

Red took a deep breath as they stood in front of the doorway to the guildmaster's office. The vulpix had been called there for a meeting, and they didn't particularly want to bother going in, but they might as well appease him. The charmeleon had been a bit upset recently, pouting about how Red had been "misbehaving", not following all of the strange rules that had been put in place when they weren't the most convenient to them. They didn't want to be stuck in diapers *all* the time, even if that was the guild's policy, and they certainly didn't want to bother searching for another guild member to change their diaper *for* them when they were perfectly capable of doing it themselves. Especially not one of the ones who'd gone through the whole process of getting their "diaper changing license", always seeming proud of it despite never managing to make it to the off-limits "potty" anyways.

They'd managed to talk their way out of things plenty of times with the guildmaster – the charmeleon was very easy to convince of things and quick to trust, but apparently their repeated refusal to constantly stick to the rules had earned them an official meeting to talk about it. Red was sure they'd be able to talk through it, even if they had to do a bit of appeasing. The guildmaster was typically pretty childish and easy to appease with talk of friendship, so it probably wouldn't be all that difficult to just do the same thing again.

Though as the vulpix pushed through the curtain separating the office from the common room of the guild, they realized they'd never really seen anyone go in here before.

The room looked like a nursery – even more of one than the rest of the guild building, at least. Cute sunset cloud designs covered the walls, and plenty of furniture important for taking care of a baby filled the room – changing table, diaper pail, crib, playmat, bouncer, and more, along with an entire corner dedicated to shelves full of the bulky cloth diapers the charmeleon wore underneath his onesie.

The charmeleon was here of course, though not exactly how Red had expected to see him. Turned away from the doorway, he was laying on the tummy of what looked like a giant, orange lugia plushie, arms and legs wrapped as much around it as he could. The plush was large enough that it dwarfed both of the small pokemon in the room, and if it were in a standing position, it could almost reach the ceiling. Red looked around the room for a moment, taking in the sight, before breathing in to call out to the guildmaster.

They stopped as they saw the plushie move.

Breaking its eye contact with the seemingly entranced charmeleon laying on its belly, it looked down at Red with a smile. "Glad you could make it!" the plushie said, Red blinking in confusion at the creature. "I was just about to put the little guildmaster down for a nap, so we can have that talk that we needed to." It gave a few gentle pats to the bottom of the charmeleon's diaper, and Red heard a giggle come from

the dazed pokemon. The plushie slowly stood up from where it was sitting, carrying the charmeleon over to the crib and placing him down inside of it. He was gently handed a smaller, seemingly inanimate plushie, given a pacifier and covered up with a blanket, and before any time had passed, it seemed like he was out like a light.

“There we go. He tends to get cranky when he hasn’t gotten enough sleep...” she said, smiling down at the charmeleon before turning back to the little vulpix in the doorway and giving a small giggle. “You don’t need to stand around in the entrance, come on in!” She spoke kindly and softly, and while Red was incredibly confused, they walked in a little farther, sitting down on a cushion laying on the ground. The plushie returned to where she had been sitting before, sitting down on the ground with a big *fwomph*.

“I’m... confused,” the vulpix said, glancing over at the charmeleon who was sleeping in the crib. “Isn’t... Pirca the guildmaster?” They didn’t know who this plushie was or what exactly was going on, but they were quickly starting to realize that they might have ended up in over their head.

The plushie gave a big smile, looking like she was expecting a question like this. “Well, he is! He’s the acting guildmaster, and the owner of the guild, and he’s the one who talks to all the little adventurer friends he’s invited. I just help take care of all the little things behind the scenes that he’s not quite big enough to handle.”

“So then... who are you?” Red asked the mysterious plushie, their suspicion seemingly not fazing the lugia in the slightest, who was smiling wide, happily continuing the conversation.

“I’m his Momma, of course! That’s my name after all, and you can call me that too.” Red’s confusion was even more apparent at the notion that they’d call the plushie ‘Momma’. “He’s a bit too little to handle all the difficult parts of running a guild. Finances, paperwork, applications... I just take care of all those silly things so he can focus on having fun little playdates with his friends, like you!”

“I do my best to stay out of the way and let him act as the guildmaster, but sometimes there are problems that he can’t quite handle on his own, and I need to step in. Problems like one of his little playmates not wanting to follow the rules.” Red felt a chill run down their spine at that, beginning to get a bit worried about exactly what the plushie was insinuating. “So sometimes I have to have these little meetings to help the little ones behave. So I called you in here to have a little talk about things, and see what’s wrong.”

