

Bubble Butt

by Champ (champtehotter.com)

Who is that cutie at the carwash? That is what Master Demetrius wonders when he sees his next catch - and said beauty's beautiful bubble butt. But it's what's beneath the cutie's exterior, and what's peeking over his shorts, that really intrigues the muscle bound admirer, and keeps him coming back for more...

Chapter 1: At the Carwash

Demetrius was cruising through the Gayborhood when he got stuck at that stubborn stoplight by the touchless car wash. A minute passed. Then two. Demetrius cursed to himself softly and chuckled.

"Dang it! This is the longest light in the history of mankind." Bored, his eyes scanned the nearby cars for any hotties, of which there were plenty in the vicinity. There was an older guy in a convertible who looked like he was ready to crack like an egg after one too many dye jobs and spray tans. There was a fit-looking woman jogging down the sidewalk in hot pink leggings, practically bursting out of her tube top - which would have really caught his eye if he was in the least bit straight. Instead, his eyes wandered with disinterest over to the carwash where they alighted on the most beautiful sight he had ever seen: the perfect bubble butt. And even more exciting: it was attached to an adorable cutie washing his electric mini-cooper.

"What an appropriate car for such a cutie," Demetrius said to himself, smirking. He noticed that the boy's shorts were riding down a little bit, and it looked like the hottie was getting ready to bend down to vacuum the floor of the car. Demetrius raised his chin up to get a better look and hopefully catch a glimpse of the cutie's underwear or more. What he saw surprised and intrigued him.

"That's no underwear... that looks like... a diaper?" There was no mistaking it. The waistband was colorful and soft looking just like a baby diaper. But one big enough for a full grown man? Even a cute one? Now Demetrius *had* to know more.

The light changed and horns blared behind Demetrius. Shaken out of his daze, he quickly switched on his left blinker and pulled into the driveway of the carwash even though his car didn't need it.

Demetrius pulled up to the vacuum spot right up next to the owner of the mini-cooper and bubble butt. The cutie didn't notice as he had crawled all the way onto the front seat, leaning down to vacuum the foot well. At least 6 inches of diaper was on full display as his shorts rode down further revealing an adorable bright green dragon smiling at its appreciative audience.

"Hey buddy!" called Demetrius. "Hello?" The sound of the vacuum drowned out Demetrius's calls, but when the man finally lifted his head out of the footwell, and wiped the back of his forehead with his arm, he perceived Demetrius.

The smaller man looked at this tall, dark muscle bound hunk bulging out of his tank top. The man had a feral air about him like he was ready to eat the diminutive diaper boy up at any moment, and it spoke straight to the boy's dick, which stood at attention in his diaper. He realized he was staring.

"Oh, uh... were you talking to me?"

"Yeah... I, uh... I wanted to tell you that your pants are sagging a little bit... in the back."

The cutie's eyes went wide as his hand flew to the back of his shorts. They were already a little bit big on his small frame and his heart skipped a beat as he realized that he'd been flashing his diaper at the entire population of Hillcrest while he was cleaning his car. .

"Oh no... Not again," whined the chagrined crinkle butt. Demetrius could see the poor guy beginning to panic.

"Hey, don't worry about it, buddy. I don't think anyone noticed but me. And I don't mind at all."

The diaper boy's face went red and he gulped. His flight or flight response was kicking in fast and he felt like he had to get out of this conversation if not the carwash altogether. Then he noticed the big man's spotless Z4 convertible.

"You don't look like you need a car wash," he said. "Did you just come to tell me my pants were sagging?"

"No," said Demetrius, scratching the back of his head and smiling in slight embarrassment. "I guess I don't. I honestly just came to say 'Hi' to you."

"Me?" asked the smaller male, looking around to make sure that this big handsome man was actually talking to him. A blast from a car horn interrupted their conversation. It was Mr. Crispy again.

"Hey! Are you gonna vacuum and wash your car or what? Clean it or leave it, buddy!" Demetrius glared at the man for half a second before snapping his attention back to Mr. Bubble Butt.

"I guess that's my cue to go, but before I do, can I give you my number? And can I have yours?"

The diaper boy blushed deeply. He wasn't used to being hit on like this, so it was really throwing him off, but he nodded his head and shakily pulled out his phone to exchange information. The man's name was Demetrius, and he seemed pleased.

"Kiddo, huh? Seems like an appropriate name. Sweet. I'll talk to you soon." Demetrius jumped in his car and drove away. Kiddo thought about the man's little quip. He had hated his name growing up but now as a little, he embraced it. To have it acknowledged by a complete stranger who had seen his diaper, though... Kiddo didn't know whether to feel humiliated or validated.

Kiddo hung up the vacuum, pulled his car forward into the touchless wash and pulled out his phone. It already had a text message.

"What are you doing after the car wash?" Kiddo smiled to himself. Apparently, he had a coffee date.

"I'll be waiting at the coffee shop across the street."

Kiddo read the text again. He couldn't stop looking at his phone and smiling, so much so that he was getting completely distracted from the task of washing his car. When he was rinsing it, he accidentally sprayed himself in the face because he was looking at the phone message once again and not where the hose was pointing. That finally got him to focus on finishing his task. But who could blame him? He might not know this tall dark and handsome stranger, but just about anyone could agree that being wanted felt good. Kiddo was smaller than the average man, and found that he was often literally passed over by others. And yet this man had gone *out of his way* to come and ask for his number.

Needless to say, Kiddo was eager to get his car (and face) dried off and hustle his bubble butt over to the Coffee Café across the street. After circling around the

parking lot a few times, he finally nabbed a spot and parked. He took a second to take a deep breath and let it out.

"You got this, Kiddo. It's just a coffee date. Now take out the keys... Step out of the car... Come on, you can do this..."

Meanwhile, in the café, Demetrius was sipping on a cup of tea and staring out the window wondering what the story was with this little cutie who was apparently having a very intense conversation with himself in the front seat. He smiled to himself, curious and slightly amused.

"I have to ask Kiddo about that cute underwear he's wearing... no way it's just a medical thing." For some reason Demetrius found the unusual wardrobe choice slightly endearing, if a little quirky. He continued to sip his tea as he watched his date psyching himself up in full view of the café.

