

Pirca slowly stirred in his comfy, cozy bed, little mumbling sounds from behind his pacifier signaling the gradual shift from the dream world in his mind to the real world around him, waking up once more at the start of another day. It took a little bit for his thoughts to begin to flow, cuddling his speal plushie tightly, suckling instinctively on his pacifier. He felt so comfortable... couldn't he just sleep for a little while longer? The little things that felt ever so slightly out of place gradually caught his attention, pulling him further away from the dream world – the diaper around his waist that he still wasn't quite used to waking up in, along with the telltale warm, squishiness betraying that he'd... had another accident overnight.

As his thoughts began to return to him, he let out a little whimper, still snuggling speal as he reached a paw down to squish the front of his diaper, feeling how clearly wet it was. He'd gotten another change before bed last night, right? He... actually couldn't remember, things felt strangely blurry when he tried to think through the latter half of the day. All of the fragments of memories he was able to find all felt very comfortable and happy, like floating on a cloud, but it was like a dream that he only partially remembered, all of it only semi-tangible and scattered.

"Good morning, sweetheart!" called out a gentle voice in the room that he recognized as belonging to his Momma, and instinctively, the charmeleon closed his eyes just in time for the lights turning on in his dorm, sparing him the sudden flash. His eyes gradually fluttered open to see the smiling face of the lugia looking down at him... though as his vision drifted away from her beautiful orange eyes, he quickly started to notice some things that were very out of place, starting with his bed. While it felt wonderfully comfy, far more so than anything he'd slept on before... the large crib bars now attached to the sides of it gave him just a bit of hesitation. He knew she'd been changing things in his room, so far for the better... but this came out of nowhere, and waking up in a crib in a wet diaper, suckling on a pacifier... even with how nice everything had been and how he *wanted* to enjoy and live out all of these things... he wasn't sure he wanted to live it out all the time.

He also caught notice of the walls of the room, which had changed from the grey-beige that they were before to beautifully painted walls resembling a sunset skyscape, covered in plush orange clouds of different shades. It looked beautiful... just like how he'd always imagined he'd want a future nursery to look like. Like... like yet another dream come true. The first day she'd shown up, he felt like he shouldn't ask any questions for fear of the dream ending. Suddenly, Pirca felt like he needed to start asking a few questions.

"It looks like you slept very well, you were really sleepy last night!" The lugia unlatched one side of the crib's bars, gently sliding it down to the ground to open it up, a big plushie paw resting on the front of his diaper and giving it a squish, revealing to it the same thing it had revealed to him. "Aw, another accident overnight? That's alright sweetie, let's just get you changed into a new, comfy diaper." Pirca felt himself being lifted into the air by its psychic once more, placing him right into her arms to be carried off. ...Didn't she normally just change him on his bed?

“Um... I dunno about changing into another one right now... I have to go to class today,” the charmeleon lisped around his pacifier as she carried him off. “Maybe after I get back we can play some more... but I can’t really wear all of this walking to class...” He felt her gently petting his back as she walked towards the door to his dorm’s bathroom, though most of his vision was blocked by the massive plushie’s chest.

“Aww, aren’t you a little cutie. Did you have a dream about going to preschool last night?” Her response befuddled him, unsure what she was talking about. Was it just more in-character play, pretending that he wasn’t in college? Probably... she didn’t seem to be stopping from taking him wherever she planned to change him, though he *did* need a change at the very least to get out of the wet diaper he was wearing, even if he didn’t need to put on a new one. He couldn’t imagine waddling all the way to his class halfway across campus with the sheer bulk of that diaper on under his pants, and with how obvious it would be to anyone looking, he didn’t really want to wear it out and about like that. Being able to come back after classes and be little again did sound very nice, though... he could handle some of the aspects of this, even if he did need to have a talk with her about changing things without talking to him. He had to move out of this dorm at the end of the semester, and painting the walls was absolutely not allowed.

She opened up the door to the bathroom and flipped on the lights, Pirca turning his head to look, wondering why she was intent on bringing him into here, only for his mind to start racing once more. The same cloudy painted walls filled this room as well, but that wasn’t what primarily caught the charmeleon’s eye. The entire room had been replaced with completely new things, his heart beating quicker as he looked over them. The small shower that once stood next to the door had been replaced with a much larger bathtub with no showerhead above, a shelf of all of his shower things standing behind it, but with some of those seemingly swapped out as well. A diaper changing table took up a large section of the far wall, larger than ones for babies that he’d seen in the past, with shelves stocked with changing supplies, and plenty of drawers that were presumably stocked similarly. There was what looked like a calendar hanging on the wall above it, though Pirca’s gaze quickly swapped to where the toilet once was, now replaced with a big, plastic, pink training potty.

