

Finn stood bashfully in the kitchen behind Vulcan, the small buizel looking up as the much larger typhlosion took a magnet and pinned a piece of paper to the fridge in front of him. The buizel held his paws together and bit his lower lip, looking up at the page that had just been placed prominently on the refrigerator. The top of the paper said in big letters "RULES" and detailed a list of things that the two of them had just spent a while discussing and agreeing on. It went over everything that the buizel was comfortable with trying and doing tomorrow, and the things that he wasn't okay with. A safeword was written at the bottom in equally big letters – "EMPEROR". It took the two a while to come up with it – it had to be something uncommon enough to not be a part of normal conversation.

Vulcan made sure to put it in a visible spot, taking his guest's comfort very seriously. While he didn't have visitors over all *too* often, he was always very careful to make sure they were okay with everything that was happening and kept their boundaries in mind. After all, what's the point in doing something for fun if you ended up doing things that one of you didn't enjoy? Finn's phone was also set on the counter nearby for him to access if he ever needed it, along with his washed clothes being piled up in the laundry room for him to take and change into if he needed.

And oh boy, was tomorrow set to be a fun one. Vulcan turned around to look at the bashful buizel behind him, his paws together and a blush easily visible on his face. It was set to be the first time he got to experience a lot of the fantasies he'd had swimming around in his head, having never had a chance to explore the AB side of his ABDL interests in the past. Vulcan gave him a confident smile, happy that he was letting his new friend experience some of the things he'd wanted to for so long. Plus, he'd get to have plenty of fun with it as well, which only made things better.

"Well, it seems like it's getting a bit late, squirt. I think it might just be getting to your bedtime, eh?" Vulcan glanced up at a window, seeing the darkness outside, only a slight drizzle left of the storm that was raging not too long ago. "Ready to get dressed and ready for bed?"

Finn's eyes gleamed at the way Vulcan talked to him, more than ready for everything. He'd been wanting something like this for as long as he'd known that he liked it, and here it was, right in front of him. He looked up to Vulcan with a big smile and a twinkle in his eyes, and gave a big nod to him, ready for it all to start.

"Alrighty then, arms up!" the typhlosion said, reaching down and hoisting up the small buizel onto his hip, carrying him out of the kitchen. Finn wrapped his arms around Vulcan as best as he could, trying to support himself a bit so it wouldn't be all on the typhlosion to carry his weight. They made their way upstairs, taking a left down the hallway Finn hadn't seen as of yet. A few closed doors lined the hall, and Vulcan stopped at one on the left, placing his left paw on the doorknob.

“You ready, kiddo?” Vulcan said, waiting a moment for the confirmation. Finn quickly nodded, ready for whatever he was about to experience. Vulcan turned the doorknob and pushed the door open, Finn turning his head to catch a glimpse of the room they were entering, only for his eyes to widen at what he saw.

The room inside was filled with an instant feeling of childlike wonder and glee, the more dull and muted colors of the rest of the house disappearing into a swirl of bright blue, pink, and white in twirling patterns, almost as if the colors on the wall were playing games and chasing each other around. A large-sized crib, enough for even the typhlosion to fit in, sat on the other side of the room against the far wall, a bright baby blue color, with bars stretching up high enough for a tall pokémon to just have their head above it. The back left corner of the room had a large changing table, a beautiful wooden design with cheery patterns on the top, and stacks of large diapers in a few different sizes for a variety of pokémon in a cubby space below the top. Drawers below also presumably held more of the same.

A wardrobe was set up on the back right of the room, painted white, with some swirls of pink mixed in. Finn could only begin to imagine what outfits were held inside with a blush covering his snout. The closer side of the room was dominated by what looked like an adorable play space, colorful foam puzzle piece tiles lining the floor with various toys scattered across them. An open toy chest sat against the left wall, filled to the brim with just about whatever a playful pokémon could ask for, and another one sat next to it, closed, with what looked like a combination lock on it.

Finn’s arms wrapped a bit tighter around Vulcan as he looked around the room, wide-eyed in wonder. He couldn’t believe what he was seeing, but here it was, right in front of him. Apparently the typhlosion had been at this for quite a while to have a setup like this. He heard Vulcan chuckle, feeling the rumble through his own body as he was held against the larger pokémon’s chest and stomach, before he was carried to the back of the room and set down on the changing table.

