

You give another tug on your granbull's leash, only to feel him tug right back, the hint of a growl in the back of his throat. He'd been getting more and more rebellious lately, and the more battles you'd lost (often due to him not listening), the more uppity he seemed to be getting. The way he acted, it was like you were somehow ruining his reputation with all of the lost battles... as if he had any reputation to lose. You turned to look at him impatiently as he stood his ground, trying once more to give a tug to the pokemon's leash.

This time, you found the tug back much more forceful, the granbull grabbing his own leash with a paw and *yanking* you towards him, stumbling down onto the dirt path below you. Having had enough at this point, you moved to climb back up onto your feet, only to suddenly feel the pressure of your granbull's footpaw stepping onto your back, his weight keeping you down and forcing the air out of you with how sudden it was. You looked up at him, about to yell... only to hear an intense growl that immediately shot straight to your heart.

Sure, the pokemon was at least a foot shorter than you, but he was much stronger... and you put together that the leash had only been a formality that he was playing along with. As if he noticed the fear suddenly running through you at the difference in power, his expression changed as he looked down at you. Mischievous and grinning, the granbull grabbed your bag and pulled it off of you, rifling through it for a moment, applying some extra pressure to keep you on the ground as he did.

You shouted up at him, but seemingly to no avail, as he tossed the bag aside. You saw him crouch down before he was out of your vision behind you, before the feeling of wind *whooshing* across your body and the feeling of his claws just barely missing your skin had you freeze. It only took a few seconds for you to realize what had happened, seeing a few torn pieces of your clothes flutter into your vision.

Laughing at your reaction, the granbull quickly flipped you over onto your back, putting a knee to your torso to keep you from flailing all over the place... and to stop you from reaching around his body and down to your now exposed lower half. You tried your best to kick him off or roll out from under him, but you couldn't do anything to break free, the pokemon much more physically capable than you.

He reached back over for the bag laying on the ground nearby, reaching inside to pull out... one of the diapers you kept on hand for your... bedwetting issue. You froze at his gravelly chuckle, the granbull having seen you put them on a few times as you were getting ready for bed. Seemingly intent on putting you into it right now, he got to work changing you, even from the awkward position.

You made it as hard for him as you could, of course, but there wasn't much you could do. Your arms couldn't reach past him, and your flailing legs were grabbed in one big paw and held up for the diaper to slide underneath you, then held apart as the front was pulled up and held over your crotch. It wasn't the

best change you'd ever gotten, the tapes messily applied both due to the granbull having never done it before and due to your constant squirming, but he put the diaper onto you with ease, nonetheless.

He seemed to admire his work for a second before turning back to you, and the glint he got in his eye was more than enough to send a pang of fear right into your heart once more, one which quickly grew as he made sure to bare his teeth and growl. You couldn't feel much of that will to fight and struggle anymore as you looked up at the granbull, his wordless threat quickly internalized.

You watched as his paws reached up to his collar and easily undid the clasp, taking it off and shaking himself just a bit as he did. Was he really able to just do that this whole time? The smile came back as he looked back down at you, reaching down with the collar in his paw, placing it around your neck instead. He fiddled with it for a second to get it to the right tightness, something you could clearly feel presently there, but thankfully not painful. He pulled his paws away... but you didn't want to test reaching up to try to take it off yourself.

Taking the end of the leash into his own paw, the granbull finally got off of you, and you felt like you could breathe so much more easily again. He stood up and threw your bag over his shoulder to wear, giving you a tug on the leash that was now attached to you. You felt much more vulnerable at this end of the leash... and probably far more vulnerable than he ever felt when you held onto it, too. He was much stronger than you... plus, with all of your clothes having been ripped to shreds, the diaper was all that you had to wear. You weren't looking forward to the walk back to town.

You moved to stand up, only to freeze and flinch at the sound of his growl. Glancing up at him, all he had to do was point down at the ground for you to get the idea. He tugged at your leash as he started walking down the road, and swallowing nervously, you followed behind him on all fours, unsure of exactly what ideas were running through his rebellious head. Whatever they were, you could only hope that he'd have a bit of mercy... and that he hopefully didn't intend to humiliate you as much as he considered your losses humiliating to him.