“Wh... what... happened?” he asked, confused, his mind still a little bit dazed from having just woken up, the pokemon typically spending a fair amount of time lying in bed after waking up before actually getting out of it, his mind not quite ready to process exactly what was going on. He certainly knew that it wasn’t good... this was way too far.

“It’s your changing room, sweetie!” the lugia responded, its voice as chipper and sing-songy as ever. “Momma’s still been hard at work with all the renovations to your nursery, but it’s coming along so well. Now I’ve got a nice place to change your diapers!” Pirca was set down on the mat of the changing table, the charmeleon looking around the room in concerned confusion, before looking back up at the plushie

in front of him. He wasn't quite sure how to respond, stuttering around his pacifier before it dropped out of his muzzle, only to be caught by the pacifier clip attached to his scarf.

"Y-you can't just... change everything at the drop of a hat... I-I still need a toilet..." he stuttered out, the tone of his voice growing more concerned as time went on. He wasn't sure how to take in everything that the plushie was apparently doing, and a bit of worry was creeping into his mind about all of this. He had to set a boundary line for what she could and couldn't do... but with how much power this plushie creature apparently had, he wasn't sure if he'd be able to convince it to go along with any of his assertions of how things are supposed to be. What if it just... didn't...?

"Aww, if you wanna practice potty training, Momma can take you to your training potty any time! Though I think it'll take more practice before you can move to the grown-up potty. We'll have to see how your potty chart does!" Pirca turned to follow the lugia's gaze to the wall behind him, where he could see the calendar hanging there – one labeled "Pirca's Potty Chart" with similar sunset cloud motifs across its design. Each day of the calendar was split into two halves diagonally – one labeled day, and the other labeled night. He watched as the lugia floated out a raincloud sticker from one of the small compartments hanging to the side of the calendar, handing it to him. "Go ahead and put that on last night for your accident, sweetie."

Pirca wanted to object, stuttering and stammering a bit as he was told what to do, a heavy blush coming to his face. But the lugia didn't seem like she intended to move on until he'd done as she asked. Embarrassment flooding his system, the charmeleon placed the sticker onto last night on the potty chart, earning a big smile from his Momma. "Good job, sweetie! And remember, it's okay for little ones like you to have accidents! That's exactly what your diapers are for."

The lugia laid him down on his back, unsnapping his onesie and getting to work on changing his diaper, unsnapping it and dropping the heavy, double-layer cloth diaper into the diaper pail next to the changing table, an identical clean one floating into view and sliding underneath him. Pirca started to stammer once more, having trouble objecting directly thanks to the embarrassment running through his head, though as he did, his pacifier simply floated back up and into his muzzle, the lugia humming along as she worked without a care.

With his new diaper snug around his waist, his onesie was snapped right back up, and as he sat up, a psychic force suddenly blew over his clothes, with all the little stains from the previous day disappearing. Being a psychic type must be convenient... He was once more scooped up into her arms and carried right back out of the changing room, the door shutting behind them. Pirca glanced around his room briefly, noticing yet another new object that they were seemingly walking towards – a pink high chair set across from his mini fridge. He let out a little muffled whimper as he was set into it, his legs placed into their respective holes, the bar between them pressed up against the front of his oversized diaper.

"Now, let Momma get you something to eat, so you're all ready for a full day of play!" Pirca watched as the lugia turned around and got to work, pulling out various things that he couldn't see around her large, plush body, fixing together some kind of meal for him. He kicked his legs for a moment, unsure of how to broach the conversation that he knew he needed to have with her, trying to figure out the right first words to say and replaying the beginning of that conversation in his head over and over.

Eventually, he worked up the courage to just pull out his pacifier and stutter out a quick phrase, knowing that he couldn't exactly put it off. "Um... I... I r-really like playing all of this with you, and it's a lot of fun... but I really do have to do adult things today, I can't just play all the time. And... I can't have all of my things made into baby things, I do still need to... *actually* go... 'potty' sometimes..."

The lugia hummed as it carried over a bowl of what looked like applesauce and a sippy cup of juice to his highchair, setting them down on the tray with a smile and placing a small plastic spoon into the bowl. "It really is adorable when you get lost in play pretend like that, sweetie. Now, let's get you fed, and afterwards, maybe Momma can play pretend with you! You can act like you're going to preschool, and I'll be your teacher." Pirca opened his mouth to try to object and turn it back to the conversation that it seemed to be dodging around, only to get a spoon of applesauce placed into his muzzle. He quickly swallowed it, and another bite took its place just after... making it clear that this was apparently a conversation for after breakfast. He huffed out of his nose, getting a bit grumpy, but going along with the feeding. At the very least, the feeling of being fed in a highchair was another blush-inducing experience, playing off of the embarrassment he'd already been subjected to just before.