“Well, whaddya think?” the typhlosion asked, paws resting against his hips proudly. Finn could only stare as his head slowly swiveled around, taking in all of the sights of the room once, twice, three times... it was impossible for him to entirely wrap his head around what he was seeing. It was something straight out of a fantasy, and yet here he was, sitting on the changing table himself.

“It’s... amazing...” he finally managed to squeak out, earning another chuckle from the larger pokémon. He started to snap out of the daze as his gaze locked back onto the typhlosion standing in front of him, a smile plastered on the buizel’s snout. His tails behind him were twirling back and forth rapidly, pure jubilation emanating from the small otter.

While the buizel was busy taking in the sights of his fantasy coming to life in front of him, Vulcan stepped over to the wardrobe, opening it up and filing through the various outfits hanging up inside. "Since you haven't used your diaper yet, no need to give you a change so early, so I'll just get you dressed," he said, pulling out something in the buizel's size. Shutting the doors and walking back to the awestruck pokémon, he caught his attention and showed him what he was holding – a blue and white striped onesie, complete with snaps along the bottom. Finn's blush, which he was sure couldn't have gotten any stronger, somehow managed to defy his expectations as he felt even more heat rush into his face.

"Arms up, buddy! Let's get those old clothes off of you and get you into something comfy for the night, alright?" Finn complied in a daze, raising his arms for Vulcan to pull off his shirt, and feeling the smooth fabric of the onesie rub over his fur as it was pulled onto him. The typhlosion gently placed a paw on his chest once it was pulled down, guiding him onto his back as he snapped it into place under the diaper. Finn could feel it pulling the diaper snugly against him, the comfort it provided being just what he needed to feel secure.

He looked down across the onesie, running his paws along the soft garment, enjoying the feel of it. He looked back up at Vulcan, the twinkle in his eyes and smile on his snout making the typhlosion's own smile only intensify. He felt Vulcan's paws fiddling around the collar of the outfit before he raised up an adult sized pacifier in front of the buizel's maw, having just clipped it to the onesie. It was a light blue color, with what looked like an anchor design on the front of it. Without a word and just a second of delay, Finn opened his mouth as Vulcan popped the pacifier in, tapping it with a paw pad and eliciting a giggle from the buizel who had quickly fallen *deep* into littlespace, somewhere he'd never thought he'd find himself.

"Alrighty, kiddo, ready for bedtime? Anything else before you go to sleep for the night?" Vulcan said with a smile, looking down at the very happy and blushy buizel below. Finn thought for a second before shaking his head, slowly sucking on the pacifier in his mouth as his smile only got wider.

"Then arms up, honey bun!" Vulcan lifted the buizel off of the changing table and bringing him over to the crib, lowering the bars with his unoccupied arm before setting him down inside. Finn *pomphed* down onto his padded rear inside of the crib, looking around at the nest of pillows, blankets, and stuffed pokémon surrounding him, and noticing what looked like a baby monitor with a white button and a red button on the bottom of it, and a speaker taking up most of the space on the front.

"Now, it's time for beddie byes, kiddo, so I'll be in my bedroom. But this monitor is right here for you if you ever need anything. You'll be able to hear me through it, and while the white button is pressed in, I can hear you too. Just push it again to turn that off if you don't want me to. If there's ever any emergency where you need me, just push the red one and I'll be in there quick as a whistle, alright?"

Finn studied the monitor, experimentally trying out the device before turning back to Vulcan with wide eyes, giving him a nod.

“Alrighty then, kiddo. I’ll be just down the hall, alright? Get some rest for a fun day with your daddy tomorrow,~” Vulcan said, ruffling the fur on top of the buizel’s head. He stood back up, pulling the crib bars to the top and latching it into place, walking back to the door. “Night night, kiddo,” he said, turning off the light and exiting the room, leaving the door cracked just a bit and the room slightly illuminated by a litwick-shaped night light.

Finn let out a sigh as he felt his mind racing at everything he just experienced in what felt like a blur of just a few seconds. He looked around the crib, rearranging a few blankets and pillows here and there before flopping down onto his back. He looked up at the ceiling, seeing a few patterns of glowing stars above him, giving off a faint green light. He reached to the side and grabbed the nearest plush, holding it above him to get a better look and finding that he’d picked up a small mudkip, a wide open-mouthed smile stitched onto its face. He pulled it close to him and held it tight as he turned to the side, getting comfortable and already feeling his eyelids starting to droop, despite the many thoughts racing through his head.

