

Flux started to slowly wake up once more, feeling a few of his plushies in his arms and instinctively squeezing them tighter to him as he gradually came to consciousness. He'd had a wonderful dream, but he probably needed to get up by now. A few huffs from his nose as he suckled on his pacifier later, he decided to finally open his eyes, only to see something unexpected once more.

The small flaaffy wasn't greeted with the sight of the bars of his crib as his eyes flittered open, but rather the edges of his playpen in front of him, and the feeling of the foam mat under his belly as he laid on his stomach, surrounded by quite a few of his plushies. He definitely hadn't forgotten to get in bed after playing last night, so how did he end up here...?

As he pushed himself up and flipped over, he felt the bulk of a wet diaper under his skirted onesie, which he definitely must have wet in his sleep... and he wasn't wearing this onesie when he went to bed yesterday either. It was the one that the tyranitar plushie had picked out in his dream. As his head wandered around, slowly piecing it together, he noticed that his playpen wasn't in his nursery like normal, but had been moved into his living room. Cartoons were still playing on the television, and as he pushed himself up onto his knees, he was able to see the giant tyranitar plushie walking back into the room from the hallway. So... it wasn't a dream, then.

She smiled as she saw him awake and quickly walked over to the pen, placing her padded paws on the top of the mesh walls, and bending over to look down at the pampered flaaffy, who very groggily looked back up at her.

"Well, look who's awake!" she said, reaching down and patting the top of Flux's wool a few times. "I was wondering when my little princess was gonna wake up. You must have been extra tired today, taking such a big nap like that." As she mentioned it, Flux couldn't help but let out a big yawn, causing his pacifier to fall out of his mouth. He started to reach for it, before he heard the tyranitar above say "Let mamma get that for you, sweetie," and his arms fell to the side as he watched her pick it up for him and place it back into his mouth.

"You want uppies, cutie?" she said, and only slightly confused, Flux lifted his arms up for the tyranitar to pick him up. With no effort, he was hoisted into her arms and bounced a few times, and he felt her squeeze his padding a few times, checking how wet he was. "You don't need changies quite yet, sweetie, I think we can wait a little longer." Flux felt like he could probably use a change... but that worry was put out of his mind quickly as the tyranitar assured him otherwise.

The flaaffy wondered for a moment why he felt so calm about all of this. Shouldn't he be... doing something? But everything she said just seemed right, and it felt good to be taken care of like this, like he'd always wanted to be. So... was it really a bad thing to let her just take charge for a little while? He

could always figure out what was going on another time. Plus, he'd just felt so sleepy today... he rubbed his eyes a few times as the tyranitar carried him... somewhere. He looked up as he was held over her shoulder, and he saw that he was being taken into the kitchen again, where he could once more smell some delicious food cooking, something he'd never been any good at doing.

He was once more set down in the highchair with the tray snapped into place over his legs, this time with the bar between his legs being a bit more strained by the soggy diaper that was down there too, pressing against it. He could feel the pressure of it against the front of his diaper, and with all of the teasing and the diaper pats and squishes he was getting from the plushie earlier... he was definitely starting to feel something. Even with how sleepy he'd felt, he could feel himself unconsciously buck against it once or twice without even thinking before he stopped himself.

In just a moment, a plate of fried berries cut up into small bites was placed in front of him, his pacifier removed from his mouth, and a bite of delicious food in its place before he could even fully process it. It tasted **wonderful**, much better than the instant things he would normally eat, or any attempt at cooking he'd made in the past.

Yeah, he could probably keep things like this for at least a *little* while.

The rest of the meal passed pretty quickly, until the tyranitar plushie seemed content that her princess had a full enough tummy, and the flaaffy was left in the high chair to drink his juice while momma cleaned up the dishes. As he sipped away happily from his sippy cup, he suddenly felt his diaper growing warmer and soggier, pushing his legs apart even more than before as he unconsciously wet it further. He didn't notice at first, simply enjoying the feeling and smiling as he drank his juice, before suddenly realizing that he'd been wetting himself without even thinking about it, and feeling confused and concerned. He'd done that twice now, without even trying...

Before he could fully think through what was even happening, though, he felt another need building up in him, and pressing up against the front of his diaper too. The feeling of a warm, wet diaper being pushed up against him not only by the onesie but by the highchair bar between his legs was enough to start getting him just a bit horny... and as his mind drifted from the wetting to his new caretaker, it only started to become stronger.

Sure, he'd always loved plushies, but not in... *that* way... even if she was alive. But the way she was able to pick him up with no effort and carry him around, the way she took control and did things for him... the way she called him princess and treated him like her little girl... Flux could feel the need rising in him even more as he gently started to buck at the bar between his legs and the tray covering them.

“Sweetie?” the flaafty heard from in front of him, and he slowly opened his screwed shut eyes to see the tyrannitar standing there in front of him, hands on her hips and a grin on her face, having just caught him fully humping and grinding his now very wet diaper into his highchair. He froze as he looked at her, his face covered in a massive blush and nowhere to hide from her gaze.

“Is my little princess feeling a bit needy?” she said, gently walking forward and pulling the tray off of the highchair, reaching a paw down to rub the front of his diaper, very clearly feeling and seeing the tent it had. She squeezed it a few times, just like she did when checking his diaper for wetness, and without being able to hold himself back, Flux humped into her plushie paw a few times, before she pulled it away.

“You know momma can help you with that, cutie pie. Come here,” she said, lifting him up with ease and carrying him into the living room once more. Holding him in her arms, she plopped down onto the ground, her plushie bottom completely cushioning the fall as she sat down on the floor, slightly leaning back against the couch behind her, with Flux sitting on her stomach, facing her. He could feel the comfy stuffing inside of her supporting his weight as he sat on the plushie’s stomach, much larger than himself.

