

Agumon's Visit to Primary Village

Agumon had received an odd message asking for help in the Primary Village. Supposedly an evil Digimon and his minions had invaded and taken over the village. Being that this is where all Digimon came from, Agumon was quick to jump into action and left for the village immediately.

Making it to the village, Agumon couldn't believe how easy it was to sneak past the Gotsumon guarding the entrance. Even more unbelievable was that they were all wearing diapers. Agumon knew Primary Village was where baby Digimon came from, but that was ridiculous.

Continuing through the village, Agumon couldn't help but notice more Digimon clad in diapers, some of them even used. Some of the Digimon were even playing and acting like babies. Knowing he had to get to the bottom of this, Agumon made his way into the village castle.

Sneaking past a guard playing with a rattle in a heavily soiled diaper, Agumon entered the castle. What he saw wasn't what he expected, however.

Gone were the pristine pieces of furniture and wall murals. Gone was the magnificent throne. The once grand hall was now a giant nursery, with a throne built of diapers sitting in the middle.

Out of the corner of his eye, Agumon noticed something moving in a crib in the corner of the room. Agumon gasped when he realized who was in the crib. It was Elecmon, leader of the Primary Village! Except he wasn't his normal self. The once proud leader was laying on his back, sucking on his toes. The diaper he was wearing was yellowed from, what Agumon could only assume was pee. Elecmon noticed Agumon and started babbling up at him before scrunching his face and grunting.

The smell hit Agumon like a ton of bricks. Elecmon had just pooped his diaper. Agumon stumbled backwards in disgust.

"What's the matter? You don't like dirty diapers?" Agumon heard behind him. Turning around, he saw a large diaper-shaped Digimon sitting on the throne.

"Who are you!?", demanded Agumon, readying a pepper breath attack.

"Me? Why I'm the Primary Village's rightful king. My name is Diapermon. Can't you see how much happier everyone is since I have taken my place?"

His words pierced Agumon's mind. Agumon thought about all of the villagers he had seen. They were all happy. Even Elecmon seemed happier than his normal stressed out self. Maybe Diapermon was right about being the true king.

"I have an idea.", Diapermon said, "Why don't you join us?"

Agumon shook his head, returning to his senses.

“No!”, he yelled. “You took over this village and are holding Elecmon captive. I’m here to stop you.”, Agumon readied his pepper breath again.

“Such a pity.”, sighed Diapermon, “REGRESS-A-RAY!”

The beam hit Agumon in the face. Agumon fell to the ground. He could feel his head becoming fuzzy, like it was getting harder to think. He had to get up and fight. But who was he supposed to fight? Looking up he saw da...Diapermon. He was a meanie. Agumon tried to stand but couldn’t seem to make his legs work. Standing was hard, anyway. He would crawl to Diaper...daddymon and make him fix what he did.

“Oo makey ma head fewl funny. Wat oo do ta meh.” Agumon babbled, drooling as he tried to talk.

“You’re joining us whether you want to or not, little guy. Now quit struggling against Daddy. REGRESS-A-RAY!”, Diapermon shot his attack a second time, hitting Agumon right between the eyes.

Agumon blinked and looked up.

“Dada.”, he babbled, pee starting to pool under him. Agumon’s mind was gone. His brain was no better than Elecmon’s or any normal baby, for that matter.

“There. Much better.”, Diapermon spoke, picking up the mentally regressed Agumon.

Agumon simply giggled and cooed as pee still dribbled down his legs.

“Let’s get you cleaned up and diapered before you make a bigger mess.”, Diapermon said, laying Agumon on a changing table.

Agumon kicked some more before finding his hand and shoving it in his mouth. Diapermon gently cleaned the pee from Agumon’s crotch, causing the grown baby to shiver at the cold wipe.

“Daddy is almost finished.”, cooed Diapermon, raising the front of the diaper up and taping it in place. “There. All finished. Now let’s get you to your old friend.”

Diapermon carried Agumon to the crib where Elecmon was at and sat him down.

“Ew Tinky.”, Agumon said behind his thumb to the still messy Elecmon.

Elecmon just giggled and continued stacking his blocks. “Is otay. Come pway wit meh.”, he replied.

The two played with blocks, balls, and rattles until Agumon felt a rumbling in his tummy. Pulling himself up on the side of the crib, he crouched, raised his tail, and pushed. Soon enough a large warm mush filled the back of his diaper. When he finished, he fell onto his rump.