Red glanced around the room, their worry starting to grow stronger, like it might be a bit more difficult to talk their way out of this one than they’d expected it would be. But... surely it would be fine, right?

After all, it was just a plushie, and one who seemed to see this all as its little charmeleon having playdates with his friends.

“Now... from what I’ve been hearing, you haven’t been following a lot of the rules for wearing your diapers, have you? Taking them off, changing them yourselves instead of getting someone else to take care of it for you, and even going to the potty without permission...” It looked at Red with a curious gaze, tilting its head to the side as if it were confused. “You must have had a reason you picked out this guild in particular to join, knowing its reputation... so I just can’t figure out why you’re so insistent on not wearing your diapers or following the rules for them.”

Red quickly tried to think through ideas, the vulpix’s thoughts racing as they tried to decide what argument might do the best job of convincing the lugia. She seemed to want all the guild members to *want* to wear and use diapers, and to be fair, they *did*, just not all the time, or with all the extra rules that were in place. So maybe...

“I’m just... not used to it all, you know? There’s just a lot of rules and regulations, and... it’s an adjustment. I do like wearing them! I’m just... trying to get used to it.” Red let out a little nervous giggle, hoping to come across as convincing. The plushie gave a slightly disappointed look anyways.

“I can understand an adjustment period for little ones who aren’t quite used to using their diapers for everything... but you’ve been skirting around the rules for months now, and quite deliberately too.” Red’s heartbeat started to pick up. Some instinct deep inside of them felt like it was warning them that something bad was going to happen, but at the same time, it felt like that same worry was keeping them rooted in place as the plushie spoke. “But if you’re really having that much trouble adjusting to guild life, I suppose I can help you make that adjustment much easier...”

Red cleared their throat, glancing back at the curtained doorway. “A-actually, I don’t think I need any help, s-so I’ll just go, thanks for the offer though...!” Nervously, they picked themselves back up onto their paws, only to feel something strangely drawing them to glance back up at the lugia one last time...

And that glance was all it needed.

The entrancing pull of orange and pink swirls drew Red’s vision up towards the plushie’s large, swirling eyes, trapping their gaze right there, their legs feeling locked in place. “It’s alright, sweetie. Just relax and let me help you out. I promise everything will be so much easier once this is all over...”

Red felt almost instantly disarmed, gazing into the lugia's large, swirling eyes. It felt so impossibly calming, all of their worries and fears about the situation being almost immediately extinguished... or at least buried under so many layers of comfort that they couldn't feel them anymore. "Just sit down and take a deep breath, sweetie. There's no rush, Momma's more than happy to help." Red found themselves following the plushie's advice, sitting back down onto the cushion as they continued to stare up into her eyes.

"There, much better. You really are a good listener under there, aren't you? You seem so good at following directions." Red slowly nodded, the idea planting itself in their mind. "It's so easy to listen to me, isn't it? So easy, so natural. You can just relax, and let all my words seep into your mind as you listen close..." The vulpix felt their mind slowing down and relaxing with each passing second, breathing deeper and slower, their thoughts growing slower at the same time.

The still conscious part of Red's mind wondered just how this worked, what powers or magic this plush might have to so easily slip them into this relaxed, calm state. Regardless of how much they wanted to, they couldn't seem to bring themselves to stand up, or even summon the willpower to try. It just felt so much easier to breathe and relax, and to listen to each word the plushie spoke, their unconscious mind hanging onto every new idea it was given.

"So easy to just listen and be obedient. No need to break any of those rules anymore, hm? After all, when you feel so comfy and safe in your diapers, you'd never have any reason to take them off, would you? You can leave the diaper changes to the professionals and forget all about that silly potty." They... could. It did feel nice, being in their diapers. It felt nice to feel thoughts of the potty slip away, being effortlessly locked away into a box in their mind that they didn't have the key for.

"*Such* an obedient little vulpix... you drop into trance so easily, far easier than my little charmeleon ever did... I think while I have you here, it would be good to make a few more little changes in that mind of yours to make sure you stay nice and obedient. Does that sound good, little cutie?" Red's conscious mind tried desperately to push back one last time... but to no avail, their head lazily nodding along to the lugia's question.

"Good little kit! Now, let Momma fix you right up, and help you forget all about this little meeting... for now, all you need to do for me is

Drop.

Red slowly came to, feeling like they'd just had the deepest sleep of their life. Warm, cozy, and surrounded by fluffiness, they slowly opened their eyes, finding themselves awoken from their nap in the playroom, laying in a pile of blankets and pillows. Something in the back of their mind felt... strangely *off*, but they couldn't quite place what it was, the thought feeling like it slipped away any time they focused on it, like the fading details of a dream.

