

“Gooooood morning, sweetie! Or evening, I suppose,” a gentle voice called out, stirring Pirca from his midday naptime. The charmeleon let out a few little grumbles as he was slowly pulled up from the depths of sleep and back into the land of the living... wherever in that land he might have resided. A big yawn followed by rubbing the sleep out of his eyes signaled that the charmeleon was awake, earning him some gentle pets from the large plush paw of his loving plush caretaker.

He sat up, feeling a little more rested than before... though he couldn't say he really remembered how sleepy he was before naptime. He'd been so much sleepier almost all the time recently... before, he almost never liked taking naps, and he remembered hating naptime as a kid, but with how sleepy he'd been feeling, being gently coerced into bed for a midday nap each day hadn't been all that bad, really. Mommy said they were good for him anyways, so it was alright.

The noticeable squish of his diaper hit Pirca's senses as he sat up slightly, some part of him still feeling a little strange about that... but he wasn't really all too sure why. Wet diapers had become a pretty normal part of his life, and he found himself in a warm, soggy diaper just about every time he woke up. That record didn't change at all once he was awake, most of the time he didn't even fully notice that he'd started having an accident until he felt that spreading warmth in his diaper, and at that point, it was too late to stop himself anyways... though that thought echoed hollow in his head, sounding a little strange. What would he be stopping for? Just to... wet his diaper later instead?

He tried to push the weird thought away, raising up his arms for Momma to pick him up, the lugia more than happily raising the charmeleon out of bed and setting him down in his chair. He realized after a moment that she'd been talking, his thoughts proving too strangely distracting for him to focus... he looked up at her, eyes focusing in as he tilted his head. “Momma's gonna be working on the playroom, you just come knock on the door if you need anything, alright, cutie?” He nodded, feeling a smile come to his face as he looked up at her big, happy smile, a warmth that spread inside of him. Even despite everything... it was still very nice being with Momma.

He watched as the lugia turned and walked across his nursery, opening up the door at the far end and squeezing through it, her plush slightly compressing as her waist somewhat struggled to make it through the door that wasn't quite sized for a plushie as big as her. As the door closed, Pirca turned to his desk... though rather than reaching for his game like normal, he frowned, a few of those thoughts still puzzling around in his head.

He still felt... weird. He'd been having a little trouble concentrating recently, things feeling like a bit more of a blur than normal. Though... it made sense, nothing had really changed in a while, had it? Normally,

each day was marked by certain things, having to get up early to walk to an in-person class, needing to do laundry one day, walk to the store on another to restock on the cheap college foods he could afford. Turn in work for one class on Friday, start work on another, don't forget about the quiz next Monday. Things that gave him... an actual reason to remember what day it was. Needing to step out of his room every now and then to brave the outside for whatever reason... seeing people other than himself and his Momma.

There hadn't been much to keep track of for a little while, ever since the lugia showed up... the potty chart over his changing table served as a marker of the days as they went by, and if he remembered correctly, it had been... a little over two weeks, the last time he'd looked up at it. Two weeks... even just thinking about that felt so strange.

That weird feeling just wouldn't quite go away, but some of the bad parts of it got a little quieter as Pirca's focus drifted away from the complicated parts of his life that he wasn't experiencing anymore. Deadlines and homework and classes and money... it had gotten easier to push the anxiety that those thoughts brought with them away, recently. He didn't have to worry about any of that stuff right now.

Lost in his thoughts, the little one's paws drifted, one easily coming up to his muzzle and letting a thumb slip into it. His pacifier was right there, clipped to his scarf as it always was, but it was more natural for him to find his thumb in his muzzle when he got distracted and Mommy wasn't there to pop his pacifier in where it belonged. The other one drifted down to the diaper that kept his legs spread so far apart, pressing his palm into it and feeling the squish.

Something about it still felt weird in the back of his mind... but it also felt... nice. One part of him that he certainly hadn't forgotten about had loved the feeling of a soaked diaper for longer than his Mommy had been around to change them for him, and though it had seemingly been a while since he'd wet this one in his sleep, it was still a little warm and plenty squishy. The thought that it could be a bit warmer was one that ran quickly through his mind, and before he even knew it, the quiet sound of wetting his diaper hit the charmeleon's ears, a relaxed and comfortable sigh of relief coming over him at the same time.

