

“Having fun with playtime, little one?” a smooth, deep voice asks from just behind you. In a panic, you turn around, nearly shouting out of fear. You were certain you were entirely alone only moments ago, and yet standing right there is a zoroark; tall, lithe, and with a sleepy grin on their face. Their eyebrow raises at your reaction, seeming intrigued, letting out a chuckle even as you breathe heavily, confused and frozen in fear. You don’t recognize them, you’ve definitely never seen them before, and yet they seem perfectly at ease in your home, as if it were entirely natural that they were there.

Before you can get your mind running well enough to question their identity or sudden appearance, they’ve already moved past that. “Oh, you do get so lost in the role sometimes, don’t you? The power of imagination...” They look off to the side wistfully, with a smile, as if reminiscing about something. “Well, no matter, I was just coming to check on you. Dinner will be done soon, and also...” They trail off, glancing down at the seat of the chair, as if they’d noticed something. You glance down as well and see nothing. “Well, it seems I came at a good time, then. Let’s get you all fixed up, hm?”

Still confused and reeling, you instinctively pull away as the zoroark reaches out towards you, though they quickly get their paws underneath your armpits, *hoisting* upwards and pulling you into the air with ease. They seemed to put little to no effort into it, even though they’re only slightly taller than you, and certainly don’t look that powerful. You quickly start to squirm in their arms, not all too interested in this stranger carrying you around like it was nothing, offering up some protest verbally at the same time. “Aw, always so fussy to have playtime interrupted, huh? Sorry, but it simply must be done, you can go right back to playing afterwards, can’t you?” Your protests were cut off by the slice of their voice, feeling your own voice immediately trail off as soon as they began talking. It felt like it cut through the air, stronger and above any other sounds around, even though they spoke so gently.

It felt almost ethereal.

You still squirmed, but you felt almost less inclined to after what they said... though you weren’t sure why. You also couldn’t quite tell where they were taking you, before they suddenly lifted you off of themselves and set you down onto a soft, cushioned platform in the corner of the room. Something that wasn’t there before. Looking down, the cushion was covered in small patterns of wisps, though you couldn’t tell *what* you were sitting on from this angle. You started to ask, only to feel your words be cut off once more by their voice, as if the sound of your speech were sliced by their sharp claws. “You’re *really* deep in the role this time, aren’t you? I suppose I’ll have to be the one to clear away all of the haze for you...”

A paw gently pressed against your chest, and you felt yourself leaning backwards with it, offering up no real resistance as you were laid down on the table. You watched as the zoroark standing above you gave you a grin, before deeply inhaling... then breathing out with a large gust of air over you as you laid down. You felt your clothes flutter from the feeling, suddenly feeling lighter, and as you watched, they almost

seemed to dissolve into nothing, vanishing from your body as if they were never there at all. A bit of panic returning to your mind, you immediately reached down to cover yourself up, only for the zoroark looking down at you to chuckle, their half-lidded eyes lighting up a bit as they shook their head dismissively.

“Wow, someone’s been fooling themselves for a while, huh? You know it’s not anything I haven’t seen before, little one, not with how often I set you down onto this table. And if you weren’t so many layers deep into your little illusions, you’d know that it’s not even visible right now...” They seemed to genuinely giggle at how strangely they perceived your actions to be, even though you felt that it was perfectly reasonable to cover yourself up in front of this stranger. Even if it no longer felt all that strange that they were in your home, for some reason. And even if you didn’t particularly feel like squirming off the table anymore.

With slow movements, the zoroark moved their paws down, claws gently wrapping around your wrists and easing them away from your crotch. Even with how gentle their touch was, you could feel that even if you tried to tug back control, you wouldn’t have much success. Like they didn’t *need* to put in any particular effort to move you around. Like it really was that easy for them to pick you up, that easy to move you around, like they were somehow just *that much* stronger than you.

“Oh, is that really why you’re so bashful about what’s down there? You were playing pretend as a little character that wasn’t caged like you are? Well isn’t that silly... You don’t have to be so worried about me seeing all your little illusions. I think it’s cute that you tried playing as someone without a cage!” Something about the way they said that made your heart beat faster, if it wasn’t already from how embarrassing the moment was. It felt so strange to lay here with them looking down at you, even if they treated it all as if it were completely normal. An everyday occurrence. Like they’d seen you in this position a thousand times, and would a thousand times more. If anything, it was out of place how strange *you* found it to be.

