

Sylveon and His New 'Veas

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Content Warnings: Pokemon, Hypnosis, Mental Regression, Humping, Babying, Diapers, Wetting, Dub-Con

A Jolteon giggles as he is kissed and smothered humiliatingly by a Sylveon above him. His laughter, though high-pitched, fades slowly as his voice gets quieter and his eyes lid. And yet, though he gets quiet down he jolts himself up, keeping himself awake for just a little longer. He tries to get away from the kissing, but all he can do is limply lift his paw to push Sylveon away.

“*What,*” teases Sylveon, “you don’t like my kissies?” He doesn’t wait for an answer, and goes back in for a longer, more aggressive smooch. This turns the Jolteon’s giggling into squealing cackles, putting all his strength into his voice to announce his pleasure to his fellow Eeveelution.

Opening his eyes as he pants away the exhaustive laughter, the Jolteon sees the same pastel walls around him, the one he’s known for as long as he’s bothered to remember. The toys scattered around him. The pile of emptied bottles set on a table besides a crib.

Yawning, the Jolteon stretches the fatigue out of his body, soft crinkles escaping from behind him. A sound that makes him smile.

“You still enjoy your diapie?” the Sylveon smirks. Reaching out one of his ribbons, he reaches towards Jolteon’s bottom. Feeling his way around his rotund waist for what feels like an eternity, he finds something hard amongst all the soft. With a couple of snaps, he undoes the buttons on the flaps of Jolteon’s light brown onesie. The ribbon then feels the contents underneath, creating a cacophony of crinkles.

“Hmph. Still clean are you? Is my little Eevee holding it in?”

Jolteon shakes his head. “N-nuh-uh! I just... don’t feel full yet.”

“D’aww, you must be starving to death! Are you hungry?”

Jolteon’s caretaker picks him up with his ribbons. He doesn’t give him the time to give a yes or a no, instead carrying him just above his head. Not that Jolteon seems to mind, for he is already yipping with a smile across his snout, and a weak kick from his hind leg. Carrying him to the kitchen, he another ribbon to grab a bottle of milk. Seeing Jolteon’s eyes glisten upon sight of the glass bottle makes him smirk. *How long’s it been?* he stares as his Jolteon suckling upon the bottle, *A week? All it took to make my Eevee love his Daddy.*

Jolteon contentedly drinks his beverage as Sylveon pets him like a kit, coddling him with one ribbon, the bottle with another, and giving him head scratches and diaper rubs with his final two. As he

pats and fondles his 'Vees diaper front, he can feel something poking upward from inside the plastic and the cloth. Sylveon chuckles. Really *love his Daddy*.

Sylveon lowers him down, bringing him closer to his face. "You're a cute little 'Vee, you know that?" he whispers with a nuzzle on his "childs" cheek, "and a cute little 'Vee such as yourself deserves a gift."

Jolteon pops the bottles nipple out of his mouth to listen with perked-up ears.

"I bet it's fun to play with Daddy all day, everyday. And believe me Daddy loves playing with you. But don't you think it'll get boring here, all by yourself?"

"Hmm?" Jolteon tilts his head.

"So... I've been thinking. How would you feel, er... if I got you a playmate?"

"P... playmate?"

You know, a fellow Eevee to play with?"

"*Playmate!*?" A surge of energy bursts through Jolteon. He wildly kicks all four legs, squirming in Sylveons grip and almost whacking the bottle out of his ribbon. Sylveon leans and wobbles, almost losing his grip on his 'Vee "Playmate, playmate! Wanna play with playmate!"

Sylveon closes one eye and shields himself from the onslaught of Jolteons excited kicking. He struck a bigger nerve in his "child," as he had expected. "Alright, alright, calm down sweetie. I'll get you your playmate. But first, we gotta get you to beddy-bye."

"Aww, but *Daddy*, I wanna *play*..."

"Now now, you can play when your new friend gets here."

"But... but I not tired..." Jolteon bows his head, exhaling sharply.

A ribbon taps on the edge of Jolteons snout, making him frown and clamp his eyes shut. "Hush..." Sylveon shushes gently as he brings Jolteon closer to him.

"I promise you honey; when I get back we can play 'til our hearts give out. But for now it's time to get nice... and cozy..."

Getting in closer, Sylveon gives his "Eevee" a long kiss on the cheek. Jolteons eyes widen for a second... then his eyelids sink like stones. His paws go limp, his muzzle hangs agape as he quietly snores.

Sylveon slowly walks to his crib, and softly sets Jolteon down on a cushin, placing a little to Banette in his paws. *Such a perfect boy*, he smiles, enjoying the sight of his kit in a peaceful slumber, *And to think he was so fussy a week before*.

Padding away and silently shutting the nursery door, Sylveon puts a ribbon to the door and steps out.

A shame I'll have to calm another fussy 'Vee... he sighs as he stretches his limbs, a brief exercise before the journey ahead. But... if it means I have two 'Vees to care for, I'd gladly do it all over again.

An Espeon takes a moment to rest under a pine tree, giving his sore legs a break from days of travel. The near-noon breeze makes his thicker fur wave like purple grass. He shivers. Even if his fur had grown longer to beat back winter's chill, he still can't stand the mid-spring breeze.

But even so, he stares into the shade of the trees and the rays of sunlight poking through, with a view like this... heh, I wouldn't trade travel for the world.

After a good while of rest the psychic fox sighs. *Okay. Enough rest. The mission. Gotta focus on the mission.* Using his powers, he takes a long yellowed scroll out from a belt across his back. In midair so as not to stain it with still-wet grass, he rolls out the old and roughly-sketched map. In red ink, he reads a cross labeled "Jolteons last known location" in an area marked by trees. Espeon growls to himself. *Map-making's ah... it ain't easy, he grimaces, so much for path-finding.*

But... I think I'm in the right forest. It's uncharted territory, so Jolteon must've gotten lost. Espeon gets up with a grunt and looks deeper into the canopy of trees and takes a few steps forward. *Well... this looks a good a place as any.* The psychic type closes his eyes and inhales deeply.

Ping!

From within his eyelids a world lights up around him. Outlines of trees and scrubs and grass, the *ping!* bouncing off the bark and leaves. And from inside the branches and under the dirt, living things glow and *ping!* back. Those glowing objects dim slightly and become more recognizable as bird and bug Pokemon resting in trees and the underground.

Hmm... psychic ping! didn't reveal anything, Espeon frowns up at the canopy, ...but maybe the locals can give me directions.

Rolling the map back up, he climbs his way up the trees and digs a little into the dirt, asking around for a lost Jolteon. The Starly and Sewaddle he meets initially are, oddly, tight-lipped and dismissive of Espeon. Sometimes rather aggressively. It hurts Espeon, but he can hardly blame them. It's a rough world out here, full of rough Pokemon. Even Espeon knows this. It's why he's done his best to hone his psychic abilities to make up for his lack of physical strength.

But still, bother enough people and one can squeeze a little information from sparse sources. Eventually, Espeon finds patterns in the half-answers he gains from the wild Pokemon. "A yellow four-leg was seen that-a-way," caws a Fletchling, "I led a Jolteon to my pond," says a Mudkip, "I think I saw smoke rising over the horizon that way," chitters a Wurmple.

All of these answers, aimless on their own, lead him down a path towards... somewhere. Towards Jolteon, ideally, but the forest is still a large and labyrinthine place. Despite how little he has

to go off of, however, Espeon follows the information trail. Using his psychic *ping!* to detect life signatures in the immediate vicinity, he only finds more wild Pokemon with equally meager clues.

It's an exhausting day. One where he feels as though he's walking in circles in a forest that feels more and more maze-like as morning goes to noon. Multiple times, Espeon has to sit and rest. "grhh... why couldn't that guild given me an easier task? Finding some poor, lost rookie shouldn't be this damn tiring."

His head rests in the soft grass, his eyes shut, releasing one last *ping!* that once more reveals nothing. *This was bound to be a weeks long search anyway.* His sore legs relax, his forked tail wrapping itself into his body. *Ain't no shame in resting here and there right? Guild's paying a freepaw like me to do their job for 'em, can't expect me to do too good a job.*

...I'll just take a short nap here. Wont be too long...

The world around Espeon fades into his rest, and neither the rustling of leaves nor the calls of Pokemon can deter him from his slumber. Not even the Sylveon watching, smiling at him from afar just out of reach of his *ping!*

In his slumber, Espeon can sense something just out of reach. No... someone. He's wise enough not to be wholly at rest, lest he sleep his way into an ambush. With his eyes still shut, he lets one ear twitch and listen in to his surroundings. And he hears the shrubs around him shake out of tune with the wind, as well as a whisper. A whisper saying words like "lost" and "new." *Odd,* Espeon thinks in a half-awake stupor.

