

A colored pencil in hand, Pirca slowly and methodically filled in the section of the coloring page in front of him. Lugia had wanted him to try some coloring, saying that it could be fun, and would be good for him to do, and he... didn't really want to fight her on the issue. Plus, he could probably use a break anyways, the final boss rush of his game had been absolutely destroying him, and it was starting to get a little frustrating. His leg gently bounced to the beat of the music playing from his computer's speakers as he colored in the simple coloring page. It was honestly relaxing, just doing something simple and mindless as a soft music box tune played in the background, his pacifier in his mouth, his diaper around his waist... it felt nice.

He wasn't sure how much time had passed simply coloring away before he felt Lugia leaning over him, looking down at the page he'd completed – a simple scene of a group of pokemon having a picnic in a forest. "That looks amazing, little one! Good job!" The lugia's praise filled him up with more than a little pride, though the charmeleon did his best to stifle any reaction to it. He wasn't fully successful, especially when Lugia gave him some gentle pats on his head to accentuate the praise, a smile and short giggle slipping out from behind his pacifier.

He... couldn't deny that he still enjoyed quite a bit of the treatment he was getting, even if the entire situation was tinged with just a bit of worry and fear. Or maybe more than a bit... he'd been somehow displaced to who knows where and was stuck with this magical creature. It was a very comfortable cell with the world's kindest warden, but it was still a prison all the same... even if much of the prison's amenities were more than a little tempting.

"Are you having fun coloring?" the lugia asked, snapping Pirca out of the thoughts he'd gotten himself stuck in. He turned around to see it smiling down at him, seemingly taking a bit of joy itself in the idea of him coloring in a coloring book. He couldn't help but feel a strange fuzzy feeling at that thought.

"It's... alright. A little bored, though," he answered honestly, letting his pacifier fall out of his mouth to be caught by the strap clipped to his scarf. It honestly hadn't been bad to just take a break and relax, doing something simple and mindless, but it wasn't exactly engaging enough for him to want to keep doing it for too long.

Lugia seemed to take the idea in stride, though, seemingly not upset at the idea of him getting tired of it, despite her inclination towards pushing him to do more babyish things. "Then how about we do something else? You could always go back to your game if you wanted, but we could play together if you'd like to!" Play together? He wasn't sure exactly what she meant... she'd been out in that other weird room outside of his bedroom while he'd been coloring, doing... whatever it is she did out there.

"Play together... how?" the charmeleon asked inquisitively, sounding a little interested. Sure, she could be offering something simple and mundane, but if it had anything to do with her magic, that might give him a chance to gain a little insight into how it works. The more he knew about what he was dealing with, the better, right?

"Of course, sweetie! We could play pretend together! Momma's very good at making dreams come true, after all." Pirca looked at her with a bit of confusion, gradually piecing together what she meant by that.

"You mean using your... magic?" An enthusiastic nod from the lugia confirmed that for him, and while he felt a little apprehension at the idea... it would be nice to see some of it firsthand. He hadn't exactly seen her do anything beyond the normal psychic powers he would expect from a lugia, with all of the changes around and to his room having happened overnight as he slept.

"Of course! We can't go for too long, I wouldn't want to overextend myself when I've still got work to do. But playing with you sounds like so much fun, sweetie!" The lugia seemed positively giddy at the idea of playing pretend with him, and it almost felt a little infectious.

"Alright, I guess I can try it..." Pirca said, trying to keep himself from sounding *too* enthusiastic at the prospect. He still didn't really know what it entailed, but this might be a good opportunity to prod it for a little bit of information about how all of this... worked.

"Alrighty, sweetie!" Lugia picked him up from the chair he was sitting in, standing him up next to the table. "Now, close your eyes, and let your imagination take over as you listen..." Pirca followed along, taking a deep breath as he closed his eyes, listening closely...

Before his eyes opened, finding himself somewhere completely different. Standing outdoors in front of what looked like the entrance to a cave, he could feel the grass beneath his paws and the gentle breeze on his scales as if they were completely real. He... wasn't even sure that they *weren't* real. Still wearing just a onesie over his diaper, the charmeleon immediately whipped around, though he found nobody nearby to see him.

*"Out in an open field, the maw of the cavern opens before you, leading down into darkness. You'd arrived at the dungeon you'd come here to explore, with rumors of danger and treasure deep within..."* A ghostly narration seemed to float through the air around him, spoken in Lugia's voice. Confused, Pirca looked around once more, a ghostly visage of the lugia manifesting in front of him and letting out a little giggle. "Just narrating a little, sweetie. I'm still here, no worries!"

“What... is this?” Pirca asked, feeling bewildered at the sensations he was feeling and seeing around himself. Had he actually been teleported somewhere else, or was this just... all in his head?

“We’re playing pretend, sweetie! This is your imagination! You can do whatever you want to, and I’ll just fill in the gaps for you. And right now, you’re an adventurer! Though if you want to be something else, we can always just imagine something else instead.” She seemed to consider this to all be remarkably casual for how completely baffled Pirca felt about it all. Was he still in his room, then? Was he actually moving around, or was that all just in his head as well. And if he could do whatever he wanted, then...

Focusing, Pirca thought through something he’d imagined plenty of times when playing fantasy games, reaching out his paws and focusing... and with almost no effort at all, a little white flame appeared, floating above a paw. He even felt his scarf begin to gently float in the air behind him as he cast the spell, just like he’d always imagined. He could already feel the giddiness bubbling up inside of him as he dispelled the magic, forgetting all about his worried as he turned to the lugia with an excited expression.

“S-so... what do I do?” he asked, unsure and looking for guidance, and getting a laugh and smile in response from the happy floating apparition.

