

Finn sighed, arms and legs splayed out as he laid on his stomach... laying on the stomach of the typhlosion under him. The buizel's twin tails fluttered lazily above him, twirling around each other as he happily relaxed on top of Vulcan. The much smaller pokémon wrapped his arms around the typhlosion, feeling his soft fur under his arms and paws, gently petting across it. He felt comfortable here, and he was exhausted after the fun the two of them had just had.

The duo laid comfortably together on the typhlosion's massive bed, before a loud grumble from the larger pokémon's stomach snapped the two out of it, Finn surprised as he felt his entire body vibrate from where he laid on top of the typhlosion. A moment of silence later and Vulcan laughed, bouncing the buizel up and down, who joined in with a giggle of his own.

"I guess I must've worked up an appetite, eh?" Vulcan said, casually running a paw over Finn's back with a smile. "I guess if I'm keeping you over here longer than expected, the least I can do is give you something to eat as well. Feeling puckish?"

Finn looked away for a moment, fighting the instinct to immediately refuse due to fear of being a bother to Vulcan, but steeled himself and let out a breath. "Yeah, I guess I could have something if you are..." he said, knowing that he was fairly hungry himself.

"Well, let's go, then!" Vulcan responded, and Finn felt a sudden shift in gravity as the typhlosion turned and swung his legs over the side of the bed, reaching down to support the smaller pokémon with his arms. He pushed himself off of the bed and set off out of the room, one arm around the buizel's back and the other supporting him from below, a few cheery pats on his diaper bringing a blush to Finn's face. He hadn't expected to be carried around by the typhlosion, but bashfully wrapped his arms around the much larger pokémon's neck and held on, enjoying the comforting feeling of being carried around.

Finn closed his eyes and let out a sigh, content to be held close for the time being, enjoying the comfort and care he could feel from Vulcan. It was strange to think he'd only met the fire type a few days ago, and yet here he was, being carried around in a diaper and oversized tee shirt, heading off to get some food. It felt like he'd known him forever, even though this was still only their first date.

Eventually he opened his eyes, seeing the sights of what was clearly a kitchen, although he could only see behind the leading pokémon looking over his shoulders. The room had a tile floor, and he could hear the clicks and clacks of Vulcan's claws as he padded across it, the slight waddle from his own diaper forcing his legs apart a bit extra causing a comfortable swaying motion for the buizel he carried. Cabinets lined the walls, a refrigerator was set up near the entrance, a large extravagant table took up about half of the room, and a door with a large window looked out onto a shaded patio set up behind the house. Of course, something in particular caught the buizel's eye – that being a large high-chair set

up near the table, the detachable front of it snapped on and a comfortable-looking cushion on top of the white wood. He blushed a bit more just thinking about it.

Finn felt another gravity shift as he was gently set down in a normal chair at the table, the typhlosion waddling over to open some cabinets and gaze inside before turning back to look at the buizel.

“Any allergies I need to know about? Or particular dislikes you wanna mention, kiddo?” Vulcan said with a smile as he checked back on Finn, who was getting situated in his chair and looking around the room.

“Er, no allergies, though I’m not a fan of bitter like I mentioned before... and I guess spicy things aren’t really my favorite either.” Finn looked down in concentration as he thought over everything, trying to categorize in his head what he did and didn’t like, only to come up mostly blank as he stared down in silence.

Vulcan waited a moment before realizing that the buizel had become completely lost in thought, letting out a sigh with a grin. He turned back to the cabinet, pulling out a pair of citrus berries and grabbing a cutting board and knife, chopping them up into slices. The typhlosion hummed quietly to himself as he did, filling the moment with a quiet melody as he worked.

Finn suddenly snapped out of the sort of trance he’d ended up in, lost inside of his thoughts, hearing the calming melody of the typhlosion’s baritone voice from across the room. He felt like he could just about place the melody, but not quite. It sounded a bit like a quiet lullaby and conjured up thoughts of a quiet forest. The buizel very quickly found himself falling directly into a new trance as he looked up at the typhlosion working on some food for the pair of them. His button-up shirt was still unbuttoned and just fell down over his shoulders, his fur just a bit messy around his stomach.

