

Flux awoke as light gently filtered through the pink curtains of his nursery, the gentle rays of rose colored light falling onto the flaaffy's face, causing him to stir. His pacifier had fallen out of his mouth sometime as he slept, and without opening his eyes, he followed the trail of the pacifier clip until he held it in his hands and popped it right back into his maw, gently suckling on it as he let a contented sigh escape from his nose.

He experimentally pulled his legs apart and squished them back together, feeling a slightly damp diaper inbetween them, keeping them pushed apart a bit at all times. He shifted his weight so that he was laying on his back once more and let himself relax just a bit, feeling the diaper he wore grow warmer and soggy as he let it all out. The flaaffy laid there contentedly for a little while, still halfway asleep, before he felt the buttons on his onesie start to gently pop open, realizing that he must have wet much more than he thought he did.

Flux groggily opened his eyes to look down at the onesie that had just snapped open, his vision swimming and a bit foggy from having just woken up, except he saw something he didn't expect. As he looked down at the open onesie between his legs, he didn't see the onesie snapping open itself from the big diaper under it, but rather a green arm unsnapping it for him. And as he followed it back up to its owner, Flux was able to see the giant tyrannitor plushie he'd discovered outside his doorstep yesterday looking down at him.

"B-bwuhh?" the flaaffy let out through his pacifier, incredibly confused at what he was seeing above him, as he felt the plushie's other hand reach down and squeeze his soggy diaper a few times, judging just how much it had been used. He heard the tyrannitor tut a few times, before it spoke, sending him even further into a spiral of confusion.

"Aw, looks like my little girl's been a heavy night sogger, huh? Your diaper was so full it was straining the buttons on your onesie! I had to check on it for you, but I think it's about time we get you up and changed, hm?" The tyrannitor plushie spoke in a caring, motherly voice, speaking softly as if it didn't want to startle the 'baby' in the crib. Before Flux could even fully process what the tyrannitor was saying, or the fact that it was speaking... or moving on its own, for that matter, he felt it slide its big, plushie paws underneath his armpits, and suddenly lift him up as if it were no issue at all.

Afraid at suddenly being picked up with no effort by this massive plushie, the flaaffy started to squirm around in its grip as he was laid against it and carried over to the changing table. "Wh- what- what's..." he started to say, the pacifier falling out of his mouth and being caught by the clip, dangling over the tyrannitor's shoulder. He was placed down on the changing table and his onesie was quickly pulled over his head before being laid back onto it.

“Did someone lose her pacie? It’s okay, sweetie,” the tyranitar said, placing the pink pacifier back into his muzzle before he could even start to talk or question what was going on, and pulling the tapes of the diaper and undoing it. The tyranitar expertly lifted up the flaafty’s legs with one hand, pulling the wet diaper out from underneath him and placing a new, thick diaper in its place before placing him back down onto the crinkly surface. They used wipes to clean up the entire area in the blink of an eye, and immediately pulled out the powder and shook out a generous amount of it onto the flaafty’s crotch, gently rubbing it in with their plush paws before clapping them together twice, all of the powder that had gotten into their paws gently raining back down. In no time at all, a new, fresh diaper had been taped up onto the small flaafty, and the tyranitar walked over to the closet to look for something to put him in.

Stunned by everything that had just happened, Flux looked over at the tyranitar plushie that was going through his closet for a babyish, girly outfit to dress him in, and he slowly blinked at it, deciding that he must just be having a very in-depth dream. With nothing else to do, he decided he might as well play it out and enjoy it if he was gonna have such nice fantasies about a plushie mommy.

After just a bit of deliberation, the tyranitar walked back over to Flux, carrying a white onesie with a pink crown design on the front, and a pink skirt stitched onto it, too short to cover anything underneath, with a large pink clip-on bow in the other hand. They had a smile on their face as they looked at the flaafty, helping pull him up.

“Momma thinks you’re gonna look oh so cute in this, cutie!” she said, helping hold the flaafty’s arms above his head and threading them through the arm holes, the wool on the top of his head getting stuck for a moment before popping out of the head hole alongside his slightly blushing face. He was laid back down as the onesie was snapped up, and a bow was clipped into his wool as his pacifier was clipped to the new outfit.

“There you go! Just perfect!” the plushie exclaimed, clapping a few times in excitement at how her charge looked. Flux could do nothing but blush at the attention he was getting, feeling very bashful but also extremely cute from being prettied up just how he liked. Without a moment’s hesitation, the tyranitar picked him up with no effort once more, carrying him out of the room and starting down the hallway.

