

Famed pokemon trainer Ash Ketchum was out for a nightly stroll through the forest, hoping to find some nocturnal creatures to add to his collection. Unfortunately, he was having little luck, spotting little more than your typical weaklings like Pidgeys and Weedles.

As he emerged into a clearing, he noticed an unlit building with a distinctive shape. It was a Pokemon daycare, a facility where trainers could drop off their Pokemon and have them trained while they were away. Ash never used these services, as he believed in the old-fashioned methods of training, but he was curious to see one up close. A poster in the window noted that this facility actually specialized in training baby / toddler-aged pokemon, with a cartoon picture of a smiling Pikachu in a diaper. Getting closer, Ash realized the door was ajar, which he found curious. Examining it, it seemed as if it had been bashed in by vandals, possibly Team Rocket goons in search of pokemon to steal.

Worried, Ash stepped in and found a working terminal behind the reception desk. Thankfully, his check of the records found no evidence that any pokemon had gone missing, the vandals likely being disappointed by the weak collection of creatures kept in this small town facility. Still, he continued investigating.

Opening the door next to the reception desk and stepping into the facility's nursery, Ash looked around in shock. It seems the disappointed vandals had taken their anger out on the daycare itself, smashing whatever they could find. The huge room was in total disarray: stuffed toys ripped open, jars of babyfood thrown against the walls, changing tables and high chairs tipped over. It was complete chaos.

Worst of all however, were the diapers. These horrid pranksters had thought it would be funny to take the soggy messy contents of the nursery's dumpster and use them to decorate the room. Everywhere Ash looked he saw dirty diapers: filling the cribs and playpens, stuffed in the training potties, and strewn all around the nursery carpet. This once-adorable setting was now a portrait of disgust, forcing Ash to hold his nose to try and escape the awful smell of what looked like the result of a full-month of dirty diaper changes. He was just happy that the pokemon were all safely sleeping in their pokeballs and not forced to endure this awful scene.

"New resident detected" a voice announced, and Ash cried out in fright as a pair of mechanical hands grabbed him from under the armpits.

"Wh-what?!"

"It's okay, little baby!" the mechanical voice chirped, Ash looking behind him to realize he'd been snatched up by one of the nursery robots, its mechanical treads carrying him towards the far side of the room. "Let's get you all fixed up!"

“N-no!” Ash exclaimed. “I’m not a baby! Computer, shut down!” Clearly the machine was malfunctioning, likely the result of the unknown pranksters messing with the nursery’s A.I. caretaking program.

“What is the baby’s name?” The bot asked.

“It’s Ash, let me go!”

“Ash-let... Ashley! Name registered!” the computer helper chirped. Before Ash could voice his objection to the name change, he was carried through into the next room, where a mysterious conveyor belt awaited him. “Now be a good girl for the nice machine, okay Ashley?” The newly christened girl Ashley yelped as he was dropped onto the belt, his arms and legs immediately restrained by a series of mechanical arms, the nanny bot retreating back into the nursery and leaving him alone with the strange machine.

“PROTOCOL: STRIP” announced a new mechanical voice, this one booming and scary.

Ashley whimpered as she began moving slowly down the belt, the arms quickly stripping her of his clothes, leaving her totally naked. It had been a long time since Ashley had shaved, and she blushed noticing her thick armpit hair and the dense bush engulfing her private area. Living as a trainer didn’t exactly give her ample opportunities to bathe, and with her clothes off she became very aware of her own rank odor. What she didn’t know is how much worse it would get.

“PROTOCOL: BATHE”

Ashley looked up as a metal door opened, revealing a waiting bathtub. Her eyes went wide with shock to see that the pranksters had been here too, the large metal basin filled with filthy nasty diapers.

“No no no!” Ashley cried out, but she was helpless as the belt lifted up and slid her straight into the horrid receptacle. Immediately she felt the sensation of the soggy squishy diapers pressing against her skin, and tried to force her way out of the tub. Unfortunately, each attempt was met by one of the metal arms forcing her back down. Whimpering, she watched a giant showerhead come into view, crying out as a brown-tinted water soon blasted out, coating her body. The water soon mixed with the diapers filling the tub, turning the bathwater into a dark brown soup.