After a few more minutes of that, Kiddo finally exited his little electric car and walked inside. The moment he got in, he saw Demetrius, waved, walked into a lady who was hurrying over to get her coffee, and fell on his butt.

"Hey! Watch it, short stack!" said the lady, continuing on without even breaking her stride.

"S-sorry!" said Kiddo, standing up and dusting himself off.

"You okay?" asked Demetrius, who had immediately jumped out of his seat to help.

"Y-yeah, I'm fine," stammered Kiddo. So much for a confident entrance.

"Why don't you come over and sit down and make sure," said Demetrius, putting a hand on the small of Kiddo's back and guiding him over to the table. Kiddo's heart immediately quickened at this man's touch, and his pain was forgotten as he now focused on something else. *He's touching me! He's touching me! This hot guy is touching me!*

"There, we go," said Demetrius. "Just have a seat and take a breather. You sure you're alright, Kiddo? You took quite a spill." Kiddo just nodded. "Okay. Tell you what, I already have my tea. Let me order you something. What do you want?"

"Um... t-tea is fine," said Kiddo. Demetrius smiled.

"Alright, I'll be right back. Just hang tight. You're sure you're alright though, right?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," said Kiddo. He let out a breath as Demetrius walked away. *Real smooth, Kiddo, real smooth.*

This was now the second thing he had done to embarrass himself in front of this man, the first being the massive pants slippage at the carwash. This man must have seen the alphabet blocks and the friendly dragon which were cushily guarding his tush right now. He resolved to make sure not to embarrass himself a third time.

Soon, Demetrius returned with an extra big 'Enorme' sized cup of tea for Kiddo, and handed it to him.

"Whoa, that's big!" said Kiddo. Demetrius chuckled and scratched the back of his head.

"I didn't know what size you wanted, so..."

"Oh! I mean, this is perfect, thank you!" Kiddo gave a big smile and then took a swig to show he was happy with the drink, then he made a face and breathed out hard, spraying a bit of tea on the table. "Hot hot hot..."

"Oh, gosh! Careful! Uh... let me get some napkins..." Demetrius hurried to grab some napkins for the poor guy, while Kiddo tried to compose himself. Demetrius did his best not to smirk or chuckle as he returned, but it was hard. There was just something so cute about Kiddo's awkward clumsiness. He was like a baby bird or a puppy or... baby. Luckily, Demetrius managed to pull it together and wipe down the table with a straight face.

"Sorry about that, buddy. I should have warned you."

"Oh, no it's no problem," said Kiddo, wringing his hands as he watched the bigger man clean up for him. "I can- you don't have to-"

"Don't worry about it. Already done," said Demetrius, balling up the napkins and setting them aside. "Much better. Now, where were we? Oh yes, nice to meet you, Kiddo! Is that your real name or a nickname?"

"Nice to meet you, Demetrius," said Kiddo with a nervous laugh. "Even though I... seem to be making a fool of myself already."

"Oh, don't say that," said Demetrius, "you're doing just fine Kiddo. I promise. You should be kinder to yourself. Also, you didn't answer my question." Kiddo, nodded.

"Oh, right. Yeah, it's... it's my real name. I kinda hated it growing up, since people made fun of me for it."

"I understand that. What about now?"

"Oh I like it now, because... uh..." Kiddo blushed and looked away, which instantly got Demetrius's interest. When a boy looked blushy like that, he just had to dig. Demetrius leaned forward and raised his eyebrow.

"You like it *because*...?"

"Um... no reason. I just think it suits me," said Kiddo, quickly. Demetrius leaned back and laughed.

"It sure does, Kiddo. Is that what those special undies are all about?" This question caught Kiddo off guard. His face suddenly felt very hot and it wasn't because of the tea.

"U-um... well..." A few moments passed, and Kiddo seemed tongue tied, and Demetrius had his answer just from that, so the bigger man decided to bail Kiddo out and take a different tack.

"Hey, no need to be embarrassed. Whatever reason you're wearing them for, I think it's super cute. I'm just trying to understand. I'll admit it was your bubble butt that grabbed my attention - or at least what I *thought* was your butt. Those undies were pretty cute, though. I've never seen anything like 'em before... So where did ya get 'em?"

"Oh, well... uh... just online, I guess," said Kiddo, still being evasive. "There's lots of options for things like these... Uh... you really don't mind 'em, though?"

"Nah, bud. I don't mind them at all. They may be different, but different isn't a bad thing. Do you use them?" Another pointed question that Kiddo wasn't prepared to answer, and yet would totally answer without meaning to.

"Oh! Well, um... that is to say..."

"Well, there's my answer," said Demetrius, sitting back with a satisfied smile. "Don't be embarrassed, it's perfectly fine. I won't pry any further. I was just trying to get to understand you a little bit better. Why don't you take a turn asking questions? That'd be fair, right?"

"Heh, yeah, I guess so," said Kiddo, rubbing his arm and blushing. It was mind blowing that this guy could be so chill with him wearing and using his diapers, especially since he hardly even seemed to know what they were. "Um... are you local?"

Now that they were past the initial awkwardness, the two of them began learning more about each other. Kiddo learned that Demetrius was a tech guy running a local

startup who loved to go to the beach, especially the local nude beach, whenever he could. Demetrius learned that Kiddo was a competitive Magic the Gathering player who worked at a local comic shop and managed to earn enough to move out of his parents' house only recently and rent a place nearby.

"You mean you can win five thousand bucks in one go?" asked Demetrius, as Kiddo described his winnings.

"Yeah, if you win *first place*, that is. But it's not exactly easy. You see..."

Demetrius smiled as Kiddo began to talk extensively about his special interest. He didn't really understand what the lil guy was talking about, but he sure was adorable as he geeked out about it. Demetrius decided he was definitely going to go for a second date, and when they finished their tea and parted ways, he made sure to set one up.

"Hey, I'd love to check out that comic shop. Maybe I can visit and you can teach me how to play Magic sometime?"

"Really? Sure!" said Kiddo, clearly excited to do so. Demetrius couldn't help but smile at Kiddo's enthusiasm. Yup. Definitely adorable.

