

Finn breathed out through the pacifier guard in his mouth, letting out a contented sigh. The buizel sat comfortably in the highchair in Vulcan's kitchen, his recently soaked diaper warm around his midsection. Vulcan stood not too far away, a paw on his hip and a grin covering his snout. The typhlosion held a recently poured cup of coffee, taking a slow sip as he looked at the happy buizel sitting not too far away.

"Now there's a good cutie, eh? Now that breakfast's done, I think it's about time we got you changed. Sound good kiddo?" Finn looked up at Vulcan as he heard his kind voice bring him out of the trance he'd found himself in. He nodded, happy to do just about whatever his... his *daddy*... wanted him to do.

He blushed just at the thought of that. Calling Vulcan "daddy" ... it just sent him further into the littlespace he'd found himself in. It was his first day getting to really be little, and he couldn't be happier, even with it just being the start of the day. He suckled happily on the pacifier in his mouth, a blue one with a cute anchor design on the front.

Vulcan walked over, reaching under the tray of the highchair and pulling it away, setting it to the side. "Arms up, kiddo," he said, reaching under the arms of the buizel as he raised his arms up, picking him up and setting him against his chest. He felt Finn nuzzle into his bare chest, chuckling to himself a bit and patting the wet diaper underneath him and feeling him squirm against him. The typhlosion hummed a soft melody that he knew would vibrate through Finn's body as he laid against him and bounced him gently up and down.

Finn melted into Vulcan's body, never having felt this comfortable in his life. He felt his worries and stress disappearing as he leaned further into the smooth, comfortable fur of the still nude typhlosion, not bothering to even really *think* about anything. He was more than happy to let Vulcan just... take care of him.

Finn's eyes suddenly opened as he felt himself get plopped down onto a soft surface beneath him, finding himself looking around at the nursery he'd slept in the previous night. He was gently leaned back onto the comfortable changing table, Vulcan reaching down and unsnapping the onesie he was wearing, pulling it back and over his head. He set it in a laundry basket nearby before turning back to the buizel, suddenly burying his muzzle in his belly, blowing a raspberry and sending Finn into a laughing fit.

"There's the cutie I know," Vulcan said as Finn squirmed on the table after being tickled. "Now, let's get you out of this old thing and into a fresh one, alright kiddo?" Finn nodded happily, his eyes wide and awake now. Vulcan reached down and gently untaped the soggy diaper around the buizel's midsection, pulling it out from underneath him, balling it up, and tossing it into a diaper pail he opened with his footpaw. Finn shivered at the chill of the room as the warm diaper was removed from him, only to feel better a moment later as a warm wipe started to wipe him down, Vulcan getting him clean.

As was common for the large pokémon, he started humming a soft tune as he worked, raising up the buizel's legs to wipe down all over him until he was satisfied. After some time, Finn's bottom was placed back down onto a fresh diaper, only for the typhlosion to pull out a very large bottle of baby powder, sprinkling it all over his diaper area. The smell sent waves of happy thoughts running through Finn's mind, the nostalgic scent conjuring up hazy thoughts of memories long forgotten. Vulcan chuckled a bit to himself as he saw the buizel breathe in deeply and let out a sigh through the mouth guard of his pacifier, suckling slowly on the bulb in his mouth. Once the typhlosion was satisfied with the amount of powder, he gently rubbed it into Finn's fur before pulling up the front of the diaper and carefully putting the tapes into place, a few pats on the front of the buizel's new diaper signaling to the otter that the changing was done.

Finn sat up and looked down at his new diaper, covered in designs of aquatic pokémon gently swimming around it, similar to the design on the sippy cup he'd used earlier. He giggled quietly to himself, patting the new diaper a few times as well, noticing the amount of padding between his legs. It seemed like Vulcan had picked out an even thicker one than before for this change, and even just while sitting down, the buizel could tell that he'd have difficulty walking normally in them, probably having to resort to a waddle.

While the little one was preoccupied, Vulcan made his way over to the wardrobe once more and scanned through it, pushing various outfits to the side as he searched for a fitting one that had come to mind – one that he'd been looking forward to seeing the buizel wear. He eventually located it, coming back to the buizel with two sets of clothes draped over his arms.