Forcing one eye open, he focuses his clouded vision to see something standing a short way away inside a berry bush. Flecks of white and pink fur behind the leaves, ribbon-like appendages plucking the berries for a snack. *Not Jolteon, but... someone.* He jolts himself awake. *A fellow explorer, maybe? If anyone can point me towards Jolteon- or at least towards a path back to the guild hall- it'd be another explorer.*

Stretching himself fully awake, he walks over to the bush. "Excuse me?" he calls out behind the foliage. The 'mon, however, pays him no mind and hums a chipper tune as he strips the bush of its berries and places them in a wicker basket. "Excuse me!" he insists, pawing his way through the branches to see a Sylveon smiling back.

"Hello, hello!" the Sylveon cheers, his bubbly voice feeling louder than it actually is. "It's nice to see a fellow Eevee out in my neck o' nowhere."

"Um- hey, I'm with-"

"A cute one, too, if you don't mind me saying."

Espeon's words blip from his mind for a second. "Cute? Wha? A-anyway, I'm a freepaw hired by the Explorer's Guild. A rookie of theirs got lost in these woods, a Jolteon. Have you seen him around?"

Sylveon, scratches his chin with one of his ribbons, his smile never leaving his face. "Hmm... nope! Not a soul, 'cept the forest-dwelling 'mon here!"

Espeon grimaces. *Once more, a dead end. Great...* "Okay... have you heard or seen anything out of the ordinary? A call for help, words on mouths, anything? I got word of campfire smoke somewhere around here."

"Oh, the only smoke rising is outta my fireplace. That's prolly what they saw. Say, if you're free you can stop by and warm yourself."

...Hrmm... Why so hospitable? The others their heads to me. "Th... thanks, but I've got a mission. If I don't work, I don't eat."

"I-I've got plenty of berries right here, you can take as much as-"

"You aren't getting it," Espeon growls, "someone's missing, and if I can't find him the guild'll tear me a new one. And if the guild tears me a new one, no other guild will give me work, y'hear? If you have no info for me, then I gotta go."

"Wait wait, I'm sorry," Sylveon steps lightly forward, giving the psychic-type an uncharacteristic frown. "Sorry I... I just don't get many visitors this far away from the other settlements." He gently scratches the back of his neck with one of his ribbons, looking to the side.

"It's fine," Espeon mumbles. Awkward silence fills the air. He wants to walk away, but the quiet anticipation of conversation tethers him in place. He's about to walk away, when he feels a flat appendage grip at his front right leg.

"The truth is... I lost someone myself."

Oh Arceus, Espeon looks back, fighting his frustration so as not to frown back at him, *and you can bet he wont pay me.*

After further silence, Sylveon opens up. "It's... haha... it's not that big a deal, really. He goes missing all the time. He's got an adventurous little spirit, he does, a-and I always catch him before sundown. But... I always get worried sick everytime he escapes-"

"Look I-" Espeon grits his teeth at himself, "-I'm sorry, but I *need* to find Jolteon. If you find whoever you're talking about every time before, then I think you can do it-"

"Please?" Sylveon's eyes go glossy, and he stands upright on his hind legs, pleading.

Whoever this Sylveon is, he knows how to pluck at his heartstrings. Closing his eyes, Espeon bears his fangs, then sighs. *It'd look poorly on me if I turned this Pokemon down, if I did what I planned to do.*

"Fine. But I might need help looking for my client, too."

"R-really?" Sylveon gasps

“I’m scratching your back here, pal. It’s only fair you scratch mine.”

Without warning, ribbons wrap around his torso, one around his neck. Sylveon tugs him in close with surprising ease and strength. “Oh thank you thank you *thank you!* I promise I won’t disappoint!” Espeon tries to pull himself out of this sudden hug, only to find the fairy-type stronger than his thin limbs make him seem.

The two walk deeper into the forest, Espeon calling for Jolteon while Sylveon silently pads behind. By mid-afternoon, once more, they find nothing of note. As Espeon walks with his companion, he notices that Sylveon hasn’t stopped smiling this whole time. Despite his lost, unnamed and as-of-yet undescribed friend, he seems as cheerful as Espeon has seen him. He raises an eyebrow.

“So um... if we’re gonna find your friend,” Espeon explains, “I’m gonna need to know what they look like.”

“Oh-ho, of course! My mistake. I got so excited to see another soul, I forgot to tell you about my Eevee!”

“...Right. Can you give me a description of your Eevee? They have longer or shorter fur? Go by a specific name? You know, anything that makes them stand out.”

“Oh gosh, um... well he’s bigger than most Eevee. Very energetic...”

“Okay, that’s good, that’s good.”

“...he’s very clingy and loving to his Daddy... Has a cute onesie- Oh! That reminds me; tell him to come back to Daddy and he should come running.”

“He’s your *kid*? That would’ve been nice to know! Why do you let your *kid* out into the wilderness!?”

“You try being a single parent, silly! You wanderer types would never understand.”

“A freepaw like me wouldn’t let a *child go missing!* Let alone *my* child!”

Sylveon chuckles and playfully nudges him aside. “You know you could stand here, yelling at me, angry as a Mankey. Or... we can look for my ‘Vee!”

Espeon groans loudly. As much as he despises this stranger for their poor parenting, Sylveon has a point. The more the two argue the more time this little Eevee spends out there alone fending for himself. He walks on and Sylveon follows suit. Espeon uses his *ping!* while his calls out to his child. And as they search, Espeon could swear he smells the faint scent of smoke blowing down wind.

He better not...

Billows of smoke rise from a mudbrick chimney. A rough wooden door and glass panes poke out from the earth mound. Grass and mushrooms grow up the slope, and at the top a tree without leaves looms over all. Espeon had expected a campfire with a Jolteon clinging to it, and yet he's been given something better, something cozier. Something an explorer like him should appreciate... yet seeing it makes his fangs show and his ears flatten.

"You mind telling me why we're at your home," Espeon hisses, stomping a front paw, "while there's people that *need* to be found?"

Sylveon prances over to the front door, gripping the handle with a ribbon. "I think we've looked enough. It's late! I'm tired, and getting bored."

"Really? Oh-ho, of course, my dearest apologies! We must let Master rest his precious feet. I sure *kid* will understand, while he freezes and starves out in the forest! Do you even care about him!?"

"Do you?" Sylveon smiles, asking in his singsong voice.

"I-" Espeon pauses. "I- I wouldn't be out here if I didn't! And you? You, who's so tired you wont look for your own kid?"

Sylveons smile stretches into a smug. "I dunno... I think I should go inside and feed my child."

"...I beg your pardon?"

"I'm such a dolt, aren't I? I can't even keep track of my baby!"

"You said you lost your kid."

"I lied! Can you believe it? That someone would just lie?"

"Okay, we're done here." Espeon turns towards the end of the forest clearing, closing his eyes and inhales.

"You live a fast life, traveling for your next meal," Sylveon rebuts, "don't you think it's good to slow down, and settle?"

Espeon doesn't dignify this sly trickster with a response, instead walking away and letting off another *ping!* From his closed eyes he finds the life signatures in this part of the forest surprisingly sparse: only two. One behind him, Sylveon... and one inside the little mound home. One that takes shape as the light dims he sees the spiky fur, curled up in slumber within the earthen walls.

Jolteon.

Espeons eyes shoot open, feet stopping dead in its tracks. "Why is he..." He pauses, then turns around to glare at the still-smiling Sylveon.

"Change your mind?" Sylveon asks.

Espeon growls lowly. "Jolteon wasn't lost... you abducted him."

Giggling. That effeminate giggling that makes his blood boil. "I don't know what you're talking about! I'm just a single father caring for his sweet lil' 'Vee!"

“Uh-huh. So why can I sense a Jolteon in your home? That’s no Eevee in there.”

Sylveon tilts his head and smiles back. “Hmph. They say you psychic-types are smarter than most...” He braces his legs defensively, “...but I’ve never heard something so silly! If you wanna come inside and say ‘hi,’ you’re more than-”

The orb on Espeons head glows. He pounces forward once towards, and with an invisible force Sylveon is violently pushed into the dirt walls of his house. A Zen Headbutt forces a grunt out of Sylveon, his white fur getting caked in dirt. But still he smiles, despite the soreness blooming in his side.