That evening, Demetrius began doing some intense research about both the 'MtG' card game as well as those 'special undies' that Kiddo was sporting. Information on 'Magic' was easy enough to come by, but he wasn't prepared for what he found when he typed in 'cute adult diapers dragon' into his internet browser. The site that came up was far more put together than he could ever have expected, and even had cute descriptions of each product.

Demetrius had more questions, so he clicked on the 'About Us' section and came across a new term.

"Little? What's that?" This question led Demetrius unto a whole new rabbit hole of research into littles, AB/DLs, babyfurs, and more, and before he knew it it was almost 2 in the morning. He sat back in his chair and thought for a moment. "This is cute as shit. I had no idea any of this existed..."

He wondered if Kiddo was a 'little', and he decided he'd have to try and find out. First, though, he'd have to sleep on it because he had stayed up way later than he planned.

Chapter 2: Daddies and Dragons

Kiddo stood out in the environment of the Mr. Books & Comics comic shop for his fashion and flair. He was certainly too self-conscious to be wearing a cut-off shirt and booty shorts, but his clothes were cute enough to show off his assets, as it were, including that padded bubble-butt of his that had so attracted Demetrius. Of course, that naturally led to some occasional peekage, unbeknownst to Kiddo.

If Kiddo was known for one thing, other than his crinkly underpants, it was his excellent attention to customers. Sometimes that attention could get a little too focused. As Kiddo leaned forward over the display case to show a customer a comic, he absentmindedly reached back to tuck down the back of his shirt, covering the face of the friendly red puppet from a popular kid's show.

Kiddo was totally oblivious to anyone who might have noticed his adorable underpants until the owner, Mr. Books came over to break him out of the conversation. Mr. Books adjusted his thick rimmed glasses with a smirk, his graying goatee, purple turtleneck, and ponytail giving him the air of a wise librarian peering over the comic they were discussing.

"Ah, Super Dude 429. Great developments in this one. You've got good taste my friend," said Mr. Books, looking up to the customer and smiling. The customer, a skinny guy in his 20's with a ponytail like Mr. Books' was clearly excited to talk all things Super Dude.

"Super Dude is Superrific! This was the one issue I missed as a kid and I never forgave myself. I don't care what it costs, I have to know what happens next," said the customer, practically salivating over the rare volume.

"Well, no spoilers, but... you won't be disappointed. Hey, Kiddo, why don't you go attend to the other customers? I think there's someone here asking about you. I'll wrap things up here."

Mr. Books grinned as he watched Kiddo waddle out from behind the counter, the friendly red puppet face already peeking out as his shirt rode up again. Kiddo was like a son to Mr. Books, diapers and all, so of course he was curious about Kiddo's hunky caller. It was certain that Kid grew on people; all the customers loved him, but... Well, this guy seemed different. Could this be the start of something more for his best boy?

It didn't take long for Kiddo to spot Demetrius. Like Kiddo, Demetrius stood out in the shop, and he was already turning a few heads. A big tall muscular body-builder type bursting out of his tanktop certainly looked more at home in the pages of a comic than a comic *shop*.

"Oh! You came!" said Kiddo, surprised and delighted to see Demetrius actually at his shop.

"Of course I came. I told you I wanted to see where you worked, didn't I?"

"Well, lots of people say lots of things," said Kiddo.

"When I say something, I mean it," said Demetrius, looking Kiddo in the eye with a slightly domineering smirk.

"Oh, well that's good," said Kiddo, smiling shyly. "Oh! Where are my manners? Why don't I show you around?"

The shop was big, but not so big that you couldn't see the other end of it. To the right of the entrance was the register with its glassed in displays running the length of the wall. Straight ahead of the entrance was the Snack Center, which included a drink fridge, water boiler, utensils, coffee machine, microwaves, bathroom, employee break room. The left half of the shop was dedicated to rows of tables for playing and walls lined with shelves of boardgames that could be played at any time, all of which were conveniently for sale on the opposite side of the shop. Several people were currently playing at the tables and snacking on the snacks and drinks currently in the snack bar.

"Wow, you could practically live here, huh?" asked Demetrius.

"Some people practically do," said Kiddo. "We try to make it comfortable here so people don't have to leave. Food, drinks, anything goes as long as you don't get it on the cards and games. I always tell people we want a clean game," said Kiddo with a giggle that melted Demetrius's heart.

Kiddo led Demetrius to the wide set of stairs behind the Snack Center. The second floor was all books and comics organized alphabetically and by genre, and Kiddo wanted to tell his special visitor about all of them.

"This is a classic comic book series. it's called 'Sand Dude', it was kinda a big deal in the goth and industrial scene. They even made a NetWorx series about it recently!"

Demetrius couldn't stop smiling as he was led around. Kiddo was clearly excited to talk about the things in his store and it was adorable, even if Demetrius didn't know half of the things the lil guy was talking about. Kiddo saved the best for last as he came back to the front counter where all the card sets were.

"And this is the newest set for my favorite card game! Magic Remastered: Limited Edition"

Demetrius chuckled.

"What's so funny?" asked Kiddo.

"I'm sorry, but I don't know the first thing about this game. You'll have to teach me like you promised." Kiddo looked surprised for a second, and then recovered.

"Oh! Well, I... Hold on, let me ask my boss if I have some time to do that. I'm sure I can, I mean I usually..."

"If it's a problem, we can do it later," said Demetrius, holding up his hands. "I don't want to get you in trouble."

"No, no. Hold on... Let me just ask..." said Kiddo, pointing to Demetrius. "Don't you dare go anywhere! Just give me a sec!" Demetrius smiled to himself as he watched the cutie walking his bubble butt off to find his boss. Once again, there was that adorable diaper peekage, not to mention the obvious crinkle. Demetrius planned to suss out just what that was all about soon enough.

Kiddo didn't have far to speak to Mr. Books, but he was so excited, he was breathless as he asked his query.

"Mr. Books! Mr. Books! Can I teach Demetrius about Magic?"

"Well, I don't know. Did you finish sorting those boxes of comics I told you to sort earlier?" Kiddo looked suddenly guilty and rubbed his arm.

"Well... I *started*... but then the customer came in and... then there was another one... and... well..."

"Oh, go on," said Mr. Books, grinning. "Go teach him about it. But you're gonna sort those comics as soon as you're done, even if you have to work overtime, got it?" Kiddo practically jumped with excitement.

