

*Don't look at a gift's price tag.* The idiom ran through Pirca's mind every few minutes, nearly derailing his thoughts. Just don't question it. Be it from magic, madness, or something he couldn't even explain, the charameleon was very intent to avoid questioning just how he'd ended up in these circumstances, out of some kind of worry that it might just evaporate as soon as he thought too hard about how illogical it might be.

Regardless, it was still there every time he glanced up from the handheld game he was playing – the sight of the giant, animate lugia plushie's legs stretched out in front of him, and its arms wrapped around him. He felt the gentle, comfortable squish of its plush stuffing any time he adjusted how he sat on its lap, reminding him that it was there even without looking. Not to mention the feeling of the diaper snugly snapped around his waist, which wasn't there yesterday. Nor the adult pacifier that he held in his muzzle, gently suckling on it every now and then even though it embarrassed him just a bit to do so. Or maybe more *because* it gave him that little fluttery feeling.

*Just don't question it, and you can enjoy it.* If it was a dream, he didn't want to disrupt his thoughts too much and cause himself to wake up when he could stay here for a little while longer. If it were some symptom of sleep deprivation and an overactive imagination, he could stand to enjoy the feeling for a bit before it faded away. The will of the spirits? Don't make them feel like you're ungrateful for their gift, obviously. Just... don't–

"How's it going, sweetie?" The plushie asked, its neck craning down over him where he sat on its lap. It had a big smile on its face, and he felt its plush arms gently hug him just a bit tighter as he looked up at it. He couldn't help but smile from behind his pacifier, a hint of red climbing to his cheeks.

"I-it's going well..." he responded, the lisp of his words as he spoke around the pacifier only adding to the feeling in his tummy from the circumstances. All his worries about it being fake or disappearing seemed to vanish, as they seemed to do any time the big, motherly plushie checked on him. Her presence was very comforting and soothing, and he'd noticed as much any time he took a breath and actually let himself relax, leaning back into her plush embrace, just as he did now. He only noticed how much tension he was holding in his shoulders as he finally relaxed it all... maybe that was why she kept checking on him.

"Glad to hear it! You seem all tense, just wanna make sure you're feeling relaxed." She always spoke in the sing-song voice she had, making him feel even smaller than the diaper and pacifier already made him feel. It was like the plushie had some kind of aura to it, giving off little effects that made him feel so much better. Though in all honesty, most plushies seemed to have that kind of comforting effect on him... so it only makes sense that a bigger one would have a bigger effect... right? ...He shook the thought out of his head.

“Y-yeah, I’m alright! Just... getting used to the feeling.” The charmeleon moved his legs to squish the diaper between his thighs, implying he was talking about that, though he left it open. It was less the diaper he was getting used to, and more the feeling of the caretaker that had seemingly pulled herself out of his dreams and into reality.

The lugia just gave a comforting smile down at him, though after a moment she looked up, seemingly thinking to herself, given the somewhat exaggerated expression she put on. He tilted his head as he looked up at her, unsure of what might be on her mind, before she let him know. “I suppose it’s about time for you to have something on your stomach, hm?” Pirca thought for a moment – it had been a little while since he’d had breakfast, though before he could agree with the plushie, he was already being picked up and set down on the ground next to where they’d been sitting, the lugia standing up and making her way over to his fridge once more. He couldn’t help but blush a bit at that... not waiting for him to even agree before going to do it...

He looked back down at the game he’d been playing – one from his childhood, of course. He might as well take advantage of the feeling of being treated so little and enjoy something from when he was a kid at the same time... even if he hadn’t been in diapers when he’d first played this. It felt strange to just... let her pick out something for him to eat like this, but she seemed pretty insistent on taking care of all of the ‘difficult’ decisions.

His train of thought was cut off once more as he was suddenly lifted back up off the floor, much more quickly than he’d expected. He was set back down on its lap, though in a different position this time – laying sideways, his back cradled in one of its arms, while the other one gently took the game from his paws and the pacifier from his muzzle, readjusting him to be held in a comfortable position. He was just about to stammer out a confused question when the lugia floated the answer into his field of vision with its psychic powers – a baby bottle filled with milk, or maybe formula? The bottle was much larger than one for an actual hatchling, sized for him specifically. He definitely didn’t own one of those yesterday, either.

“Open up for your bottle, sweetie!” She said in her cheery voice, and his heart skipped a beat. He could feel each heartbeat in his chest, not fully knowing how to process the feelings rushing through his brain and body all at once. It took him a moment, but he was eventually able to pull himself together enough to open up his mouth, with a big blush spread all across his muzzle. The plushie gave a big smile as he did and gently floated the nipple of the bottle down into his mouth.