“Here, momma knows just how to help a fussy little girl’s stiffy go away,” she said, placing a plush paw against the front of his diaper, which started to vibrate underneath him. Immediately, Flux moaned out, starting to hump back against it, his legs spreading apart so that he could just sit on the vibrating paw and grind against it.

“That feels good, doesn’t it, princess?” she said, getting an enthusiastic nod from the flaafty who was frantically humping her stuffed paw and belly. He reached up and grabbed onto the recessed, darker patches of fluff higher up on his tyrannitar plushie’s body to give him more leverage to hump and grind against her more. It just felt so *good*, he could feel the vibrations pulsing all throughout his diaper and along the... the stiffy trapped inside.

“Have you been a good girl for momma today?” the tyrannitar asked, and the flaafty nodded once more with an “mmm hmm!” She had been a very good girl today, she ate all of her nummies and took a nap, and didn’t fuss at all. She was a real good girl, and she loved momma’s buzzies so so so much. It just felt so so good to *rub* and *grind* and *hump* her diapers against momma because she was such a good girl.

Flux didn’t even think for a second as these thoughts flashed through his head, fully immersed in the amazing feelings of buzzing and grinding and humping away. The tyrannitar looked up at him and gently pet the back of his head, smiling at the sight of his eyes tightly shut and his pacifier being suckled on as

he breathed hard through his nostrils, so completely overcome by the feelings. She thought about what more things she could say to make it feel even better for him, how else she could use her magic to enhance what he was feeling with just a word.

“Princess loves her diapers, doesn’t she?” she said, and she saw the magic words take effect in an instant, hearing the flaaffy let out a desperate whine and nod quickly, the humping only intensifying. Princess *does* love her diapers, and she loves feeling those perfect buzzies on them, too. The tyranitar looked at her cutie with love as she kept gently petting his wool, able to feel all of the desperately strong emotions radiating off of him as he grinded into his diaper, and grinded his diaper into her.

She started to feel him getting close, and could hear the huffs from his nose getting more desperate and needy while his humps got stronger. “My little princess wants to make stickies, doesn’t she?” she asked the flaaffy, a very needy whine coming from behind his pacifier. “Doesn’t she?” she asked again, baiting for an answer from the desperate flaaffy.

“Y-y-yeth, momma! P-pwincess wanna make sthikieth!” she said, the only things she could feel being the vibrations pulsing all throughout her diaper and the gentle, soft cushioning of the plushie underneath her. She could barely think through the haze of euphoria as she neared the edge that her momma was pushing her to.

“Then go ahead, sweetie pie. You’ve earned it.” Just as she finished the sentence, the flaaffy grinded one more time, cumming in her diaper as she bucked a few more times, riding out the strong, cascading waves of pleasure while she did. She breathed hard around her pacifier a few times, before getting right back to suckling on it.

“Aw, momma’s cutie pie must be so exhausted after humping up a storm, huh?” the tyranitar said, and she could feel the words taking effect as the flaaffy above her let out a sigh and a yawn. “How about we relax now and watch some cartoons, sweetie?” she said, getting a lazy nod from the flaaffy who had already fully laid across her belly.

The tyranitar plushie wrapped her arms around her little flaaffy and stood up, sitting back down on the couch and cradling her flaaffy as she turned her to be able to see the television, gently rocking her and bouncing her leg. What a wonderful little princess she had.

“Alright, are you all ready? Got everything you need for preschool?” Momma asked her little flaaffy, bending over gently to look over her and give her a few pats on her head. The flaaffy was dressed in an adorable pink onesie and matching skirt, with a white bow in her wool. She was carrying a cute heart-shaped lunchbox in one hand, and she had an excited look on her face as she smiled and nodded at her momma.

“Okay then, better get going! Don’t wanna be late!” the plushie Momma said, giving her charge a plush smooch on the forehead before sending her off out the door with a wave.

Flux stepped out the door to his house and was hit with a very strange feeling, slightly dizzy and disoriented. He shook his head as it cleared and he looked down at himself, wearing the uniform for his grocery store job and carrying his bag with him. His coworkers were about to pick him up for carpooling, and as he walked down the driveway, he saw them pulling up.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully, but definitely seemed brighter than most of his shifts had recently. Though that was probably because he actually had something more to look forward to at home. Ever since that tyrannitar plushie had appeared on his doorstep, falling into littlespace had been much easier, and his imagination had been running wild. Mundane chores like cleaning went by in a flash as he pretended that his new tyrannitar caretaker was doing it all for him while babying him, and he had even picked up cooking again, something he’d long since given up on, and it was going great!

He'd even decided to try wearing out of the house a few times... and it helped him feel a lot more comfortable and just a bit littler while working or running errands. He just felt so much more at ease cuddling the big tyrannitar plush when he was home, so much more comfortable, and little, and...

As he finished up errands after work, Flux came back to his door and opened it up, stepping inside, and he felt himself instantly fill with childlike glee as he looked up at his momma smiling down at him.

“Did you have a good day at school, princess?” she asked, getting an enthusiastic nod from the little flaaffy below her. “That’s wonderful! Now, how about we get you changed into a fresh, clean diaper and some comfy clothes?” she said, picking up the flaaffy and bouncing him in her arms a few times, eliciting a bunch of bubbly giggles from him. Cradling him, she walked down the hall, past all of the toys and babyish things that had been spread from the nursery to throughout the house now.

Flux smiled as he nuzzled into his plushie momma. He’d always loved plushies.