"Yes! Yes! I promise I will! Thanks Mr. Books!"

And so Kiddo returned happily, feeling very lucky that he had the chance to teach Demetrius about his favorite game.

Demetrius smiled as he watched his little penguin waddle back to him, the bulging shorts and loud rustle an obvious sign of a diaper wearer.

"Guess what, guess what? He said it's ok!" Kiddo said, stating the obvious with unbridled excitement. Suddenly, Kiddo made an adorable face of determination, pumped his fists, and spoke in that dramatic voice reserved for heroes in animated action series. "All right! Now I'm gonna teach you how to *play*. Get *ready*! This might just change your *life*."

"Ok," chuckled Demetrius. "Sounds like I'm gonna have to sit down for this one. I might need a drink if we're going to be here that long."

"No worries, said Kiddo with a confident chuckle. "I got this!" It was obvious from his confidence that he was in his element. It was Kiddo to the rescue. He waddled over to the snack fridge and grabbed a Gremlin Mode energy soda for each of them.

"Employee privilege," he said, trying not to look too smug as he set down the sodas onto the table. Demetrius chuckled.

"Thanks, buddy. Guess it pays to know someone on the crew. So how does this work?"

"Well, let me tell you," said Kiddo. He opened up a demo set and pulled out all the cards, laying a bunch out on the table by type. "So these are the land cards. These give you the energy to do *moves*. And *these* cards are your monsters. They do attacks and defense. And these ones..." Kiddo tapped a card that had beautiful art on it, so pretty that it could actually be a painting in Demetrius's home. "These ones are instant cards. They have instant effects and you can play them anytime. There's more cards like artifacts and stuff, but these are the main ones. Basically they just affect the game a little bit more and all the explanations are on the cards... like see these numbers here?"

"Yeah," said Demetrius. "But I don't know what they mean..."

"So this is *attack* and *defense*. And this label here tells you what *type* of card it is."

"And what's this text in the bottom?" Asked Demetrius

"Oh that's just like a little quote. That's just for flavor."

"I see. This game goes pretty deep, doesn't it?" asked Demetrius, looking impressed. Kiddo gave a knowing smirk.

"You have no idea." Demetrius thought it was adorable how Kiddo rustled under his pants, showing a little extra peekage each time he reached over to point at a card, but he did his best to respect Kiddo's efforts and focus on the game.

"So what's the goal?"

"The goal of the game is either to make your opponent run out of cards or to use up all their life points. So yeah, those are like the two ways to win. But you'll see for yourself because we're gonna play a game."

"Right now?" Asked Demetrius. "I don't know if I'm ready." Of course, Demetrius wasn't really nervous, but he wanted to give Kiddo the chance to play the hero a little bit. Right on cue, Kiddo launched into his pep talk.

"Don't worry. You *got* this. We all have to start somewhere. Now let's see... What kind of deck would fit you best? I know, let's start off with a *fire* deck. Fire is all about *action, impulsiveness, freedom*, and maybe a little *destruction*." Kiddo gave a wicked grin and winked at the bigger man as he slapped down a deck right in front of him.

"Sounds good," said Demetrius, not knowing the difference between all the color decks anyway.

"Let's start off with a dragon deck that can show you how cards of the same tribe can work together. We're gonna play with a type of rule that's really popular right now and that's called *commander*. Each deck it's a special character that's super powerful and we call them..."

"The commander?"

"You guessed it! The *commander*!"

"I like the sound of that," said Demetrius, chuckling. "Can I be the commander?" He looked pointedly at Kiddo

"No, no," giggled Kiddo. "That's not how it works. You see, the commander is your *character*. It's just a name for the game format of building your deck around a powerful creature card."

Demetrius smirked as his innuendo flew right over Kiddo's head. The cutie was so engrossed in talking about the game that he was going to be completely oblivious to any possible double entendres coming his way, unless they were game related. But Demetrius didn't mind. It was fun to learn more about this cutie and what made him excited, and Kiddo was a pretty darn good teacher too.

Demetrius wasn't big on board games and card games, being the more physical type himself, but Kiddo made it easy to understand and was very patient with him even when he was a little slow to pick it up. In fact, as they played through the game, Demetrius noticed that Kiddo never made him feel slow or stupid at all. If more people had been like Kiddo, Demetrius might've gotten into games a long time ago. Sadly, most people weren't so kind and patient unless they had a reason to be, and Demetrius didn't like being made a fool of.

"Ok," said Demetrius. "So, I tap my land, and I attack with my dragon warrior."

"Great move. That's how you do it! Looks like you Destroyed my *mysterious priest*. And look, if you tap one more land, you can use his special effect and stop me from casting on my turn!"

"Oh! Yeah, I'll do that then."

"All right, now you get to use your other cards for the post-combat phase. Do you have anything else you can play? Any lands or creatures or artifacts or enchantments..."

"Let's see... I'm not sure..."

"Here, let me see..."

As they sipped their energy drinks and played, Demetrius found himself really enjoying himself. At first it had just been a pretense to spend more time with Kiddo, which would've been enjoyable regardless, but Demetrius was actually finding himself getting really into the game itself.

"So, how much does a packet cost?" asked Demetrius, after the game was over.

"Oh, so you're really interested?" asked Kiddo. "Well... It's about 20-30 bucks but it can go up higher than that. And you can buy booster packs as well for six bucks a pop."

"Wow, that could get pretty expensive, huh?" asked Demetrius.

"Well," said Kiddo, "that's true but there are some shortcuts like getting used lots of cards, or boxes that game stores like us toss out... and playing in tournaments too. Oh no!"

Kiddo stood up as he suddenly felt a wet spot on the back of his leg. He had been so focused on teaching Demetrius about the game that he hadn't even noticed that his diaper was slowly filling up.

"What's wrong?" asked Demetrius, surprised by Kiddo's sudden movement.

"Uh... I just have to take care of something," squeaked Kiddo. "Be right back!"

Demetrius watched as Kiddo ran off, noticing the big wet spot on the back of his shorts. Demetrius felt a little bit bad for Kiddo. As cute as it was to see his little buddy waddle off, he didn't want the cutie to feel bad. Demetrius decided to pretend he didn't know what was going on when Kiddo returned.

Mr. Books saw Kiddo rushing by with a worried look on his face as he booked it to the bathroom.