Ashley was truly helpless as the arms began her “bath” in earnest, yanking her all around as a series of stiff scrubbing brushes continuously dunked themselves into the filthy water, then attacking every inch of her body. The brushes were relentless, truly working the stinky mixture deep into her pores, Ashley tearing up as she realized the odor would not wear off for a long while, if ever. Noticing her thick body hair, the machine took extra care with vigorously scrubbing her armpits and bush, Ashley moaning as the dense growths became tainted by this awful brown liquid.

It was then that the shampoo came out. Unfortunately for Ashley, the bottle of baby suds had somehow been replaced by another one of the dirty diapers. She watched in horror as one of the mechanical hands eagerly scooped out its contents: a mush of oversaturated diaper gel mixed with the piss and shit of some unknown creature. Her tears began in earnest as several arms held her in place, the shampooing routine working the filthy mixture deep into her scalp.

After what seemed like an eternity, she was yanked from the tub back onto the belt, passed through a series of hot air hoses which quickly dried her body. She sighed a breath of relief and dried her tears, sure that the worst had passed. She was wrong.

“PROTOCOL: DIAPER”

Through another metal door, Ashley was slid onto a padded changing table. As her wrists and ankles were held by a new set of arms, one emerged with an oversized bottle of baby powder. As it began to coat her naked bottom, Ashley could see the powder was strangely brown, horrified to realize someone had stuffed a dirty diaper inside the bottle. She tried to escape, but the awful powder continued to rain down, coating her thick brown bush in the stinky mix. At this point, she was barely surprised to find that the bottle of baby lotion was similarly tainted in a manner similar to the shampoo, whimpering as a thick layer of mushy brown glop was rubbed deep into her private area.

Then came the worst horror of all, Ashley looking up as the machine produced the diaper she'd soon be wearing, her eyes wide as she examined it. It was the most overloaded PokeDiaper she'd ever seen, looking as if it had belonged to something the size of a Charizard. The front was stained a deep yellow, saturated to the point of bursting after a countless number of heavy wettings. The seat was even worse, drooping down to the point of impossibility, packed full with several pounds of stinky brown shit.

“Please no!” Ashley cried out as the filthy droopy diaper was slowly lowered towards her, but her cries went unheard. She felt sick to her stomach as the diaper was pulled underneath her, trying her best to keep her ass elevated to avoid touching the ruined garment. Noticing this, the mechanical arms forced her torso down, forcing Ashley's bottom to sink deeply into the thick stinky mess. Her moans of despair were barely as loud as the sound of the thick tapes being pulled into place, securing the heavy soggy diaper firmly around her waist. As Ashley fully recognized the ridiculously filthy state she was in, she burst into heavy sobs.

“PROTOCOL: PACIFY”

Noticing her cries, the machine responded with another torment, producing a stained pacifier and forcing it between her lips, a special solvent ensuring it could not be removed.

As the mechanical arms retreated, the awful nanny bot reappeared at the end of the belt, quickly scooping the sobbing baby girl up in her arms. “All diapered up and ready for naptime!”

the female bot announced. Ashley was too humiliated to resist, sucking helplessly on the awful tasting pacifier as she was wheeled over to one of the nursery cribs.

Soon she found herself laying atop a mattress of squishy, nasty diapers: arms and legs properly restrained as the nanny bot locked her in for the night. Beside her was a stuffed Pikachu, it too wearing its own filthy diaper, and with the limited mobility she was allowed the pathetic and stinky girl known as Ashley grabbed her filthy friend and cuddled it tight, still suckling from her filthy paci.

She knew it was Friday, Ashley now realizing she'd be stuck here for the entire weekend. She moaned in horror, wondering what other awful treatments she could expect in the morning. Still, it was just two days, and this thought gave Ashley hope, knowing that she could surely survive a weekend of torment until someone freed her from this smelly, soggy nightmare.

Sadly, she'd missed the sign in the window, mentioning how the owners were on vacation for a few months. Seems Ashley's torment was just beginning...