

Finn tiptoed forward, his soft pawpads gently propelling him forward with each step down the hallway of Vulcan's house. The small buizel's two tails twirled slowly as he nervously moved forward, a crinkle with every step coming from the large adult diaper taped around the pokémon's waist. He was wearing some fairly childish clothes that he'd borrowed from the typhlosion, including an old pair of basketball shorts and an old, faded tee shirt from the typhlosion's childhood, childish lettering and cute stars on the front of it. He had trouble walking around in the clothes that were slightly too big on him, and the diaper that was much larger than what he was used to.

He tried his best to be quiet as he moved down the hallway, but every crinkling step felt deafening to the small pokémon, his legs spread apart by the garment as he waddled forward. He felt incredibly embarrassed at what he was doing... the kind typhlosion had let him know that he was going for a diaper change after he saw the yellowed front of it and had slyly invited the buizel to join him. Finn wasn't sure if it was meant to be a joke or not... but he'd swallowed his fear and was following after Vulcan, worried out of his mind about what he was doing.

He'd only met the fire type a few days ago, being his only new friend in the big city, and today had been their first date before an accident with spilled tea and the threat of rain had landed the buizel at his house, at least for a little while, wearing some old spare clothes that would actually fit him... and being given a slightly too large diaper to wear as well, with the typhlosion already knowing about and sharing the buizel's interests.

But following the typhlosion in while he was... changing? Finn's heart was about to beat out of his chest as he walked forward, his face a deep crimson shade. He shouldn't be doing this. Definitely not. He shouldn't. But...

He really wanted to.

He couldn't stop himself as he continued down the hall, even as his heart was slamming in his chest. He really, really wanted to follow. He couldn't stop.

As he walked back into the entranceway, he padded his way up the stairs, as he'd heard the typhlosion walking up there before. As he reached the top, he looked around, seeing an ajar door down the right hallway. He bit his bottom lip, looking at the door, and all he could hear was the blood pounding in his ears as they flattened against the top of his head. He wanted to do this.

He took a deep breath and walked forward slowly, padding along on the tips of his toes.

The nervous, terrified buizel reached the door, and with another deep breath, he peeked in through the slight crack in the doorway.

Looking inside, he saw a fairly large master bedroom, with a nicely made bed in the center of the far wall. A dresser and bedside table were set up in the room, seemingly old and well crafted, with another door leading to what looked like a bathroom and one leading to a closet.

However, what drew the buizel's attention the most was Vulcan, sitting on the edge of the bed, his sweatpants laying in a pile next to the bed, his wet diaper on full display, legs spread out to the sides. Finn bit his lip and held his breath at seeing this, eyes wide as he peeked in through the door.

Vulcan slipped a claw under the tapes on the right side, a quick movement tearing it free, and a mirrored movement on the other side freed the front of the wet diaper from the typhlosion, revealing what was underneath.

The buizel let out a breath as he saw the typhlosion's plump sheath for the first time, eyes wide and locked onto the much larger pokémon. The red tip could be seen poking out just a bit from the cream-colored sheath surrounding it, a large pair of furry balls resting on the open diaper just beneath it. Finn's teeth were clenched as he watched the typhlosion take a container of wipes and start wiping himself down.

It felt so wrong to be watching... but the blood flowing into his own sheath said otherwise as he kept his eyes glued on the much larger pokémon, gradually wiping off the entire area and cleaning himself up. He could feel a pulse from inside his own diaper as he watched the fire type wipe down his sheath and balls, making sure to clean himself off well, before leaning back and running a wipe over his backside as well.

He looked... incredible. Hot, sexy, everything the buizel wanted right now as he could feel his dick start to grow inside of the padding under his clothes... or the typhlosion's clothes. He strained a bit against the tight and constricting diaper, feeling the pressure of it pushing back against him as his dick grew to full size, staring over the typhlosion's mostly nude form.