“Well, go explore the dungeon, silly!” Pirca turned towards the cave entrance and steeled his nerves, failing entirely to hide just how excited he was at the prospect, before taking off towards it with reckless abandon.

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*“As you carefully peek the corner, you see a circular chamber with a raised pedestal in the center, a golden chest sitting atop it. It seems to almost glisten even in the dim light, as if beckoning you closer.”* An obvious trap, though there wasn’t much to do aside from carefully approach... he wanted whatever treasure might be hiding here, whether it was in that chest or not. Slowly, Pirca inched around the corner and carefully searched for any obvious traps, checking for tripwires or pressure plates in the floor as he walked, though nothing of the sort seemed to impede his progress towards the chest.

Conjuring a simple divine flame in one paw, Pirca carefully reached out with his other towards the chest, gently tilting the lid open. Standing off to the side so any dangerous traps inside the lid wouldn’t catch him, though it seemed like there were none of those either. Feeling confidence slowly welling up inside, Pirca finally threw open the lid of the chest, his eyes catching the glittering gold and gems inside for only a moment.

Just as he did, a different ghostly apparition sprung forth, giant purple claws reaching out as a fanged smile manifested before him, teeth opening wide to let out a ghastly shriek. Pirca immediately recoiled backwards on instinct, feeling all of that confidence rapidly turn to terror as he stumbled back, falling down onto his padded bottom. In such shock from the terror he felt, it took him a moment to realize that something more had happened, recognizing the growing warmth from an accident thanks to that terror he'd just experienced.

Trying to ignore the sudden loss of control of his bladder and the trickling wet feeling in his diaper, Pirca pushed himself back up and gave a ferocious expression, lighting his claws aflame as he conjured golden fire to orbit around himself, taking a defensive stance. The haunter laughed at his terrified reaction, though the charmeleon took the opportunity to strike, spinning forward as his scarf whipped around and smacked across the now solid body of the haunter, one of the orbiting flames striking it at the same time. The ghost let out a yelp as the divine fire struck it, immediately trying to slash back with its claws, only lightly grazing Pirca as he pulled up his scarf in defense.

Keeping on the offensive, Pirca stepped closer to the haunter with each spin, giving a hearty *whap* with his scarf accompanied by another bolt of divine fire, his momentum forcing the ghost to retreat back further and further into the room. He slowly charged light in one of his paws as he did, building up energy, catching the haunter's reaction as it recognized what was coming its way. As they approached the back wall of the room, the tables had effectively turned, and just as that light was fully charged and Pirca held out his paw to shoot out a beam of sunlight, the haunter turned tail and ran, phasing through the wall and disappearing. The beam of hot, divine light left a slight sear on the wall where it impacted, just where the haunter had left.

Taking some deep breaths, Pirca felt himself gradually calming down from the encounter, and from the fear that was still left over from the initial scare. He... wasn't normally that easily startled, was he? He'd watched plenty of videos of people playing scary games, and at best they could only get a slight jump out of him if he really wasn't expecting a scare. It made sense that it would be different in person, though... but as he reached down to absentmindedly press against the front of his bulky diaper, it was certainly soaked from the accident he'd had. He... must have just been getting used to using them... which was a weird thought to have.

Shaking off that feeling, the charmeleon waddled his way over to the chest in the center of the room, now actually taking a moment to bask in the glory of his treasure. *"Glittering gold and gems form a pile in the bottom of the chest, with a few other standout items sitting atop it. Plenty of jewelry, from bracelets to necklaces to rings are scattered throughout the pile, with a few that even look like they have the sparkle of magic to them – something to investigate later."* For now... he needed to figure out how to

get these items out of here. He didn't exactly have pockets on his onesie like he would on the robes he normally wore in fantasy games... though an idea came quickly to mind.

Pulling his scarf away from his neck just a bit, he picked up a pawful of treasure and dropped it in there, the gold and gems seeming to simply disappear as they fell into the folds of the scarf. Reaching inside with a paw, he could feel them in there as he searched for the things he'd dropped in, all of them safely inside of a little extradimensional pocket. The charmeleon let out a little giggle at his clever solution before getting to the process of shoveling treasure into the hidden pouch, gathering up all of it to carry out of the dungeon.

With the looting complete, he turned and waddled his way back through the corridors, popping his pacifier into his mouth with a grin and a bounce in his step, navigating out the way he'd come through, past all of the pokemon he'd managed to knock out along the way. It was *his* treasure now, he thought with a mischievous grin.

As he made it back outside, he saw Lugia's apparition appear again with a giggle, giving a few claps. *"Good job, sweetie! You made it through that with almost no problem! Just a few scratches here and there."* It was a little bit of an exaggeration, there was one fight where he'd found himself caught off guard, but it was easy enough to patch himself up with a bit of healing magic. The only lingering issue was the thoroughly wet diaper he was stuck wearing now... his magic could heal his wounds, but not dry his accident, after all.

He giggled and gave Lugia a smile, feeling proud of himself, and having had a really good time. "What now?" he asked, unsure of what was next, through the lugia just gave him a gentle pet on the top of his head.

"Well, I think we'd better stop for now, don't wanna get you too tuckered out! And I do think someone needs a change, after all..." He blushed and nodded... did that mean that he'd actually wet himself, then? It wasn't just in this pretend world? Strange... his thoughts drifted back to wondering what exactly his body was doing while all of this was happening... though there was one good way to find out. He had a few questions he could hopefully get answers to as well, now that Lugia was hopefully in a particularly good mood from them playing together. After just a moment, he closed his eyes, the feeling of the wind and the grass beneath his paws gradually disappearing once more, and giving way to something else...