As the ball flew into the air and Ren caught it again, Spike smiled a little bit at his spot on a small beanbag chair.

A Quilava was watching his younger Cyndaquil brother play with a few other little kids, who generally, or at least, Spike thought, were good partners for him, as they were likely around his age. It’d been a strange morning for them; with their trainer Kris signing them up for a potty training program. Spike and his younger brother both had pairs of training pants on them.

Spike looked down at his own pair. It fit well, it was just white with red accents, and on the front of it was a Charmander’s face. Swiveling his head, he made out that, on the back, was the Charmander’s fiery tail. Looking over to Ren’s, he saw that it was also the same. Throughout watching Ren play, Lavender, the Espeon helper, urged him to go along and play too, but Spike didn’t really want to. He just wanted to make sure that his brother was having a good time at the daycare.

He glanced up at the blue board. It was probably twice the size of himself, and listed the times at which activities and food would be at. They already missed timing for breakfast, but the two had already ate earlier with their trainer, so it wasn’t an issue. Spike saw finger painting as being scheduled at 10:20, and hoped it wasn’t mandatory, as he didn’t typically enjoy getting his paws dirty, but he knew that Ren would enjoy it, as he was only 5.

Time passed and Ren was still happily playing a game of catch with other daycare charges, a Purrloin and Zorua, who both were wearing diapers of their own. The rest of the daycare was spread out doing other activities. Spike spotted some books missing from the shelf, and saw that there were a few Pokemon reading them in a corner. In the backyard, a swingset showed a Ninetales keeping a watchful eye over whoever was on the swings, but Spike couldn’t tell.

“Still not up for it yet, hm?”

Spike turned to look at the mysterious speaker, to be shown Lavender standing next to him.

“Yeah… I don’t think playing is for me. I’m too old for that. Besides, I have to make sure Ren isn’t getting hurt.”

“Too old? I seem to recall someone not being the best at potty training.” The Espeon said, smirking.

“Y-yeah… I said I am. It was a mistake! Kris is just forgetful sometimes… probably.” Spike said, flustered, although he knew it was not a mistake, from the Espeon explaining to him that the owner makes very certain there is no error when admitting their Pokemon to the daycare, so Spike assumed that this was just a joke… Kris knew he and Ren were trained… right?

“Well, it’s about time for finger painting, Spike.” Lavender said. “Come by the table in the middle and I’ll get your supplies. Just wait for me to gather the other children.”

“I’m not finger painting.” Spike flatly said.

“Then you’ll have to go find a partner and encourage them.” And with that, the Espeon walked off outside and went to gather Lumen, the Ninetales, and have the two gather up the rest of the children there. Spike got up from his beanbag chair, the weight on his rear crinkling slightly, and walked over to where his brother is playing.

“Ren, they’re doing finger painting soon, do you want to do it?”

The Cyndaquil caught the bouncy Pokeball and looked up at his brother. “Okay! Lets go do that now!”

Ren left his ball and bounded over to the table, where the supplies were already being placed on, and picked out a few colors and a sheet of paper. The two kids he was playing with noticed it, too, and went over to check it out. Spike followed behind Ren and sat next to him to watch what he was painting.

It was just random blotches of paw-shaped paint in red and blue, but seeing Ren enjoy it so much, Spike felt proud for his younger evolution. Kids next to them were also liking the painting time, smacking their paws and even tails onto the sheet in an attempt to get somewhere artistically. In the back, Spike noticed a Smeargle delicately drawing a near perfect caricature of one of the kids. The Smeargle was just another daycare charge taken from how small he was, but he wasn’t wearing any diapers like Spike or some of the other kids were.

“Hey, do you need to go potty?” Ren asked Spike, looking up as his paws were soaked in paint. “I kinda have to go”.

Spike thought about that. “Y-yeah, I do too, so do you want to find Ms. Lumen or Ms. Lavender?”

“She's over there!” Ren pointed at the Espeon, who was busy writing something down on a paper. Spike didn’t really want to ask her for help going to the bathroom; she’d talk to him like he needed his training pants.

“Ren, I think she’s a bit busy… what about Ms. Lumen? She's just helping a kid grab some paint.” Ren turned his head to the table and noticed a bottle fly away in a psychic grasp. Following the bottle, his eyes led to the Ninetales assisting a Vulpix in gathering paint for their masterpiece. Ren hopped off his chair and walked over to the Ninetales, with Spike following behind.

“Now, that looks great! I knew you could make something very special.” The Ninetales boasted, before she was away of a prodding on one of her tails, and turned around to face the two Fire-Types.

“Oh, yes? Is there something the matter, you two?”

“Well… We were wondering if you kn-”

“We have to go potty! Can you take us?” Ren interrupted Spike.

“Oh, potty? Sure, let’s go. I think there’s some kids in their already, so if there is can you two be big boys and hold it?”