He had to take a breath to steady himself, but started to gently suckle on the bottle, drinking down the warm milk from it. It tasted sweeter than just drinking normal milk, with a secondary flavor that he

couldn't quite place. Vanilla? He wasn't quite sure, and his brain wasn't fully cooperating with him at the moment, given how it was nearly sparking and overheating at the situation he was in.

The plushie had started to gently rock him in her arms as he drank from his bottle, and it was *melting* him. The charmeleon's eyes were half-lidded from the gentle, comfortable pleasure laying over him like a blanket. He looked up into her arms as she held and rocked him, feeling transfixed by her smiling, loving gaze, as if there were nothing in the world other than what was right there in his immediate vision. A warmth felt like it surrounded him, plush comfort beneath him, a sweet taste from the milk, the gentle and comforting smell of the plushie... of... of Momma...

It felt so easy to just relax and let it all fade away. Her stitched eyes were beautiful, and held his gaze perfectly. It didn't take any concentration or effort to drink his bottle, and his thoughts felt so soft and gentle as they flowed slower than honey. He didn't need to think. Just... relax. That's all.

He felt the nipple of the bottle suddenly pulled out of his mouth, resisting it as he tried to suck on it still on instinct. He blinked a few times as the world returned to him, information and sensations flooding back in all of a sudden. It was... such a strange feeling. His thoughts felt slow, like they were trying to catch up. He barely even remembered drinking the bottle, feeling like it had passed in a blink, but at the same time, that short moment felt like it was infinitely long. The bottle was empty as he glanced at it... he'd definitely drank a lot of milk there, even if it felt like time had stretched and folded in on itself for a bit.

But he couldn't get that feeling out of his head. It felt so comforting and gentle, like a happy dream while awake. It really felt for a moment like he was just a little one in his Momma's arms, safe and protected, comfortable and taken care of.

And all he could really think about was wanting that feeling again.

"All done! You did such a good job drinking your bottle, sweetie!" Her bouncy, happy voice returned, pulling Pirca a bit further out of his stupor. He realized his mouth had just been open ever since the bottle was taken out of it, though the pacifier floated back in from outside his field of vision and placed itself right back in his muzzle, finding himself automatically sucking on it as if on instinct. He still felt a little bit hazy... though a second feeling started pulling him further out of it, as he realized the feeling of a full bladder that he'd apparently completely tuned out while being fed. The few squirms he made as he noticed seemed to catch the lugia's attention as well, putting on a concerned face. "Is everything alright?"

"I, um..." he said, feeling embarrassed at telling her, given the circumstances. "Just... need to go to the bathroom..." it shouldn't feel *that* strong, but for some reason he was beet red as he squirmed in her arms, feeling like a toddler.

"Aw, does my baby need to go to the potty? But you seem so comfy here!" she said with playful disappointment in her voice, continuing to rock him gently back and forth. "And you've already got something to take care of any accidents you have, don't you?" Pirca stammered for a moment at the idea, his embarrassment only rising further at her suggestion. "Aw, don't worry! It's okay, little ones like you have accidents sometimes. Momma won't be disappointed in you if you couldn't hold it to make it to the potty."

The charmeleon's mind raced, feeling like he was burning up as the plushie seemingly tried to convince him to... to wet himself. He... he *was* in a diaper. And he'd always really wanted to feel that feeling, of just letting go and being taken care of... was he really considering this?

He looked back up at the lugia, who was smiling down at him with a tilted head, waiting for his response, seemingly hopeful that he'd put off going to the potty and instead just keep having playtime with her. And he was certainly tempted... but he hadn't wet himself since he was a kid, having trouble with bedwetting for an embarrassingly long time.

He looked into her eyes, and for a moment, he felt that same gentle calm settle over his thoughts, like a wave of reassurance. It would be a shame not to take advantage of this chance to live out something he'd wanted to for so long. So why not take it? He... he should do it. He should.

Squirming a bit and getting into a more comfortable position with his legs a bit spread, the charmeleon took a deep breath, trying to will himself to let go. Of course, it wasn't quite that easy, years of potty training were difficult to break for the first time. His eyes closed, he tried to force himself to, struggling to do anything, even though he wanted to.

But as he opened his eyes back up, he locked them with the lugia's once more, and felt that same relaxation. "Don't try to push yourself, sweetie. Just relax, and let it happen naturally." His body quickly adjusted, breathing slower, feeling his muscles gradually relax. It felt so comfortable, so nice, so... so... warm...

The gentle trickle as he started to wet his diaper almost pulled him out of that relaxation, the stream abating for a moment before a stronger wave washed right back over him, and the relaxation returned. Gentle, comfortable bliss flowed as the warm, wet feeling spread through the garment around his waist,

nearly blanking out his thoughts all over again, just after coming back up. It felt so wonderful to let go, relax, and feel all of that tension drain right down into his diaper. Wetting himself like the little one he was, just like he wanted to... he could have made it to the potty, but he had an accident because he didn't want to... and it felt so nice.