Eyes closed and feeling fully relaxed, Pirca leaned back in his chair, suckling on his thumb entirely on instinct, and basking in the warm, wonderful feelings from his diaper. He felt... so nice, so comfy and cozy as he laid in that gentle, pervasive haze that had taken root in his thoughts recently. It felt good to relax, and lay back, and feel his paw on his warm, wet diaper, and... to gently press and rub at it...

He didn't fully realize what he was doing, or even that he was doing it at all, but moving entirely on instinct, the charmeleon's paw slowly rubbed up... and down across his diaper, gently pressing down against it as he did, that pressure feeling very, very good. He hadn't done anything like this in a while, not since his Mommy had appeared at least. Huffy feelings seemed to always come when she was around, and she seemed to be more than happy to give his diapers a strong buzz, seemingly always enjoying his buzzies just as much as he did.

But it felt... very, very nice. He didn't entirely know why, and he couldn't know the full reason – the hypnosis that had been taking root in his mind, focusing his thoughts and feelings more and more towards being a good diapered baby... the hazy, pink fog that had been settling over all of his thoughts, clouding the difficult ones in obscurity while giving everything a special tingle of pleasure and huffiness... his Mommy giving him lots of special opportunities to learn just how wonderful his diapers could feel with just a few special touches...

And most of all, those "good feelings" that gave his Momma the energy she needed, focusing so much on making sure he felt very, very good, with plenty of time dedicated to ensuring the charmeleon gave her every last little bit of pleasure that he could possibly give. He... hadn't had all that much alone time, mostly just spending it playing his games or watching shows or movies that Momma put on for him, and most of the time when he was actually alone, he didn't feel all too huffy. But... now that the opportunity was here, those rubs and squishes of his diaper felt so wonderful.

The little one barely realized just how many sounds he was making as he rubbed away at his heavy, squishy diaper, muffled moans through his thumb mixed with the cacophony of crinkles his diaper was giving off with each and every press and knead, feeling so wonderful as every touch sent sparks flying through his brain. That cloudy haze that had made its home in his mind was incendiary, each little spark of pleasure threatening to light his whole mind ablaze as he moaned in his chair, suckling his thumb as all of those difficult thoughts faded away in favor of something so, so much better – pure, unfiltered pleasure.

And before he even realized what the signs and feelings meant, the charmeleon was bucking his hips up into his palm on pure instinct, moaning and huffing and squealing as he made a big, sticky mess of his diapers.

He laid there for a moment, breathing heavily and suckling on his thumb as he felt those good feelings washing over him... only for it to all be interrupted by the sound of a voice in front of him.

“What are you doing, sweetie?” His eyes snapped open to see his Momma looking down at him, a slight hint of disapproval in her voice – nothing pointed or with malice, sounding like she was disappointed to find her little one with his hand in the cookie jar. He... felt stunned, and didn’t really know how to respond, words failing to come to his mind. On instinct, he returned to suckling his thumb for the gentle comfort it gave.

“Was someone having stickies without permission? It sure sounded like it... and looks a lot like it, with your paw on your diaper like that.” Pirca gave a little whimper, his paw embarrassingly clenching but staying where it was, feeling frozen in place in his mommy’s disappointed gaze. Permission? He... he didn’t... why would he need permission for that? He... he had those plenty, it was normal, right?

“B-but... huh?” he mumbled from around his pacifier, looking a little confused and worried, just the lugia’s tone and expression being enough to make him feel guilty, despite not even really knowing what he did wrong. He... he didn’t want to make her upset... right? Even if she was his captor, it just felt wrong to make her upset... he wanted the lugia to be happy, the same way she wanted him to be happy.

That expression seemed to soften quite a bit as the lugia sighed, seemingly recognizing the confusion in her charge’s face. “*Sigh*... You just didn’t know any better, did you, sweetie? It’s okay, Momma can help. Come here, little one.” The lugia walked forward with her arms out, gently scooping the charmeleon up into her loving arms and carrying him off to the changing room. He whimpered a little bit, still feeling ashamed and embarrassed at being caught like that... on top of his worry about apparently being naughty without realizing.