“Ima tinky now too.”, Agumon giggled.

The two continued to play until Diapermon returned.

“Smells like I have a couple of “stinkymon” in here.”, he said with a chuckle.

Picking the two adult babies up, he carried them to the changing table once more, this time putting them in onesies once they were clean. Laying them back in their crib, he handed both of them a bottle of milk and turned on a music box that played lullabies.

Soon enough, the mentally regressed Digimon were fast asleep. Diapermon returned to the changing table where he had stored Agumon’s adult things, including Agumon’s communicator. He raised it up to face and smiled.

“Looks like the two of you are going to get more friends.”

Year of the Dragon Story

The warnings were everywhere in the village telling travelers and adventurers to not go to Fireside Mountain. The stories told of an ancient dragon living in the mountain’s caves. A vicious, fire breathing menace whose flames and claws were only bested by its wielding of magic.

Why would you be worried, though? You were renowned as the greatest monster slayer in the realm. You had bested hydras, ogres, vampires, just to name a few. Why would some overgrown lizard be a problem for you? Ignoring the warnings, you left the village for Fireside Mountain.

The terrain was easy to traverse, especially for a warrior like you. It didn’t take long for you to make it to the mountain’s cave system. Following a set of large, reptilian tracks, you enter one of the larger openings. Ready your blade, you move slowly through the dark.

It was quiet in the caves, making you think the dragon knew you were coming. A skilled magic user like the monster would have alerts established for when an intruder entered. Taking another step forward, you feel the floor move slightly and a blinding light fills the room.

You triggered a magic trap! How could you be so careless? As the light cleared, you realized you weren’t in the dark cavern anymore. You were now in some kind of great hall. The walls and furniture were made of gold, along with a large pile of gold and jewels against a wall.

You looked down at yourself only to see that your armor and weapons were gone. Even worse, your clothes were also gone. You were butt naked. You didn't have time to worry about that, however, as the very creature you had come to kill made its way into the room.

You frantically looked around the room trying to find a weapon before the beast attacked, but it was too late. The dragon drew its head back, readying a blast of fire that would surely fry you to a crisp and blew. But it wasn't fire that washed over you, but instead magic.

You felt a strange tingle all over your body as the magic spread over you. Looking down, you realized your body was changing. Your skin began hardening into red scales and your hands and feet began stretching out into claws as your legs and arms became pudgier.

You feel an odd pull on your backside as your tailbone starts to stretch out into a pudgy tail. You look down at your exposed penis, only to see it being covered by skin, that is, until your belly grows large enough to block your view.

Then, you feel your face begin to contort and stretch. Your ears suck into the sides of your head, your hair begins to fall out, and your nose stretches out into a snout. You can feel your teeth sharpening into fangs and your eyes become more focused.

Your back begins to itch as two wings explode out of your spine. Finally, the changes stop and you give your body a good look. You have transformed into a small dragon and by the looks of the pudginess on your limbs, you're nowhere near adult status.

Before you can put your finger on your exact age, another wave of magic hits your waist, puffing into a perfectly fitting, white diaper. Your age was no longer a question. You had been transformed into a baby dragon. The large dragon that did this to you simply smiled at you.

You can feel your diaper warming as you begin peeing out of fear. How did you not even feel it, though? You panically look down at your crotch. The large dragon chuckles again, bringing you closer to her face where you can clearly see her eyes. Her large, swirling eyes.

They were beautiful. You could feel yourself getting lost in them. What were you doing, again? Why were you here? Who were you? Wait! Momma was holding you. That's right. You just peed in your diapie and she picked you up to change you. You began wagging your tail and drooled.

Your caring mommy carries you into another room that is set up like a nursery. She gently lays you down on a golden changing table and blows on your scaly tummy, eliciting several giggles from you before she inserts a pacifier into your maw.

.You greedily suck down the milk as you continue to stare deep into your mommy's eyes. You feel a rumble in your tummy, but ignore it as your tail lifts and you feel a warmth filling the back of your diaper. Your tummy rumbles are gone, though, so you are happy.

You continue to look at your mommy as your eyelids begin to get heavy. You slowly fall asleep with no memories of your old life as the realm's greatest monster hunter. As far as you know, you had always been a baby dragon, living with mommy and it's what you would always be.

HAPPY YEAR OF THE DRAGON, EVERYONE!!!

