

Short footsteps carried a flaaffy forward, the pitter-patter of his feet hitting the ground the primary sound as he walked down the path leading to his home. He adjusted the coat he wore over his body as a chill wind blew over him, causing him to shiver, the bottom half of his body not having the warm coating of wool that the top half did. As his home came into view around the corner, his tail began to gently sway back and forth as his legs picked up the pace, wanting to get inside and finally relax after a rough day. He'd had enough of the whole "adulting" thing for now – customer service did that to a pokémon.

Flux approached his home, and as he lazily reached for the doorknob, he noticed something strange sitting on the ground outside of the door – a massive box, taller than even the flaaffy was, even at 2'09", above average for his species. Confused, Flux tried to think if he'd ordered anything new, but couldn't think of anything, especially not something that would be *this* big. He opened up the door and decided that he'd deal with it later, though he'd have to get it inside, which... would be difficult.

As he pushed open the door, he braced himself and tried to pick up the box, only to find that it was surprisingly light for its size. It still wasn't *easy* for the small flaaffy to pick up something that was larger than him in every dimension, but he gradually managed to push it through the open doorway and into his house.

Flux took off his coat and put it on the rack in the entranceway, deciding to leave the box there as he stretched. He started to make his way down the hallway towards his room, starting to unbutton and remove his clothes one article at a time as he walked down the hall. He finished unbuttoning his shirt and pulled it off, dropping it onto the ground behind him, content to pick it up later. He removed his pants similarly, walking off without them, pulling off his underwear as well and leaving it behind, not needing that anymore.

As he stepped into the now open room, Flux let out a deep sigh, immersing himself in his surroundings. The bright pink walls with puffy clouds along the top and bottom contrasting the normal, basic surroundings of the rest of the house that he left behind. A changing table and crib sized for the adult flaaffy were positioned in the room, alongside a closet full of pretty dresses, onesies, and outfits. Cases of large, poofy, white diapers sat in the bottom of the closet, their pink edges standing out against the bright white. Toys laid on a playmat, and plushies were scattered all about the room, featuring tons of different species of pokémon – a buneary, shelllos, yanma, tepig, and tons and tons of others filled the room. In the crib, on the playmat, around and on the changing table, everywhere.

Flux loved plushies, and just seeing their stitched smiles looking at him as he entered his playroom set his little heart at ease, and brought his own smile to his muzzle. The stress of his job was gone – he was able to be little again, surrounded by his plushie friends. He was already really looking forward to it, and the flaaffy quickly walked over to the closet to pull out a diaper for himself, beginning to poof it out. He

then ran over to the changing table and climbed up onto it, setting the diaper underneath himself, his tail wagging happily as he fit it through the tail hole.

He turned to the side to reach into the compartment in the changing table, grabbing around until he was able to grab the baby powder, pulling it up to pour it all over his crotch, rubbing it into his skin. As he readied himself, he pulled up the front of the diaper to cover up his crotch, pulling it over his belly as he reached for the sides, taping them up and giving the poofy diaper front a few pats with his paws. A massive smile came to his face and a twinkle in his eyes as he finished putting on his diaper, all of his adult worries fading away into childish glee.

As Flux hopped off of the changing table, he felt his legs pushed apart into a massive waddle as he started to walk around, and he reached into the changing table once more to pull out a large pink pacifier which he popped into his muzzle. He gave it a few happy suckles before letting out a cute giggle, waddling over to his closet. He reached inside and pulled out a lilac colored onesie with a skirt on the outside. More than ready to look cute, the flaafty pulled it up and over his head, feeling the wool around his upper body get compressed by the material before *poomphing* out of the top hole of the onesie. He stuck his arms through the appropriate holes, and then reached between his legs to grab the snaps, connecting them together with four satisfying clicks. He quickly waddled over to the full-body mirror positioned nearby and admired his adorable form – the cute, frilly skirt that only went about an inch or two, the way his padded rump poofed out behind him even when held tight by the onesie, the pacifier in his mouth somewhat covering his smile as he clipped it to the collar of the onesie – it was all wonderful.