He was gently set down on the changing table, his thumb eased out of his muzzle and his pacifier placed in where it belonged by his momma, the charmeleon gently suckling on it as he sat there, looking to the side in a mixture of shame and embarrassment, his paws gently held on his lap in fists. “Hey, it’s alright, sweetie. It was just another kind of accident, it’s okay. Momma’s got just the thing to help keep those little urges of yours in check when it’s not playtime yet.” He looked up at her as she gently placed her large wings against him to ease him down into a laying position, starting the motions of a diaper change. His diaper was opened up and his legs lifted as she cleaned him up thoroughly, wiping up all of the stickies that had gotten on him rather than being absorbed into his diaper, as well as cleaning him up from his naptime wetting.

Once he’d been thoroughly cleaned and a new diaper was set out underneath him, the lugia revealed just what it’d had in mind for helping him with those urges as it floated into the charmeleon’s view. The shiny, reflective metal of a chastity cage seemed to glint in the room’s dim light, reflecting the flame at

the tip of Pirca's tail. What looked like a completely flat cage and a ring that was surely too small, even for him... His heart suddenly began to beat faster as he recognized what it was, growing more and more worried even as the lugia in front of him smiled gently. "Here you go, sweetie, just let Momma help you put on your new cage and you won't have to worry about silly stiffies anymore, okay?"

The charmeleon's legs closed and his arms pulled in, shaking his head as he suckled on his pacifier for comfort. "I... I don't... don't need a cage, Mommy! P-pwease..." he said with a whimper, lispng around his pacifier, not wanting to take it out to talk when it was comforting him.

The lugia almost seemed... apologetic, in her expression as he gently begged her. The poor boy was still clinging to a fair amount of adult thoughts and ideas, after all... he wasn't exactly at the point where it was easy for her to do or say just about anything and get a happy 'Yes, Momma!' in response. It was clear from his expression that he was obviously worried and even a little scared by the device, still knowing what it was and what it meant... but she couldn't have him doing naughty things like that on his own and messing with his own training.

It was especially important for her to be present when he had a sticky accident like that... but at this point, he needed to start being weaned off of relying on those stickies so much, anyways. It had been very useful for boosting her energy quite a bit for all those important early days, but she knew very well that in the long term, a properly needy and desperate baby would be far better for her, and for him, than one who let out just that little burst of huffy energy each day.

"Here, just let Momma take care of it all for you, alright, sweetie? There's no need to worry... Momma's got you." Pirca glanced up at her, catching sight of her eyes for a moment... and as he looked into them, that fear gently ebbed, at least for a moment, allowing her to do what she needed to. Responding to her magic, that metal ring expanded as she eased his privates into it, the ring then compressing and molding itself to perfectly fit against his crotch and loop around his balls, following the contour of his skin and getting as small as it could without causing any discomfort to the little one. The cage quickly followed, perfectly aligning itself as it pressed against the ring, securing itself perfectly to both the charmeleon and the ring.

As the minor magic in her eyes faded away, Pirca looked down at the cage that now encased his privates. The cage itself was almost perfectly flat, perfectly and completely hiding away the dick that had once been there, not even a nub in its place. His balls were pulled forward by the ring, ensuring that he wasn't slipping out under any circumstances with how perfectly tight it was. Though he quickly realized there was no way he'd be slipping out anyways, as an experimental tug showed that the cage wasn't even

pulling away from his skin a centimeter, like it was perfectly, magically held right against him, tight and secure. And as he looked at the spot where a lock would normally go to hold the two pieces together... there was nothing, not even an indication that they were separate pieces at all. One continuous metal piece, keeping him from reaching or rubbing anything but his balls, even through his diaper. Keeping him from getting any... stiffies, as his mommy had called them. From the strange way it felt on the inside, even keeping him perfectly lined up internally with the single little hole in the front, for him to use his diapers.

The little charmeleon began to breathe quickly, his heartbeat growing faster along with his breaths, little shivers across his body as the clear signs of a tantrum began, a visible growing storm on the horizon. He felt overwhelmed, so overwhelmed, so many thoughts going through his head all at once that he couldn't, he couldn't—

“Just **relax** for me, sweetie, let Momma take care of it for you.”