Their thoughts were quickly diverted at the sudden sound of jingling, their ears and eyes drawn to another figure popping its head out of the cuddle pile – a plush lycanroc, one they'd seen walking around the guild, but never really interacted with. The jingling was a sound that always seemed to accompany it as it moved, coming from the many bells sewn into its plush tail and mane.

It looked at red with wide eyes, the two of them freezing for a moment, before it quickly leapt out of the blankets it was covered in, jumping over to the vulpix with an excited and playful expression, jingling all the way. In only a moment it was on top of them, with clear excitement and readiness to play visible in its star-filled eyes as its plush paws pinned Red down against the cuddle pile, their diapers pressed against each other.

Red felt a flash of embarrassment at the sudden and unexpected contact, though as they looked down at the diaper taped around their waist, they felt... a strange sensation run through their mind and body, a shiver flying down their spine. It felt like they spaced out for a moment before their thoughts returned to them, now with a new surprise waiting for their conscious mind as they felt the warm trickle spreading in their diaper.

With a panic, Red tried to stop the unexpected wetting, but all of their attempts failed, like they just couldn't sort through their thoughts and find the ones that would actually stop it, all while their muscles refused to cooperate. As the wetting finally, slowly stopped, Red found themselves with a thoroughly wet diaper, and the embarrassment and confusion of being completely unable to stop the accident that had come over them.

Though that wasn't the only thing that they noticed coming over them, their mind focused on the embarrassment, the feeling of their freshly wet diaper, and the press of the lycanroc's diaper just above them... the vulpix couldn't help but start to feel a rush of warmth run through their body and towards their... their, um... their... p-private parts? The word just didn't seem to want to come to mind.

Though the strength of the feeling seemed much more powerful than they'd expected... even though they'd enjoyed wet diapers in the past, this felt far stronger and more intense, even though given the circumstances of being pinned down by a playmate, they didn't exactly want to get a... a... they couldn't find the word again. Though it seemed like the word they were searching for didn't matter, as the sudden feeling of denial crept its way into their mind from the chastity cage stopping it in its tracks.

The... chastity cage?

Y-yeah, the chastity cage, the one they always wore. Red couldn't remember a time when they didn't wear it... it was always comfy, and kept them safe, and... huffy? And... **obedient**. The thoughts felt so strange in their mind, and yet once they'd passed, they felt just as natural as their own thoughts should. They felt good, and they felt huffy, and they loved the feeling of their cage, and wet diapers, and the feeling of...

Though they tried to hold back, the vulpix couldn't help but hump upwards, gently grinding their diaper against the front of the lycanroc's above them, who quickly noticed. Though as embarrassment crept into Red's thoughts, the pup seemed to only grow more excited at the vulpix seemingly wanting to play. It only took a moment for the plushie to start slowly humping back, and suddenly all of those thoughts of inhibitions started to fade out of Red's mind.

They... they wanted to play!

Thoughts of confusion and resistance faded away and were quickly replaced by a similar excitement and energy to the pup above them, mind echoing the lycanroc's focus on play... and on pleasure at the same time. The cage might have been stopping them from... from naughty things that weren't allowed, but that didn't mean they didn't enjoy the feeling of humping their wet diapers, or especially of those diapers *being* humped by their playmate.

If anything, the feeling was stronger than what their mind was expecting or used to, a rush of warmth flashing through the vulpix's body and mind as they let out a whimper of pleasure, uninhibited by any worries of whoever might see or hear them. They felt so *good*, and they were being... so **obedient**! The word flashed once more through their mind, and while they didn't know what they were obeying, it felt *good* to just know that they were being obedient. They didn't need to question it, they just needed to **obey** and be good, and enjoy how good it felt to be good.

Thoughts of inhibition and fear crumbled away in the back of Red's mind where they had been shoved, the vulpix not having any need for silly things like that anymore. Words and phrases and ideas that they

didn't have any use for were drowned out by the enjoyment of playing, and of being obedient, of following the rules – both the rules of the guild, and the special new rules deep inside their mind, helping them to stay a good little kit.

It felt too good to hump, and play, and let their inhibitions fade away in the pleasure of being good. They didn't need thoughts of stiffies or stickies, or thoughts of using the potty, or any memory of how to change a diaper, or even how to take their own off. They were an obedient kit, after all, happy to follow the rules and play with their playmates, day after day.

They'd be a good kit and follow all of the rules.