

The world of the waking slowly returned to Pirca's perception, the cozy charmeleon gently stirring in his bed. The coziness of sleep covered him like the thickest, most plush blanket he'd ever felt, and even just trying to gradually bring himself back to wakefulness was a battle. He felt like he hadn't slept that well in... years? He'd always struggled a lot with sleeping... but this felt incredible.

His eyes fluttered open to see the mostly dark room gently illuminated by his tail flame beneath his quilt, though his eyes closed again fairly quickly, taking his time to fully wake up. A big stretch as he straightened out his arms, legs, and tail, shifting around in bed, trying to keep himself from moving directly to another comfortable position where he'd fall right back asleep. Though his movements felt strange, particularly from the added bulk between his legs where he didn't expect it.

It took a bit of confused movement, squishing it between his legs, before the charmeleon's sleep-addled brain recognized it as the diaper he'd been put into before bed last night by his Momma... and it took another moment before that fully registered to him. The previous day... hadn't been a dream? His plushie caretaker who'd appeared suddenly and without warning in a day that felt like a fantasy come true... somehow he could feel the evidence right between his legs that it had all been real, at least in some capacity. The warm squish of the diaper beneath the onesie she'd put him in, wet from when he'd...

Hadn't she changed him into a clean one before putting him to bed?

"Good morning! Looks like you slept well, little one!" The lugia's voice broke him out of his confusion as he quickly turned over to her, seeing the plushie's smiling face looking down at him from beside his bed. He pushed himself up to a sitting position, and quickly shut his eyes as the lights were turned on by the lugia's psychic abilities. He rubbed his eyes and slowly reopened them, glancing down at his bed for a moment. It definitely felt more... plush and comfortable than normal. The university beds weren't particularly comfy to lay on, but his mattress topper didn't normally improve it by this much.

The charmeleon once more snapped back out of his thoughts as his pacifier floated in front of his muzzle, blinking a few times before opening up his mouth to let it in, gently suckling on it a few times. He shook his head, everything feeling strangely fuzzy for some reason. Was it because he'd slept so deeply? He certainly wasn't used to the feeling...

The lugia leaned forward and gently placed a large, stuffed paw against his padded crotch, giving it a firm squish that reminded him what he'd been thinking about before she'd appeared. His diaper was definitely wet, and both of them could tell... but he was sure he remembered changing out of the wet one before being brought to bed. Had he... wet himself?

“Aw, looks like my little one had a bit of trouble holding it overnight, huh?” The plushie’s question both made him blush and sent his mind into further confusion.

“I... I don’t... Did I w-wet the bed...?” he stammered out from behind his pacifier, reaching up to rub his head with one paw. The strange fuzzy feeling still lingered over his mind, but his worry pushed through it. He used to have quite the bedwetter problem when he was younger, but of course he’d long since handled that. The idea that he’d somehow managed to slip back into that, even for one night, was certainly worrying.

“It’s alright, sweetie. Just relax. Little ones have accidents sometimes, Momma’s not upset.” She seemed to gloss over it as if it were nothing, completely normal. He should have expected as much, she didn’t seem like the type to... break character? At least in the day that he’d known her, she’d been very devoted to being motherly and treating him like he was actually little.

The plushie psychically lifted the quilt off of him and gently laid him back down on the bed, unsnapping the onesie to reveal the wet diaper underneath. “Don’t worry, sweetie. Your diaper kept your bed nice and safe, just like it’s supposed to.” He couldn’t help but squirm a bit at the treatment she was giving him so early in the morning... even if he was worried about the bedwetting. She unsnapped the bulky diaper and got to work cleaning him up, an identical diaper floating in from behind her as the old one floated away.

He’d probably just... gotten a bit too deep into the headspace last night. Living out a fantasy of being babied and wetting himself must have just put him into the right headspace when he went to bed to end up... having an accident. A one-time accident! It... it was fine. He calmed himself down as he thought through an explanation, and the gentle smile and pretty eyes of the lugia above him certainly helped him to relax just a bit more. As always, it felt very nice to just be in her presence.

With a fresh diaper snapped up around his waist, his onesie was snapped right back up. Apparently this is just what she planned on dressing him in today... and he wasn’t really complaining. The onesie was very comfortable, and the scarf was really warm... and the diaper underneath felt very nice, snug, and secure. She easily lifted the small charmeleon up into her arms, humming as she set him down into his chair and walked over to the refrigerator to pick out something for him to eat.

