

Each step into the snow felt like it sank deeper, freezing cold creeping further and further up Glade's legs as snow covered and dampened more of the grovyle's clothes. It was freezing cold, the snowstorm seemingly having appeared out of nowhere with very little warning. He could barely see more than a few feet in front of himself, his surroundings blanketed in white while the thick snowfall obscured his vision, whipping wind stinging at the grass type's skin. His body shivered uncontrollably, trying to keep some amount of heat as he held his arms close to himself, trying to hold on to some semblance of hope that eventually, his steps would lead him out of the snow and into safety. Otherwise... he didn't want to think about it.

Reopening his eyes, he saw that his desperate hopes had manifested – even in the intense snowfall, the outline of a cave entrance stood out in his vision some small distance away, his heart picking up the pace as his steps followed suit, desperation giving him one last push of intense energy to carry him into the potential safety from the elements. The cave could very well be occupied by some fearsome person with a mean streak... but taking his chances with the darkness was better than meeting a surefire end out in the blistering cold.

The explorer had somehow lost his badge at some point around when the blizzard started, leaving him with no easy escape back to the guild, and as a solo team, he didn't have any backup to help make sure he made it to his destination safely - that destination being one where an experienced adventuring team had set out on their own expedition a week prior, not having returned from it. The duo, an arcanine and a krookodile, had passed through this route on their way to exploring a new mystery dungeon that had popped up, only to not return from it.

He'd scanned the route carefully, and there was no indication of intense cold approaching and leaving him out to freeze... maybe this area had been taken as the lair of an abomasnow, an ice ninetales, or maybe a vanilluxe or aurorus? It was something he could report to the guild when he returned safely... for now, he needed to make sure he *did* return safely.

As the grovyle stepped into the cave, an instant sense of relief washed over him as the whipping wind disappeared. He'd gotten so used to the intense cold it carried with it that escaping it felt like weights had been suddenly dropped from him, feeling freed. It was still very cold, but the shelter that the cave offered was magnitudes better than the snowstorm outside. He took a moment to breathe as his eyes adjusted to the darkness, able to see just about as well as he could out in the snow. The cave ran deeper than he could see, and he knew he should scout it out to make sure it was safe... but that could wait.

Glade unslung his treasure bag and set it on the ground, quickly retrieving a bundle of wood and a tinderbox, setting it up to make a fire some distance away from the entrance to the cave, his body still in desperate need of some heat. It didn't take long for the practiced explorer to make a fire, the warmth

radiating from the kindled wood warming his achingly cold body. It felt wonderful, able to actually *feel* again.

He let himself enjoy the feeling for a moment and let the warmth make the aching feeling fade away, but knew he needed to ensure his hideaway was safe if he was going to be here for a significant amount of time. And a glance at the cave entrance reminded him just how likely that was. The idea of having to sleep here wasn't appealing... but he had a bedroll for that, and he'd slept in worse conditions. Pulling out a torch, he lit it at the campfire and started to carefully walk his way deeper into the cave, delving into the unknown. He hoped that it wouldn't be too deep, just a short walk, though it seemed to continue for some time, the light of his campfire receding into the distance. He kept a hand on the wall as he walked to keep himself from getting lost even in the light, knowing that he could always retrace his steps easily, though the cave never seemed to end.

A strange nagging in the back of his mind started to send off alarm bells in the grovyle's head, squinting for a moment as his pace stuttered for just a second. He turned around as quickly as he could, danger senses flashing, but his instincts gave away that he'd caught on to the fact something was about to happen. Before he could fully turn, his torch was sent flying out of his hand and extinguished, sending him back into the pitch black darkness, his eyes not immediately able to adjust to protect him from his unseen attacker. He pulled his arms up to block the blow he knew was incoming...

But nothing followed.

He looked around himself in fear, trying to catch any sight or sound of whatever pokemon had been tailing him, but he couldn't find any sign at all. But beyond that, the inky blackness of the cave never seemed to recede, his eyesight not adjusting to the dark like it had before. Fear started to twinge the edges of his perception, though he did his best to keep a cool head and stay on the lookout, ready to fight back.

A pair of eyes appeared in the darkness ahead of him, clear as day despite being unable to see anything else. A pale yellow with piercing red pupils. He only saw them for a moment before launching off a bullet seed straight at them, only for the visage to vanish, as if fading into wisps of smoke. Glade took up a fighting stance, ready to strike or defend whatever might be coming next, unsure of the other pokemon's plans.