"Everything going okay there, Kiddo?"

"Yeah, just just have to make a quick pitstop," squeaked Kiddo.

"Oh! Well, go on, then. I put your satchel in the break room cause you forgot it behind the register again when you came in."

"Thanks, Mr. B!" said Kiddo, hurrying to the restroom just past the snack bar and break room.

Mr. Books knew about Kiddo's diapers, Had known for quite some time, in fact, ever since he accidentally walked in on Kiddo changing. Kiddo had come out of the bathroom a blubbering mess a few minutes later and Mr. Books had to sit him down and reassure him that it was perfectly fine if he wore diapers.

"You don't need to explain, Kiddo," Mr. Books had said. "Just remember to lock the door so you're not embarrassed again. Oh, and I need you to do one more thing for me. Let me know if there's *anything* I can do to make the bathroom more accommodating for you."

Kiddo had been extremely grateful, and even though he was reluctant to ask for anything, Mr. Books had finally at least gotten out of him that wet wipes and small trash bags would be a big help a lot. There was already a big trashcan in the bathroom, so Kiddo didn't need much more than that. From that day on, Kiddo had his diaper bag (what he called his 'satchel') always waiting in the break room and didn't have to fret about taking bathroom breaks when he needed them or about who might see his bag.

In the present, Mr. Books smiled and nodded at Kiddo when he returned from his emergency 'pit stop' with a fresh pair of shorts on. Kiddo nodded back.

"How's the game going with your friend?" asked Mr. Books.

"Oh, it's going great. I think he really likes it."

"Do you think we'll be seeing more of him?"

"I hope so," said Kiddo, with a shy blush.

"That's good," said Mr. Books. "I hope so too."

So Kiddo returned to the table where Demetrius was patiently waiting and pretending to look at all the cards with great interest. Demetrius noticed the conspicuous change of pants right away, but didn't say anything about it.

"Back already?" asked Demetrius, barely bothering to look up from the cards he was examining. Kiddo blushed.

"Yeah. Thanks for being patient. So, yeah, that's the game! What do you think?"

"I think I wanna play another round," said Demetrius with a smirk, holding up his commander.

And so they set up and began their second round of Magic.

"So are there any Daddy dragons in this deck?" asked Demetrius with a smirk as he laid down his first card. Kiddo blushed deeply.

"There's no such thing, silly."

"But who's gonna take care of the baby dragons?" asked Demetrius with a sad face.

"This game only has fierce *warrior* dragons. All the daddies and babies stay home," said Kiddo, standing up to lay down an effect card on Demetrius's Dragon. Demetrius stood up too and reached forward to tug down the back of Kiddo's shirt, causing him to blush even harder as he realized he must have been flashing the whole store again.

"Clearly not all of them," said Demetrius, smirking. "Like the cute ones that were peeking out of your shorts." Kiddo blushed again and eeped as he remembered he was wearing his Dragon Adventurer diapers that he liked to wear to the comic shop when he was in a fantasy mood. Kiddo's strategy suddenly went right out the window as he lost his train of thought, and shortly after, he lost the game.

"No fair! You distracted me!" said Kiddo, crossing his arms and pouting.

"All's fair in love, war, and Magic," said Demetrius, with a chuckle. "Guess the Daddy dragon was the *real* commander of this game. And speaking of dragons, how are *your* dragons doing?"

Kiddo quickly gave himself a surreptitious diaper check under the table and realized he was soggy.

"Th-they're- I mean. Uh, excuse me, I just have to use the restroom real quick."

Demetrius enjoyed watching that bubble butt as Kiddo waddled off again. He looked out of the time and sighed. Mr. Books walked up to the table.

"Having fun?"

"I am," said Demetrius. "I'm not one for card games and that stuff... not usually at least, but Kiddo made it easy to learn and I'm sure I'll be coming back for more games."

"I hope you do," said Mr. Books. "Kiddo seems quite taken with you."

"You think?" asked Demetrius, smiling and rubbing his chin.

"You seem taken with him too, if you don't mind my saying," said Mr. Books.

"It's that obvious, huh?"

"We don't get many guys like you coming in, and certainly when you asked for Kiddo, that was a clear indication you were here for a reason. But I might have seen one or two other hints as well," added Mr. Books with a smirk. Demetrius wondered exactly what he meant. Did he notice how much Demetrius was smiling as they played? Did he sense it in how he interacted with Kiddo? Did he notice the big hard-on that Demetrius

had been sporting under the table most of the day? "What was that you said about Daddy dragons a minute ago?"

"Oh," chuckled Demetrius. "Well, I guess you would know better than me what that means... I, er... did some research to see how I could relate to the cutie better, since we just met and all."

"Well, as his employer all I can say is..." Mr. Books leaned forward and cupped his hand to his mouth in a stage whisper, "I think you're on the right track."

The two of them shared a laugh and when Kiddo returned, they were still talking and chuckling.

"What's so funny, guys?" asked Kiddo.

"Nothing, nothing," said Mr. Books. "Anyway, looks like we hooked a new fan of the game, isn't that right, sir?"

"Demetrius. No need for the 'Sir'. I get that enough already."

Mr Books raised an eyebrow and smirked as he returned Demetrius's strong handshake. He had been around the block a few times - enough to know what that title meant to some, and Demetrius definitely looked like a 'Sir'.

"Well, it's nice to meet you, Demetrius. I'm afraid I'm going to have to steal Kiddo away from you. He promised he was going to organize some comics before he went home today. You'll be back though, right?"

"You can count on it," said Demetrius, smiling down at Kiddo with affection. "As long as this cutie is here." Kiddo blushed deeply and Mr. Books chuckled.

"Well, my employee is certainly not going anywhere. He's like a son to me. Isn't that right Kiddo?"

"Y-yeah," said Kiddo, looking down and peeing himself a little in embarrassment as he blushed and rubbed his arm. "But I guess I better get to sorting those comics, huh?"

"I guess that's my cue to head out," said Demetrius. "But first, why don't you sell me a starter deck... and some booster packs for good measure?"

Demetrius was glad he came. His little visit had turned out to be fun in more ways than one.