Even just sitting in his chair felt weird – and not just from the diaper adding an extra cushion. The seat felt much more comfortable than normal... and she hadn’t placed down any of the pillows he normally sat on to make the seat more bearable. He looked at it and saw that the cushion was much larger and

more plush than it was before, and it even looked like the back of the chair had been completely fixed, where it once fell apart if he leaned backwards. He tested it and found that it held together perfectly, and even felt really comfy to lean back against the plush backing. Had the plushie replaced his chair? If it could conjure diapers, outfits, pacifiers, and bottles out of nothing, it only made sense that it could get a new chair to replace his old, broken one.

It felt... weird, though. It was already weird enough that the plushie had not only appeared in his life suddenly without warning and decided to fulfil his fantasies, but now it was actively changing things about his room. Changing them for the better, of course. But... it still set off a bell in his head as he thought about it.

“Now let’s get your tummy nice and full! Gotta have a nice breakfast, after all!” Once more, the lugia swooped in as his thoughts got a little too complex, this time with a warm bottle of milk floating with her. Before he could say anything, Pirca was lifted into the air and into her arms, his pacifier replaced with the nipple of the bottle for him to have his breakfast. It was a bit sudden... but he wasn’t complaining, especially once the nice taste of the sweetened milk hit his tongue as he drank it. The feeling of drinking from the bottle while being held in her arms quickly started to slow down his thoughts as he relaxed there, looking up into her pretty eyes, just the same as it did the previous night.

Something about being held by her, being taken care of, being so very comfortable in her embrace... and especially about looking up into her stitched eyes... it was so mesmerizing. He certainly didn’t *want* to do anything like push out of her arms or break out of her embrace, but it felt like even if he did, he wouldn’t be able to bring himself to do it. His arms gently rested on top of his chest, and he had no intention to move them, or to kick his legs, or squirm at all. Just lay there and drink his milk, **like a good little one**.

That’s... all he needed to do. **Relax, be good, and let Momma take care of him**. It made him feel so warm and happy inside as the thought floated through his mind, the fuzzy feeling spreading all throughout his thoughts as he drank his bottle. **He wanted to be good**. Of course he did! **He loved being good for Momma**. Why wouldn’t he? **It felt so wonderful to be good for Momma**. It did, just the idea of being good, nice, and obedient made him feel so fuzzy and happy.

“You’re doing such a good job drinking your bottle! Good girl.” Fuzzy, happy feelings washed over his mind as Momma told him how good he was being, making him feel so happy and loved! He didn’t even register that anything she said could have been wrong, why would he? She made him feel so happy, because he was being good!

As he finished up his bottle, the nipple of it being replaced with his pacifier which he instinctively suckled on, he felt the warmth and comfort wash over him in waves as he was lifted up and leaned against the

lugia's shoulder, being cuddled by her closely. Any thoughts he'd had before his breakfast had long since evaporated, and the gentle, loving spell cast over his mind was there to linger for some time, ensuring that he stayed nice and comfy, without too many difficult thoughts clouding his mind. He'd probably have a hard time going through this transition period, after all, and his Momma just wanted to make it as easy on him as she could.

Pirca cuddled his speal plushie close in his arms as he relaxed in his new, comfy chair, playing the same game he'd been playing yesterday. He'd spent most of the day relaxing and having a nice time, being taken care of by the lugia, even if it had felt a bit strange at times. But he was more than willing to overlook some odd and perhaps concerning things, given how much of a dream come true the scenario was for him.

And since this was the last day of the weekend, he'd have to go back to doing his classes the next day, something that was already weighing on his mind. He might as well enjoy the day while he could and focus more on the serious things tomorrow, when he already had to. For now, letting himself be little was his priority, and he wanted to relax and enjoy it.

And his Momma was certainly insistent on him relaxing and enjoying himself – whenever he got up to get something to snack on or drink, she'd be quick to ask him what he wanted and get it for him, and he'd sit back down in his chair to relax as she did. Just a few minutes ago he'd been about to instinctively get up to refill his drink, only for a thought to flash through his head that **Momma can take care of that**, and he'd called out to ask her if he could have something to drink instead. She'd seemed delighted as she got him a juice box – another thing he didn't keep stocked in his fridge, and yet she seemed to have on demand.

Of course, the familiar need to go to the bathroom had started to appear, though as one part of him urged him to get up and just walk over there... he remembered that Momma could take care of that for him. He turned in his chair, glancing over at the lugia plushie sitting on the ground nearby, though he felt a bit sheepish at the idea of childishly asking it to bring him to the bathroom. It didn't take long for that little voice in his head to win out, though.

"Um... M-Momma? Can you... take me to the bathroom?" he lisped from around his pacifier, a blush coming to his face, and a smile to hers at the childish request.

"Aww, do you think you can make it to the potty? Alright, Momma will take you there, sweetie." The infantilizing treatment only served to make the charmeleon more embarrassed at her suggestion that he

might not make it there, squirming a bit in his seat both from the need to go and from the feeling stirring in his diaper. He couldn't help but feel at least a bit turned on by the way she talked to him...