Espeon grunts; he uses his psychic abilities to make up for his lack of physical prowess. But undeterred as ever, he pulses his orb and from it a purple Psybeam jets forward. Sylveon, now knowing a little of what’s coming, prances to one side in a quarter pirouette. The effeminate Eeveelution, in response, stretches out his ribbons with a smirk.

“My... you’re almost as fussy as a baby. I think... you need to be taught how to behave.”

Espeon ignores him so as to not let his words get to him. He steadies himself. His stance is stiff, steady. Perfect for another Psybeam. Focusing, he shoots another. But Sylveon, sensing a pattern, prances side to side erratically to make himself a moving, dancing target. Espeons Zen Headbutts just pushes him forward. Forward towards his opponent, who pounces closer himself. All while, curiously, not laying a paw on him.

“Quit moving, dammit!” Espeon pants.

But Sylveon laughs teasingly as his feet bounces from ground to tree and back. “And what, let you throw your tantrum on me? Oh I get it...” Sylveon settles opposite the Psychic type, steadying himself. “You want to see what I can do!” With little warning than that, he brings the end of his ribbons together in the shape of a heart. Espeon focuses another attack, but his ears raise as Sylveon starts to glow lightly, and he *stares at that beautiful smile that beams at him and makes him feel all tingly and comforted and-*

“Ah... so that’s where you swing...”

Espeon breaks from his stupor and shuts his eyes tightly. “Ngh- Stop that! You think I have feelings for some... weirdo like you?”

“Attract only works on the gender you’re attracted to. If you’re such a seasoned traveler, you’d have known something like that.” Sylveon steps closer. “Oh, but I don’t see a traveler in front of me.” Closer. Closer until his snout is about to touch his opponents. “All I see is a cute lil Eevee.”

Espeon can smell his breath, feel it flow past his muzzle with each little chuckle. The Attract is easy to counteract by reminding himself of what Sylveon’s done. But it still stuns him from acting. Long enough... for Sylveon to give him a long, intimate kiss on the tip of his snout. Espeons eyes shoot open, the shock of the act more sudden than the effects of Attract.

But shock leads to confusion, and confusion to anger. Espeon flinches his reddened face away from Sylveon, only for him to stumble. “Never... *never* do that again...” Espeon shoots, his voice sounding meeker.

“What? Baby doesn’t like kissies? But Daddy’s just showing his love!” And for all the teasing that Sylveon throws his way, this one disturbs Espeon the most... for his words sound disturbingly genuine.

I can’t give into him. Not like this. Fighting against the effects, Espeon tackles him with all his might to shove him away, and though he grunts from the impact, Sylveon bounces backwards and shakes it off. He’s quick to regain his stance, even if he limps a bit. He then charges head on, puckering his lips, only to smooch another Zen Headbutt.

“Naughty,” Sylveon winces, forming a heart with his ribbons again, “A naughty ‘vee like you needs a nap.”

The absolute last thing Espeon needs is more muddled thoughts about this kidnapper, so he takes a page out of his book and bounces around to prevent him from using Attract again. But he can feel the shortness in his breath.

That kiss...

Alas, once that heart releases from Sylveon’s ribbons, he won’t need to aim. And so, as his ribbons dances a mesmerizing dance the tingling returns as Espeon stops in his track stumbling before staring unable to look away from his beautiful dancing and beautiful ribbons and beautiful smile as he walks closer and Espeon wants him to get a closer and look at his lovely body oh gosh his face it’s getting closer closer closer maybe if he just leans in he can just get one little kiss, it was nice last time maybe it’ll also feel-

Squeak

Espeon falls to the grass, breathing slow and fatigued. The world spins as he regains his composure, moaning in the dizziness. As he looks up to the orange of the horizon, he blinks slowly at the blue eyes looming above him.

“Did you have fun, sweetheart?”

Labored breathing.

“I’m surprised how rough you played. Your friend didn’t throw nearly as big a tantrum as you.”

“Back... *back...*”

“But he learned how nice it was to listen to Daddy by the end of it.”

“No...”

“Well... lets see if you’ll learn as well as him...”

Silence. The orb on his head glows, then dims.

“Goodnight, Eevee. We have a *very* special day tomorrow.”

With one last Draining Kiss on Espeons cheek, the world spins. All he remembers before blacking out is the wet of the grass on his face... and how weak he felt. Too weak to call for help.

The world is dark. The world is warm. The world is... cozy. Pleasant feelings he hasn't felt since before he first hit the road. A part of Espeon just wants to drift back off into his blissful slumber. Laying his head into something plush yet firm, he tries to sleep a little more. But alas, he finds no more rest to give his refreshed body. So, his eyes still shut, he groans himself awake.

What happened last night... he stretches his paw out, pushing it into something more cushiony than whatever he's laying on, ...must've dozed off after a day of walking... but my fire should've gone out by now.

...Was there a fire? There was ... a lotta walking. Talking. F... fighting...

...f-fighting!

The memories hit him without warning. The mission, the fight... Sylveon.

Forcing one eye open, his vision is blurry as he adjusts. Though, the light is bright, so he assumes it's sometime in the morning. But before he can open another, he feels... something on him. Something moving, adjusting itself as though it's making itself comfortable. The adrenaline clears the fog from his mind; he lost a battle, and now he's... somewhere. With someone laying on him.

Whoever this is, he's not forcing himself on me, Espeon ponders, so they're probably not a threat. Probaby still... best not test that.

Focusing is hard for Espeon when he can't concentrate, especially when he's just woken up. It takes a moment, but after a deep inhale he lets off a *ping!* ...only for nothing to happen.

Espeons heart sinks. *That's... that's never...*

He opens his other eye, his vision fully clear. The first thing he sees, besides the morning light, is the wooden bars. Espeon growls. Sylveon put him in a wooden cell with bars too high and too close together to escape. He also notices the sheets he's laying on; soft, like thick wool or furs. Quite colorful, too, with forest greens and sky blues and sunny yellows and oranges dyed on each hair. Once more feels the weight gently keeping him down. He turns and glances to his side to see a yellow-furred snout resting on his shoulder.

“Jol...” Espeon pokes his head upwards and nudges at the electric type. But instead of feeling the static in his fur, he touches more cushioned and soft. Furthermore, he sees that the rest of Jolteons

fur is a light brown with creamy white tufts. The fur of an Eevee. Only... it isn't fur. One might mistake it for such, but it seems to a suit covering him head to toe.

“What is-”

“Grmmm...” Jolteon shuffles in place, stretching a mittened paw outward. Yawning, he pokes open his black-purple eye and glances at Espeon. Without a second to breathe, and with the unyielding and unending energy of an Electric-type, Jolteon bounces to life. “Playmateplaymateplaymate!” he shouts in a high-pitched voice, “New playmate!” He zips out of the sheets he shares with Espeon and bounces on top of him, too excited to care about his new “playmates” comfort.

“Ah!” Espeon yelp, “S-stop! Jolteon, list-” But he can only get so many words out, grunting after each pounce upon him. Jolteon is acting... odd. For a fully grown adult, he's acting like an excitable young pup.

“Jolteon- urk- for Arceus'- urk- sake, quiet down! I-I'm with the- urk- Explorers Guild, I've come rescue- urk- will you *please* quit that!”

Espeon rolls sideways out of his sheets and towards the bars, finding it strangely awkward to do so. He feels more bottom-heavy than he is. And that's when he realizes... the feeling of softness never left when he got out of the sheets. With Jolteon off of him, he can get a better feel of himself. He puts up a paw to keep a distance, and sees that his leg is hugged by the same fabric as Jolteon; light brown with puffy mitten-paws covering his foot.

“What is...?”

Around his neck a beige-white tuft around his neck., acting like a furry pillow. It hides much his body when he sits up. But he doesn't need to see what's under when he can feel the soft warmth wrapped around him. Standing, he sees that his skinny tail is encased in a bushy plush tail, flicking it slightly to prove that it's his. Strange of all- in a room full of strange things- is the massive obvious bulge around his waist. It still as plush as the rest, but it feels unusually... poofy on the inside.

He looks... he looks like an Eevee. Just like Jolteon.

“He didn't...” Espeon fails to find the words for why he's in this silly outfit. And why his psychic powers didn't work. He turns to his fellow Eeveelution. “Jolteon. look at me. The Explorers Guild is looking for you. We're in Sylveon's home right? Did he show you where the exit is.”

Jolteon, frowning, tilts his head. “Ex... plore? Guild...?” Jolteon tilts his head, then looks down as though lost in thought. His eyes squint.

“Yes, guild. You know, the place you work?”

