

The traveler had found the ideal perch. The edge of a mesa overlooking a massive savanna with roaming herds below and a magnificent view of the sunrise. He took a slow, peaceful breath and smiled as the sights below took the edge off innumerable sticky little worries.

“..I almost feel silly about this.. I probably could've found a vista like this without the time travel, would've been a lot less permits involved, but this is just.. Special.”

Pristine was the proper word for the vista, but that applied to the traveler sitting as part of it as well. They didn't *know* they were being watched of course, that would've spoiled things. Jurianne couldn't help getting closer though, leaning her bulky frame over top of the traveler and reaching out with one stubby arm ending with a pair of claws. She pulled back at the last second, feathers fluffing up around her towering body.

“This one, for certain. I am *so very* certain, the threads coming off their past and future are just the right colors and.. And I just *feel it* too, so-”

Stepping back a little, the T-Rex nodded to someone else that couldn't be seen with them. Someone who nonetheless seemed to be present enough to observe the situation as well.

“Alright then. We'll proceed with your adoption process and start the tether culling and binding process. Do you want them aware, or unaware? Also, do you want them to be able to see you during the process or not?”

Jurianne thought the matter over briefly, tilting her head, her neck feathers ruffling a bit as she concentrated and weighed the likely wisdom of her options and what she *wanted* out of this.

“..Aware, and.. yes, but can we do something to make sure they don't fall?”

The traveler didn't hear any of that going on *right* behind him. Up until the moment a shadow appeared that he couldn't explain and his body abruptly went completely limp anyway, at that point he caught up rather quickly. For a moment he was terrified he'd slip off the edge of the mesa, but the thing casting that shadow plucked him up quickly in two powerful, clawed hands. It then turned him around and let him see it. Her, rather. At least.. the brightly colored feathers, the flower patterned dress, the obvious face paint on the scales – for a T-Rex in clothing and wearing a set of extremely fancy looking glasses it sure looked female.

That probably would've been worth screaming over it the traveler could do so. As it was all they could do was stare.. and they could swear the T-Rex was smiling at them.

“Oh, this.. I wasn't ready. I- *sniff*- okay. Okay, keep it together Jurianne. N-now. You ah..”

While the T-Rex started trying to get herself together the traveler felt *something* happening. A kind of crawling sensation under his skin, through his mind, and in.. other things. The most alarming part of his current situation however was when *something* peeled away the suit he was in. The one keeping him grounded for time travel. Normally it fit snugly over a body, but hands he could not see delicately left him naked in Jurianne's arms.

“Well, you might feel a little confused for a moment. Your memories are probably going to go a bit funny on you but it's all part of the process. I'm going to be taking care of you now! Though, ah – that does mean you're going to-”

The strange feelings came to a head when the traveler felt his body start to twinge and squirm without his say so. Worse still, the towering monster holding him so tenderly was right. As soon as he'd had the question cross his mind 'what..? my memories are fine, I.. I was just here to..' they realized there were already holes. Large ones.. Like where he came from, and when, and why he was here, and what his name was. That was enough to get him to try desperately to make his body move enough to ask for this to stop, but it went nowhere. All that happened was his body starting to tingle and itch ferociously as he felt his bones stretch and creak, his skin tighten and divide into the nested roots of scales and feathers, and his brain-

“Oh, oh my that expression looks.. odd. If you don't mind my asking, what's happening to my new little darling here..?”

Twitching, the traveler felt something like relief as they tried to move their limbs and realized they were starting to regain a little control. Just enough to squirm harder and find their body was unfamiliar enough to cause new problems. Their arms felt stubby and clumsy, their feet felt *gigantic* and clumsy, and their neck was stretching while they watched a sprawling muzzle begin to fill their vision. Beyond just that, they felt.. soft? As they fumbled at their own body it seemed like their fingers sank in a little while they tried to form some kind of plea.

“W-wait. I d.. zsnt.. w-wnt.. I m- mean.. ah. P-plezz.”

Whatever it was that replied wasn't something the traveler could see. They heard it though, loud and clear while Jurianne looked down at them and ran a finger over their head gently.

“This part is always a little chaotic. We're stitching them into a whole new history. It almost always has physical and mental effects both, but they aren't dangerous. If I had to guess based on what I'm seeing progress so far.. Oop, lemme get something real quick.”