It felt... calm here. Peaceful, like their walk through the park together earlier that day. Finn almost did a double take at that thought, being caught off guard by everything that had happened in just one day. Here he was, nearly clothing-less in the house of someone on their first date... and he was staring at them, just entranced, listening to the calming sounds of their humming.

This... this was where he wanted to be.

---

Vulcan got out a pair of plates, scooping the steamed berry mix onto each of them, one for him, and another for his guest. With the plates made, he looked up to the buizel back at the table with a grin, seeing him looking over the back of his chair, paws on the top of the back rest as he looked up to the typhlosion with wide eyes.

“Well, dinner is served!~” Vulcan said to his guest, seeing Finn’s eyes widen just a bit more as his tails began to spin around. The typhlosion chuckled a bit at seeing the hungry pokémon’s face aglow with happiness, and he strolled over to the table with their plates in tow. He sat down next to Finn, setting the plate in front of him, a fork sized for a small pokémon like him already on top of the small pile of delectable food.

Finn looked ready to dig in, but stopped himself just a bit, looking over to the typhlosion, not wanting to be rude or anything. However, a quick “Well, what are you waiting for, kiddo?” dispelled all worry as he took a quick bite.

Vulcan smiled as he saw the sparkle in the buizel’s eyes that he was looking for, knowing he’d hit the mark once more. He added a mental note about Finn’s preferences once more as the cautious bite devolved into an eating frenzy, the small pokémon clearly more ravenous than he let on. Not wanting to let him have all of the fun, the typhlosion joined in as well, eating his fill.

Not much conversation followed across dinner, Finn’s mouth perpetually being too full of food to stop to talk. He ate at a very quick pace, but despite definitely not even having enough time to chew from Vulcan’s perspective, there was always another fork-full of food in the water type’s maw. Vulcan chuckled to himself a bit, seeing that Finn was about to finish his plate while he was only half done himself. “Guess you’re a quick eater, huh? That or my cooking is just too addictive to stop, eh?”

Finn suddenly came back to reality from the paradise of flavor he’d been floating in for the past few minutes, looking over to Vulcan, a bit sheepish.

“Nah, don’t worry about it, kiddo! I’ve got some more over there in the bowl if you’re still famished, have as much as you’d like,” Vulcan said with a smile, reassuring the self-conscious but still very hungry pokémon. A blush covered Finn’s face as he gave a quick “Thank you,” before hopping down from the chair to get himself some more. The typhlosion apparently had plenty ready for any smaller guests at his house, as the countertops had small sections at the bottom to pull out and step on for anyone unable to reach the tops of them. Finn climbed up and scooped some more onto his plate, coming back to the table.

"I guess I must've done something right with this one for you to be tearing through it that fast, huh? At this rate I'll be getting you as pudgy as I am, heh!" Vulcan laughed and poked the buizel teasingly with an elbow as he got back to the table, who chuckled a bit as he sat back down.

The two eventually finished off their plates, enjoying the company of each other as they finished up eating. Vulcan rubbed his stomach, satisfied as he finished up, standing up from the table and grabbing the two plates to set in the sink, letting his future self deal with that one. He placed a paw on the countertop, looking over to Finn.

"Well, what would you like next, bud? You can always head home whenever you feel too worn out, but you've got no rush, I'm enjoying the company. Don't get enough people over to visit, only have some friends over sometimes." Vulcan gave a smile to Finn, happy to have the time with the new friend he'd made.

"I-I'm enjoying the time here too! It's nice to have made a friend so soon after moving here," Finn replied, returning the gesture with a bashful look down to the ground.

"Well, we can always just relax for a bit if there's nothing specific you'd like to do, but I do take requests! Heh heh!" The typhlosion let out a laugh, his stomach bouncing a bit as he did, before heading out of the room to lead Finn back to the sitting room.

Finn padded along behind him, looking up at the walls as they passed by picture frames surrounding old family photos. Some showed Vulcan as a typhlosion, but a fair amount seemed to be of the pokémon as a quilava, with one or two having a cyndaquil in them, often with two older looking pokémon. One, presumably Vulcan's father, was a typhlosion, very tall and imposing. The other was a Raichu, presumably his mother. She was shorter than the typhlosion by a fair amount but seemed to have a very similar commanding presence. Both looked to be fairly wealthy and didn't at all give off the calm and cheerful energy the buizel could feel in Vulcan's presence. In fact, plenty of the photographs that showed him as a quilava seemed like he didn't particularly enjoy the setting he was in. Maybe he had a rebellious streak?