“Now that you’re all dry and changed, time for some nummies! Princess’s tummy must be *really* hungry for breakfast, isn’t it?” the tyranitar said excitedly, a skip in her step as she held the flaafty against her chest. Still very confused, Flux simply wagged his tail and sucked on his pacifier at the name “Princess”, having never actually heard anyone call him that before. His blush only intensified as he leaned against the soft, plush shoulder of the surprisingly strong plushie, contentedly enjoying the dream.

However, as he was sat down in a pink and white high chair and the tray was snapped in over his legs, he started to get a bit confused. Things definitely didn't *feel* like a dream, they felt real. And usually, he wasn't exactly able to tell that a dream was happening *while* it was going on. But at the same time, plushies didn't just come to life and start fulfilling his wildest fantasies either.

Of course, it's also pretty strange to find a plushie in a box on your doorstep three times your size. As he thought about it, he hadn't even brought out the high chair from his closet last night, and he could clearly smell cooking and hear sizzling from in the kitchen.

After just a moment of confusion, the tyranitar plushie very gently and quietly walked back into the room, wearing a large apron with a heart on it that the flaaffy knew he didn't own – he couldn't even wear it. She carried a plate of orange pancakes in one paw, cut up into small bites, and the flaaffy's sippy cup in the other, setting them both down on the high chair tray with a clatter. "I hope you find it extra nummy, momma made it with lots of love," she said, picking up the kiddie fork and getting a small square of pancake on it while she reached out and pulled out the pacifier out of the flaaffy's mouth, who still looked incredibly confused.

The tyranitar started making airplane sounds as she moved the fork closer to the flaaffy's mouth, feeding him a few bites of the pancakes, which were surprisingly delicious. Any time Flux had tried to make pancakes before, they would always end up burnt or undercooked, but these were great. After just a few bites, the plushie picked up and guided the sippy cup into the flaaffy's mouth, and he drank a few sips of juice before the feeding continued.

After about half of the food had been finished, the tyranitar looked at the flaaffy, a bit of concern on her face as she started to notice his demeanor. "What's wrong, princess? Are you not feeling good? Your tumby feel bad?" she said, cooing over him a bit.

"Wh... what's goin' on?" the flaaffy said with a slight lisp, still a bit sleep addled, and unsure of how entirely to process the absurd things that were happening to him.

"What do you mean, cutie? Momma tyranitar is just taking care of her new little flaaffy girl!" she responded with excitement, before giving her a big kiss on the forehead, her stuffed maw pressing against the flaaffy's wool. "You're Momma's new little one, and I'm gonna take extra special good care of you."

Flux blinked a few more times, still very confused, before instinctively opening his mouth for another bite of pancakes, then another. Even without actively thinking about it, it just felt natural to him as he chewed and swallowed a few more bites, before being given another drink of juice. He wasn't sure how to respond, but he didn't get much of a chance to as he was fed bite after bite.

When the plate of pancakes was finished, the tray was unlatched and set aside and Flux was picked up once more by the tyranitar plushie, this time being carried into the living room and set on the tyranitar's lap as she sat down on the couch. Without saying anything, the tyranitar picked up the remote and turned on the television, a cartoon immediately on the screen as the flaafty was turned around to watch it, big strong plushie arms gently resting on each side of him. He gently leaned back into the plushie behind him and felt the perfect, soft fuzz and incredible plush of the tyranitar pull him in as he sank into the warm embrace of the material.

Flux didn't even feel like he had the mental willpower to try to figure out what was happening anymore. He was wearing a big comfy diaper, he had a very full belly, he was watching his favorite littlespace cartoons, and he was sitting on the lap of and leaning against the comfiest plushie he'd ever felt in his life – his mind was still too sleep addled to care enough, he just wanted to enjoy it.

As he laid against the tyranitar, he felt her gently pat and smooth out the front of his diaper, and before he could even fully realize it, he felt it start to warm up as he wet it without even trying to. He started to squirm, confused about it, before he heard a soft "Shhhhh" from the tyranitar above as she continued to gently pat and rub his diaper, and his worries started to melt away once more. He didn't feel the willpower to question this either, it was okay that he'd had an accident. He was wearing a diaper, after all. Sure, it was a bit weird that he hadn't even seen it coming, but... but...

He leaned back further into his momma's soft, warm, comfy chest and let out a gentle sigh. Now his diapers were even more comfortable and nice and warm, just like he liked it. Her arms stayed wrapped gently around him as he watched his cartoons, already starting to feel a bit of tiredness overtake him. Maybe he needed a nap... yeah, naps were good... and he was just... so... comfy...

The tyranitar felt her baby start to nod off in her lap, and she kept gently holding onto him for a bit, before laying him down on the couch where she was sitting. She needed to do a few more things to help get things how they should be around here, and doing it while her little princess was taking a nap would be just perfect. That way she'd get to wake up and get to playing right away!