The stream trickled off, the warmth of his wet diaper feeling so wonderful around his waist. He couldn't help but sigh as he snuggled into the lugia's arms, hearing her giggle happily and hug him just that little bit tighter. He suckled on his pacifier and leaned into her, the comfy, soft fabric and the warmth of his diaper making him feel so very comfortable.

The only thoughts running through his head now were of how much he wanted to feel this feeling forever.

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Letting out a yawn and stretching his arms above his head, Pirca reached down to rub his eyes. He actually felt kinda sleepy, which was a rarity at this hour. Usually he was wide awake until well into the morning, and with the heavy curtains over his windows, time didn't have *much* meaning, regardless. Well, aside from due dates for assignments.

"Someone looks sleepy! Is it bedtime?" the plushie rhetorically asked, though Pirca whined a bit. Even if he was a *little* bit sleepy right now, he wanted to play his game more...! And... he felt a bit of worry that once the clock struck midnight, his Cinderella wish might just run out and leave him alone again. Going to bed meant he might just be giving up on the dream that he was already having while awake.

"Well, I think my little one might need to go to bed, even if he doesn't want to. Come on, let's at least get you changed into a clean diaper for the night, hm?" Without waiting for a response, the lugia scooped him up and placed the charmeleon down on the bed, its magic quickly unsnapping the diaper from around his waist. It was plenty soggy at this point – while he was a bit ashamed now, he may have pleaded a little to let him keep wearing it and skip a change earlier, enjoying the warm, wet diaper on him while he had the chance to.

Pirca looked up at her as she smiled down, a wet wipe psychically floating down to clean up his sensitive regions, blushing heavily at it. He still definitely wasn't used to the idea of being changed by someone else, even if he absolutely loved the feeling. And even though he tried his best to keep himself under control, the little charmeleon couldn't help his arousal getting the better of him as his dick started to get hard from both the feeling of the wipes on his privates and the embarrassment of her gaze on him. Well, that and the feeling of his wet diapers for the past... *however* long had already worked him up a bit.

Despite the very adult display, though, the lugia only let out a happy giggle. “Aww, what a little cutie pie.” Somehow, that response spiked his arousal more than just about anything else she could have said. He raised his paws up to cover his face, squirming a little from both the stimulation and the embarrassment coursing through him.

He felt the old diaper being slid out from under him, for a new, clean one to take its place just after. Where it came from he couldn’t say, but it was here now, and he didn’t need to question things like that at this point. He was more than happy to accept just about anything that the kindly lugia was able to somehow do, because he didn’t want it to ever end.

Peeking from behind his hands, he saw its happy face, its giggle making him giggle in response, feeling a shiver run down his body just from the overwhelming emotions coursing through him. It easily snapped up the new diaper, and as he glanced down at it, the cover had the same design as the one she’d just taken off of him moments ago, matching the sunset design of her belly patch.

“There we go! Nice and clean baby.” Pirca couldn’t help but giggle again, feeling giddiness bubbling inside him from its treatment. It was like the day of being around it had unlocked some part of him that he didn’t know existed deep down, floating up to the surface on pretty, happy bubbles, giggling and squirming a bit at her treatment.

“Now, how about we get you into your pajamas, alright?” The charmeleon tilted his head in confusion – he didn’t normally wear pajamas to bed, or anything at all. Though as a onesie floated in, he blushed harder, nodding his head. A cute cream color with a gold colored trim around the collar, feeling strangely familiar and nostalgic, though he couldn’t place it. She unsnapped it and opened it up for him, helping guide his legs, arms, tail, and head into the right spots. His claw tips still peeked out of each of the sleeves and legs, nice and comfy. She finished the outfit off with one last thing – a scarf, gently wrapped around his neck, the same cream color, with the gold embroidery running across the edges of it. It looked mesmerizingly pretty, and held the same strange familiarity somewhere deep in his mind.

Though as he was laying on his bed all bundled up in his pajamas and a clean diaper, he couldn’t deny that the sleepiness was starting to actually get to him. M-maybe it... was bedtime... He jolted a bit as the lugia picked him up and laid him down on his bed the right way, head resting on his pillow as he laid on his side, getting his speal plushie for him and putting it right into his arms where it belonged.

“Momma will be right here if you need her tonight, alright? Sleep well, sweetie. Night night.” She smiled at him, and he reciprocated, her psychic powers turning out the light from across the room as she sat

down just next to his bed. With the lights off, he could feel exhaustion quickly creeping in, the world of dreams encroaching on his mind as he drifted off into a deep and comfortable sleep – the most comfortable he'd had since he was a baby.

Or rather, since the last time he was a baby.