They clearly wanted him in the dark to keep their advantage, so he needed to deny that. With no clue where his torch had been knocked to and the unlikelihood that he could get out his tinderbox and light it without getting hit by an unseen attacker, Glade's only option was to push back towards the campfire and fight from there. With the plan in his head, he started running back in the direction he came,

exerting his already tired muscles to pull him towards the safety of the light that he couldn't even see off in the distance.

But as he ran, of anything he was expecting, it certainly wasn't for his next footstep to catch nothing but air, tumbling forward and pulling up his arms to guard his head, only to find himself falling through the air in the darkness. Fear gripped his thoughts as he struggled to think of what to do – had he somehow sidestepped a pit on his way in without ever seeing it in the torchlight? He had no clue how, but now finding himself in a freefall, he had no choice but to brace for a rough landing, preparing himself for the worst.

But once more, his expectations were shattered.

The ground that he crashed into yielded from his fall, feeling soft and plush beneath him, taking all of the impact. Slowly and carefully, Glade opened his eyes, seeing the mound of colorful, comfortable pillows that he'd landed on. Confusion flashed across his thoughts, and as he pushed himself up from the ground and looked around, that confusion only grew.

He was no longer in the cave he'd been in moments ago; the room he found himself in was colorful and clearly manufactured. Bright colored decals lined the walls, random shapes with no real cohesion. Children's toys were scattered all over the place, filling up toy chests and sitting all across the floor. Pillows and blankets laid all around the room, though many of them were concentrated to the spot where he'd landed, though as he looked up, there was no hole in the ceiling for him to have fallen in through. The furniture also drew his gaze – all matching the colorful aesthetic of this place, with a wardrobe, rocking chair, and strangely, a changing table all visible from where he was. The room reminded him of a daycare, where baby pokemon would run around from one interest to another, all of it safe and designed to keep their minds occupied.

Though strangely, the minds being occupied in this room seemed a bit less young than one would expect. Glade's eyes locked onto two pokemon in his vision, both of them clad in diapers, though their species suggested that they weren't likely to need them. The species set off an alarm in the grovyle's head as he looked over them both – an arcanine and a krookodile.

He'd tried to stay still to examine his surroundings and not draw any attention to himself, though apparently his sudden landing had carried the gaze of the two inhabitants of this room towards him as he looked right back at them. The krookodile seemed to be interested for a moment before moving his attention back to whatever small object was sitting on the floor just in front of him, but the arcanine was a separate story. He had been laying on his back, seemingly rolling around happily when Glade had fallen in, and he'd frozen in that state for a moment, cocking his head at the new arrival. After that moment

passed, however, the canine had leapt up onto all fours and bounded across the room rapidly towards the grovyle, who held his arms up defensively as he was tackled to the ground.

Glade quickly prepared himself to attack to hopefully throw the fire type off of his rhythm and ensure he didn't hit him with a devastating flamethrower, but he was the one caught off guard instead as the arcanine instead started happily licking his face. He tried his best to push the overexcited canine off of him, though the immense size advantage made that nearly impossible. The arcanine didn't seem interested in talking, and as he finally pulled back off of Glade, he immediately crouched happily, looking playful and wagging his tail. The grovyle didn't know quite how to respond to the panting, playful... adventurer?

These were the adventurers he was searching for, right? So why did the arcanine seem... so much like a puppy?

"Are... are you two alright?" he asked cautiously, being surprised by a sudden, excited bark from the arcanine in front of him, who turned and started running around the room with boundless energy. Glade watched the diapered pokemon launch himself at a bone-shaped toy on the ground, grabbing it in his muzzle with a squeak. He didn't seem particularly receptive to conversation. Carefully, Glade picked himself up off the ground, noticing a strange lightness, only to realize that his backpack and all of his equipment were missing. He quickly turned around to look through the pillows he'd landed on, but found no sign of them, like they'd somehow just vanished.

Cautiously, he started walking towards the krookodile, the sounds of the arcanine running around and squeaking its toy still taking up some of his attention. As he got closer, he noticed that the krookodile was similarly diapered, with what looked like a very large pacifier in his mouth, a bit of drool escaping the sides of it. A quick glance showed that the diaper wasn't just for show either, the front of it clearly yellowed, though he didn't seem all too bothered by it. He watched as he approached, seeing the pokemon attempting to fit shapes into the appropriate holes of a cube. He seemed... actually confused as the square didn't fit into the circle-shaped hole, furrowing his brow and tilting his head as he tried to puzzle through the conundrum.

What... what happened to these two?

