

Clicking and clacking rapidly sounded throughout the room as the charmeleon's claws typed away at the keyboard in front of him, his eyes looking intently at his monitor as he worked. He'd been staring at the project for far too long for it to be healthy, 15 tabs kept open each with a line or two of code and an explanation that he could... at least somewhat wrap his head around... enough to make use of it. Checking to make sure the code ran without any errors, he quickly saved the project and switched tabs to his online class, dropping the zipped file onto it and pressing submit without a second thought. The progress bar rapidly filled up before animated confetti twinkled down the screen, letting him know that he'd successfully turned it in. His tired eyes glanced to the bottom right of his monitor to check the time.

Only 11:24 PM. Plenty of time to spare before the midnight deadline, he wasn't even stressed about it at all. Clicking back through the three tabs of classes he'd had open, making sure that each one of them had been successfully submitted when he'd finished each of them the past few hours... he heaved out a sigh of relief, finally closing out of all the messy tabs he'd left open in his haste to get everything done as quickly as he could. Minimizing the window containing all of his online classes, he was greeted by the sight of the video he'd had playing on loop for the past 5 or 6 hours, art of a blaziken and grovyle sitting on a cliff together, the gentle sounds of a music box playing through his headphones, twinkling calmly despite the stress he'd felt moments prior.

Pirca let out a groan as he rested his elbows on the keyboard and his paws on his head, eyes shut tight. He felt completely fucking exhausted, drained of all the energy he had – which wasn't too much to begin with. Taking a deep breath, he leaned back in his chair a bit, looking up at the ceiling. Without looking, he reached behind himself onto the small bed just behind his chair, grabbing the spheal plushie off of it and wrapping his arms around it. Trying to stave off the feelings of doom encroaching on his mind, he picked up his phone, seeing it still open to the art he'd only been moderately longing after earlier that day – a cute lucario sitting on the lap of a much larger kangaskhan, his outfit adorably babyish, consisting of a blue onesie with a more than obvious diaper bulge underneath it, a matching pacifier in his mouth. His eyes were tinged pink as he stared up at the kangaskhan mommy with a tired expression, looking up at her kind smile.

As he let out a breath he'd been holding in for too long, Pirca looked over the whole image once more, taking in each and every little detail, before closing his eyes as he imagined himself right there in the lucario's place. The feeling of the kangaskhan's paws on his back, rubbing up and down and putting him at ease, letting him relax. Sucking on the pacifier that filled up his muzzle, looking up at her, the kindness in her eyes and her smile, feeling her gaze put him even deeper into a comfortable, lulling trance. The diaper around his waist making him feel safe and happy as he sat in her lap, not a thought paid to the state of it aside from how nice it felt, and how protected he was by it...

Perhaps "moderately longing after" would be an understatement of how it made him feel.

He couldn't help but imagine himself in these settings, yearning for the life he saw in art to be one that he could enjoy himself, especially as he consistently found himself under the amount of stress that he did. Wanting someone there to care for him and take away all his little worries, rest his head against their shoulder, and remind him that it would always be alright. He could just rely on them for anything that his little mind could need. Fed, clothed, given simple toys to play with that would occupy his thoughts as they finally calmed down for once, a gaze into a set of glowing eyes or a pocket watch, a sniff of flowery perfume, a taste of a simple concoction enough to steal all those thoughts and worries right out of the mind of a desperately stressed charmeleon.

His head laid forward once more, resting on his desk as his mind ran through scenario after scenario, favorite fantasies flying through his thoughts one after another. A caretaker of a thousand species, though despite the form and the scene he conjured, the only name she ever had was Mommy. Sweetly convincing him to try on a pull-up because he'd just look so cute in it, or knocking him out with hypnotic eyes and placing him onto a changing table with locking cuffs and waiting for him to wake up to experience his first diaper change of many. A pacifier with straps to wrap around his muzzle and head to make sure he couldn't spit it out, or one with an addictive coating to keep him suckling on it, or special tapes played in his crib at night that made him never want to take it out anyways. Boots with rounded bottoms to make his steps unsteady, or a bar or chain between his legs to hobble his steps, or little rounded spikes in the bottom of the cute shoes to convince him that he doesn't need to stand up anymore.

Fantasies floated through Pirca's mind one after another, the edges bleeding together as one transitioned to the next, each of them a new situation that he'd never get to live, but one he so desperately yearned for each night, wishing he could step into the worlds in his head to escape from the one he lived in. The exhaustion tingeing at the edges of his mind encroached in ever so slowly as his mind raced, barely feeling as sleep began to overtake him right there at his desk, without even the energy to stand up and climb onto the bed right behind him in his small dorm. Fantasies bled into dreams as he drifted off, all of it feeling so close to being finally real, finally something he could just reach out and...