The duo eventually reached the living room, with the typhlosion making his way over to what was clearly a well-loved recliner. Finn stood in the room, unsure of where to sit at first, and Vulcan took notice.

"Feel free to sit wherever you'd like, anywhere's free. Sofa, chair, heck, even my lap would be fine, heh heh!" The typhlosion let out another chuckle, and Finn stood bashfully for a moment, before Vulcan looked back at him with a raised eyebrow.

“What, you wanna but you’re not sure how to ask?” He said, getting an embarrassed nod from the buizel a moment later, the small pokémon looking away and at the ground. “Well just get over here you rascal!” he said, waving for him to come over and patting his legs.

Finn padded over slowly, and just as he reached the typhlosion, he was suddenly scooped up by him, being lifted off the ground and set down on the larger pokémon’s lap. He felt a wave of heat settle over him as his face turned tomato berry red, and Vulcan’s arm wrapped around him. “Just get comfy however you like, and you can always hop down if you feel like it.”

The buizel took a breath before scooching around, getting into a comfortable position, still embarrassed out of his mind at what he was doing, but settling into it. Even if it was embarrassing... it still felt nice. Being held like this...

Vulcan started to gently rock the recliner back and forth, slowly moving it, and Finn felt himself melt back onto the typhlosion’s warm chest and belly. He let out a sigh, very content to be here, even just for a moment. He just... never wanted to leave.

The buizel snapped out with a start as he felt the typhlosion pat his diaper a few times, not expecting it. “What, still haven’t used it? Either someone’s got the bladder of a camerupt, or you’re just a bit pee shy. Am I right about the latter?”

Finn bit his lip a bit, not sure how to actually say it, before he took another deep breath to steady himself. “I’ve... er... never actually used one before...”

Vulcan was the one to be caught off guard this time, pausing for a moment. “Huh, I definitely wasn’t expecting that one. You haven’t?” Finn shook his head, and Vulcan blinked a few times. “I guess you haven’t had many chances to really get into it all, have you?” Another head shake confirmed this for the typhlosion, the gears in his head starting to turn once more, just like when he invited the buizel over earlier that day.

“Hm. I never asked, but what side of it are you more into? You just a DL, or do you like the whole AB part as well?” he asked the buizel, who had to steady himself a bit to actually talk about stuff like that, unlike the typhlosion, who was seemingly used to these kinds of conversations to the point of being able to have them with ease.

“Er, I... I haven’t really tried anything... or gotten a chance to before. I’m interested in all of the... you know... AB stuff...” Finn responded, having a lot of difficulty in getting it out. He looked back to Vulcan, who had a grin on his face.

“Well, would you *want* to try any of it? No pressure, but I’d be happy to let you try out anything you’re feeling up to. If it’s a chance you’re looking for, you can take one here, heh!” Vulcan gave the buizel a smile, reassuring him as he put the offer out. He’d certainly enjoy getting to spend more time with the cute pokémon, and if he got to help him live out a few fantasies he’d had stored up for a while, then that’s just all the better.

“I-I would... like to maybe try some stuff... if that’s okay I mean no pressure I don’t wanna like push you or anything...” Finn trailed off, only to look back up to the still smiling and inviting face of the typhlosion, warmth and comfort flooding through him as he saw the smile once more.

“Well, would one little buizel happen to be free for... tonight and tomorrow? I’ve got nothing to do over the weekend, and I’d suspect that you don’t either, kiddo.”

Finn bit his lip bashfully at how the typhlosion talked to him, his entire body screaming at him to say yes while his anxiousness kept him from immediately doing it. He both looked and felt like he was about to explode before he finally managed to squeak out a “Y-yeah I’d like that.”

“Well, great! If I’m gonna be having a kiddo spend the night, I’d better get some stuff set up, then!” The typhlosion chuckled to himself, Finn embarrassed out of his mind. “Now, if you’re looking to live some stuff out tomorrow, I think we should get a checklist out of the way tonight. That way when you wake up, it’ll just be smooth sailing. That sound good to you?”

Finn nodded, more ready than ever to be experiencing his fantasies with Vulcan.