He didn’t even know how to begin to parse everything that’d happened in the last few hours, let alone the past day as a whole. Even as he tried to put it all together, he could feel his thoughts slipping away to the exhaustion of sleep beginning to overtake him after the long day he’d had. He let out a long sigh and let himself drift off, ready for the next day to start already.

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Finn slowly found his consciousness returning to him, hearing the slight creak of a door across the room. He shuffled around a bit, turning and readjusting the blankets and pillows surrounding and covering him. He felt strange for some reason as he turned, like there was an extra pressure he didn’t expect. Wait, where...

His eyes slowly opened as he became more conscious of his surroundings, seeing the bars of the crib and the smiling face of a mudkip plushie in front of him. It took a few moments before he started to remember where he was and what he was doing, only for a blush to overtake his face as his sleep-addled brain remembered the situation. He tried to press his legs together, only to feel the bulk of the diaper between them stopping that from happening.

“Well, sounds like someone’s awake! I hope I didn’t give you a rude awakening, kiddo,” Finn heard from above and behind him, the smooth baritone voice washing over his ears as he turned to look back at

Vulcan. The typhlosion towered above him from where he was currently, laid on his back, blankets strewn about and only halfway covering him, the onesie and diaper underneath clearly on display for the larger pokémon.

“Did you sleep well?” Vulcan asked, getting a groggy nod and a yawn from Finn. He chuckled a bit and lowered the bars on the side of the crib, bending over and scooping up the small sleepy buizel in his arms. He grabbed the pacifier that had fallen out of his mouth, still connected by the clip, and gently placed it back into the buizel’s maw, Finn happily accepting it and suckling on it as he leaned into the typhlosion’s fur, still too tired to do anything or even think. He was slow to wake up, and definitely not a morning person at all.

“Now, let’s check if this little water type had any leaks in the night, hm?” Vulcan said, slipping a claw under the leg leak guards, feeling Finn squirm a bit and try to stifle a giggle as he was accidentally tickled, only to laugh more as Vulcan intentionally tickled him with the same motion again.

“Hm, guess someone managed to stay dry! You did a great job there, kiddo!” Vulcan gave Finn a few pats on his padded bum with a quick chuckle to himself. “Someone’s pretty tired, huh? I guess I can let you have breakfast before we get you changed for the day, just to help you wake up.”

Vulcan started padding out of the room, slightly bouncing the tired buizel in his arms as he did, humming a sweet melody to himself once more. Finn slowly opened his eyes again, looking up at the typhlosion above him, a smile plastered across his face. He couldn’t help but smile when he was being treated and talked to like this, it just pressed every button he had. His tails twirled lazily behind him, happiness breaking through despite how tired he was.

As Vulcan carried him downstairs, he took a deep breath, smelling a sweet scent coming from the kitchen, as well as what seemed like the bitter scent of fresh coffee. He let out the breath, leaning further into the typhlosion, burying himself in the chest fur of the larger pokémon.

He eventually felt gravity shifting around him as he was turned upright, being set down onto the highchair that he’d noticed yesterday, with the tray of it being clipped into place just a moment later. His eyes half-lidded, he watched as Vulcan walked over to the stovetop, carrying over a tray of differently colored poffins. It was also at this point that the buizel noticed Vulcan’s lack of clothing, with the typhlosion wearing nothing at all. He blushed a bit as Vulcan carried the tray of poffins over to the table, setting them on it before walking back to the countertop, pouring himself a cup of coffee and grabbing a blue sippy cup filled with milk.

As he came back to the table, Vulcan took a small kid's plate and placed it on the tray in front of Finn, as well as the sippy cup, which he was able to get a better look at. Finn picked it up and looked over it, seeing designs of magikarp, basculin, remoraid, and plenty of other water types swimming around the cup. He raised it to take a drink, only to be surprised as it bonked against the pacifier still in his mouth. He'd completely forgotten about it being there, and he blushed a bit as he heard Vulcan chuckle, looking over to see the typhlosion placing three poffins on his plate – two pink ones, one of them with blue sprinkles, and a blue one.