The krookodile looked up at him as he approached, cocking his head before reaching out with the square to hand it to him. Still confused and cautious, Glade took the square from him and crouched down over the baby toy, slotting it into the correct hole. The krookodile's eyes seemed to light up as if he'd never considered this possibility before, and a new world of options had opened up to him.

The grovyle stepped away, having seen enough to know that the pokemon likely wasn't acting. Something very strange had happened to them to leave both of these experienced adventurers in a state like this... and while he wanted to investigate and hopefully help them out, he didn't have much confidence that he could handle what they couldn't. For now, he needed to get back to the guild and get reinforcements, because there was something bad happening here.

With worry running through his mind, Glade walked to the far wall of the room to search for any signs of an exit, taking a walk along the perimeter. He suckled on his pacifier as he carefully stepped around, the soothing feeling of it helping to calm his worries about whatever happened to the adventuring team. It would be alright, he just needed to get out of here and get back home to where it was safe. ...Something felt strange as he stopped for a moment, like he'd forgotten something important, that sinking feeling in his gut appearing, but he couldn't quite tell what it was. He shook it out of his head, knowing that he needed to focus right now on getting out.

But as he completed a lap around the edge of the room, there were no exits to be found. No seams in the wall felt by his hands as he ran them across the edges, no indication of a secret exit. He didn't even know how he ended up in here, much less how he could get out, and the worry was starting to get to him, creeping around the edges of his mind. The grovyle couldn't help but sink down onto the floor, feeling the cushioning padding of his diaper underneath him. He felt tears starting to well up at the corners of his eyes as he sniffled. He... he was a brave boy, he didn't... he didn't need to cry...

The grovyle was nearly startled out of his sniffles as the arcanine came back over to him with a concerned expression, noticing him starting to cry. The fluffy pokemon nuzzled quickly against Glade's scales for comfort, and he couldn't help but hug him back, the warmth and comfort radiating from the fire type quickly starting to dry up his sniffing.

"Aw, is someone upset they had an accident?" a new voice asked, low and flowing, sounding simultaneously like both speech and a whisper. Glade pulled back from the happy arcanine, looking ahead of him to see a pokemon standing there – a ghostly zoroark, red and white wispy fur floating and flowing in the air behind him, yellow eyes piercing, but... strangely kind. The grovyle was confused, feeling both like he'd seen him before, and like he shouldn't be here... but he didn't have much time to work through the thoughts as the zoroark reached down to pick him up, holding him against his chest as he walked towards the changing table. Watching over the zoroark's shoulder, the arcanine was following happily behind, tail wagging and tongue panting, seeming happy to see the newly appeared pokemon.

More confused than anything else, Glade didn't resist or struggle as he was placed down onto the soft, comfortable surface of the changing table. Everything felt... strange as he looked up at the zoroark, like

the room was shifting and swirling, making him feel all dizzy. He had to focus on the zoroark rather than the room to keep his head from spinning with it. The smile on the zoroark's face made him giggle back. He shifted a bit uncomfortably, glancing down between his legs to see the diaper there, which made his brain tingle a bit, though he wasn't sure why. The yellowed front of it stood out to him, making him even more confused. Had... had he wet himself? He didn't even notice...

"It's alright, no need to fuss. Daddy can change your diapers for you and get you all clean, can't he?" the zoroark... Daddy? Daddy undid the tapes on his diaper, pulling out some wet wipes to gently clean all around his privates, which made him wiggle and squirm a bit. Glade couldn't help but blush as he felt the wipes running along the sensitive parts of him, trying to look away, though the dizzying state of the room left him quickly turning back to look up at Daddy, only making him blush even more.

With a new diaper placed underneath him, the zoroark sprinkled some baby powder all over his diaper area and rubbed it in, pulling the front of the diaper up and taping on the wings, leaving the grovyle in a fresh, clean diaper. "There we go, all better, right?" he asked, and Glade couldn't help but nod, suckling on his pacifier with a blush still on his face. It felt really nice when Daddy changed him... he... he always liked diaper changing time, right?

The sound of whimpering and fussing from across the room caught Glade's attention just as it caught the zoroark's as well, the grovyle sitting up and turning to see that the arcanine and krookodile were fussing and fighting over something, some kind of toy that looked like a small white cylinder from a distance. Glade felt himself being hoisted up into the zoroark's arms and carried over to where the two were fussing, though they quickly stopped as they looked up at Daddy's disapproving expression, both of them giving begging eyes to him at once.