“Aha,” Jolteon forces out a laugh, “don't be silly, Playmate! We can't leave, what if Daddy misses us?”

“What if Da...?” Jolteon, listen to yourself! We were captured by this... weirdo Sylveon, and we gotta get you-”

As if summoned, the two hear a low creaking. Sylveon peeks through a door at the end of the room, two ribbons stretched out as if reaching out for a hug. “Rise and shine, sunshine!” He coos at Jolteon as he walks towards the cell.

“Daddy!” Jolteon smiles and squeals.

“*You!*” Espeon growls, getting low into a defensive stance.

But Sylveon pays him no mind, instead reaching between the bars to stroke under Jolteon’s chin. “Such a cute baby ‘Vee.” He glances at Espeon with a smirk. “And I see you’ve already met your playmate. You two have fun with each other?”

Hopping towards his new playmate, Jolteon pants and shakes his rear to make his floppy tail wag. “A little. He’s pretty fun! He’s so creative and says all sorta silly things!”

“Silly?! You kidnapped us and put us in these...” Espeon pulls up a paw, unsheathing his claws behind his padded mitten. “...whatever *this* is!”

Sylveon bursts out laughing, Jolteon giggling shortly after. “Ohohohohoho! Oh, your right sweetie, your new friend *is* silly! I knew I chose the right ‘Vee for you.”

“So you admit it! Go on, admit you kidnapped me, kidnapped *us!*”

“Sounds like someone’s being a fussypants over here. Did you make a mess?” Sylveon doesn’t bother waiting for an answer, stretching all four ribbons up high and over the bars. Jolteon stretches his paws upward towards them, but Espeon backs up. He bears his fangs and concentrates. Just as two ribbons crest and dive towards him he pounces forward for a Zen Headbutt. But... no energy escapes him.

It’s not long before the ribbons wrap around a confused Espeon and giggly Jolteon. For an Eeveelution of roughly the same height and weight, Sylveon’s body is deceptively strong. Strong enough to cradle the two with little effort. Sylveon then feels his way towards the two’s waist, where a loud snap is heard at their fronts. Espeon blushes, then violently kicking his hindlegs to break loose. Futilely, of course; the bulge around his waist and pushing his legs apart prevents him from hitting anything even if it was a ribbon feeling him.

And feel it does, for he feels the ribbon press into his crotch. He blushes, closing his eyes and growling as he kicks harder. A soft rustling escapes from under the flaps as Sylveon feels his way around his- and a bubbly Jolteon’s- waists. *He’s doing this on purpose* he grimaces, *he’s teasing us.*

After what feels like an eternity, Sylveon finally pipes up. “Hmm... you’re diaper’s still clean...”

Diaper...? That’s what he put me in!? Why would- I- who... argh when I get my powers back I’m gonna send you to straight to Arceus...

“...Oh-ho! Oh silly me! You two just woke up, you must be hungry!”

Lifting the two above the bars, he places the two onto the floor and lets them go. He scratches under their chins, causing Espeon to flinch. His face is red as a beet, but he intends to get his revenge for this... this humiliation. Even if he can't attack.

Hmm... Glancing at the ribbon, then back to Sylveon... he senses his opportunity... and bites at the appendage, earning him a pained gasp from Sylveon and an agape frown from his so-called "playmate." But the smirk Espeon gives back is, to him, its own reward.

"Eevee," Sylveon says with an atypical sternness. He takes his ribbons back into the shape of a heart, causing Espeon's own heart to skip a beat. "Why did you hurt Daddy? You *know* hurting others isn't nice"

The world glows around Sylveon as Espeon *stares at Sylveon's beautiful ribbons how they flow like grass in the wind oh but the bite mark he left it can be seen through the fur he ruined such beauty he's hurt Sylveon and it makes his body hurt and Arceus why does it hurt someone he loves so so much is injured he's gotta make it up for him he needs to make Dad- Sylveon feel better oh Arceus the shame he feels how it pokes a hole in his insides he's gotta make Sylveon happy again.*

"Now, what do we say to the people we've hurt?"

"I-I-I'm s-sorry..."

"I'm sorry, what?"

"I'm s-sorry... D... Daddy..."

"There." Sylveon breathes deeply as a grin returns to his face. "Now, you two have fun with each other, alright? I'll go whip us up something to eat." Turning around, Sylveon grabs a doorhandle far too high for the two to reach. Looking back, he closes his eyes and gives them his signature warm smile. "Don't have *too* much fun without me!"

The effects of Attract wane as the door is closed in front of him, and Espeon stares and sits down with an audible *poof*. The garment under him gains his attention- and shame- more than any of the teasing he's received. But only less so than the pressure against than the erect, unwelcome growth inside.

He's silent in contemplation, calculating and predicting his situation to figure out just how screwed he is. But before he can come to any sort of conclusion, Jolteon jumps at his feet and smiles.

"C'mon!" Jolteon cheers, "You heard Daddy, let's play! You wanna play with my toys? I got a whole buncha toys!"

His voice, Espeon squints, so obvious that he's forcing a higher pitch. Still has the energy of an electric type, too, but... he's still gotta be in there, right?

"Jolteon, *listen to me,*" he insists in as gentle a tone he can stomach while still expressing his stress. "Your guild is looking for you- you know your guild right?"

“Hmmm...?”

“Ugh, look remember what I said, we need to get out of here! If you can show me towards the front door we can get you back to your friends.”

...And I can get my pay.

But Jolteon gives him a confused smile and an amused chuckle. “What’re you talking about? I-is this some game pretend?” The energetic Eeveelution giggles, then gasps. “Pretend! We can play pretend.”

Bolting over towards a box against a wall, Jolteon reaches in and grabs a little wooden figure, then turns to present it to Espeon. In his maw a shaped like a Palafin. “No wo’iesh, noo fwien,” he slurs “da bi’ mi’ty Pa’afin wiw sayf da day! He’ww geh ush ou’!”

Espeon tries to sneer at him for his behavior. He knows this isn’t right. If these are the standards for an explorer, than the Guild desperatelys need to up them. But instead he cringes. This demeanor; how playful and energetic, how simple and high pitched his voice is.

This must be what happens when... oh... Then how long until that bastard Sylveon wins me over?

...Never. That freak won’t make me love him. I know I won’t. I’ll find a way to beat you and save Jolteon. I’m sure of it!

Speaking of, Jolteon sways his diapered waist side to side, staring at Espeon expectantly.

“Hrf... fine, Jolteon. Lets... play.” He hates that word. So... unbecoming of him to say. But it doesn’t stop him from prodding a little Eevee plushie at his feet. A plushie... with a thick pamp on its waist. It just makes him groan.

“Not if I’ll stop you... you weak little Palafin...” Espeon’s voice is dismissive, but Jolteon pounces despite it, smacking the plushie with the figure with a triumphant, joyful laugh.

In all of his days as a freepaw adventurer, he’d never thought he’d be ‘sitting an adult baby. *Being* a baby? Even less so.

Scratching at the orb on his head used to be easy. It’s a part of his grooming behavior. It helps him concentrate his psychic abilities. But under layers of cotton and plush, Espeon can barely feel it.

Frowning, he inhales deeply, He looks at a wood block at his foot. *Come on, come on...* Closing his and eyes his head slightly. His focus is true and his mind as clear as he can make it.

Nothing.

“Dammit!” He exhales sharply, kicking the block with his cushioned mitten. He tightens his snout shut once clarity returns to him. *Shouldn't swear. Not too loud at least. Safe to assume Daddy wouldn't-*

No! Do not call him that. Grh...

“Something wrong, Playmate? Do you... still wanna play pretend?”

Looking behind him, Espeon sees Jolteons muzzle down to the carpet nudging the Eevee doll slightly towards Espeon. He smiles up at Espeon, a warm glow in his eye. So it hurts him slightly when all Espeon can give is a cold stare.

He'll have to understand eventually. I can't be bothered when I plan on getting outta here. Once you're out of his influence, you'll see how the world is.

As the two play- well, Jolteon tries to get Espeon to play with him- the bedroom door opens. Looking over, they see Sylveon troy in with two bottles in his grip. “Hope I didn't starve my kiddies to death,” he coos, “Are my ‘Vees hungry yet?”

“Daddy!” Jolteon surges with energy, waddling as fast as his diaper will allow. He does swift circles- relatively swift- around Sylveon, earning him a soft chuckle from the pink-white Pokemon. “You're back you're back you're back you're *back!*”

“I was just in the other room! You're that happy to see me, eh?” Sylveon places a ribbon in front of the ‘Vees path, halting him. “Or are you just hungry? Hmph. Lets fill those little bellies of yours, shall we?”