Finn bashfully took the pacifier out of his mouth, letting it fall and be caught by the clip, taking a sip of the milk inside of the sippy cup, and seeing Vulcan take a sip of his coffee. He reached down for the plain pink poffin, taking a cautious bite and finding that it was pretty delicious. The Typhlosion had yet to disappoint with his cooking skills, and Finn started to dig in.

Vulcan took his time eating a green poffin, occasionally glancing over to the buizel. He watched as Finn started out eating cautiously and bashfully, only to gradually shed his inhibitions and start tearing into the food in front of him, crumbs flying all over the tray as he mashed them in his paws, letting his fear slide away in favor of letting him live out a fantasy. Vulcan could just smile as he watched and drank his coffee, enjoying the moment.

After just a bit, he saw Finn finishing up his last poffin and taking a big drink from his sippy cup, before letting out a sudden big burp. The duo was surprised by it, and Finn looked embarrassed for a moment before letting out a giggle and letting the feelings of being little overtake him once more.

"Someone's a messy eater, huh? Maybe I should put a bib on you next time," Vulcan said in a fake chastising manner, giving a smile to the little buizel. "Good thing I left a change for after we ate breakfast, hm?" The typhlosion got back to eating his poffins slowly, Finn taking a few more sips of his drink.

It was only a little bit longer before the buizel could feel a bit of pressure building up in his bladder, noticing the twinge of needing to go. He instinctively moved to get up, only to be quickly reminded by the situation that he was stuck in a highchair with no way to get out on his own. He remembered the diaper still taped around his waist, but a bit of fear panged through him, the buizel worried about doing something like... *that*... when he'd never done it before.

Of course, it was easy for Vulcan to notice the small but growing amount of desperation from the padded pokémon next to him, but he acted like he didn't, letting the buizel squirm for a bit and come to a decision on his own. He didn't want to just offer him an easy out, especially with a wetting being one of the things listed on the refrigerator not too far away as something Finn wanted to try.

Finn's slight squirming started to grow a bit more insistent as Vulcan continued to slowly eat his breakfast. The buizel was unable to close his legs thanks to the diaper bulging out between them, and even without that, the middle bar of the highchair between his legs wasn't letting him do anything. He tried to breathe to calm himself, but with his last bathroom break being midday yesterday, his boy was a bit insistent. He didn't want to ask Vulcan to let him out and ruin the moment and break character and all that... but he was still scared to... *do it*...

Vulcan let it go on for another moment before he looked to the buizel with a grin. "Aww, is someone having trouble holding it in?" he said, getting a whine from the buizel sitting in the highchair next to him. "It's alright if you can't hold it until we finish breakfast, sweetie pie. That's what your diapers are for, right?" The typhlosion reached over and placed the pacifier back in the buizel's mouth, the small pokémon's eyes slightly pleading with him, but they both knew what they actually wanted. After all, there was a written record of it not too far away, and a clearly visible safeword if it was too much, so Vulcan wasn't worried about a bit of light teasing.

Finn was trying his hardest to hold back involuntarily, a war in his mind fighting between wanting to do it and being afraid of it, his legs moving between different positions trying to cross but being unable to do so. He didn't know what to do, but he felt like he was going to burst.

Vulcan stood up slowly, moving over to be in front of Finn's highchair. "It's alright, kiddo. Just relax, and it'll be over nice and quick." He patted the front of Finn's diaper through the onesie and walked over, starting to pour himself another cup of coffee.

The sound of trickling liquid from that act was pushing Finn too far, the buizel just about unable to hold it anymore, before he took Vulcan's advice and leaned back, taking a deep breath. Then another. And one more. Before he could feel himself relaxing and letting go, a slight trickle escaping into his diaper, before he couldn't hold it back anymore, starting to flood it.

He let out a long sigh through his pacifier, Vulcan turning back to watch as the buizel finally let himself go with a smile. He waited just a bit before walking over and slowly running a paw through the fur on the top of the buizel's head as he relaxed.

Finn could feel all of his worries start to melt away as the bliss of littlespace overtook him once again, such an infantile act sending him right back into his happy place. He could feel the top of his head being slowly pet as he let himself relax; his eyes closed as he started to slowly suckle on his pacifier once again.

“Do you feel better now, kiddo?” Vulcan said to the buizel, who seemed to be nearly melting in the highchair.

“Yeth, daddy,” Finn responded, a lisp as he tried to talk through the pacifier in his mouth. He let out a sigh. Today was going to be an amazing day.