Chapter 3: Date Night

Demetrius visited the shop again the next day, and again the day after that. He quickly was becoming a regular and even got a nickname from the other regulars of Dragon because of his muscular build and his affinity for the dragon deck that Kiddo had built him.

Each time he played against Kiddo, Demetrius would try and get in some subtle questions for kiddo; whatever he thought he could get away with even with others playing in the game:

"So, are you single?"

"Do you have a bedtime?"

"If you had to pick from a sippy cup or a bottle, what would you drink from?"

Kiddo was supposed to be working at the shop full time, but whenever Demetrius came, Kiddo ended up spending the day playing cards with him instead, and, of course, having a few accidents along the way. Demetrius would watch Kiddo waddle off, wishing that he could help, but he didn't suppose following Kiddo into the break room would go over very well With Mr. Books. At least not yet.

It was a couple weeks in on a Saturday when they once again found themselves facing closing time unexpectedly.

Mr. Books came over, and said, "You two are going to have to start going on dates already. I need Kiddo here to work the store at least *some* of the time."

Kiddo's eyes were downcast as Mr. Book scolded him, however gently, but the word 'date' did set his heart aflutter. A date was exciting. A date was something new. But Kiddo he would really miss having Demetrius visit. Then, it hit him. Kiddo snapped his fingers.

"Hey, I know! I'll be playing in a tournament here next week. Do you want to come?" He looked up at Demetrius with hopeful eyes and Demetrius smiled.

"How can I say no to that face? Of course I'll be there. Now how about that date...?"

"Would you look at the time?" said Mr. Books. "I think it's about time to close up shop. Last call, everybody! The shop closes in 10 minutes. Finish your rounds and bring

all purchases to the front!" Mr. Books made the announcement in a surprisingly loud voice, and then went upstairs to repeat it.

"When is he going to get a paging system?" asked Kiddo, shaking his head and rolling his eyes. "Anyway, you were saying?"

"Oh, it can wait a few minutes. I'd kind of like to ask you in private. Can I walk you to your car?" asked Demetrius.

"Huh? Oh! Sure," said Kiddo. His heart was doing funny things in his chest. No one had ever walked him to his car before. "Um... you'll have to wait for me to finish up with closing."

"That's fine," said Demetrius. "I can wait."

"Okay, I'll be back in a few," said Kiddo, and Demetrius had to chuckle as he watched Kiddo suddenly motivated to help all the customers get packed up and see them out the door. Being such a regular visitor, Demetrius was allowed to stay behind even after the doors were locked and the cash was counted. He scrolled on his phone a bit and watched them close up, feeling good about what he was planning.

Once closing was done, Kiddo and Demetrius said goodbye to Mr. Books and they walked out of the store and into the strip mall parking lot.

"Well, it's not much of a walk," laughed Demetrius, as Kiddo's little electric vehicle was basically right out front of the shop.

"That's okay," said Kiddo. "I still appreciate it." He took Demetrius's hand, surprising them both with his boldness, and gave it a squeeze.

"Well... um... I guess we could walk around it and I can check under to make sure there aren't any monsters," said Demetrius. Kiddo giggled.

"Okay, sure, but it's not a bed you know."

"Well, I hope I get a chance to check *that* for you sometime, too," said Demetrius, wiggling his eyebrows as they made their way slowly around the tiny car. Kiddo blushed and giggled some more.

"Heh. O-okay... I'd like that." He looked down and then back up at Demetrius, meeting the larger man's eyes, and there was an electric spark between them. Demetrius instantly felt his shorts get a little bit tighter as he felt it, too. This boy was special.

"I'll hold you to that, Kiddo. And if you're good, maybe you'll even get a bedtime story. Now let me check for those monsters real quick..."

"You really don't have to," said Kiddo, blushing as Demetrius got down on his hands and knees to look. "You'll get yourself dirty!"

"Just one of my responsibilities," said Demetrius. "Checking for monsters is my specialty. And... the monster inspector says your car is clean! Have a safe drive home, Kiddo." Demetrius dusted his hands off and patted Kiddo on the back, and Kiddo smiled.

"You too Da- I mean... Demetrius." Kiddo's face was bright red now as he caught himself about to say something quite embarrassing.

Demetrius pretended not to notice Kiddo's accidental slip up, but it was clear where this was going. Demetrius felt his heart flutter a bit, which surprised him. He had held several titles, such as Master and Sir, but never Daddy to a little. It was a new kind of role for him, but something about this connection felt right. He could feel himself getting more excited and was pretty sure his shorts wouldn't hide it for much longer.

"So, about that date..." Demetrius and Kiddo talked it over and Demetrius could tell that a full restaurant would be way too stifling and a bar would be way too overstimulating, so they settled on a pizza place in gayborhood called 'Daddy's Pizza'.

Daddy's Pizza was a gayborhood fixture nestled between a massive sex shop named "Daddy's Treasure Chest," and a local leather bar called "Daddy's Secret". All three locations were places that Demetrius knew quite well. Demetrius smiled to himself as he imagined bringing Kiddo into the leather bar.

"So, pick you up tonight at eight?" Asked Demetrius. Kiddo's eyes went wide.

"Pick me up?"

"I mean, if you're uncomfortable with it, you could just meet me there," said Demetrius.

"No, no," said Kiddo. "I *want* you to pick me up, I mean, I'd like that. I've just... I've never been picked up by someone before." His cheeks were rosy red now as he was clearly enjoying the idea.

"Well," chuckled, Demetrius, "I can pick you up anytime, both in a car, and probably physically too. Want to see me try?" Kiddo blushed and shook his head. He desperately wanted Demetrius to *physically* pick him up as well, but he was too shy to say so.

"Maybe not yet," Demetrius chuckled, knowing what Kiddo was thinking. "Ok, then, I'll pick you up tonight. Don't forget to send me the address!"

Kiddo lived in a small apartment about ten minutes south of the gayborhood. He would've loved to rent an apartment closer by the comic shop or the neighborhood itself, but the area had been thoroughly gentrified, and none of the housing was affordable anymore. Even so, Kiddo's apartment was a nice little apartment off of Sixth Avenue and a block away from the city's biggest park. Demetrius took a moment to appreciate the location after he parked out front. It seemed like a nice place to go for a walk with a little one, but of course he'd have to hold the little one's hand and make sure he got across the street safely, and then... He shook his head and remembered he had to send a text to let Kiddo know he was there.