After just a moment, the pokémon had finished cleaning himself off, and raised himself off of the old diaper, grabbing another that he had laid on the bed next to himself. He unfolded it carefully and set it underneath himself, sprinkling a generous helping of powder across his groin and rubbing it in slowly. It

almost felt to Finn like he was putting on a show for the pokémon hidden in the doorway, and thinking that the typhlosion was doing this for him only made him even hornier. And **fuck** was he horny. A paw idly reached down underneath the shorts and started gently rubbing on the front of his diaper, feeling the pressure across his length and hearing the quiet crinkles as he did. He bit his lip and closed his eyes for a moment, letting out a held breath before cracking an eye open to look back into the room, seeing the typhlosion pulling up the front of the large diaper, covering himself up as he taped it up.

Just a moment later, Vulcan placed a paw next to him on the bed and looked directly to the door with a chuckle. "So, you planning on joining me in here, or just watching from outside, kiddo?"

Finn froze in place, his paw still on the front of his diaper. His face flushed with embarrassment, before he pulled his hand out of the shorts and slowly pushed the door open bashfully. Vulcan grinned at the buizel, patting the edge of the bed next to him invitingly. Finn gulped a bit, before walking forward and joining the typhlosion on the edge of the bed, having to climb onto it with how much smaller he was than the much larger pokémon.

"Well, did you enjoy the show?" Vulcan said, only intensifying the blush covering Finn's face, who responded with a bashful nod. "It certainly seems like you did, what with that tent in your diaper there."

Finn could have nearly fainted from the sheer embarrassment of the entire situation, sitting next to the pantsless diapered typhlosion with a diaper of his own, tented with a straining erection from watching him change... it was all just so much...

And he was loving every second of it.

"Well, are you planning on doing anything about it, kiddo? Or are you just gonna let the poor thing wilt in there?" Vulcan said to him as he bit his lip, slowly working up the courage and looking up at the pokémon next to him. Vulcan had a grin plastered across his muzzle, a mischievous glint in his eyes. Fuck, he was hot right now. In more ways than one, as the fire patches on the back of his neck seemed to be starting to glow and give off a bit of heat that the buizel could feel from here. Not strong heat, though, more like a comforting fireplace.

Finn looked up at him with wide, innocent eyes, which only intensified Vulcan's feelings. Sure, the buizel had done some things in college plenty of times with other guys, but this... felt different. Real. He wanted it, and he wanted it bad.

Vulcan gently reached down to the shorts he'd given the buizel not too long ago, hooking a claw under them and looking into the buizel's eyes. "You alright with this? You can stop it any time, you know." Finn looked back into the fire type's eyes, seeing kindness break through the lust he'd seen before. He nodded, giving the typhlosion a "Yes... please."

At the confirmation, Vulcan's gaze shifted back into that of a dom ready to play, and he pulled down the old basketball shorts, slipping them off of the buizel's legs and tossing them over his shoulder, not caring where they went. He looked over the buizel, lustdrunk already as he gazed at the form of the small, thin water type clad in a diaper and a childish shirt, and with a smile, he placed his arms below the buizel's armpits, lifting him up and laying him down in the center of the bed.

Finn's eyes widened as he was suddenly lifted into the air before being gently deposited on the comfortable master bed, far too large for him, a soft, plush pillow gently supporting his head. He stared up at the typhlosion now above him, his looming form casting a shadow over the needy water type. He could see that the larger pokémon was already sporting his own bulge in his diaper as he straddled the buizel, knees on either side of him as he started undoing the remaining half of the buttons on his button-up shirt.

The buizel gazed into his eyes, drinking in the form of the gorgeous fire type, wanting every last bit of him as he watched more and more of his body get revealed to him. His eyes slowly swept over the typhlosion's form, taking in his chubby chest and stomach as the shirt was unbuttoned but not fully removed, just giving him more breathing room.

"You ready for some fun, kiddo?" Vulcan said to Finn, who gulped, looking back up into the kind eyes of the fire type, his dick straining against the padding surrounding his hips. He nodded enthusiastically, wanting everything.

Vulcan looked down with a grin as he gently lowered the bulging front of his diaper to meet Finn's, the pressure already feeling amazing, having something, or *someone* to grind against was already making him strain even harder inside of his padded comfort. He heard a quiet gasp from the buizel as their bulges met, feeling him squirm slightly and gently hump up against the much larger diaper above his own.

Vulcan could feel the slight pressure of the buizel pushing back up against him, and couldn't hold himself back anymore, slowly pushing his hips forward as the padding slid over the buizel's, feeling it caress over his cock before he gently pulled back, only to push forward again, a wave of pleasure falling over him. He grunted as he fell into a slow but steady rhythm, placing his paws down on the bed above the buizel's shoulders.