Touch. The feeling of soft plush in his paw as he grasped it, something large, firm, yet yielding to his grasp, as the small part of it he held squished like a plushie in his palm. His eyes still closed, unsure if he was dreaming or awake, he felt what he was holding gently tug back at him, pulling him forward, and his tired body obliged without a thought, nearly tumbling out of his broken desk chair, only to land on soft, comfortable plush. The feeling like a bed of feathers, giving under his weight, yet holding him up from the ground beneath. Large, fairly rounded, laying on his stomach against it as his arms and legs curved naturally around the large surface beneath him like laying stomach down against a beanbag chair.

It was... warm. Comfortable. Nice. It nearly emanated feelings of safety, of comfort, floating through his weary and exhausted mind as he laid against it. The feelings were more than enough to convince him

right back into a gentle, drifting sleep, one that promised to be much better than the hard, unyielding desk he had fallen asleep against prior. It didn't take much convincing to lull him right back into the slow, drifting dreams he'd just briefly woken from, though this experience would merely join them in the recesses of his mind as he laid there, finally getting the rest he most definitely needed.

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Slowly stirring from his slumber, Pirca feels a bit strange as he shifts in bed, gradually shaking off the lingering effects of his sleep. He realized that he was laying down on his stomach, something that he never did, always having slept on his sides. He must have crashed pretty hard... in fact, he couldn't even remember climbing into bed the previous night, his last memories being him hazily at his computer just after turning in his work for the week. A bit of relief came to his mind at that, knowing that he had the weekend ahead of him to enjoy and relax... probably without leaving his room once over the two days, as normal.

The bed beneath him seemed to shift a bit with each of his movements, feeling a lot more unsteady than normal... and he didn't even have a pillow under his head, just laying against the same surface as the rest of his body. It felt strange too, not being flat, but rounded, like he was at the top of a large, plush mound. As he gradually fought off the sleep that floated around the edges of his mind, he slowly opened his eyes to see orange fabric filling his vision, a gradient of sunrise colors on plush material. Confused, he pushed himself up a bit, seeing this pattern of the sky with clouds across it continuing across the surface of... whatever he was laying on, before it reached white, little stitches holding together the two different fabrics. His head continued upward, making out the shape of a plush body – where he sat on the large stomach, legs on either side and arms holding him up, there were arms coming off to the sides, a long neck above, and finally, the smiling head of a lugia plushie looking down at him. He certainly didn't remember owning one of these.

As he looked up at it with confusion evident on his face, he tilted his head to the side, squinting a little unsure of what exactly he was looking at, beyond it being a very large plushie of a pokémon of myths and legends – one that was over double his height. However, he certainly wasn't expecting the plushie he was looking at to suddenly cock its own head to the side in a mimicry of his own movement. He stared in disbelief as he watched it move, its arms that once laid limp against the floor raising up to rest on the lower end of its belly, cradling gently against his back.

“Good morning!” it said in a sing-song voice, the charmeleon simply staring up in awe, unsure of how to react. “You sure slept heavy – you even forgot to go to bed last night!” It giggled down at him at his silly mistake, speaking to him as if there were nothing abnormal about the situation in the slightest. “You sure looked comfy just laying your head against the hard desk, so I brought you over for some cuddles, since it would be much softer for you.”

Pirca opened his mouth as if to speak, but couldn't quite manage to get any words out, his groggy brain trying its best to piece together what was happening at the moment. His head slowly glanced around the room – it was still his own, with no changes. Desk, bed, small bookshelf filled with small plushies from his childhood, dresser, closet, and mirror tucked into a corner, mini fridge and microwave with a container beneath holding all of his food, a door to the connected bathroom, and one to the hallway of his dorm. He wasn't in a made-up fantasy land, despite the made-up fantasy creature on whose belly he was sitting.

"Still waking up, sweetie? That's alright, I know how tired you can be in the mornings. Let me get you some food," the plushie said with a smile, one arm supporting behind him while the other moved to help it sit and then stand up, picking up the charmeleon with ease, despite feeling like it was made entirely of stuffing. The plushie hummed a jolly tune as it walked over a step to his desk, depositing the charmeleon into his chair, before turning to walk over to the kitchen area, pulling out a bowl and pouring some cereal, opening the fridge to get some milk. Pirca just stared as it happily worked away at getting him some food.

Perhaps he was dreaming? He'd never had a lucid dream before, despite his attempts to do so when he was younger, always with the goal of living out a fantasy perhaps like this one... He instinctively pushed a finger into his palm as the dream check he'd tried to teach himself to do years ago... though he couldn't remember if he was supposed to feel it or not. He definitely could feel it, though... unsure of how to react, he just watched as the lugia plushie made its way over to his desk and set the bowl of cereal down in front of him, before plopping down on the floor next to him. It was still taller than him in the chair, and he looked up at it, getting a head tilt in return as it gestured for him to eat the cereal.