Reaching under Jolteon with that ribbon, Sylveon scoops him above his head and lies him on his back. Holding a long glass bottle above his head, Jolteon starts kicking his still excited hind legs and stretching his front ones as far as he can whilst wrapped in his “Daddy's” appendages. “Calm down, sweetie,” he insists, “you might choke.” With haste, he plops the nipple into the tip of Jolteons snout, where he bites down and swiftly suckles the white liquid. Aside from the gulping, and sudden jerks of a hind leg, he otherwise calms himself for his meal.

“I said you'll *choke*, Eevee.” But despite his insistence, Sylveon laughs giddily, shocked at his Eevees enthusiastic thirst. Pulling him and the bottle down, he gives Jolteon a long, embarrassing kiss on his cheek. His kicking leg seizes, his other limbs go limp. “Silly baby.”

Espeon recoils. Slyveons “loving” gesture welling dread in him above all else. But he doesn't recoil nearly as hard as when Sylveon reaches his free ribbons towards him, the bottle just out of his reach. “C'mon, ‘Vee. You need a full belly, too. Lets get you your baba.”

A growl escapes Espeon, not from his mouth but from his stomach. His body exposes his weakness, but still he back away. “I'm not h-hungry. Back off.” He crouches defensively. Alas, the grip of his mittens aren't nearly as good as his paws. Thus, he can hardly concentrate- let alone resist- while he's lifted nearby to Jolteon.

Concentrating Espeon gasps as the bottle gets closer, *this costume, this room, this... everything! That's why I can't use my powers! Everything is throwing me off. Grah...*

“Let me go, dammit! I’m not a child, *he’s* not a child!” Espeon swats the bottle away, then kicking violently to loosen Sylveons grips. “Let us go or I’ll bury you!” It’s a valiant attempt to him, if a desperate one. And yet he doesn’t know that, to the other two, this looks like an especially violent temper tantrum.

“A-are you not hungry?” Jolteons trembles, popping the nipple from his muzzle, “You gotta eat to grow big an’ strong! I-if you don’t want it... my tummy’s a lil emp-...”

Sylveon shushes him with a ribbon, stroking his chin a little to help him feel better. Placing the bottle on the floor makes odd gestures with his lone free appendage. Espeon sees that he has to bend it in awkward ways... but the two crests he made signal that he’s trying to make a heart.

Another Attract.

“Wait- no- please n-not again!”

But his brief pleas fall on deaf ears, for after twisting his ribbon in uncomfortable ways, Sylveon glows *with the warmth of a thousand suns that makes his ribbons warm to touch and be embraced by oh Arceus his touch is making his diaper bulge and his face heat and his legs stop kicking as he looks stupified at such a handsome smile he needs to stop kicking and throwing a tantrum as it’s making Daddy sad just look at how he frowns at him he hates making Daddy sad.*

“Look,” Sylveon puts his paw down, “As far as I’m concerned, you’re as much my Eevee as your playmate is.” He glares at Espeon. He wants to be scared... but is instead comforted in a way that should not be. “And no matter what you think of me, Daddy still loves you. Even if you wont show it back.”

One of Sylveons ribbons whips forward. Espeon wants to be afraid. He really does. It’s the one thing that tells him that all of this is insane. That he isn’t fully within Dadd- Sylveons control. But it’s the relaxation in his muscles, the lack of balance in his feet, the red on his face, the erection putting pressure in his diaper that tell him that he is truly and utterly under his paw.

Thus, when that ribbon swipes closer to his face, the only amount of flinching his body allows for is an instinctual shutting of his eyes. But there is no pain when the impact hits his cheek. Though impact is a strong word to describe it. The gentle brushing of his cheek fur, straightening the knots in each exposed hair on his muzzle... it gives him relief, a tenderness he hadn’t felt in far too long.

And oh Arceus does he *hate* how much he loves it.

“Just... think about Daddy’s feelings, won’t you?” Opening his eyes, Espeon sees that signature smile. The glow is gone... but not his conflicted feelings for him. “It hurts Daddy’s feeling when you throw tantrums like this.”

“I-I-I... I’m s-s-s-sorry Daddy...”

Leaning in, Sylveon gives him a peck on the cheek. And as Espeon face turns a deeper red behind his purple fur, the world feels a bit dizzier. “It’s okay sweetheart. Now... be a good Eevee and drink your baba, wont you?”

The bottle still in his free ribbon, Sylveon hovers the nipple just in front of his snout. The pink rubber being the barrier that holds back that thick, white nectar the taste of which he’s forgotten with time.

It’s an offer he cannot refuse. Not least as his stomach starts growling. Opening his maw, Espeon tightens his lips around it and begins to suckle. The rich, velvety, lightly sweet liquid flows across his tongue. Something fruity and lightly acidic coats his mouth, likely a puree of the berries. A simple treat, but one that puts him at ease in Sylveons embrace. An embrace that only feels more pleasurable as his member twitches and the end of the ribbon rubs and presses into his diapered crotch.

Espeon sighs, blushing deeply behind his purple fur. *This is embarrassing... why does Daddy have to tease me...the second we get outta here...*

And at no point while he empties his bottle does he notice that he referred to him as Daddy.

“Hmm...”

Stretching himself up, Espeon waddles his way towards the brown mudbrick chimney, holding back a cough as the lingering scent of smoke grows stronger. Peering behind him he can see Daddy’s tail from behind a door. His bedroom, presumably. *He’s busy*, Espeon squints, *good. Daddy can’t see me looking for an escape.*

Since playing with Jolteon and his toys, with a slight nudge of encouragement from Daddy, Espeon has had to stomach all the belittling talk and childish behavior and diaper checks. He shivers at the thought of getting his crotch rubbed and groped again. *I can’t stand Daddy and his constant babying...there’s gotta be a way outta here, right?*

Espeon totters deeper into the chimney, the choking smell assaulting his nose. As he stains his fur- onesie black with soot, he squints up towards more black and dark. Leaning in, he faces resistance on his behind. Or rather, *from* his behind. The diaper is so thick and pillowy that he can’t fit himself in past his own lower torso.

With a groan and a reddening face, Espeon reverses and stomps a blackened foot. *Hmph! Dammit. It’s a house! It shouldn’t be this hard to escape an Arceus-damned house!* His feet trembles. He tries to grunt in frustration, but it comes out as a desperate whimper. The stress aches in his head and behind his eyes.

Grrr... think, Espeon, think! Maybe I can ram into the door? But what if it’s too sturdy? But... but that’s my only choice! Grah, damn these stupid paws! I’ve... I gotta do it. Ram the door as hard as I-

A rapid, oncoming thumping. Something hits Espeon on his side, pushing him into a pyramid of wooden blocks. Clamping his eyes shut upon impact, he darts his head up to find Jolteon on his back. Seems his cushioned fur-onesie absorbed most of the impact, so he simply writhes on the ground as a bumbling, giggly mess.

“Playmate!” he squeaks, rolling to his feet, “wanna play, playmate? You can’t just lay down all day, can ya?”

Not even an apology, Espeon shows a canine, stands, then turns his back to him. “I’m done playing, Jolteon. We need to get outta here, remember?”

“B-but-”

“Or has Daddy’s Attract fried your brains?”

Jolteon pouts and stomps his feet. “I wanna play! I wanna *play!*” Each sentence is paired with an aggressive stomp, complimenting his louder and more screeching voice. It makes Espeon wince.

“Look,” Espeon turns back and stomps a paw of his own, “I don’t want to play, I *need* to get out of here. I don’t care about saving your hide anymore, I just wanna get back on the road and forget everything that’s happened. Got it?”

“Hmph!” Jolteon slams his butt onto the floor in a fit, audible crinkling coming from under him. “What kinda playmate doesn’t wanna play...” he grumbles.

He glares at Espeon with puffed cheeks. But Espeon only responds by turning away. Silent, apathetic to Jolteon’s hurt feelings. *The door... It can’t be that sturdy, right? I mean, Daddy’s smart, but he doesn’t seem tool-savvy. Maybe... maybe, even with my puffy paws I can char-*

“Oh! I know a game we can play!”

“Jolteon, for the last-”

As Espeon twitches his tail to dismiss him, he yelps as he feels a force push him down and weigh him to the floor. After seeing the paws at his sides, he looks up to that smirking yellow snout. “We can play fight!” Jolteon chirps, “If we’re gonna battle when we grow up, we gotta learn to fight!”

“Grh,” Espeon growls, “what part of ‘I don’t want to play’ do you not understand? Get off me!”

