

“Momma’s little charry did such a good job listening and behaving, even though he didn’t want to, so it’s only fair that he gets a reward for being such a good girl!” Pirca’s eyes almost widened as he looked at the vibrator floating into his vision, thoughts immediately flashing back to the last... *experience* he’d had with a vibrator, though that one was in her paw... this wand looked big, way bigger than he thought they were. He couldn’t help but stare with a bit of trepidation as he imagined the power that thing could have... the head of it was even bigger than the size of his *fist*.

Even after the experience he just went through, the charmeleon couldn’t help but feel excitement start beating in his chest as it was lowered down, the head of the vibrator resting against the front of his diaper, like all those bad feelings were quickly spirited away by the lugia’s cheery speech and the promise of something to make him happy. He stared at the vibrator for a moment, before looking up at the smiling face of his caretaker, trepidation mixing in with that excitement in his tummy.

“Just ask nice and politely for your reward, sweetie!” she said with a smile, Pirca remembering with a twinge of embarrassment what he’d been told to say the last time this happened... and how quickly and easily he’d said it. ...That wasn’t going to stop him from saying it again, though.

“U-um, M... Momma... can I please have b-buzzies?” he managed to stammer out, a blush coming to his muzzle as he glanced away, not able to bring himself to look up at her while he asked for it. He almost couldn’t believe himself, going from feeling so overwhelmed and grossed-out and rightfully upset at his situation to... asking for the reward she was offering for going along with it, but... his thoughts felt almost sluggish as he felt his excitement starting to build up, evident from the front of his diaper starting to press upwards against the vibrator. How did he get here so fast?

“Good girl! Of course you can, sweetie.” The plushie seemed delighted at his response, its smile wide as Pirca glanced back at it, only for his vision to immediately unfocus as he felt the vibrator switch on. It was intense, the sensations running through his body... though as he felt it running through him, it didn’t seem to *be* vibrations at all, nothing directly physical, no shocks running through him, it was just...

### **Pleasure.**

A wave of pleasure emanating from the vibrator, running through every nerve in the charmeleon’s body to the ends of his claws and back, before a new wave took its place. He couldn’t stop himself from letting out an instinctive moan, eyes shutting at the sensation running through him over and over again. It was slow and gentle, like riding an inner tube in a wave pool, each wave a gentle course up and down... but as soon as he was back down from one wave, he was riding another up.

He felt himself squirming on the changing table as he felt the pleasure run through his body and back, his movements barely conscious at all. Claws and paws clenching and relaxing, shoulders tightening in and out in sync with the waves of euphoria, little whimpers drawn from his vocal cords as he squirmed and enjoyed the feeling, a tease not only against his most sensitive parts, but his entire body.

But the epicenter of it all felt the best – right against the head of the vibrator, he felt the waves travel through his diaper first, and it felt so wonderful. Impossibly so, a feeling no physical effect could conjure, only one of pure magic. It felt almost heavenly, even more so than the vibrating he'd been given by the lugia's large, plush paw before, and that had topped anything he'd felt in his life previously.

He opened his eyes, biting his lip as he looked up, catching the lugia's expression as it looked down at him on the table. Its eyes were wide, almost like they were filled with stars at the sight of the sheer pleasure he was feeling, like it was entranced by every little movement and reaction he made.

He didn't get much time to study that reaction before the vibrator was switched up a notch, tearing a moan from the charmeleon's lungs. While each wave was just as strong as before, the rate had been kicked up, what felt like twice as quick as it was a moment ago. Pirca's breath shuddered as he laid back, eyes up at the ceiling, almost seeing stars himself while looking at the glow-in-the-dark ones that had been placed up there at some point.

"Theeere's a good girl..." her gentle voice called out to the whimpering charmeleon on the table, Pirca finding it almost difficult to focus on her words as pleasure thrummed through his mind in a consistent cycle. "You did such a good job... just enjoy your reward for being so good, and using your diapers just like you should..."

Pirca's thoughts were drawn back to the incident from just a few minutes ago, instinctively cringing at the thought... before his thoughts almost seemed to calm down at the memory, the waves of pleasure smoothing things out. It... wasn't that bad, was it? He didn't like it, but... but... the pleasure and memory almost started to swirl together, distinct moments in time bleeding into one another. The buzzies just felt so good, it was hard to deny just how good it felt compared to what now felt like much lesser discomfort now that it was in the past.

For a moment, it almost felt silly how much of a tantrum he'd thrown about the whole thing.

Plus, hadn't he had... fantasies about it all before?