He grabbed another object from the area under the changing table – a large baby bottle with a nipple to fit his mouth, taking it with him as he stepped out of the room, planning on getting himself some milk to drink while he watched his cartoons. However, as he walked down the hall past the clothes he left behind, he saw that large box still sitting in the entranceway of his house, having completely put it out of his mind before. Feeling an intense curiosity bubbling in his tummy, Flux waddled over to the box and pulled it into his living room.

He looked the package up and down, finding his name and address printed on one side of the box, but that was it. No return address, or anything mentioning what was contained inside. He was extremely confused as to what this could possibly be, or why it was here, considering that he hadn't bought anything new online in a while. However, unable to sate his curiosity any longer, Flux started pulling open the box, only to be extremely surprised by what he found inside.

Inside of the box was what looked to be a massive plushie, which was compressed down, filling up the entire box. The material was composed of primarily a dark green color, though the flaafty could see hints of black and light blue as well from the folded up plushie inside. Confused, he reached in and

started pulling it out, finding it light enough to pick up, but still heavy for his small body, and as it started leaving the box and regaining its shape, it only grew larger and larger.

Finally, once he'd pulled the entire massive plushie out of the box, Flux could see what it was, and he was completely awestruck. Before him stood a life-size tyrannosaurus plushie, a full 6'7", over double the flaafty's height. It was massive, and filled with stuffing – he was surprised it was even able to fit in the box of that size even while compressed. Slowly waddling up to it, he reached out a paw and ran it over the surface of the plushie, feeling the incredibly soft material it was made of; nothing like a tyrannosaurus's normally rough skin. He reached out with both arms and gave it an experimental hug, and as he did, he unconsciously leaned forward into it, letting both him and the massive plushie fall to the ground.

It was heavenly, perfect, wonderful. Snuggling the massive plushie was like floating blissfully on cloud nine. Flux felt his thoughts and worries melt away as he held the stuffie close, unconsciously suckling on his pacifier and letting a sigh out through his nose. He laid there on the tyrannosaurus's big, poofy, comfy belly for who knows how long, savoring the feeling of holding it close. All thoughts about where the mysterious plushie had come from had long since left his mind – it was his now, and he was keeping it right here where it belonged, alongside all of his other lovely plushies. He could cuddle this thing for days, weeks even. It was perfect.

Flux spent the rest of his day relaxing, cuddling or laying against the plushie as he watched cartoons, played games, drank a bottle of milk, or anything else, until eventually he started to feel pretty sleepy. He made his way towards the nursery, bringing his new tyrannosaurus plushie with him, only to see that there was absolutely no way it would be able to sleep in the crib with him. Disappointed, he set the plushie against the wall next to his changing table, where he'd be able to see it and give it plenty of hugs the next morning before his morning change. He had no plans for tomorrow, meaning that he'd get to spend the entire day in littlespace if he wanted to, and with the alluring pull of the massive plushie coaxing him into it, there was no way he'd be able to resist.

But for now, he needed to get some well deserved rest. He lowered the bars to his crib and climbed in, pulling them back up and locking them into place as he *pomphed* down onto the bed, surrounded by the smaller plushies that he scooped up into his arms to cuddle. With just a night light casting a gentle orange glow around the room, the padded flaafty rolled onto his side and pulled a few of his many blankets up to cover him, feeling the cozy warmth surrounding him as he started to drift off. With only a few more suckles on his pacifier, he was out like a light, holding onto the soft plushies around him.

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After a few minutes of listening to the flaafty's consistent, slow breathing, the tyrannitar plushie pushed itself off of the wall, standing up, and taking a few gentle steps towards the crib. She smiled as she looked down at her new charge, cuddled up in her lovely crib. The motherly tyrannitar pet the sleeping flaafty's wool a few times, happy to have ended up in a home where her new baby girl would appreciate having a loving momma to take care of her.

Her soft, gentle, plushie footfalls led her out of the room to look throughout the rest of the house, familiarizing herself with the layout, and with important places to know. She was going to make tomorrow the loveliest day for her new princess, she was sure of it. She'd just need to get a few things ready while the little girl slept...