Another deep breath in above you, another grin as they held it for a moment, and another deep breath out, feeling like a gently whipping wind washed over your body. This time, rather than something dissolving away, you watched as something dissolved in reverse, appearing down between your legs. A little cage, just like they said you had. Small, unobtrusive, and without any locking mechanism that you could see. Something about it made your heart beat even faster than it already was, a heavy blush coming to your face. You would have reached up to cover it if your arms weren’t still being held down by one claw each at the moment.

They smiled once more, as if things had somehow become more right in the world with that simple action. With your cage reappearing, like it had always been there. Like it was always meant to be there. Like it had never gone away in the first place. It almost felt strange, thinking back to moments ago when

it wasn't there. Like you couldn't quite remember what it was like those few moments back, as if it were a fading dream. It felt like it really had always been there, like you'd... somehow simply convinced yourself that it wasn't there for a time.

...Had it always been there?

You...

You weren't sure anymore.

"There, doesn't that feel more... right?" they asked, and after a moment's pause, you couldn't help but nod. It did feel more right. You weren't sure what exactly they were talking about with the "illusions", but even if the sight of your cage brought a heavy blush to your face, it really did feel more right. They smiled down at you as you nodded, seemingly happy that they'd made things better for you, however they'd done it. "Of course, you still can't see it, can you?" You looked up at them with confusion in your expression, then back down at yourself. You definitely *could* see it, it was right there in front of you, clear as day. You weren't exactly sure what they meant... but your confusion only made them chuckle once more, as you turned away with a stronger blush.

"Here, let me make things a little bit clearer for you, hm?" Once more, they breathed in deep, paused for a moment, and then breathed heavily out all at once, that wind washing over you once more. It almost tickled as it ruffled your fur, feeling strange against your body. You weren't sure if you'd always had fur or not, but it didn't register very clearly on your mind for you to notice. You watched as once again, something new appeared down between your legs, something large slowly taking shape. Round, poofy, and keeping your legs held apart, a new undergarment manifested around you. You could pretty clearly feel its bulk underneath you as well, cushioning your bottom against the already cushioned table.

A diaper?

You recognized the feeling of its bulk, of the squish of the soggy padding between your legs, a telltale sign that you'd used it plenty of times already, what with how hefty and squishy it was. And with a blush, you registered that you'd certainly used it *plenty*, noticing the extra squish underneath you. They were right about you needing a change, you'd already wet and messed this diaper to capacity, hadn't you? ...That felt strange, like that thought had come out of nowhere. You weren't wearing a diaper just moments ago, right? They'd suddenly made it appear when they did... whatever it was that their breath was doing.

Suddenly, everything felt so out of place.

Where were you, exactly? Your home, right? That's where you were before they'd showed up. And yet, the changing table you were laying on wasn't normally a part of your home. And as you took your eyes off of them to glance around, the surroundings felt off. Was the diaper chart always there above the changing table? Or the playmat across the room where you'd been sitting earlier? Half of the room looked hazy, wispy, intangible, as if it were a veneer over the real thing, a façade covering up something underneath. Why did that feel so wrong?

You felt dizzy as you stared at it, but a quick sound from the zoroark brought your eyes right back to them. It felt much more stable to look at them, rather than the room around, like their presence was grounding you here. Some of the dizziness started to fade, though it was still there in the back of your mind, like everything wasn't quite right. Even thinking back to just a few minutes ago was difficult, trying to focus on details, everything slipping through your mind like sand through an hourglass. One that was quickly starting to run out of time, fading, fading away.

"I know the last few steps can be the most difficult when you're this far into your illusions, playing pretend as deeply as you were. Just focus on me for now, alright?" That smooth, gentle voice coaxed your attention away from your mind and right back onto them, and things felt a little bit better. A little bit simpler. A little bit easier. Like you were thinking a little harder than you should, a little harder than you normally do. You could stand to relax a little, couldn't you? Let those worried, overworked thoughts slow down just a bit. "There, that's much better, don't you agree?" You nodded your head without thinking about it.

"Just one last big breath, and you can let all those big illusions you're holding on to fade away for me, can't you? Just feel the wind wash away all the haze, and **let go.**" A deep breath in. A pause. The whistling wind once more. You felt it wash over you, over your whole body, and felt your whole body start to shift along with it, as if you were the one dissolving this time. Dissolving away... and dissolving right back into place. Into a new shape. Or... was it an old shape? You couldn't quite tell.