The traveler let out a frightened whimper as he felt another set of hands touching him, patting around his waist. Looking at himself didn't help matters, it just left him aware of how fat he was getting as his body warped itself into something that resembled the woman holding him.. but smaller, apart from the rapidly multiplying fat rolls at least. Being naked gave him a clear view of everything.. right up until he wasn't anymore. The other presence, the one that had stripped him before, clothed him this time.

*“Lots of baby fat, no muscle memory at all, and a complete crash of all learned skills and the like. Make the next couple words good ones kid, they're the last ones you're going to say for a while! You're starting over **completely** after this.”*

Clothed in a diaper. A *huge* one, layered and thick, wrapping around his steadily swelling gut. The traveler wriggled again and tried to claw at it but his arms came up short *and* fat. The woman holding him just looked sympathetic while he struggled and tried to come up with something to say again. It was a desperate, panicked attempt to do so as he clung to everything internally that he could still feel enough to make the attempt at, but-

“Pl.. plez, I w-wan go home..? Go b-back a-an.. glb.. blgg? Bgwah..? W-whugbl?!”

A good freaking out began at that. What had started out as something the traveler wrote off as his new muzzle being unfamiliar and difficult to speak with turned into something else as he felt the words he was looking for to try and make this insanity stop wither and dissipate from his mind while he spoke them. The squirming wasn't even really struggling at this point, it was just the kind of aimless wriggling one did when they didn't know how their own body worked. The new T-Rex whimpered again, but that act got a response. The smile from the woman.. the.. the mom who was holding him deepened. He was held up closer to Jurianne's chest, pressed in firmly, leaving him with a sense of comfort and safety he didn't at all understand.

Especially not with how vulnerable he felt. The baby could tell there were things wrong, things missing that ought to be there, but the more he tried to remember what they were the less it worked. It was just empty space in his head, blank patches where something else *used* to be, like shadows on a wall after removing old furniture. He was *almost* certain he ought to be embarrassed about it when he felt a warm, flooding release between his fat thighs into the diaper too but the baby T-Rex could not for the life of him explain why.. so he didn't. The flood was happening anyway, thinking about stopping it didn't make it happen.

“Now.. he *will* be able to relearn everything then?”

The baby T-Rex heard the sounds just fine, but the place comprehension used to be was nothing but a chamber full of white noise now. They found themselves held close while more talking happened.. and colors, *lots* of colors *everywhere* and that second voice again too. The really odd part was when, after opening his eyes from blinking a few times, the baby T-Rex found himself someplace else entirely? It was a comfortable, soft looking room with big windows and clouds outside them. Also a lot of big, soft looking toys and more than a few shiny looking lights on the walls. One of those lights was blinking when the second voice spoke.

“Unknown. Most people who are transplanted recover the majority of their old capabilities, or develop new ones depending on circumstances. We do get a few edge cases where they stay permanently regressed though. If the little tyke-rex hasn't started walking in.. ooohhh..”

It felt safe here. Or at least the baby T-Rex could tell the mom holding him felt safe here. Enough to set him down at least, which led to *immediately* tumbling forward onto his plump belly and finding himself in a bit of a pickle. With his stumpy fat legs the way they were and his short, plump arms not helping matters they couldn't get any leverage to stand up really. Or.. remember quite exactly how to work their legs. Or walk. Walking was probably *way* out of the question, and as they tried wriggling their way forward it became obvious even crawling was going to be a bit of a challenge.

“Six months to a year, at a guess? Then you might want to start planning to just keep buying bigger and bigger diapers for the rest of the little guy's life.”

While more of those voices babbled on above about things the baby couldn't even begin to understand, they did feel a bit of a surge of confidence as they scooted forward a couple inches with a good solid push, riding along on their belly to do so. That ended with them face-down in the carpet though, fat bottom in the air, just in time to feel a knot of pressure forming around their butt that started pushing through and left their legs going limp on them. The baby T-Rex collapsed and sprawled outward, finding himself smiling a little and drooling as he filled that diaper he'd been stuffed into.

After the accident had *mostly* run it's course the baby's belly started rumbling. His mom's voice answered it, and though he couldn't tell what she was saying..

“That wouldn't be so bad, I don't think. Now, let's get you some dinner.”

Somehow it managed to seem comforting anyway.