

You carefully masked the sounds of your paws against the hard floor with gentle steps, your lightning-shaped tail twitching at the feeling of electrical currents in the air. This facility had long been abandoned, and it wasn't clear what its original purpose was... but you were here to check it out. With your sensitivity to electricity, you could feel that the place still had some small amount of power running through it, even though it seemed like it hadn't run in a long time. Likely not enough power to do much, but you were still on guard for any security systems that might have a backup power source that hadn't run dry.

It would be nice to find anything worthwhile to take with you in the debris here, but your goal was mostly scouting, and determining what the place's purpose was. Simple enough, and you'd done it with a few mysterious facilities in the past... but this one had a strange feeling to it that you couldn't quite place. That feeling only seemed to grow as you stepped into what looked to be the heart of this place – the giant core machine in the center of the large room stretched from the floor to the ceiling, an imposing silhouette with wires hanging down from the top, connected to various ports all across the mostly cylindrical object. Your paws touched what seemed to be much more comfortable carpet, definitely better than the hard floor from the hallways... though you weren't sure why the main room of this facility would be carpeted, of all things.

You glanced around the room briefly before walking up to the central column, seeing a maintenance panel accessible at your height. Pulling out some tools from your bag, you took out a screwdriver and reached out to open the thing up, only to feel a sudden *zap* from the machine, your body slightly tingling at the feeling of some of your electricity being siphoned by the machine. Stunned and confused, you shook your head, only to notice the lights around the room suddenly flicker on unexpectedly. Had... you accidentally restored some power to the facility with your own electricity? You reached out and touched the panel again, feeling some more electricity be pulled from you to the machine. You weren't exactly sure how it was doing that, but it left a feeling of worry in your stomach.

You didn't have much time to sit with that worry before things started to happen. Sounds caught your ears from the corners of the room as you saw cameras swiveling to turn to you, your eyes staring back at them as you froze. All of them seemed to blink before emitting a green ray of light that washed over the room in a straight line, scanning from the top of the room down to the bottom, before the cameras blinked once more and returned to normal. You felt... watched... but not by anything living.

A sound suddenly played from the speakers positioned throughout the room, crackling from disuse. A mechanical voice spoke from them, the voice strange and unnatural. **“Unattended charge in main room. Ensure safety.”** You suddenly had the need to run, and snatched up your tools, tossing the toolbox into your bag and holding the screwdriver in your muzzle as you dashed on all fours to the exit. Unfortunately, you suddenly felt a pressure underneath yourself as you were lifted up by what felt like a large, gloved paw, one nearly the size of your entire body. You quickly struggled to squirm out of its grasp, but to no avail as you were lifted into the air.

Panicking, you looked at the thing holding you, seeing what looked like a mechanical arm connected to the central column through a now open panel. **“Identifying...”** the speakers said as you tried to wiggle out, seeing a camera on a similar appendage move to more closely scan you. **“Species: Pikachu. File Not Found. Creating Daycare Profile...”**

You weren’t able to pull yourself out of the grasp of the arm as this machine apparently added you to some sort of internal database, but it wasn’t long before it had decided what to do with that information. Another arm moved in to pull the screwdriver out of your mouth, while another took your bag from you, even as you tried to hold onto it. **“These are not toys. Please do not struggle.”** Intent not to listen to it, you kept struggling against it, even though it seemed mostly fruitless. **“Inability to follow directions indicates young age. Adjusting profile... Age appropriate daycare outfit not detected.”** You tried your hardest to break this thing’s grasp on you so you could make a dash for the door, but it seemed like it was tailor made to ensure squirmy, small pokemon didn’t escape from it. All the while, you could feel your own electricity charging the machine as long as you were in contact with it. You couldn’t even just wait for this thing to run out of power if it was being powered by *you*.

You heard sounds across the room as things suddenly began changing – panels opening on the walls for furniture and objects to be placed throughout the carpeted room, all as the metal doors suddenly shut at once, no visible doorknobs on any of them. Your heart dropped as you looked around, seeing your escape routes sealed off from you. Thankfully, you were lowered closer to the ground from the position you were being held, but only so that the arms could take you over to what looked like a baby changing table. **“Beginning changing protocol.”**

As you were placed down onto the table, you tried to leap off of it, only for many more mechanical arms to snake out from the table itself to hold you down as they quickly removed all of your clothes, leaving you naked as you squirmed and fought on the table. More arms carried what looked like changing supplies towards you, and even as you tried to make it difficult for them, these things seemed like experts at changing diapers, quickly powdering you up and taping a diaper sized exactly for you around your waist – mostly white, with yellow thunderbolt patters running across it. A matching onesie quickly followed, pulled over your head and snapped under the diaper. You pulled and yelled and fought the whole way, but even once it was done, you were still held there, the arms not letting up. **“You have been very naughty,”** the system said, and you watched as two more arms moved towards you – one carrying a pacifier with a strap that seemed intended to wrap around your head, and the other holding what looked like a VR headset, where you could already see what looked like a moving swirl pattern on the inside. **“You will be taught to be a good baby while in daycare. Please do not struggle.”**

You let out a whimper as the arms moved closer, unable to squirm free. You might be here for a while...