"Arms up again, kiddo!" he said, Finn happily complying as a new onesie was slipped over him, this one just as comfortable as the last. As his head popped through the other end, the collar of the onesie pulling over the air sac around his neck, he looked down to scan over the white onesie he now wore, seeing an embroidered anchor taking up the front of it. He was laid back once more for Vulcan to snap it together between his legs and over the bulging diaper front, only to be picked up and set on the ground, having to maintain his balance with the massive amount of padding taking up space between his legs.

Vulcan got down on his knees as he set the second garment on the ground for the buizel to step into, helping him take those cautious steps into it with a guiding hand to make sure he didn't fall. Once the buizel's legs were inside the leg holes, he pulled it up, the light blue pants going up higher than Finn originally expected, eventually stopping at around the middle of his chest, only for a set of straps to go over his shoulders and get buttoned to the back of what he now realized was a pair of shortalls.

With a few pats on Finn's padded bum, Vulcan stood up and took his hand, leading him over to a mirror on one wall, letting the buizel look over his infantile outfit. Vulcan reveled in the blush that covered the buizel's face as he looked over himself, taking it all in – the pacifier, onesie, shortalls, and giant diaper bulge underneath it all. He stared at himself in the mirror for a few moments before looking over to the large typhlosion standing next to him in the mirror, the naked pokémon looking back down at him with a kind smile.

Finn couldn't hold back anymore and turned to Vulcan, wrapping his arms around him as best as he could in as big of a hug as the small buizel could muster. Vulcan was taken aback at first, not expecting the sudden embrace, before placing a paw on the buizel's back and gently petting along his head with the other. Finn could feel just about all of his emotions bubbling up and boiling over as he experienced just about everything he could have ever asked for in the perfect fantasy, and Vulcan noticed as the small buizel started shaking slightly in his arms, the emotions almost seeming to overwhelm the little pokémon.

Vulcan acted quickly, scooping up Finn into his arms and holding him close, bouncing him gently with an arm rubbing his back and the other supporting him from below, gently patting his diapered bottom. He could hear quiet gasps and sobs that it seemed like the buizel was holding back, and he gently started walking around the room, bouncing him in his arms.

"Shh... shh... it's alright, sweetie. Just relax, it's okay." After a moment, Vulcan slowly walked over to a rocking chair set up in the play space area of the nursery, sitting down in it with the buizel laid against his chest. He started slowly rocking him back and forth, still rubbing his back and patting his bottom as he quietly muttered kind words and affirmations to the overwhelmed pokémon.

After a few moments, he could hear Finn's breathing start to slow and stabilize, and eventually the buizel pulled himself off of Vulcan's chest and looked up at him, a few tear marks around his eyes. "Th-thorry..." he said, Vulcan quickly reassuring him.

"It's alright, sweetie. Is everything okay?" he said, making sure the buizel was still alright, not wanting to overwhelm him too much.

"Y-yeah, it's juth... thank you..." Finn lisped through his pacifier, looking up at the caring face of the typhlosion. "Th-thank you, daddy..."

“Of course, kiddo,” Vulcan responded, ruffling the fur on top of the buizel’s head. “I know it can be a lot, but I’m right here with you. I’m just glad to make you happy.” The typhlosion hesitated a moment before leaning in and planting a kiss on the forehead of the buizel on his lap.

Finn looked up at him for a moment, stunned by the gesture, before leaning forward and embracing him in a big hug, his muzzle buried in the warm chest fur of the typhlosion. He sat there for a bit, content to listen to the heartbeat of the larger pokémon and feel the warmth radiating off of his body as he was slowly rocked back and forth, slow pats on his diaper only adding to the comfort of it all.