He thought about those fantasies, mind beginning to drift into them as he bit his lip, eyes closed and brow furrowed. The idea of being held gently by a motherly pokemon, cradled in her arms as he fully let go, messing his diaper... the blissful feeling that all the stories talked about, the shiver down his spine, the whimper and moan, the face of bliss that was always in that art... he knew it wasn't going to be as glamorous as in fiction, but... just thinking about those feelings...

He *wanted* that. He wanted to feel it, to let go and mess his diaper just like she was pushing him to, and to enjoy it. To *love* it. To feel her cradling the bottom of his diaper in her big, plush paw, feel it smush, and not be able to help but let out a moan and hump his diaper.

The thought of it alone made him whimper out a moan as he humped his diaper up into the wand, feeling almost *fixated* on the idea. Like his mind had taken the experience he just went through and... turning it into something that he *wanted* more of. Even if the idea grossed him out still, if the memory of the experience was difficult to think back on... he wanted it to feel good. He wanted those fantasies to be real.

But... but he didn't... he just... he... wasn't...--

The wand was turned up another level, and every thought in Pirca's head scattered. He let out an intense moan as the pleasure shook his body, overwhelming his mind and all of his senses, leaving him unable to think about anything at all beyond the pleasure that ran through him in slow, *immensely* powerful waves. Fantasies passed through his mind rapidly without ever falling on one in particular, but they all shared the same basic traits – the charmeleon losing control, using his diapers for a caretaker who praised him for doing such a good job, and feeling *this* as he did. This immense, wonderful pleasure... from nothing but the act of pushing, messing his diapers.

His body moved on its own more than anything else, squirming and humping up at the vibrator that didn't even vibrate, the magic wand giving him spiking waves of the most intense pleasure he'd felt in his life, all throughout his entire body. He couldn't even hear his own thoughts... and certainly couldn't hear them clear enough to tell that they weren't even his own anymore. His eyes were closed tight, unable to see the swirls in his Momma's, the plushie smiling wide as he experienced such intense feelings...

With a long whimpery moan, Pirca's body tensed up, a final squeak announcing as he was pushed over the edge. He humped and squirmed and squeaked as he finally made stickies in his diaper, unable and more than unwilling to hold back any longer. It felt heavenly, divine, but he could barely even tell how it felt, unable to do anything but experience it. It took the little charmeleon quite a while of making little whimpers, squeaks, and moans as he slowly came down from the intense high, the magic wand slowly being turned down stage by stage, until it was turned off.

Pirca was left a mess, breathing heavily with his thoughts still very scattered, all jumbled up and nearly impossible to process. What he could feel was the residual pleasure still slowly, gently thrumming through his body as his mind reeled, still seeing flashes of those fantasies here and there. As he slowly opened his eyes, he could see the joyous, smiling face of his Momma looking down at him, and he instinctively smiled back up at her, looking dazed and only half-coherent.

He saw it giggle, but couldn't quite make out what it was saying... only that the cutesy, sing-song tone made him giggle a bit too. He felt so disoriented... but as its plush wings scooped him up and pulled him in for a big hug, he let himself drop the tension he was holding, not worrying about shaking off the mind-fog for a little bit. All he wanted to do right now was relax and breathe, and let the powerful afterglow fog make him feel nice before it all dissipated. He could use some nice, yummy food sometime soon... but for now, the lugia was content to walk him around the small space of his room, bouncing him gently up and down with each step while talking to him in a happy, sing-song voice. Helping ease a few silly ideas into their new spots in his head, right where they all belonged.

The charmeleon nuzzled into his Momma's embrace as she carried him out of the room, not a worry in the world about what she had planned to happen next. He just leaned against her soft, fluffy shoulder, arms wrapped around the base of her neck, feeling comfort. The little thing had forgotten all about his tantrum and intense displeasure from only a few minutes ago, his mind too preoccupied with how good Momma had just made him feel in his diapers. Sure, the memory would return, but a nice pink fog had settled over the entire scene... and it would be hard to separate the displeasure from the pleasure and fantasies when he revisited it.

After all, he'd always had fantasies about this! Dreams she'd seen in his head, and memories of times he'd fantasized about it while looking at art. He just needed a little bit of help transferring those fantasies into the real world, where he could enjoy them as much as he wanted to, and as much as he should. It's such a good thing that he had his Momma to help him out, and make all those little dreams in his head into a wonderful reality! All it would take is some training, and he'd be associating using his diapers like a good girl with that wonderful pleasure that he wanted so much.

He was already doing such a good job on his potty training.~