Little Polar Bear Ski Trail

"I can't believe I let you talk me into this, Jesse.", Ross said, staring down the near 90 degree drop in front of him.

"Don't be such a baby.", Jesse replied, skiing up beside him at the top of the ledge.

The German shepherd siblings were on a ski vacation when Jesse heard about an old trail near the top of the mountain, a black diamond named The Little Polar Bear. Jesse, being the more adventurous of the two, knew they had to try it.

The siblings rode the lift up as far as they could, but had to hike the last couple hundred yards. Ross was worn out by the time they got to the trail, and his nervousness didn't help.

"This looks a little steep, sis.", whined Ross.

"I already told you, you big baby, it's been years since anyone has been able to make it all the way down this trail without falling. We could be local legends.", Jesse said confidently.

"Fine.", Ross replied begrudgingly, "On three. 1....2...3..."

The siblings were off. After the initial jump, they were able to fall into a rhythm. The trail even opened up some, allowing them to go back and forth through the snow, instead of straight down. By now they had to have been almost down the mountain. Around the next turn would be the lodge.

The dogs were feeling confident rounding the last turn, until they saw the last stretch. It was covered in moguls, of all sizes. It would be impossible to figure out any rhythm or pace. Oddly enough, too, it appeared that a large polar bear woman was waiting at the bottom.

Ross hit the moguls first and didn't last long. On the third hill, he lost his balance and toppled forward. The trail was still steep enough that he began rolling down it.

Jesse noticed him rolling and could have sworn he was changing somehow. As Ross rolled, Jesse could have sworn he was getting smaller and his face was changing. His long, dark snout seemed shorter and whiter. And where was his tail?

Jesse quit paying attention to the trail and missed a mogul, causing her to fly forward. The last thing she remembered while she was rolling was white hair sprouting out all over her shortening snout.

Ross was the first to awaken the next morning. Sitting up, he didn't notice the crinkling sound. He did notice, however, the bars surrounding him.

"Am I in jail? What happened yesterday?", Ross thought to himself.

Then he noticed something strange. A baby polar bear was lying next to him.

"Aww. How cute.", Ross thought, until it hit him that a baby wouldn't be in jail. Looking around again, he realized he was in a crib and looking down, he realized the bear wasn't the only baby. Wrapped around his chubby waist, was a baby blue diaper. Worse off, his hair was white. Grabbing his face, he realized his snout and long ears were gone. Waddling to a tiny mirror across the crib, he realized he was now a baby polar bear!

"Wat tinks?", Ross hears behind him. Turning around, he sees the other baby polar bear rubbing her eyes as she sat up. He recognized something about her voice.

"Jesse?", Ross asked.

"Woss!" Jesse screamed, "Yous a powa beaw!"

Ross grabbed the mirror and waddled it to his sister. "So is you. And yous tinky. I'm jus wet.", Ross said proudly, something in his head telling him that's something he should be proud of.

Jesse was overwhelmed with emotion. Not only was she a polar bear baby, but she was messy too! Tears started falling from her eyes and she began to bawl. Soon enough the door opened and the large polar bear woman from the bottom of the slope walked in.

"There are my little cubs. I was wondering when you were going to wake up." The woman said cheerfully, "And looks like one of you made me a stinky present."

Ross wasted no time pointing at his sister, causing her to cry more.

"Now, now. No tattletelling." The woman scolded as she picked up Jesse.

Jesse's mind got foggier as she nestled her face into her mama's....wait was that right? Yeah, it had to be right. Into her mama's fur.

Jesse was laid down on the changing table and a pacifier was placed in her mouth. She happily suckled while her mama got the yucky diaper off of her and a fresh one put on. Once done, she was placed back in her crib and Ross was lifted out for his change.

Once both were changed, they were sat on the nursery room floor with full bottles. Mama say and watched as the babies guzzled the milk down, losing themselves even farther as they did. Each finishing with a tiny burp, they stared wide eyed at all of the toys.

They stacked blocks, rolled ball, and pretended their plushies were skiing all morning. The only break was when Ross squatted down for a few seconds, grunting quietly.

“Now yous tinky.”, Jesse giggled.

“Well yous wet.”, Ross giggled back.

The two wrestled around the nursery like the little cubs they were until they finally tuckered themselves out, falling asleep on the floor next to each other. Mama bear grabbed some changing supplies and cleaned up her sleeping cubs.

They don’t call that slope The Little Polar Bear for nothing.”, mama bear laughed.