

Gatomon, carrying a bag in her mouth, runs throughout Odaiba. Having been sent out by a request from Kari, she rushes back home. With her partner's home in eyesight, all the digi-kitty had to do was cross the street. Once the light turns green for crosswalk, she scurries across. To her immediately surprise, a digital gate briefly opens, swallowing up Gatomon and closing once she's inside.

A few seconds later, the gate spits her out in a completely white room. Dropping the bag from her muzzle, she stands guard against any possible attacker. Her eyes dart around the room in search of anyway to escape as she tried to figure out who abducted her.

*Mystismon is gone. Even though we got rid of Metalseadramon and Machinedramon, Piedmon and Puppetmon are still alive.* She thought to herself. She shrugs off the thought of those two being responsible. Neither would simply kidnap just her; nor would they send her to this white room. In that case, who could've brought her here and for what?

Gatomon turns behind her at the sound of gears turning. A panel of the wall turns to unveil a monitor. After a few seconds of static, a Dalmatian's face is shown.

"It's nice to meet you, Gatomon." The Dalmatian greets.

"Feelings not mutual. Tell me who you are and why you've brought me here," she demands. The Dalmatian sighs. This kitty reminded of her another kitty. However, maybe this one would be more amusing than the previous one.

"My name is Deborah. I've brought you here for a quick game."

"Favor?" Gatomon gives Deborah a skeptical look.

"Of course. We'll have you test a new machine; it shouldn't take too long. Keep in mind your cooperation is not required; appreciated yet not required." Deborah explains. The digi-kitty blinks several times. Why would someone capture them, force them to test a machine, and just simply release?

She didn't have long to linger on the thought. A pair of clamps shackle her legs, as well as a pair of rings around her arms. A red tint activates the rings and clamps, forcing the digi-kitty on her back. Deborah chuckles at Gatomon's very brief attempt to fight off the gravity

enhancers. Once she realizes it's futile, the cat sighs. Her ears perk up, the floor beneath her moving her to a dark corridor. The last thing she saw in that room was Deborah's smug face.

In the new room, plenty of smiling faces stare at her. Except, all of them were dolls with blank, empty expressions. Yet, she couldn't shake the feeling that some of them weren't dolls. At least, not *real* dolls.

The cuffs around her leg lift up. From seemingly nowhere, a pair of hands holding a powderpuff and... a diaper, respectively appear. Gatomon gulp, resuming her previous struggles to escape. Not that the machine noticed or cared. Unfolding the padding, it's slid directly underneath her as her crotch and rear are powdered. At this point, she sighs once more, giving up her pointless struggles. Afterall, she could just remove it afterwards.

In the end, the diaper is taped around her waist, spreading her legs slightly from the distance. At best, she'd have an adorable waddle when moving. Another arm appears, holding a pair of pink rubber pants with the crest of light on the back. Just like her diaper, the rubber pants are put on with no fuss. The arm that had diapered her, pats her head, praising what a good kitty she's being.

Moving onward, she forced to sit upright with her paws extended forward. Gatomon flinches whilst the hands move her glows, her scars staring directly back at her. She chokes a few tears, looking away from her paws with closed eyes. She reopens them after feeling soft wool around her paws. The gloves had been replaced with pink mittens, styled the same as her gloves, and also barred the crest of light.

"My gloves..." Gatomon trails. A descending monitor appears, Deborah staring at the digi-kitty solemnly.

"They'll be returned with you when you leave," Deborah states. The Dalmatian seemed sad to have said that. As if she didn't know about Gatomon's scars. Regardless, the monitor shuts off and the machine continues.

The digi-kitty's paws move upward, a dress looming over her. Her eyes lower, keeping at least some optimism it won't too girly. The dress was the exact oppose of her hopes. Just like her current outfit, it's pink and bares the crest of light. Once it's slid over her, she realizes her diaper

would still visible. Perfect for a doll or actual baby, not an adult-level Digimon like her. She exhausts a bit of air, the hands tying a sash around her waist. As that occurs, a wig descends upon. Unlike everything else, which was pink, blonde locks from the wig droop around her face.

“Isn’t the wig a...mmpgh!” Gatomon’s complaint is quickly stifled by a pacifier popping into her mouth. With a numb the size of a small plumb, she’s a bit shaken. A quick strap tying renders her completely unable to spit it out. As well as, any protests from her being reduced to muffled nonsense. While she’s fuming mad, an adorable pair of Mary Janes, designed the same as the rest of her outfit is slid over her feet.

There were a few brief moments where the machine stops. Gatomon, hoping this meant she’d be released, sighs. Of course, however, Deborah wasn’t done with her. The Dalmatian herself enters the room, Gatomon both impressed and concerned with Deborah’s overly sized proportions. Deborah’s paws, however, is where Gatomon’s eyes stayed. A bib with the phrase ‘Princess Kitten of Light’ written in large white letters.

“Thank you for your time, Gatomon,” She says as she ties the bib around the digi-kitty’s neck. Backing away, she stares at the outfit in amazement. She mumbles something akin to ‘adding some bows next time’ before readdressing her test subject.

“Now as promised, I’ll return you to your world.” Deborah grins. With a quick snap of her paw digits, Gatomon is sent back to the real world.

Upon her return, Gatomon discovers herself to be on Kari’s bed, still dressed as a baby. Fortunately, the gravity enhancers are gone and her gloves are next to her. Attempting to remove the clothing causes her to whimper. Neither Kari or the others could see her like this. She’d never live it down. In her continued attempts to take off her clothes, she failed to notice a note on the floor.

*Once again, thank you for assistance, my machine is perfect! Also, you probably won’t be able to take those clothes off. Unfortunately, those clothes aren’t coming off. They’re linked to the diaper and until it’s used, they aren’t coming off. Just pour a jug or two of water in it and you’ll be fine. I hope you remain safe and well padded.*

*Sincerely,*

*Deborah*

*P.S. Happy Diapered Gatomon Day!*