

“Come on, let’s get you to the potty, okay? I’m glad you let me know on time, we wouldn’t want another accident...” You held onto your zoroark daddy’s hand over your head as he led you down the hall towards the bathroom. You’d... been having trouble making it in time for a while, and he’d been trying to help you make sure you didn’t have any accidents... to varying levels of success. But you were trying! Really, really trying, you wanted to prove that you could be a big kid, and didn’t need all of the help, or the... other things.

You followed him into the bathroom, feeling a bit sheepish about just how much help you’d been needing recently, even to the point where you weren’t going to the bathroom on your own... but at the same time, the thought of doing it all on your own seemed strangely daunting, the thought of getting it all right without messing up any part of it seemed so intimidating. Without thinking, your grip tightened on your daddy’s hand, the zoroark looking down at you with a reassuring expression on his face.

“Don’t worry, kiddo. There’s nothing to be afraid of, you’re just going potty like a big kid.” A gentle pet to your head helped ease a little bit of the tension you were feeling... Daddy always knew just how to help, even if the things he said were pretty embarrassing at times. “Now, start out by pulling down your pants,” he said, guiding you through the process one step at a time. Letting go of his paw, you reached down for your waistband and tugged it down, letting your pants drop down around your ankles, the training pants he’d been keeping you in now on display – another reminder of the struggles you’d been having... but it was a lot better than a trip to the laundry and lots of cleaning any time you had an accident.

“Training pants too, buddy! Can’t use the potty with those on, either.” You... hesitated for a moment, still feeling that embarrassment from being naked around the zoroark, even though you’d been doing this for a little while now... and he’d cleaned you up and changed you more than a few times. Something about it still just sent a flutter through your tummy every time, and you couldn’t really help but feel that apprehension each time. You took a quick breath and closed your eyes, quickly pulling the training pants down as well, already feeling the blush spreading across your face.

“There you go! Good job, little tyke. Now, let’s get you on the potty, alright?” The zoroark reached down and placed his paws under your armpits, hoisting you up with a little grunt of effort. A moment later, you were set down onto the potty, with another few pets to your head from your daddy, and some praise to go with it. “There you go, champ, all ready! Now, just keep yourself properly pointed down into the potty and let go.”

You let out a little squeak as the zoroark's claw reached down to the cage between your legs and pressed it down for you, keeping you properly lined up just like he said to. That was something else that had been deemed necessary, alongside the training pants... though apparently the point of it was to keep you well behaved. You thought you'd been plenty well behaved recently, and Daddy agreed! ...And that's why he considered it necessary to keep things that way, at least until you were fully done with your potty training, and didn't need his help making it to the potty, or getting your training pants changed.

You bit your lip and shut your eyes, trying to focus and not let yourself get too distracted by the feeling of Daddy's claw pressing down against your cage. You just needed to relax, and... let go. You let out a deep breath alongside a lot of built-up tension, immediately feeling the relief wash over you as you finally let it all out. You hadn't realized how badly you'd needed to go until now, that feeling seeming so much smaller and less imminently dangerous just a few moments ago. You'd *really* needed to potty... you were probably pretty close to an accident without even realizing.

"There you go, good job, little tyke! Made it to the potty on time without an accident! Daddy's very proud of you, kiddo." Your face burned heavily with a blush as you were praised for managing to make it to the potty without having an accident... something you definitely shouldn't be having as much trouble with as you had been. As the stream tapered off, you let out a sigh of relief, and Daddy picked you back up and set you on your feet once more, letting you pull your pants and protective underwear back up while he flushed for you.

"Now, let's get your hands washed, sweetie," he said with a smile and a couple pats to your head, making that silly feeling come right back in your tummy... though that feeling suddenly changed, growing much more grumbly and angry than it was a moment ago. You let out a grunt of discomfort, reaching up to tug on Daddy's arm to warn him of the imminent disaster, but without having even noticed it sneaking up on you, it was far too late to do anything about it.

Holding onto Daddy's paw tightly still with one hand, your legs trembled as you found yourself squatting slightly in place, that grumbling in your tummy getting very insistent. With a whimper, you couldn't do anything but go along with exactly what your body wanted, closing your eyes tight and pushing. That awful feeling in your tummy slowly went away as you pushed it all out, holding tightly onto Daddy as you had an accident in your training pants... right after making it to the potty.

As the feeling finally went away, you breathed deeply for a moment, before slowly looking up at Daddy... who let out a resigned sigh. "Here, let's go get you cleaned up, kiddo," he offered, lifting you up into his arms once more. "Though I think it's about time we looked into some more protective underwear..."