Finn couldn't hold back a moan as he could feel the typhlosion's massive bulge rubbing against him and tried his best to hump up against it in a matching rhythm, feeling the grinding against the front of his diaper bring him the euphoria he was desperate for. He wanted this, he needed this, and it just felt so *good*.

"Nngf, ffffuck, Vulcan, th-this feels really goOOd," he said, a moan overtaking him at the end of the sentence as another grind sent him further into euphoria. He couldn't help it, this felt so much better than any of the other times he'd done anything with other guys...

"No need to be so formal, kiddo," Vulcan grunted out at the small buizel underneath him, the rhythm of his humping increasing as his hips gyrated faster and faster, the pleasure mounting. "Y-you can just call me daddy." His voice rumbled deeply through the form of the buizel, who moaned as the speed picked up, seeing Vulcan's eyes shut tightly as the fire on the back of his neck ignited, warmth flooding over him.

"Rrrgh! Y-y-yessS d-daddy... p-please..." Finn moaned out, desperately trying to hump up against Vulcan, reaching up to try to wrap his arms around him but only being able to just barely grab a bit of fur on his sides, holding on tight as he pushed his diapered groin against V-v- a-against his daddy's...

"Ffffuck, that's it, kiddo, keep at it..." the typhlosion said, wisps of smoke coming out of his nostrils as he lowered himself from his paws onto his forearms, grinding harder into the pokémon who moaned even louder for him, only making his cock strain even more for release as he worked himself up. Fuck, those moans were cute...

From the foreplay of watching the typhlosion while rubbing his diaper to feeling the large pokémon grinding up against him, Finn could feel himself starting to grow desperate, pre already squirting into his diaper, and being a water type, it just kept coming. He needed this, he needed to feel this, *fuck* it just felt so... so g-g-good...

"D-d-daddy... I-I'm close..." Finn moaned out to Vulcan as he just kept humping, unable to stop himself, needing the pleasure and the release that he was so close to getting.

"Just keep at it, kiddo, almost there..." Vulcan's voice became a deep growl as he picked up the speed, feeling the edge approaching as he humped the small pokémon underneath him.

“That’s it, kiddo, j-just moan one out for daddy,” he said as he approached the edge, hearing the buizel moaning up a storm below him.

“D-d-daddy, p-p-pLEASE!!” the buizel called out, letting out a loud moan for the typhlosion as his grip on his fur grew desperate, one last hump sending him over the edge into an explosive climax, cum painting the inside of his diaper as he humped and humped up at his daddy, savoring every last second of his climax.

At hearing the buizel call out to him, Vulcan roared, a jet of flame coming out of his maw as his eyes screwed shut, grinding once, twice... and he tipped over into his own climax, feeling his heavy load empty out into the diaper carefully taped around his waist.

A moment of breath later and Vulcan let out a deep exhale, his diaper flooding in another way as Finn’s eyes opened up to see the typhlosion’s diaper turning a slight yellowed hue, a gentle splashing sound coming from it. After just a moment, Vulcan pulled himself off of the buizel and moved to the side, laying down next to him, only to quickly scoop the buizel up once more, setting him on his stomach.

Finn was surprised again as he was lifted into the air, only to be gently deposited on top of the soft stomach of the typhlosion. He was too exhausted to move, just breathing deeply and gently as he laid on top of Vulcan, basking in his afterglow. He felt a paw gently reach underneath the back of his shirt as he laid on his stomach, petting and caressing the fur on his back as the two lay together gently.

“Th-that... was really good...” Finn eventually said once he caught his breath, arms wrapped around the soft belly of the typhlosion, paws rubbing over his fur as Vulcan pet his own. “Th-thank you...”

“Heh, thank you too, kiddo. I’m just glad you enjoyed it. Rest here with me as long as you’d like, no need to send you home in a storm so soon. Bed’s big enough for both of us, but I’ve got a feeling my belly’s comfy enough for you, eh?” The typhlosion chuckled, bouncing the buizel just a bit, who let out a laugh himself.

Finn was happy to just lay here for now. No need to move, this was right where he wanted to be.