“And be boring like you? Hah!” Jolteon put more of his weight onto his playmate, giggling as Espeon squirms and wriggles. “I can finally play wrestle with someone! It’s not the same when I wrestle my plushies.”

“Okay, *fine*, don’t listen.” Espeon pushes himself upwards as hard he can. He’s able to stand up slightly, though Jolteon’s weight forces him into a crouch. He tries to walk forward, but instead stumbles to the side. To this, Jolteon giggles.

“See, now you get it!” Jolteon bubbles, “I try to hold you down, an-and you gotta get out! Then, you gotta hold me down! C’mon, you got this!”

Espeon shakes side to side wildly against an immovable Jolteon. But, combined with his lack of balance, this shaking is rewarded with a slump back into the floor.

So many distractions, Espeon groans, If he doesn't take a fucking hint, I'm going to-

Espeon feels a pump into his backside. Then another. A meek and squeaky moan comes from behind. Espeons showing fangs relax into a gape. The fact that he's already blushing hides just the embarrassment that hits him like a wave. The shock freezes him in place, his mind goes blank trying to process the brief vibrations going into him. But a third pump into him gives him the answer he knew all along.

"No..."

Espeon beams his wide eyes behind him, seeing red on Jolteons snout. His eyes shut, an open and slight smile across his snout, breath huffing after each pump. And despite the layers of padding and plush... there's the slight bulging feeling pushing into his behind.

"Hey- hey, what're you doing!"

"I ah-ha..." Jolton grunts as he pushes his waist into Espeons behind, moaning once more. "Ooh, haha... I wrestling... you gonna wrestle..." Another pump "...wrestle back?"

"Nope, nope, no more! Off! *Now!*"

With a sudden onrush of rage-fueled energy, Espeon gets to his and- with a strained roar- pushes off the Eeveelution to his side. The smile on Jolteons face tells him that this is still a game in his eyes. So, to make his message clear- and to add a little more injury to this insult- Espeon strikes him down with a hind leg. And though both his paw and Jolteons side is padded with a layer of plush fur, he can tell he put in enough Oomf to make his message clear. Might've even given him a bruise.

"When I say 'no,' you *listen.*" Espeon huffs at the 'Vee, with his clamped eyes and shaking body. "Did Daddy teach you anything? Argh. Whatever" Espeon turns towards the sunbeams shining through a high window. *Wont let him be my Daddy any longer. Not once I'm outta here.*

"Snf... Snf... Owwww..."

Espeon doesn't bother to look back. "You're crying? After a shove? No wonder you lost to Daddy."

Jolteon whimpers lowly. "You- *snf*- Y- *snf*- You- you hurt me..."

"You have a hard time understanding 'no.'"

"Snf, snf... D-D-D..."

Espeons eyes level as he looks back behind him. Now, he's weighing the what will come from his actions. A pit of dread fills in his chest. "...what're you doing?"

"...D- Da..."

His eyes widen. He turns and gets close to his face "H-hey! Don't you-"

“-Daddy!”

“Jolt- C’mon, please! Please don’t tell Daddy!” Espeon stammers, getting below Jolteon as he sobs softly. His mind reaches to multiple methods at once to soothe him, giving him nothing.

“Y-you’re fine, P-playmate? Please, friend, i-it’s not that bad, you can- you can hit me back just- just don’t tell Daddy!”

And in his scramble to calm him down, his faux smile hide the cringe he wants to show. Him, a freepaw that’s handled himself in the wild all by himself, whose grit has gotten him through thick and thin, is reduced to the behavior of an older sibling desperate not to get in trouble.

“Jolteon, *please*, I’m really sorry I-”

“I’m coming Eevee, I’m coming!” Sylveon pushes the door to his room aside, paces towards the two with a look of worry on his agape snout. Whilst Jolteon lies upon the floor, whining and sobbing, the tightness in Espeons chest crunches into his very soul. He crouches low, crawling backwards until rustling escapes as he pushes himself into the corner of the wall and fireplace.

Sylveon, setting down in the space between the two, stretches his ribbons to scoop the ‘Vees closer to him, even if he must drag Espeon along the floor. Sylveon glances at Espeon with a frown, huffs, then looks over towards Jolteon. “What’s the matter Eevee?” Hey says, wiping a tear from Jolteons face.

“Jolt- he- but- b-but-”

“He- he- he...” Jolteon sniffs loudly. “Playmate, he- he *hit* me!”

“B-but he... he *mounted* me, and I didn’t wanna fu-”

“That doesn’t mean ya hafta *hit* me-”

“*You* dunno what ‘no’ means-”

“Well you’re the worlds meanest playmate! *And* you smell like a Skuntank!”

“And *you’re* a childish little shi-”

The world spins around Espeon as something wet squeaks on his cheek, and he falls to his size to regain his composure. Blinking, he sees Jolteon, too, slumping over after Sylveon gives him a prolonged smooch on his cheek. A Draining Kiss, one that was weak enough for the two ‘Vees to recover from.

“Hush,” Sylveon silences the two, “I’m not mad at you. I just want know what happened. Now, Eevee, why are you crying, dear?”

“But Daddy, he-” A ribbon boops Espeon on his snout, shushing him.

Jolteon, rocking weakly to push himself upwards. Sniffing he wipes another tear and speaks up. “Playmate hit me. I- *snf*- I wanted to play fight but- *snf*- he wanted to be a meanie-head an- *snf*- an- an hit me!”

As Sylveon watches a whimpering, pathetic ‘Vee in front of him, Espeon whimpers. Each little detail his playmate adds, the guiltier he looks. The bigger excuses he must give to Daddy. And worse still, once Jolteon blubbers more than he talks, Sylveon turns to him. Espeon pushes himself further back, grimacing at how guilty he’s making himself look.

“Is this true, Eevee?” Sylveon interrogates.

Darting his eyes between Slyveon and Jolteon, he glares and stomps a paw. “First of all, I’m not an Eevee! I’m an Espeon and you know it! Second, your ‘son’ wasn’t wrestling, he was trying to fuck me-”

“*Language.*”

He wants to rebut Daddy, but winces. Not like it’d help his case. “R-right. Well, your ‘kid?’ You need to teach him boundaries! When I say, ‘I don’t wanna play,’ I mean it.”

Sylveon turns to Jolteon. “Is *this* true, Eevee?”

“H-he *hurt* me! I felt icky when he-”

“Is. This. True.”

Stammering, eyes darting from place to place, no excuse comes from him. Giving in, Jolten huffs. “Yeah,” he relents.

Sylveon breathes deep, then sighs loudly. “Now, my Eevees.” He looks between the two, gently scratching under their chins with a mournful look. “I’m very disappointed in you two. I don’t want my sweet lil Eevees little to fight and hate each other. What kinda playmates would you be?” Sylveon reaches his ribbons behind the Eevees and pushes them towards each other. “Eevee, you must apologize to your playmate. If he doesn’t wanna, you shouldn’t make him.”

“What!?” Jolteon whines.

“And you, my other Eevee,” Sylveon turns to a startled Espeon, “you should apologize to your playmate. Violence is never the answer, especially to your friends.”

Espeons jaw lay agape, the glare on his brow caving deeper. “*Excuse me?!?*”

“B-but Playmate *hit* me!”

“And he humped *Me!*”

“Shhhhhh” Making a heart with two ribbons and the world glows and glows as Daddy frowns at them and oh gods it hurts to see Daddy sad at them but the way he looks at them with his beautiful eyes oh how it turns Eevee on he can’t tell but Jolteon too is staring at Daddy’s beauty and both of them are getting erect just looking Daddy’s eyes are putting pressure in their diaper tents now they want to hump so bad even Espeon wants to hump while he thinks of Daddy but oh how sad he is at them they have to make Daddy feel better.

“There, now you two will listen. You two will think of what you’ve done.” Sylveon pushes the two further closer together, nudging them to face each other. Espeon can see Jolteons glazed-over eyes staring back, the slight bulge in his front. His thoughts muddled with shame and guilt and desire and lust. He doesn’t wanna apologize and make up with his playmate- or, in his foggy thoughts, he’s convinced he does- but it’s what Daddy wants. And why would they hurt Daddy’s feelings?

“Now, Eevee” Daddy pats Jolteon on his diapered butt, “tell your playmate you’re sorry for not asking.”

Jolteon whimpers with a squirmy, a half-frown on his muzzle. “I-I’m s-s-s-sowwy...”

