!

As the stream trickled off, Rika pushed himself up onto his unsteady footpaws, the increased bulk of his wet diapers making it a bit more difficult to move around than before, but that was fine. He was an expert fighter! He waddled toward the next room, suckling on his pacifier without thinking about it.

As he stepped into the next room, the lucario saw two more foes sitting there – a scraggy and a nuzleaf, the inanimate plushies' stitched smiles seeming more like menacing grins to the experienced adventurer. He waddled toward them as quickly as he could with his unsteady gait, swinging his rattle wildly, quickly striking both of them as they fell over. He'd won the fight!

“The valiant adventurer knocks out two more foes, seeing before him a beautiful, gilded door set into the stone, gemstones lining the edges. This must be the deepest part of this dungeon, the place where the leader lies in wait – he can feel it in his heart!”

As he hears the delphox's voice narrating, the door she describes shimmers into being at the far end of the cavernous room, the gemstones giving off faint light that sparkles off of the gold of the door. It looked massive and towering, though as Rika glanced around the room with a bit of worry, he almost felt smaller than he was just a moment ago – more vulnerable and scared. B-but he could do this! He was a strong, powerful adventurer!

Summoning all of his courage, he marched toward the door, pushing on it as it slowly swung open in dramatic fashion, thankfully not requiring him to turn any kind of knob with his mitts on. As he stepped into the final room, he saw what looked like a gorgeous throne room, a delphox wizard sitting on a golden throne, a spellbook in one paw and a wand in the other. She glanced up at him with a sinister gaze that sent a frozen chill straight through his heart, but he swallowed his fear and stared back as the door slowly closed behind him, holding his rattle threateningly towards her.

“I am the great archmage Sienna, master of the five seals, champion of the arcane arts! Do you truly believe a feeble and meek warrior such as yourself could ever hope to defeat me?” she bellowed, standing from her throne, tome in hand as a spark of fire appeared at the end of the wand. But Rika knew he could handle this, a brave adventurer and master warrior! Without a moment more of hesitation, he waddled toward her as quickly as he could, thrusting forward his weapon to strike her abdomen!

Her eyes widened as the rattle impacted gently, clutching at the lack of a wound as if it were mortal. “H-how could this happen...? How could I be... bested...?!” she shouted, falling back into her throne with full theatrics. “The brave hero has put an end to my dastardly deeds!!” she yelled, as Rika stepped back, seeing the scene of the throne room around him melting away, being slowly replaced by the elements of the nursery he’d seen a few times before. The glorious bed became a pastel blue crib, the chandelier a mobile of pidove attached to the ceiling fan, her throne becoming the rocking chair that the delphox had been sitting on the whole time.

And as it transformed, Rika could feel himself changing as well, the magic running over his body once more as he shank further, his kigu transforming alongside him. The once mighty lucario still wore his adventuring outfit themed after a powerful lucario warrior, but wearing it was now only a small riolu. A hood grew from the collar to reach over his head, his ears fitting into the larger ear holes, his two weak aura appendages sticking out of holes next to two plush, fake ones, giving the impression of a lucario that had four in total.

“Aaaaaand... scene!” Sienna said with a smile, cutting off her fake death and giggling as she reached down to the riolu in front of her, scooping him up and placing him on her lap. “You did a wonderful job playing as the mighty hero, you beat the big bad wizard and saved the day!”

Rika felt... oddly confused. Wasn’t he just fighting the delphox, the powerful psychic pokémon at the bottom of this dungeon? Why... why was she acting like this...?

The confusion must have read on his face, as Sienna smiled at him and gently sighed. “Aw, did someone get so into his playtime that he forgot he was playing pretend? Your Mommy isn’t *actually* a big bad wizard, silly!”

It... it was playtime? Pretend? Did... did he really get that into playing as a big strong hero that he forgot? But... but no, wasn’t this world the fake illusion? It was, wasn’t—

“And it seems like someone got so into playing that they ended up soggy too, huh?” Mommy interrupted, bouncing the riolu on her leg as he felt the squish of his diaper between his legs, even more soggy than it was after he used it earlier. “Come on, let’s get you changed into a nice clean diaper, and then I think it’s about time for my little one to take a nice nap. You sure seem tuckered out after playtime!”

The delphox quickly scooped him up into her arms like it was nothing, carrying the riolu over to the changing table opposite his crib. She laid him down onto it and got to unbuttoning his kigu with ease,

not even giving him a moment to adjust to what was happening, like it was all completely natural. Once he'd been unbuttoned, she pulled it open enough to work with and got to work changing his diaper.

Once untaped, the delphox lifted up his legs with one paw, sliding the very soggy diaper out from under him, pulling out a fresh one and unfolding it to put in the old one's place. It felt very plush and comfy underneath him as he laid there... he felt like he always enjoyed when Mommy changed him, even though part of him felt like this was the first time it had happened... even though that wouldn't make much sense.

Pulling out some wet wipes, the delphox got to work cleaning him up, wiping down all of the riolu's fur around his crotch, and giggling a bit as his sheath involuntarily twitched a bit while she cleaned over it. "Aw, Mommy must have forgotten to put her adventurer in his other protection today, silly me! Don't worry, I'll get that fixed up for you, sweetie."

Not quite sure what she meant, Rika suckled on his pacifier while she reached beneath the changing table, trusting Mommy to take care of it for him. She returned with a small baby blue plastic object, taking the ring part of it and sliding it around his sheath and balls, making him blush. He always got 'huffy' as she called it when she was cleaning around there... didn't he? He could remember her saying that a lot, and that was why he needed the special protection there, even if it got a bit uncomfy sometimes when he was thinking about Mommy in his crib... but it still felt good when she let him play with Mr. Buzzy!

As the cage snapped together with ease, Mommy took out a small key and put it into the lock part, making sure it stayed together for her little adventurer. He was already trying to strain against it, and he let out a bit of a whimper at how it felt.

"Aw, it's okay, sweetie, if you're good the rest of today too, Mommy might let you have playtime with Mr. Buzzy later!" His eyes lit up as she said this, excited, though she just went right back to finishing up his change. Dumping plenty of baby powder onto his crotch, she rubbed it in, before taping up the diaper nice and snug.

Now all changed and comfy, the delphox rebuttoned his kigu and lifted up the riolu into her arms. She was right, he did suddenly feel really sleepy, he must have gotten real tired playing pretend with her! He hugged her tight as she carried him over to his crib, gently setting him down inside with all of his plushies surrounding him. She grabbed the blanket and draped it over the little riolu as he squirmed to get comfy, finding the right position and gently suckling his pacifier as his eyes drifted shut.

“Have a nice nap, little one! I’ll come get you once you’re all nice and rested, and we can have something yummy to eat.” The delphox walked across the room to the door, turning off the light as she left the room with a smile, the night lights keeping the room slightly illuminated. Rika got nice and comfy as he sucked his pacifier, feeling content. He’d play more adventurer with Mommy later, for now, he needed to get some rest.

As he laid there, snuggling a sneasel plushie close, the riolu slowly drifted off, strange thoughts and memories slowly being replaced with ones more appropriate for Mommy’s little adventurer.