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The day almost seemed to go by in a blur, Finn falling deeper into littlespace with each new thing Vulcan did with him. The two spent some time in the nursery, Vulcan slowly easing the buizel into playing with toys and blocks, letting him fall into a happy headspace and get accustomed to it all. He helped him build towers of blocks and knock them down, the buizel always giggling playfully and letting out his best monster roar as the blocks tumbled down. They played with the stuffed toys, enacting fierce battles with them, Finn’s mudkip toy he’d cuddled the previous night always being the one he gravitated towards. Eventually the pair went downstairs, Vulcan preparing some lunch for them as Finn watched cartoons in the living room, cuddling his plushie and making sure he could always see the shows too.

The two ate together, Vulcan putting a cute bib around the buizel’s neck as he sat in the highchair, feeding him bites of cut up berries and making airplane noises as the fork neared his mouth to make him giggle. They spent time relaxing together in the recliner, Finn laying across Vulcan’s belly as they enjoyed each other’s presence and warmth. Vulcan helped him to relax and breathe as he wet his diaper for the second time, enjoying the release as he sat on the typhlosion’s lap, being praised for being a good boy and getting another gentle kiss on the head.

The two eventually made their way back up to the nursery to play a bit more, Finn plopping onto the ground with a squish from his soggy diaper, not having to worry about it or anything else as he played with his toys. Not wanting to deal with standing and waddling around with all of the soggy padding between his legs, he crawled over to the toy chest and rummaged around, his diapered bottom poking up from outside of it as he looked through for new toys to play with, eliciting a laugh from Vulcan as he looked on from a bit away.

Finn pulled out a few more toys he wanted to play with, but the closed and locked toy chest next to the open one caught his attention once more, and he curiously made his way over to it, looking over the combination lock on the front of it, confused.

“What’th in that one, daddy?” he said through the pacifier, turning back to Vulcan with a tilted head and an exaggerated point at the locked toy chest.

“Ah, that one’s got some more... *‘special’* toys, kiddo. I could open it up for you later if you’re feeling up to it, but I’ll ask you about that one later,” the typhlosion responded, with a slight grin and a glint in his eye. Finn blushed and looked down at the ground as he thought about what could be inside the toy chest, feeling a slight stirring in the front of his diaper. He wasn’t the only one either, as he saw a bit of red poking out of the tip of the typhlosion’s sheath, the larger pokémon never having bothered getting dressed that day.

Finn got back to playing with his toys with Vulcan, focusing mostly on them, but unable to get the thought of the locked toy chest out of his mind as he played. He giggled and had fun with the typhlosion, while imagining all of the things that could be hidden in there, and all the ways they could have fun with them...

Eventually the two had dinner together, the buizel happily munching down on some citrus berries, getting juice all over his paws and snout as he did, not caring about anything like table manners or etiquette as he sat in his highchair and extra soggy diaper, having made use of it a second time already. Vulcan had to take a while after they finished eating to clean up the messy buizel, who was grinning from ear to ear after eating a filling meal.

Vulcan popped the pacifier back into Finn’s mouth with a smile. “Have you had a fun day, kiddo?” he asked, getting an enthusiastic nod from the happy buizel. “Good! I’m glad you had a great day with your daddy so far.” Vulcan smiled devilishly as a blush spread across Finn’s face once more, exactly the reaction he’d hoped for.

“Now, is there anything else you wanna do, sweetie?” he said, and watched as the bashful buizel thought for a moment, seemingly nervous to ask for something. The typhlosion already knew exactly what Finn was thinking but smiled at making him struggle to ask for what he wanted as he leaned back against the table. One of his favorite parts of caregiving was watching the littles squirm in embarrassment as he made them say or do something they were too embarrassed for but wanted.

“Uhm... c-can... we maybe... p-pway with the... the other toys?” Finn eventually managed to squeak out, paws raising up to cover his face in embarrassment.

“What other toys, kiddo?” Vulcan said, playing dumb to make him keep going, drinking in how adorable the buizel was.

"The th-thpecial toys... in the locked toy box...?" Finn said, struggling to form the words through both his embarrassment and the pacifier in his maw.

"Ohh, *those* toys," Vulcan responded. "Of course we can, kiddo! Come here, let's go up to the nursery and play." The typhlosion walked over and took the tray off of the highchair, scooping up the soggy buizel into his arms and bouncing him gently as he made his way upstairs.

"We're gonna have lots of fun, little one~"