“O-of course, Ms. Lumen.”

“Great! Now you two just follow me and we’ll help you out.” The vulpine beckoned the two with their tails to follow, and they did. Walking over to the far corners of the room, Lumen opened a door for them and led them inside. The potty room wasn’t too special, there were just three stalls in a rather clean room, with handwashing centers to the side, although being in there made Spike aware that he had to go worse than he had thought.

Walking to the first stall, he felt an unfamiliar paw on his back. “They’re all in use, hon. You’ll have to wait a bit longer. I know you need it now, but big boys and girls can wait and hold it, and I know that you can too.” said the fox.

Stepping back, Spike and Ren waited for a minute, both holding it to the max of their ability. A stall door opened and Spike looked around at the other two, still in use.

“Ren, you can go first.” Spike said. “Don’t worry about me, I can hold it.”

“Oh thank you brother! It’s okay, I won’t be long!” Ren bounded inside of the small stall and shut the door, with a small noise signaling it being locked.

With Ren’s success achieved, Spike smiled, before his attention turned back to himself. Neither of the two stalls still being used showed any signs of being finished, as he didn’t hear a flush come from either stall.

“Ms. Lumen… How much longer do I have to hold it?” Spike whined.

“Well… Your brother just went in, so I believe another two or three minutes for the other two stalls to finish up. They went in not too long ago.” Eyes filled with concern, the fox turned to look down at Spike. “Can you not hold it for that long?”

“I.. don’t think I can, but I can try.” replied Spike.

“Can you or can you not hold it, Spike? You can tell me the truth, it’s just us two out here.” said Lumen, firmly.

“I… No, I don’t think so.” Spike’s cheeks overheated at admitting the truth. He didn’t even think he could pull down his training pants in time in the minutes left. His paws were on the front of his diaper as he tried to hold it in.

“Then you can use your diaper.” said Lumen. “I know you’re potty training and it’s training pants, but they’re made to hold an accident. There is no shame in using it if something like this happens, and I’m very proud of you for letting your brother go first, that was very nice of you, Spike.”

Spike’s hold released as he took one last look on the awaiting stalls, none budging. His training faded as he let go. The front of his training pants warmed and shifted the Charmander’s color to that of a Shiny one, yellowing the white background around it, too. He was glad Ren wasn’t here to see his big brother like this. Finishing, he gave off a sigh of relief as he took his paws off of his used training pants, his face overheating in embarrassment at what he just did. He was eight, he was supposed to make it in time!

“There you go, Spike. Now, let’s get you changed, okay? Nobody needs to know about your little accident.”

“B-but they’ll all see me…” Spike whined.

“Then here.” The kitsune’s tails flushed open and encased Spike in them, hiding himself and his used diaper. “Just make sure to walk as fast as me, okay? My tails are delicate and I would appreciate it if you wouldn’t step on them for me.”

“Thanks… Ms. Lumen.” Spike said meekly, as the two went out of the potty area and ventured over to the changing room. Spike could see through the cage of golden fur slightly, and noticed that most of the kids were off doing other things than looking at him, and the fingerpainting table only had a few occupants left. His wet training pants were evident on the walk, as it sagged beneath him slightly as a sign of their use.

“Okay, you can go through this door and wait just a moment.” The tail cage opened itself on one side to reveal the innards of the changing room, with drawers and tables on display, and not a soul inside. Stepping through, the door was left open with a creak with the Ninetales beginning her walk away.

“It’ll only be a moment, Spike. We’ll change you soon.” Lumen stated, as she faded from view.

Not long after, Spike was aware of more trodding through the door, and with no golden fox in sight, he was instead greeted by a teasy pink feline.

“Oh? Now this is a sight. I never knew we had training pants for a Shiny Charmander.” Lavender said, teasingly. “I thought you could hold it.”

“I-I did! I just let Ren go first because all the stalls were taken…” Spike said. “It’s better me and not him!”

Lavender’s eyes widened. “Well, that was very, very sweet of you, Spike! But I’m not so sure it was better for you than him… After all, you’ve been potty training for some time now, so I’d hate it if you had to go back to diapers. Did you read the rules on that?” She said, lifting the Quilava up onto the table with her psychic forces.

“N-no… I didn’t.”

“Well, let me explain it to you. Since you and Ren are potty training, and your trainer said we could help train you, you have a point system while you’re here.” explained the Espeon. “Wet accidents are two points… Messy ones are 3… and excused accidents are only half the points. If you get more than three points, you’re put back into diapers for two days, and then you get to try potty training all over again. Now, you’re at one point, since me and Lumen agreed that we could excuse your accident for being for a friend, and it was very sweet of you to do that. But I want you to try a bit harder for me, alright? I’m going to change you now, so please don't squirm when I use wet wipes, I know they’re cold, but I promise you it won’t be long.”