“Very good.” As Espeon stares at his playmate, he watches the ribbon reach from under Jolteons rear and pushes and prods at the bulge. A moan escapes his playmate. And in the corner of Espeons hazy visions, he can see Daddy smirking back at him. “Eevee.” A ribbon smacks his behind, sending slight vibrations through his diaper and a moan past his lips. “*You* apologize for hitting your playmate.”

The vibrations. The impact. *Oh Arceus the impact.* Espeon whimpers as his tent twitches, twitches that sends ripples of pleasure from his waist and up his spine. He wants to savor the lust blooming through his body- maybe even “wrestle” with Jolteons plushies- or him, if he’s that needy. But, alas he doesn’t want to keep Daddy waiting. He’s already made Daddy upset with his behavior.

“I... um... I am... I s-sowwy... Eevee...”

A smile returns to Daddy’s face, a sigh escaping him. “Those are my *very* good boys.” Daddy takes his ribbon under Espeons rear and, like Jolteon, he pokes and prods at his growing tent. The heat in his face rising, the red along his snout blossoming into a deeper shade. A meek whimper escapes the adventurer as his desires cloud his judgment and wants. Judgments like what is and isn’t right, and wants like getting out of Daddys tender and caring grasp.

“Now,” Daddy insists, “why don’t you two hug each other, and make up?” The long part of Daddy’s ribbon crawls up Espeons spine, and he’s gently pushed towards each other until the two ‘Vees are barely touching by the snout. “Go on, sweethearts. *Hug.*”

A part of Espeon cringes. *I... can’t? I don’t wanna make Daddy sad, but... but I dun wanna hug him. I... I dun have... feelings for him. But...* Daddy once more pushes them closer, Jolteon opening his paws in an absent-minded smile.

I... I hafta, dun I...? Daddy’d be sad if I say ‘no...’

Slowly, reluctantly, and despite all his discomfort, Espeon lightly raises his front paws and embraces his fellow ‘Vee. If only to please Daddy. But Jolteon? He’s not one to shy away from his playmate. He tightly and enthusiastically hugs Espeon with a squeak.

A squeak... followed by a whimper.

Espeon feels something push into his waist. Something small, but long, and slightly twitching. Espeon winces as he puts the puzzle pieces together: he and Jolteon are aroused just thinking about

Daddy and, by proxy of listening to Daddy's orders, they are aroused by each other. And it shows as the sensitive tip of his cock feels the others even through all the padding. And especially so once Jolteon pumps his waist into Espeon's diaper, signaling his desire to "wrestle" again.

Espeon hates it. But what he hates even more... is how much he enjoys it. How... how much he wants to wrestle and play with his playmate. It is what Daddy would want, right?

And so, with a huff and an equally pathetic whimper, Espeon humps into his playmate, earning one in return. Jolteon's smile stretches wider, cementing his new desire to "play." Espeon can only give a pleased frown as he humps and into their embrace, the two whimpering and pumping and accepting their pleasure.

And as they grind into their diapered tents, Daddy removes his ribbons from their backsides. Sitting back, he smiles at the two. He takes a little pleasure of his own in his accomplishment. His 'Vees accept the pleasure of being Daddy's children. And he- and he hopes they are too- couldn't be happier.

Eevspeon swats at a tower of colored blocks with his big, puffy tail, a smirk across his snout. He doesn't recognize that he refers to himself as Eevspeon. but he never stopped referring to Sylveon as "Daddy," so it's natural that he accepts this part of himself too. But one thing he does recognize is how much fun it is to play with the toys he shares with his playmate.

"Grah!" he growls. His voice at a higher pitch than it usually is, "I'll destroy every town in da whole wide word!" He smirks at how much of a mess he's made of the blocks and the dolls scattered amongst the wreckage. He had spent so much of his energy throughout the day on things he couldn't control that he had forgotten the joys of controlling something he could. Here, amongst the toys, he can vent his anger through play, through putting on a character, though making as big a mess as possible.

And it's... it's fun. It's fun to play with toys! It's super-duper fun to play! And if it's this fun to play, then he'd never want to leave this place!

...Leave... but didn't I wanna leave?

Eevspeon's smile turns to a frown as he sits and stares at the toys scattered on the ground. Then at the doors and high windows. Then at his playmate.

...Me an Joltevee... we hafta get outta here... but... it's really fun here... being here... toys... playmate... wrestling... Daddy... Daddy...

Eevspeon blushes slightly and tucks his front legs into his waist, pushing in- and trying to hide- his expanding bulge in his diaper. His love of Daddy so etched into his mind, so absolute that to simply think of him... excites Eevspeon. It clouds his thoughts, splitting them between his desire to stay here and have a never-ending life of play, and a half-forgotten need to save Joltevee from... from something.

I wanna stay with Daddy... But... Joltevee... I gotta... save him... but... why...?

His head is under pressure, thoughts muddled over things Eevspeon- though he wouldn't admit it even his current mind- he'd rather forget for the sake of peace-of mind. But... as he fiddles with the pressure in his mind... he feels another pressure. A pressure in his waist.

I... I hafta... no...

His legs tremble and wobble as he tightens his crotch, his eyes shut as he whimpers as that pressure blooms and grows. Eevspeon sees in his eyelids the big bottle of milk Daddy had given him for breakfast, as well as the milk he had for lunch. And... and how he's come to regret enjoying both so much.

Quivering, Eevspeon whines as the need to relax his muscles screams louder and louder in his mind. But despite it, he resists.

"N... No..."

"Playmate!" Joltevee prances over as he shakes his limp tail, "why're you sitting on your butt for?! It's afternoon, we gotta play while there's still sunlight!" Grabbing The Eevee plushie with his maw, Joltevee thows it towards Eevspeon. It bounces off his leg and lands on his paw.

"...dun wanna..."

"You don't wanna play *again*? Ugh, you're the most *boring* playmate ever."

Eevspeon whimpers, head bowing, his crotch shut as tight as his body allows in vain hope that the pressure will go away.

"Um- sorry Eevee. I didn't wanna hurt you. D-don't cry, we can do... oh... Oh now I get it!" Joltevee, irrespective of his playmates personal space, gets his eyes close to Eevspeons. His smirk rubs him the wrong way, like an annoying younger sibling to their begrudging elder.

"You're gonna wet!"

Eevspeon's eyes widen, his face turns red behind is brown fur. "H-hey!" he hisses under his breath, "Sush! I dun wan Daddy to know!"

But Joltevee just giggles. "Silly. Whadday think your diapie is for? Daddy keeps us in diapers 'cause we'd make a mess! And no one wants that." Joltevee kicks aside a block on the floor. "Cept you, of course."

"N-no!" Eevspeon whimpers, "I not gonna wet! It's... i-it's really icky. I-I'll hold it in forever!"

This, unfortunately for the padded, quivering 'Vee, Joltevees giggles turn to giddy laughter. "Ha! You're *really* silly. Everybody wets, Eevee. Look!" Kicking away a few scattered blocks and toys, Joltevee lies down on his side and raises a hind leg whilst sticking his tongue out at Eevspeon. Closing his eye, he inhales deeply... then exhales. Eevspeon gasps quietly as he hears a faint hissing emanates from his playmate's crotch. He scoots himself back as the front Joltevees waist expands slightly outward.

“There...” Joltevee groans in relief, then squints and smiles at Eevspeon, “Now, it’s your turn, Eevee. Wet your diapie like I did!”

His singsong voice. How it encourages him to wet. How he says “wet” as loud as he can with that knowing grin. *He’s... peeing his diapie... and. But he... wuvs doing so, so much. No... I dun wanna be him... Even if he’s a super fun playmate, I’m not gonna be a wet Eevee! Wetting is yucky and for babies! I’m not gonna wet! I’m-*

“I’m not gonna wet! Stop it!” Eevspeon squeaks at the top of his lungs, a meek yelp coming from his fellow ‘Vee. He huffs, then pushes his legs deeper into his pamp. But the pressure has yet to subside, and he whimpers as his bladder feels close to bursting.

“Is everything okay here, Eevee?” That gentle voice. A voice Eevspeon has grown comfortable with, yet makes him flinch. He turns to see Daddys warm smile has turned downward. Eevspeon, looking behind him, crouches lowly and clamps his lips shut.

“U-um, i-is nothing,” Eevspeon stammers, the tremble in his body confessing more than himself, “I fine, Daddy”

Joltevee jumps between the two, getting low and smiling up. “Eevee wants to pee,” he teases, “but the potty monster scared him into holding it in.”

Eevspeon glares and shoves him with a hind leg, then shoves the thigh back into his crotch to keep the dam from bursting. “Sh-shut up! Y-you m-m-meanie.” His playmate whines as he shoves he shoves him, but giggles teasingly at his desperation. It puts more and more blush underneath this fur.