Smaller. Much smaller. You could feel yourself shrink down to a size that was much smaller than the zoroark looking down at you. More than easy for them to pick up and carry around with ease, without putting any effort into it. It had been easy for them to move you the whole time. You could feel your body shifting around, though it wasn't fully clear what was actually changing, and what had always been there. You weren't even sure what you'd had during the illusion anymore. Had your fur always been grey and red, or was that new? It looked normal, but you couldn't remember what it looked like mere seconds ago, if it had looked the same before the breath.

And had you always had four legs, or did you have two legs and two arms in the illusion you'd conjured? You really weren't sure, like your little imagined pocket of reality was truly fading away, as if it had never even been there. Just a dream, and as you woke up, it was gone. Dissolved to a whisper on the wind, as if it were nothing at all. It was such a strange feeling; just minutes ago, it was so obvious what was real and what was fake, you could have answered that question so easily. And yet now that the tables had been flipped and the rug pulled from under you, you just weren't sure anymore. Had it all been... an illusion?

The zoroark smiled above you once more, and you looked up at them with wide, curious eyes, like a kit who just couldn't quite piece together what was happening around them. "Aw, such a stubborn little mind in there... so fixated on one thing that you still can't quite figure out what's real. Even though all your little illusions on the outside have been dispelled, there's one more silly little illusion inside, isn't there?" You shut your eyes tight, trying to reconcile your thoughts, as mismatched as they were. "Do you want some help with that last little one inside?"

You...

Nodded your head...

Slowly.

They smiled.

"You can feel all that tension in your head, can't you?"

You could.

"Focus on it for a moment, for me. Feel it manifest. Draw it all together to one little spot, all those scary thoughts, those difficult thoughts, all packed together into one place."

You could feel it, all there as you focused. It made your head feel funny, your tummy feel funny, you didn't quite understand it, but they knew what they were doing. You could trust them.

“Those funny feelings inside your mind... let them all come together, and focus on them. All right there, like one big bubble. A big, round bubble of thoughts floating right there in your head. Can you see it when you close your eyes?”

You can see it there, floating inside of your mind. All the hard thoughts that you can't quite understand, that they're helping make go away.

“Now, I want you to imagine my paw in there. One big claw, pointing right at that bubble. You can see it, can't you? Pointing right at it, getting closer and closer.”

You watched their claw get closer to the bubble of thoughts, each centimeter feeling like it took a thousand years to move, every little movement feeling like that weird tension inside of you was growing stronger.

“Do you know what will happen? As soon as my sharp claw touches the bubble?”

The bubble would... pop.

“Focus on that word now. That special word. Get ready for it.”

You felt their claw gently rest on your chest, ever so slowly tracing down...

Down...

down...

Until it was barely touching your diaper.

You *shivered*.

You weren't sure why.

until...

“Pop!”

Their single claw pressed down against the front of your diaper, against your cage underneath. You felt your whole body tense up, an involuntary whimper drawn from your throat, then another, as your body suddenly moved on its own.

Pleasure rapidly flooded your mind as they set off your hair trigger, the press of a single claw enough to push you over the edge into ecstasy, your hips automatically and desperately rocking up at the air above you, feeling that claw press down each time your diaper raised up to meet it.

You made a pretty big sticky mess in your diaper.

“There, doesn’t that feel so much better? To let out all that silly tension?” The happy, lazy voice of the zoroark returned to your ears as they perked up, breathing heavily after such intense stickies. You... couldn’t even remember what you were thinking about before that, stickies always made your thoughts scatter for a little while. But it felt so good... it was always so nice when your caretaker helped you have them!

You nodded, and they smiled at you. You smiled back.

“Now, how about we get you changed, finally? Dinner should be done right about now, and I’m not trusting putting you in the highchair in a diaper this full...” they chuckled, and you did too. You took a few deep breaths to help calm yourself down as they expertly slashed the tapes on your diaper with their claws, letting it fall open, getting to work. You closed your eyes and felt the wipes cleaning you up, felt a new diaper sliding underneath you, felt the sprinkling of powder all over your cage and bottom. They folded up the old diaper and you could hear the *thud* of it being dropped into the pail next to the changing table, then you felt your new one being put on with ease. It was nice, getting changed by them.

“Now I think being so good during that change definitely earned you a gold star, don’t you think?” You beamed and opened your eyes, seeing them peel off a new one to put on your potty chart. You did a good job with your diaper *and* during the change, so you got a gold star! It made you giggle, looking up at a chart full of gold stars, for all the diapers you’d done a wonderful job filling.

“Alright, time for dinner! Let’s get you settled into your highchair, alright?” You nodded, scooped up by your caretaker for them to carry you into the other room.

You could get back to playtime once you had a full belly, after all.