"Coming," Kiddo texted back, and then it was a mad scramble for him to get dressed for the date, since he was still lounging around in just his diaper and playing games online. "Oh crap, I need a change," he said to himself as he started to pull up his pants only to notice his diapers were completely soaked.

"Be just a few," texted Kiddo, "getting changed now." He sent the message, not even thinking about it and only realized as he was midway through his diaper change what he had texted. In a panic, he picked up his phone, but Demetrius had already responded.

"Good job! Always good to change into something dry. Let me know if you need help."

Kiddo practically choked on his tongue when he read those words, and immediately wondered if Demetrius was talking about the diapers. He so wanted to say yes, but he was still too shy.

"Ha ha, thanks," he replied, instead. Now, Kiddo had another problem; he was rapidly getting excited, which was going to make putting on his diaper a challenge. He quickly finished the job before it became any more of a problem than it already was and pulled on some shorts and a T-shirt that was actually clean. It was glittery pink shirt with a unicorn on it that said "Alpha What?"

Finally, he emerged from his apartment to greet Demetrius in his convertible. Demetrius stepped out to give Kiddo a big hug and Kiddo again blushed, not expecting Demetrius to come greet him like that, or to hold the door open for him. Demetrius was a real gentleman, and Kiddo had never gotten such treatment before. It was new and strange and gave his tummy a fluttery feeling.

Daddy's Pizza was only a few minutes away, and Demetrius told Kiddo he had picked it as the perfect spot for some nice conversation and a delicious pizza pie. Demetrius had a plan in mind, and grinned inwardly when he noticed that Kiddo didn't bring his diaper bag. He decided it would be the perfect opportunity to remind Kiddo why that was important.

"Alright! Here we are!" said Demetrius as they pulled up to Daddy's Pizza, easy to spot with its distinctive logo of a beefy leatherman in a harness, holding up a pizza and winking.

"Wow, looks pretty busy," said Kiddo, looking at the crowd in front of the restaurant. Daddy's was popular enough to have a long wait on a Saturday, but Demetrius had an ace in his pocket.

"Don't worry, Kiddo. I know the owner and I reserved a spot. Let's go in."

Kiddo huddled under Demetrius, who pushed past the crowd to get inside. The inside was even more crowded, full of people of every stripe from queer punks to lipstick lesbians and everything in between, and many of them waved to Demetrius like they knew him.

This was an unusual pizza parlor to say the least. A lot of the clientele was clearly kinky based on their clothing (or lack thereof). The pizza tossers behind the counter were wearing only jocks and leather harnesses and had big mustaches, looking like they had stepped right right out of a Tom of Finland painting.

"Talk about a hot pie!" said Demetrius with a chuckle. He looked down at kiddo, and quickly ascertained that the smaller guy was overwhelmed by the crowd.

"Hey, don't worry, buddy," he said, putting a hand behind Kiddo's back. "We've got a booth in the corner so we'll have a little space to ourselves..." Indeed, once they sat down, the booth wall made Kiddo feel a little more protected, although a few people still stopped by to say hi to Demetrius and ask who the cutie was.

"This is Kiddo," Demetrius said, for the umpteenth time, as yet another person paid their respects, "but I think he's a little overwhelmed right now. Let's catch up later." No sooner had that person left than another person approached, and Kiddo was just about to call it the last straw and ask to leave. Fortunately, this person was a server, there to take their order.

"What do you think Kiddo? Meal lover's special?" Demetrius nodded with satisfaction as Kiddo enthusiastically agreed, the thought of pizza making him forget

his worries in an adorably childlike way. "You heard the kid. Let's have a meat lover's pizza."

"That comes with optional bottomless refills... you want that too?"

"Yes please!" said Kiddo, before Demetrius could even respond. Demetrius chuckled and gave a nod when the server threw a questioning gaze his way. "You heard the kid. Two bottomless refills of Monster Chuck Soda - just give us a pitcher if you could.

As they ate, Demetrius made sure that Kiddo was always topped off and Kiddo talked about the upcoming Magic tournament which Kiddo was really excited for. Demetrius was excited to see what the tournament was all about, if only to cheer Kiddo on.

"Do you think I could play in a tournament soon?" asked Demetrius.

"Of course! You're getting better every time! I swear you'll be up to tournament level in no time."

"That would be awesome," said Demetrius, smiling. "But of course I'll need *you* to coach me," he said with a wink.

"You can count on me, champ," said Kiddo with a giggle.

They talked a little bit more about the neighborhood, and how it was changing. Demetrius said there were rumblings of well-to-do Kevins and Karens walking their shi-shi lap dogs in the neighborhood and sneering and complaining at the appearance of the queer folk unfortunate enough to cross their paths.

"I hear some developers are buying up all the businesses and the gay community is starting to move eastward toward North Park. I guess nothing lasts forever, does it?" said Kiddo.

"Speaking of which, how are you holding up, Kiddo? Still dry?" asked Demetrius, as he topped off Kiddo's drink yet again.

"What? Oh!" said Kiddo, looking down and checking himself. "Nah, I'm sure it could hold up a little longer. I can usually... Uh oh... I may have spoken too soon..." Kiddo hadn't realized it, but all that soda had gone straight to his diaper, and he was now feeling some wetness around his legs. "I, uh... I think I need to go home and take care of this..."

"No, you don't," said Demetrius, with a confident voice. "You don't have to go anywhere. Did you remember to bring your diaper bag?" Kiddo shook his head.

"Oh... n-no... I guess I left it at home. I didn't think I'd need it for just a dinner date..." Demetrius gave a confident smirk.

"Thought so. You should never go without your diaper bag. You should know that by now. Don't worry, though. I planned ahead and I've got you covered."

"What do you mean?" asked Kiddo, confused.

"This date isn't over, Kiddo." said Demetrius, taking Kiddo by the hand. "Come with me."

"But don't we have to pay?"

"I know exactly how much this costs," said Demetrius, slapping down a few bills on the table. "Been here often enough. I'll let them keep the change."