He was easily lifted up into the large plushie's arms, and as he snuggled close to her while being carried towards the bathroom door, that same little voice in his head made a strange suggestion that seemed to stick. What if he just... didn't make it to the potty? He didn't have to, he had his diaper on, and Momma said it was okay that he had accidents... and it felt really nice to wet his diaper...

His thoughts started to quickly fade to static in the plushie's arms as that happy little voice told him to **just relax and let go**, winning out over all of the other thoughts in his head as they quickly faded away. The warmth spread across his diaper as he let go of the pressure on his bladder, feeling the wetness spread, feeling so very wonderful. The relief of letting go and being rewarded with a warm, wet diaper sparked through his addled mind, mixing with the arousal that was already there to just make him that much hornier.

The plushie stopped walking as she noticed the change in attitude, reaching down to give her charge a diaper check and noticing both the soggiess of his newly wet diaper, and the tent in it that came with a cute little whimper when she pressed against it. "Looks like someone couldn't quite make it to the potty, hm? That's alright, sweetie, we both know you're not old enough to be potty trained quite yet, are you?" The lugia's words fueled his arousal as the charmeleon let out another little whimper, gently pressing his hips into the plushie's paw.

"And it seems like someone's feeling extra pokey, huh? Well, since you've been a good girl, how about Momma gives you a nice treat?" The flood of good feelings as he was called a good girl flooded right through his head, mingling with the wonderful feeling of wetting himself and the horniness already running through him, the little charmeleon already melting in her arms for her to do whatever she wanted with.

Pirca felt the plushie sit down on the ground and turn him around so that his back was to its chest, one of its paws resting over the front of his diaper. "Now, be a good girl and ask Momma if you can please have buzzies, alright?"

Through the static of his mind, Pirca wasn't even sure exactly what he was asking for, but he knew he wanted to be a good girl and do what she said, and it was more than easy to do so. "M-Momma, can I pwease have buzzies?" he lisped around his pacifier, earning an excited smile from her.

“Such a good girl! Here you go, sweetie.” A spike of pleasure shot through the charmeleon’s mind as the plushie’s paw started to vibrate, held closely against his wet diaper, making him moan through the pacifier as he suckled on it. It was already hard enough to think with the heavy haze settling over all of his thoughts, but the buzzies on his diaper rapidly made all of his remaining thoughts scatter into nothingness. It felt *amazing*, like nothing he’d ever felt before.

The little charmeleon couldn’t help but make a series of cute squeaks, whimpers, and moans from behind his pacifier as he squirmed on the lugia’s lap, feeling the vibrations gently rising and falling, spreading all throughout his diaper, melting his brain into soup for the time being. All he could focus on was the wonderful, building feeling of the buzzies on his wet diaper, and the pleasure flooding his system.

You’re a good girl for using your diaper. The thought ran through his mind and settled itself in, making him feel so nice for choosing to use his diaper instead of going to the potty like he planned to. He wanted to be a good girl, especially when being a good girl felt *this good*. The wonderful vibrations causing his hips to buck as his eyes closed, barely able to focus on anything in the first place. He *loved* being good, and he *loved* feeling this good. He just wanted to feel this feeling forever.

Listen to your good, happy thoughts. He didn’t have to think or worry about where all of those happy thoughts were coming from, he should just listen to them. He was a good girl for listening to them, and they told him how to be good. And being good made him feel good just like this. So of course he should listen to them, he wanted to be good and to feel good!

Good girls listen to Momma. Of course! He wanted to be a good girl! He’d listen to whatever Momma said, because Momma knew best! It made him feel so good and happy to listen to Momma and make her happy, so of course he would. His thoughts were sparking as his body squirmed more and more insistently in her lap, little bucks and humps growing more frequent and intense.

“Looks like someone’s getting close. Be a good girl and make stickies for Momma!” The vibrations rose to an intense level, and with them rose the intensity of Pirca’s humps and whimpers, clearly approaching the edge already. He wanted to be a good girl, so he had to... had to...!

The little charmeleon moaned as he crested over the edge and came in his diaper, the overwhelming feeling of his orgasm crashing into his mind and sending it tumbling like he was hit by a powerful wave. Breathing heavily and intensely, he humped into the plushie paw against his diaper, riding out the wonderful feeling of his orgasm in his Momma’s arms, right where he wanted to be, and right where she wanted him too.

As he finally calmed down, settling into the gentle afterglow, the lugia changed his position to cradle him, looking down into his half-lidded eyes and the dopey smile behind his pacifier, smiling happily down at him.

His thoughts definitely wouldn't be coming back for the rest of today after that system crash, and she wasn't upset to see it. After all, tomorrow would be a big day for him...