“Oh... Eevee,” Daddy coos. He stretches his limbs, his ribbons snaking from around Eevspeons thighs, past his diaper and torso, and wrapping his front legs into himself. Daddy brings him close to his warm smile, rocking him back and forth gently.

Eevspeon whines in his tender grip, keeping his bladder shut tight. Though, with his legs separated, that has become a more difficult task. “You shouldn’t hold it in, baby, it isn’t healthy. Go on...” Daddy presses a ribbon into the space above his crotch gently yet firmly. And Eevspeon yelps as the linings of his bladder get closer and closer to letting loose. “...wet your diaper.”

But the poor little “‘Vee” jerks the ribbon away from his waist- a somewhat difficult task, since Daddys ribbons are gently keeping his thighs from touching- and tightens his eyelids. “N-No! I’ll n-never use my d-diapies! Never!”

“Little one...”

A ribbon wiggles against his side, the end of it softly upwards on his cheek. It causes him to tighten the rest of his body. This feeling of... discomfort. He had not felt this way about Daddy since... *since...* But the gentle petting, despite Eevspeons flinching, brushes away some of the stresses of being cradled against his wishes. It’s enough to make him sigh and open his eyes.

Open his eyes... to a heart made from Daddys ribbons.

Eevspeon wants to flinch. He really does. But Daddy's done Attract on him so many times that when he glows *a beautiful glow and his handsome but concerned frown stares back at him and makes his member tent in his diaper... he doesn't flinch at the feelings that hit him. His love of Daddy is unquestionable, with the twitching bulge in his crotch making this obvious. He's grown used to Daddys emanating beauty, and how it makes him listen with open ears.*

"Tell me, sweetie," Daddy insists, "do you trust Daddy?"

"*Hrm?*" Eevspeon tilts his head at Daddy, squinting an eye. He remembers how he flinched at his embrace... but he also remembers all the sweet things he did for him. The playmate he's given him, all the milk he's shared with him and Joltevee. "*Um... yeah. I...*"

"*I...?*"

"*...I trust Daddy...*"

"Good boy" The ribbon prodding at Eevspeons bladder moves lower and rubs the tip of his tent. He starts with a sudden jab at his tip, causing the 'Vees hind to shoot up. He lets out a high pitched moan, causing Joltevee to cackle and point a pestering paw. Eevspeon hides his face from him with a front paw.

"Eevee," Daddy frowns down at Joltevee, then sighs and looks back at the whining and rumbling 'Vee in his grip. "Now, my boy. You should know that I love my 'Vees so very much. So much that I want you two to be happy. Tell me, Eevee: Are you happy wearing your diaper?"

No- The pressure build in his waist. The stimulation pulsing from the tip of his member. *N-no I-* The rubbing of his cock makes him shiver, the dribbles of pleasure growing stronger like sparks pulsing through his veins. *I don't- I... I-* The ribbon grips around the bulge, a yelp of squeaks from him as a jolt of pleasure crackles in his head. Eevspeon smiles and unwarranted grin.

"*I-I w-w-wuv my d-diapies...*" he groans.

"So... *wet* your diapie" Daddy smirks.

"*B-but-*"

Whist in its grip, the ribbon once more presses into Eevspeons upper waist. "No 'butts,' mister. No 'butts' except your tush. It's not healthy to hold it in like this, hon, you'll get really, really sick."

"*I-I-*" Eevspeon holds back the onrush about to come. But combined with the pressure on his pamp and the soothing pets from the other ribbons, even he knows this is his last, futile stand.

"There's nothing to be embarrassed about, sweetie. Come now... *wet*"

"*-I dun wanna!*"

“Sh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h” Daddy whispers closely in his ear. Then... a familiar feeling on his cheek. A pucker, slightly moist. Sucking very slightly at him. Then, just like that, he feels every inch of him relax against his anxieties; tense muscles relax, head settles back into Daddys embrace... and a hissing comes from his diaper.

“H-hah-ha-ahhh...”

“That’s it, sweetie, let is *all* out... doesn't it feel so *good*?”

“W... w-warm...”

“That’s right... so warm and cozy... It’s so nice to just let go...”

“S-so... cozy...”

“Yes...” Daddy rubs the tent sensually, firmly. The squishy pamp soaking up the friction as much as his urine. “You love your diapers...”

“Wuv... my diapies...”

“You love your soggy diapies...”

“W-w-w-wuv... wet...”

“You love Daddy...”

“I... I...” Opening his eyes, Eevee sees the glow behind Daddy. His open snout turns to an absent-minded grin. He gets his face close and, with all his strength, he nuzzles his snout and twitches his member.

“I wuv you Daddy...”

Daddy chuckles as Eevee adjusts his waist, getting comfortable in his embrace and relaxing his hind legs. He even pumps into his ribbon with a cute, desperate whine. “Me next Daddy!” His other Eevee asks, jumping up and down. But he’ll have to wait. For now, Daddy has a new Eevee to take care of.

One that wouldn’t fuss about being *his* Eevee.

The Eevee once named Espeon jumps from a pile of cushions and towards the Eevee- once named Jolteon- below. He misses by a hair, grunting as he hits the carpet. But despite missing his target, he cackles and glares teasingly at his playmate.

“You’ll neva win, ruffle-butt!” The former Espeon squeaks as he pounces forward, “Get ova here!”

Prancing away then standing defensively, the other smiles back. “No! I’m the better runner! You’re just a meanie who waddles like a Piplup!”

“Grr, now you’ll get it!” The formerly Espeon waddles with as much speed as he can, only for the other to waddle to the opposite end of the pile. Seeing that his waddling is getting him nowhere, he resorts to prancing and jumping forward. Reaching the end of the pile, he tries to pounce on his playmate but misses him as he rolls to the side and runs to the other side of the room. No matter how hard he tries, how fast he moves, his playmate is always just out of reach.

“Hrmph,” the Eevee pouts, “No fair! You always da fastest!” He slams his butt on the ground, a squish escaping.

His playmate, smirking, waddles back to him and giggles as he sits on a loose cushion. “Maybe if you didn’t *pee* so much you’d have caught me by now.” He prods at Eevees front, earning him a yelp. “Heh. Squishy-butt.”

“Squishy-butt?” Ooh dat dummy’s gonna regred dat...

Without warning, Eevee pounces his playmate, forcing him onto his back. His playmate squeals, flailing his legs around the Eevee staring back at him.

“How’s it feel, ‘squishy-butt?’” Eevee pesters him, “How’s it feel to get wrestled?”

The playmate squeals in playful desperation as Eevee humps into his waist moaning a little with each pump. Pleasure shoots up his spine as his cock is rubbed against, but to Eevee he gets an even happier feeling of being the one who “fights” instead of the one who’s “fought.”

“Stop,” his playmate squeaks in between cackling laughter, “you win! You’re the strongest ‘Vee! Now got off before I wrestle you, too!”

But Eevee doesn’t heed his playmates pleas. Not immediately, at least. He pumps and grinds his diaper into him, getting a few last bits of pleasure out of this mock battle. That... and to prove that he, too, can be the one on top.

“Alright, alright,” the two hear next to them, “don’t hurt each other too much. Play-fighting only, now.” They look to see Daddy with a pair of bottles of white-purple liquid in one ribbon and a basket full of multicolored berries in another. “You two hungry or what?”

“Daddy!” The two ‘Vees cheer in unison, the one on top waddling towards him before the other. They stretch their front legs towards him- and towards the bottles in tow. It had been a long, but very fun, couple of days, and oftentimes they spend so much time at play the forget how close mealtime and bedtime is. Thankfully, Daddy is here to remind his ‘Vees of both.

“C’mere, you two, I’ve got some milk with berries with your names on them.”

Daddy coos and strokes at their chins with his two free ribbons, then picking them up and popping the bottles in their mouths. He feels the tents in their diapers as they suckle, no doubt thinking of Daddy. He rewards them with a nuzzle on each cheek and a prodding at each bulge.

And though Daddy keeps it to himself, he has to hold back a haughty chuckle. A content, confident smirk speaks where he would not. His two Eevees, once freepaws for their local guild, are now happy- and horny- to be in his embrace. And, for now at least, they intend to stay that way.

Soon, his Eevees will finish their bottles and go back to playing with each other with unyielding childlike energy. And soon he will have to use his Draining kiss to put them to bed. And soon they'd wake up again and repeat the process over and over again.

And though it will be a lot of work for Daddy, he wouldn't have it any other way.