Blinking a few times, Pirca reached down and took the spoon in his paw, eating the cereal it had gotten out for him earning him a praising smile from the plushie next to him, feeling its massive paw very gently pat the top of his head. Unable to contain a blush, he continued to eat, finishing up the bowl fairly quickly, watching the plushie pick it up for him and take it over to the sink, before returning. He thought for a moment, unsure of how to phrase the question stewing in his mind, eventually deciding to just rip off the bandage.

"So, um... wh-who... are you...?" he nervously stuttered out, still finding his voice. He looked up at the lugia plushie as he spoke, watching it smile and let out a little giggle at what it apparently believed to be a silly question.

"Oh sweetie, even if you slept like a rock, I'm sure you didn't completely forget your Momma that easily!" she said with another giggle, patting him on the head once more. The charmeleon felt butterflies fluttering in his tummy as she spoke that sentence, a shiver running down his spine at the thousand thoughts that ran through his head in an instant.

He couldn't decide whether he was simply dreaming, or if he had somehow cracked under the immense pressure he'd been trying to sustain himself under for a bit too long... but regardless of whichever answer it might be, he didn't want to question a gift from whatever gods, spirits, or otherwise might have decided to bless him. And hell, he had a weekend with no obligations ahead of him, and was more than okay with spending it with what may or may not have been an apparition of his own mind. He just nodded at her response, biting his lip as his mind raced, before his thoughts were quickly cut off by the lugia above him.

"Now, I think we'd better get you changed, hm? After all, it looks like you went to sleep last night without even having your diaper on!" Pirca's blush intensified deeply as he stared at the desk ahead of him, slowly turning to look up at the lugia plushie. His heart fluttered as he saw what she was holding in one of her paws – what looked like a folded up cloth diaper, both an inner fitted diaper and a shell, mostly a light cream color, but with golden designs around the edges of it. He... definitely didn't own any diapers, even if he'd fantasized about buying a cloth one for quite a while. And yet there it was, being held up just for him to see.

As the plushie reached out its arms towards him, he turned in his chair, letting it slide its massive paws under his arms and pick him up, setting him down on the bed just behind him. It felt like a dream, like a fantasy come to life, the way she could carry him so easily, the way she talked to him in a cutesy, sing-song voice... "Now, let's get you out of these clothes from yesterday, dearie," she said, a shimmering field of psychic energy surrounding his shirt as it was suddenly lifted up over his head, his arms moving up to accommodate it sliding off. The lugia hummed once more as it worked, the same energy appearing around his shorts as it slid them off just as easily, placing both articles of clothing into his hamper and leaving him nude on his bed.

Embarrassment washed over his mind as he was laying naked beneath the massive plushie, but she seemed to have no problem with it whatsoever, just giving a little giggle at the sight of him beneath her, which only intensified his blush. The charmeleon wasn't exactly... *big* in most regards, including down below, where he was... what he would generously call below-average. However, she only seemed to see it as cute as she continued with the change, lifting up both of his legs in one paw as she slid both layers of the cloth diaper underneath him. It felt bulky as he was laid back down onto it, like a cushion was underneath his bottom.

Without wasting any time, the plushie pulled up the first layer, grabbing each wing on the side and snapping it to the front, making sure to get it comfortably tight and secure around his waist. Adjusting it just a little bit, minute adjustments left to the creature's psychic-type abilities rather than its much larger and more unwieldy paws, the first layer was snapped in place, moving to the cover. It seemed even bulkier, the outline of a padded stuffer inside of a pocket of the shell visible through it. With ease, she

snapped the wings once more to the front, just a few adjustments to make it perfect, before she gave two pats to the bulky front of the diaper.

Pirca watched the whole way, mesmerized by the look of it, the feel as the comfortable fabric wrapped around him, the bulk of it between his legs as he tried to close them, feeling it push back against him. He was utterly captivated by the feeling, something he'd only experienced in his fantasies, in art, in photos. It felt so... wonderful to finally feel it on him. As he finally looked up from the diaper and back to the plushie above him, he saw it smiling down at him, watching him admire the diaper he'd been put in.

"How does it feel? All comfy and happy?" she asked, and he couldn't help but nod, a feeling of joy bubbling up in his chest. An embarrassed smile came to his muzzle, and she beamed down at him as she saw it, quickly scooping him up into her arms once more, holding him against her plush body. "That's great, sweetie! Momma's so glad to hear that." Pirca leaned against her, arms wrapping around her body as far as they would go, which wasn't too far, considering her sheer size over him. He could feel one of her paws gently patting against his padded bottom while the other slowly rubbed his back, the soft, fuzzy fabric of her body feeling so wonderful against his scales.

He... he could stand to enjoy this for at least a little longer... He had all weekend, after all.