

You whimpered, your hands clenched in front of your crotch. You couldn't bring yourself to look up at your daddy - the incineroar standing just in front of you with his hands on his hips and a somewhat disappointed look on his face. "Come on, kiddo, just let me give you a quick check. I just wanna make sure your cage is still on and comfy," he said in a caring voice, a tone in it showing that he already knew exactly what he was going to find based on how you were acting. Slowly, you pulled your fists away, and he knelt down and gently hooked a thumb under each side of your shorts, pulling them down to reveal the wet pull-up underneath.

You could already feel the burn coming to your face, turning to the side as you bit your lip and tried to stifle a snuffle. You tried really hard, you really did! You really thought you could handle moving to pull-ups, and it was going so well, and you really wanted to prove that you could handle it, but... The incineroar gently tilted your head back to look at him, giving you a gentle smile that helped your sniffles start to fade away. "Hey, it's alright, champ. Just couldn't hold it, huh?" You nodded sheepishly in response as he stood back up. "That's okay, kiddo. I wanted to let you try since you were so insistent... but I had a feeling this might happen. Just let Daddy make it better for you, alright?"

You knew what 'making it better' meant... but you couldn't help but nod and raise your arms as he reached out for you, letting the incineroar lift you up into his strong arms and carry you off, your shorts left behind on the ground. You were carried over to the changing table and set on top of it, and though you whimpered a bit, you laid down on the table and kept your hands pulled away obediently. "I know you really wanted to try potty training again... but it really doesn't look like that's working out, champ. Let's get you back into something with a bit more protection, alright? You can always try the training out another day."

The soggy pull-up was pulled off of you, and with gentle hands, the incineroar wiped you down, delicately cleaning you up from your accident. You still couldn't help but squirm a little bit during the change from the feelings of him touching all those... sensitive areas... Even with your cage on, that touch had you trying to hide the visible and audible signs of what you were feeling. Daddy spent a little extra time gently running the wipe over the extra sensitive areas before finally stopping, pulling out a new extra thick diaper for you - the exact kind you'd been trying so hard to prove you didn't need anymore. At least before the pull-ups he'd gotten you some thinner diapers... but it seemed you were back at square one.

He lifted up your legs and slid it under, pulling out the powder and getting to work with your change, his voice sounding a bit stern as he spoke. "Now, you know you were supposed to come tell Daddy as soon as you felt like you needed to go. But I'm not so sure I can trust you walking around without proper protection if you can't handle coming to tell me when you need the potty. If you want to prove you can

handle potty training, you're gonna have to prove it to me, kiddo, otherwise we're gonna have to keep you in these to make sure we don't end up with puddles all over the place, alright?" You nodded as he taped up the diaper for you, that familiar bulk keeping your legs pushed apart enough to make you waddle instead of walk.

"There's my good little tyke," he said, his smile returning as he patted the front of your diaper a few times. Even just that gentle pressure got a cute noise out of you after all the teasing he'd given during the change, and he grinned at that reaction. "Now, how about we get you your bottle, huh?" Scooped up once more, you wrapped your arms around Daddy's neck as he carried you to go get a bottle for you, taking you to his recliner and sitting down with you on his lap. You laid back, cradled in his arm as he held up your bottle for you, placing it into your mouth for you to drink.

Your drinking was interrupted slightly as you felt his other hand come to rest on the front of your diaper, very slowly and gently pressing at it, feeling your cage try in vain to push back. He slowly rubbed against your diaper, pressing at your cage and making you whimper, then pressing at your bladder instead, causing a quick, desperate squeak before you lost what little control you were still holding onto, flooding the diaper you'd just gotten changed into. You whimpered as it happened, but Daddy gently shushed you as he held your bottle for you, continuing to press against your cage and rub your diaper.

"Just remember, that little cage of yours is only coming off once you can prove you're fully potty trained..." he said quietly as you finished off your bottle, setting it off to the side as he readjusted you to instead straddle one of his legs. He started gently bouncing you up and down on his knee, rubbing one hand against your back while the other patted the back of your diaper. It felt so good, the slight rhythmic pressure pushing your wet diaper against your cage over and over again, and being held against Daddy was so nice, and he'd teased you so much... You already found yourself moaning and humping against him within only seconds of starting.

"Now... how about you be a good champ and show Daddy that you don't even need that cage taken off?" It only took a few seconds of desperate, breathy moans for you to have your second accident in your diapers, making a big sticky mess through your cage as you wrapped your arms around Daddy, whimpering and moaning into him. He gently pet your back and pat your diaper, holding onto you tight.

Somewhere deep down inside, you were glad Daddy put you back in your diapers. You didn't need to finish potty training so soon, anyways.