"Now, you know you two aren't supposed to be fighting over toys. You're supposed to share, right?" They both whimpered in response, clearly both wanting to be the one to play with... whatever it was. The zoroark leaned down and took the toy in his paw, both of them letting go of it and letting out another whimper. "If you can't share it on your own, then I'll let grovyle play with it, and you two can figure out how to share after. The duo hung their heads, seemingly disappointed as well. Glade was just confused, though he could get a better look at the toy now – most of it was comprised of a handle section, with a bulb at the top, and what looked like some buttons on the handle.

The zoroark walked away from the two as they split up to go play with their own toys, not wanting to get in another fight. He sat down in the rocking chair, with Glade's back against his chest, sitting on his lap. "Well, this works out well enough. After all, we already needed to buzz those last few silly thoughts out of your head, didn't we?" Glade tilted his head in confusion as Daddy placed the bulb of the toy against the front of his diaper, before his eyes suddenly went wide as he pressed a button and it started to vibrate.

He couldn't help but moan from behind his pacifier as the feeling started, the vibrations running all along the front of his diaper and buzzing the sensitive area underneath. He huffed through his nose as he leaned back against Daddy's chest, squirming as he suckled on his pacifier. "That's right, it feels good, doesn't it?" the zoroark asked gently, running the toy up and down along the front of his diaper. Glade nodded in response – it *did* feel good. It felt wonderful, the feeling filling up his head.

It felt... difficult to think as the buzzies ran up and down the front of his diaper. Hard to focus on other things. How did he end up here? And... wasn't he doing something before Daddy changed his diaper? He... he couldn't remember. "You don't need to remember silly things like that. Just enjoy the feeling." He didn't question how Daddy knew what he was thinking about, of course he did. Daddy knew all kinds of things he didn't understand.

Wasn't he here for a reason? The arcanine and krookodile caught his attention across the room, both of them playing with their toys without a care. "Those are your playmates. You have lots and lots of fun with them." The grovyle's hips bucked instinctively against the buzzies. He liked having fun, playing with his playmates did sound like lots and lots of fun! He loved to play.

And... he didn't remember wetting his diaper. He didn't... remember wearing a diaper just a little bit ago. "You've always been in diapers. What else would you wear? Your diapers feel nice, and take care of your accidents. You don't want to wear anything else." Daddy was right, he didn't want to wear anything else. He loved how good the buzzies felt on his diaper, and how good it felt when Daddy changed him, and he didn't want to have accidents outside of his diaper, that would be bad...

The grovyle squirmed and rolled his hips, huffing and whimpering as Daddy buzzed him. He could see his playmates watching enviously from across the room, blushing as he squirmed in Daddy's arms. "All those scary, confusing thoughts in that little head of yours, feel them all buzzing right away, going farther and farther away, ready to go bye-bye. Are you ready to forget all those bad thoughts and be a happy baby?" Grovyle could barely focus on what Daddy was saying as he whimpered and squirmed, but he nodded. He wanted to be a happy baby!

"Then say 'bye-bye'!" Grovyle moaned and cried out a muffled "Bye byeeee!" as he bucked his hips, finally tipping over the edge, the buzzies making his head all nice and fuzzy as he had a sticky accident in his diapers. His eyes screwed shut as he humped and squirmed in Daddy's arms, moaning and whimpering as he rode out the wonderful feeling of making stickies, all his worries and complicated thoughts disappearing as they were buzzed away.

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The charizard trudged through the snow, each step forward feeling like it was sinking even deeper into the drift, his wings too frozen to keep him aloft, leaving him no choice but to walk. His partner wasn't faring too well either, the raichu struggling to keep from sinking into the snow with no way out. While his internal heat and the warmth from his tail had helped them get this far, the adventurers weren't prepared for a complete blizzard to stand in the path between them and their destination.

The two of them were in search of some adventurers that had supposedly gone missing around this area, but there was no indication of an incoming blizzard, or even a particularly cold climate here. At this point, they were so far out from their guild that it was unlikely they could just turn around and make it back out of the snow, and they knew they needed to find a place to take shelter for the night and reassess their plan.

The charizard turned as he felt his partner tapping him on the side, seeing the raichu pointing towards the mouth of a cave nearby – somewhere they could get out of the elements and recuperate for a little while. It might not be comfortable, but they'd camped in worse conditions before and gotten out of it just fine. He nodded, the two of them trudging as quickly as they could towards the opening of the cave that would serve as their temporary shelter for the night.

Or, unbeknownst to them, their new home.