

Embarrassment and shame running through your mind over and over, you muttered the best apologies you could muster, muffled as they were from being spoken into stuffing. The plush nidorina held your face to her null crotch with strength that always surprised you, given she was only cloth and stuffing. You really didn't mean to, it was all just so exciting and overwhelming, and it felt so good finally being allowed to, um... 'mate' with her like that, even if it was just you desperately rubbing up against her plush.

"Oh, you're sorry, huh? You sure seemed like you were enjoying it when you made a big mess of my pristine plush!" Her paws pushed you down even deeper into her soaked crotch, a feeling that she seemed to be enjoying, somewhere behind her frustration and disappointment at what you'd done. You whimpered at the accusation... it did feel good for a moment, you couldn't help that! You were just so excited at actually being allowed to hump her that... you might not have realized you'd started wetting yourself until it was too late.

"Well, if the little baby likes wetting themselves so bad, then it's about time we did something about that, huh? Flip over." She pushed you away from her crotch as she stood up, and still feeling very ashamed and apologetic, you did as the nidorina commanded. You really didn't want to make her more upset, especially when she'd been so kind, letting you hump her like that...

The plush walked back into view, still clearly upset about the large stain on her fabric, though now with somewhat of a grin starting to peek through, a mischievous look that made you whimper again, laying naked underneath her as she walked up. "Now, let's get the little pathetic piss baby into their diapers where they belong," she said matter-of-factly, lifting up your legs with ease and sliding something underneath. You stuttered out of surprise, quickly trying to assure her that you didn't need to be put in diapers, you'd be more careful, it wouldn't happen again... but she just shushed you, laying you back down on the diaper.

Sprinkling a generous helping of baby powder over your crotch, the nidorina talked down at you, making sure you knew your place. "I already gave you a chance at playing like an adult, runt, and you made it clear that this is where you belong. Maybe if you can prove you really don't need these things, you might earn yourself another shot, but this is where you're staying until then." The diaper was pulled up and taped securely together, though it seemed she wasn't quite done, quickly sliding your legs into something else, even lifting up your lower half to pull it over the diaper. It took you a moment to recognize the garment as a pair of plastic pants, and a moment longer to notice her locking them on, pulling the key away. You tried to plead once more, but quicker than you could even react, the plushie had already tossed the key into her mouth and swallowed, now dropped into a pouch inside of her that only she could access.

“There, had to make sure you didn’t get any funny ideas about fussing with your diaper, or anything in it. You can come beg me for changes and I’ll decide when you really need one, squirt.” You whimpered pathetically, though as you continued to lay there on the ground beneath her, the nidorina took it as an invitation. Walking up to your head and climbing over you, she lowered herself down, your eyes widening as she suddenly sat her crotch down over your face, holding you down with force and weight that a plushie certainly shouldn’t normally be able to muster.

“Now, since the little piss baby just loves it soooo much, how about you get to work cleaning me up? I’ll still need a proper deep cleaning later, but I can’t have the smell of your pathetic accident setting in.” You hesitated, squirming a bit, but the nidorina only pressed herself down further, each breath you took now accompanied by the scent of your accident, like a pet having your nose pushed into it. “Go on, get to work cleaning. I don’t have all day to sit around entertaining you, at least make it a little worth my time after that disappointment earlier.” With another little whimper, you opened your mouth, licking at the wet fabric, a shudder running down your spine at the taste and the sensation.

The nidorina, on the other hand, seemed to be deeply enjoying the feeling of you licking along her null crotch, giving a few satisfied sighs at first, followed by genuine moans as you kept going. Those sounds were so nice... you wished you were making her feel good like that by properly mating with her... but you’d completely lost your chance for that, and as long as she held the key to letting you out of diapers at all, you wouldn’t be getting another shot at it. But... you still wanted to make her feel good, and wanted to apologize and make it up to her after what you did. You tried your best to make it as good of an experience as you could, even if you were stuck just cleaning your piss off of her fabric with your tongue.

She lost herself in the experience, making sounds as she started grinding along your face that she didn’t even make while you were doing your best to pleasure her, working up to something that it was starting to become clear that you wouldn’t have been able to give her with your failed attempt at mating. You whimpered and squirmed as she pressed in, feeling desperate to have that same good feeling yourself. But with your diapers in the way, you wouldn’t be getting anything of the sort. A loud series of moans led up to a perfectly clean climax from the plush, who rested on your face for a bit before eventually pulling herself up.

“Much better... I’ll go get myself properly cleaned up now. You can go hump some toy if you want while I’m gone, or whatever it is you little diapercucks do.” With that, she left the room, your key still in tow... leaving you to figure out what to do about that on your own.