Once his bowl and cup were both emptied to his caretaker's satisfaction, he was carefully lifted up out of the highchair and ferried right over to his normal chair at his desk, the charmeleon having a bit of freedom for the first time since waking up. He bounced his leg a bit anxiously, not sure how to really impress upon the motherly plushie that he actually *had* to stop playing for a little while, when it seemed like it just didn't understand the concept. Thankfully, this time, it seemed like the lugia would be doing that for him.

"Now, what's this fun little fantasy you've got in your head that you're so excited to play with?" she asked, seeming excited to play along with his imagination. The lugia gave him a big, excited smile as she plopped down on the ground in front of him, drumming her belly as she waited for his response.

Pirca sighed, looking away from her. "I told you, it's not pretend... it's Monday. I have to go to class today, even if I don't wanna. And I can't wear the diapers or the outfit to class." The charmeleon hopped up out of his chair, the lugia tilting her head and following with her gaze as he walked around her and over to his small dresser tucked into the corner, opening up the drawers... only to find that his normal clothes had

vanished as well, all of them replaced with cutesy onesies and sleepers. He quickly looked through each of the drawers, finding them full of similar clothing. He glanced back at the lugia with confusion and worry written on his expression, though she just seemed confused as well.

“Is something wrong, sweetie? Can you not find the right outfit?” She hopped back up, walking over behind him to glance at the drawers herself, though she seemed like she didn’t know what he was looking for in the first place. “It looks like everything’s here... what is it?” Pirca couldn’t quite find the words, stuttering just a bit as he stepped away from the dresser, head swiveling around as he looked around the room at everything that had changed so suddenly. It... was starting to really look like the nursery of a big baby in here.

Feeling his heart beating faster and realizing that he *had* to know, his paw reached for the handle to the door that led into the hallway of his dorm building. He couldn’t walk out there wearing just this, he’d be mortified if anyone saw him like this. But... he had to know, as the worry was gnawing at his stomach. Turning the knob and opening the door, he looked out of the doorway...

And saw something completely different. The hallway that should have been there was gone. A room stood on the other side of the door – a big one, but mostly empty, looking like the room is under renovations... like she’d mentioned she was doing. Just outside the door, a small plastic fence encased the exit of the room with childproof locks on the gate, much higher up than the charmeleon was tall. He froze as he looked out, stammering and stuttering, unsure of... *what*, or *how*, or *why*.

“Are you alright, sweetie? Come here, Momma’s got you.” Pirca felt himself being lifted up into the lugia’s arms and gently turned around, letting the door swing closed once more. She turned him around so that he was facing her as she held him, the lugia sitting down on the ground with a *poomph*, the charmeleon sitting against her big, sunset patterned belly. “I’m not sure what’s got you so worked up, but I think it’d be good for you to have a minute to relax, alright?”

The confused charmeleon looked up at her, eyes locking onto hers, almost like they were pulled right to where they should be, gazing into the beautiful orange. He felt his breathing slowing down gradually as he stared into her eyes, his rapid-fire thoughts gradually calming. It felt... nice to be here. **It felt wonderful to be here with Momma. To be good for Momma.** She helped him calm down so well, he couldn’t help but just feel more comfortable in his presence. He **wanted to be with her**. He did.

He... he was still worried about what would happen... he was enrolled in college. He had classes to get to, and he wasn’t sure why his dorm suddenly... wasn’t a dorm anymore. **But he would be okay.** He would, right? Because **he was with his Momma. Momma can take care of that.** That thought returning helped

put him far more at ease Momma *could* take care of that for him. It made sense that he was worried about it, and it was okay to be worried, but **he could trust Momma.**

...Pirca blinked a few times, feeling a bit of foggiess over his thoughts recede. Looking up at his Momma, she smiled down at him, and he found himself smiling back, even through the worry that was clouding his mind. "Do you trust Momma, sweetie?" she asked, and while he was still very uncertain about everything and what was happening... but he found himself nodding up at her.

"That's good. Then how about for today, you don't worry yourself about those silly classes you were talking about, alright? We can just relax today, and Momma will take care of it all for you." He... didn't know quite how to respond, and that twisting feeling in his tummy still left him unsure about it all. But... she'd been very helpful and kind, and was letting him play out his wildest fantasies, seemingly without getting anything out of it aside from enjoying making him happy. She hadn't tried to hurt him, and while it seemed like she was pushing a few things too far... he could talk to her about that still and try to set some boundaries.

Trying to push aside that worry for a moment, he responded with an uncertain "O-okay, Momma...", seeing his pacifier once more float in front of his muzzle for him to take into his mouth, putting a big smile on her face. Maybe a bit of time to relax and destress from the constant fire of his classes could be good for him... and he didn't have any idea how, but he was certain deep down that she'd take care of it for him, whatever that might mean.

For now, he could spend a little bit longer being little.