Moments later, they were on the street, much to the relief of Kiddo, who didn't quite like the overcrowded venue, even if the pizza was really tasty. However, his comfort zone was about to be tested again because Demetrius immediately led Kiddo next door into the sex shop. Now it was Demetrius's turn to be in *his* element, as he led the gaping Kiddo into a place he had clearly never been to before. As they entered, Demetris idly wondered if Kiddo had ever even been to *any* sex shop before. Kiddo seemed very innocent and Demetrius was curious to see the cutie's reaction. Just as with the pizza shop, Demetrius was well known here. As soon as he walked past the initial entry wall that blocked off the view of the street, the husky bear of a man behind the counter waved and smiled.

"Master Demetrius! Good to see you, as always. Who's the cutie with you tonight? Flavor of the week?" Demetrius chuckled and patted Kiddos back.

"*This* is Kiddo."

"Appropriate name," said the man, looking Kiddo up and down with a grin.

"That's exactly what *I* said!" laughed Demetrius. "Kiddo, this is Vincent. A good friend of mine, and a regular at the bar next-door. You'll visit there soon enough."

"H-hi," stammered Kiddo as he shook the beefy bear's strong hand. Kiddo had several factors working against his confidence. For one, he was completely soaked, and his shorts were clearly beginning to sag, as they struggled with the sisyphian task of holding up his waterlogged diaper. Secondly, Kiddo had never been to a sex store in his

life. And finally, here was another tall, dark, handsome man, wearing nothing but a tiny leather jock and small leather vest. Just like Demetrius, this man was big and radiated Daddy energy. Kiddo was tongue tied, but he didn't have to worry about speaking, because Demetrius stepped in on his behalf.

"Kiddo, here has a little problem. Seems like he left his 'toiletry' bag at home. Do you think we could grab something here for him to change into and use your changing room?" Vincent gave a knowing smile, seemingly unflustered by the unusual request.

"Mmmyes. I can see the problem." he said looking pointedly at Kiddos shorts. "Why don't you both follow me over to the Adult Baby Diaper :Lover section." Kiddo cringed as he heard all four words said loud enough for anyone in the store to hear. Vincent seemed to enjoy Kiddo's embarrassment just a little bit too much as he bade them follow him downstairs to where an entire wall was taken up by diapers and adult baby products. Kiddo gasped, surprised and delighted by the sight. He felt like a kid in a candy store, his discomfort completely forgotten at the sight of such wonderful wares.

"Is this what you're looking for?" asked Vincent, smiling down at the diapered boy. Kiddo was speechless. He simply nodded and stared, open mouthed.

"I think that's a yes," said Demetrius smiling.

"Need any help picking out diapers?"

"Ah... buh... guhh..." Kiddo was still staring at the wall too mesmerized to form a coherent response.

"Yes, I think you had better help," said Demetrius, clearly amused, but covering his mouth to hide it.

"OK, let's see what he's wearing," said Vincent, pulling back Kiddo's waistband, like he might for an actual toddler. Not that he really needed to, since Kiddo's shorts were just about ready to drop along with his soaked diaper. "Pink Camo diapers. That's what I thought I was looking at based on the peekage. Well, if he's feeling pink... How about these Bunnyhops?" Vincent pointed to a small sized two-pack of diapers that had cute bunnies dancing across the front.

"It certainly goes with his cute shirt," chuckled Demetrius, watching intently as Vincent opened the package to show off the diaper details. Demetrius whistled as Vincent opened one up in front of them. "Dang, I never knew they made diapers this cute for *adults*."

"Special products for little ones," said Vincent, smiling, "You won't find these at your local drugstore. These oughtta cover the super soaker for a little while... and you have the backup diaper if he soaks through this one!"

Kiddo was beet red as the two of them talked about *his* diaper, and just how well it was going to protect him.

"Uh oh, looks like this kiddo is about to make a puddle on my store floor. There's a changing table right behind that curtain you're free to use. Just wipe it off after."

"Sounds good. Come with me, Kiddo," said Demetrius, wasting no time grabbing Kiddo's hand and tugging him toward the changing booth.

Chapter 4: Bed Time

"Huh? What's going on?" Kiddo was in a daze staring at the wall of ABDL in the adult store, so he had no idea what was happening as Demetrius tugged him toward the changing booth. Demetrius held up the sample pack of diapers in his free hand.

"We're getting you changed, little man. Come on." Those were the magic words for Kiddo, and he immediately cooperated. Demetrius opened the curtain of the changing booth and nodded toward the changing table. "Hop on!" Kiddo blushed deeply.

"Are you sure? You don't have to..."

"I want," said Demetrius, putting a hand on Kiddo's shoulder. "Would it be okay if I did this for you?" Kiddo shut his eyes and nodded, since words seemed to have left him at that moment. Vincent, who had been there the entire time cleared his throat, startling them both.

"Sounds like you guys got this. I'll be upstairs if you need me." He slipped out with a sly grin and a wink, and then they were alone, or as alone as anyone could be in a popular sex shop.

Once Kiddo was laid out on the changing table, Demetrius pulled down Kiddo's shorts and tossed them aside. He gave the front of Kiddo's warm, wet diaper a nice squeeze and nodded.

"Mmmhmm... Yup. Pret-ty soggy, little man. And you thought you could get through dinner without a diaper change?"

"Oh gosh," said Kiddo, covering his face as Demetrius teased him. Demetrius opened up the thick adorable diaper and fluffed it up just as he had seen in the tutorial videos he watched online. Then, he slid the freshly fluffed padding safely under Kiddo's diapered butt.

"Did you fill up your diapers nice and good, little guy?" Demetrius asked as he began untaping Kiddo's diaper tapes, taking his sweet time to let the experience sink in. Kiddo nodded his head, shivering with excitement. This was a completely new experience for him, just as it was for Demetrius. "That was a naughty boy, leaving your diapers at home. You won't do that again, will you?"

Kiddo shook his head.

"Good."

Demetrius pulled open the soggy diaper and reached for the wipes. He noted that Kiddo was completely hairless below the belt.

"Oh my, you're just like a little baby down there. Do you shave?" Kiddo shook his head.

"N- no. Never had to." Indeed, Kiddo's legs, arms, and body were practically hair free except for some light peach fuzz here and there. His body hair and pubes had never grown in, a fact that had been a source of humiliation growing up and having to go to places like gym class. But now, Kiddo could fully appreciate the gift of being hairless as an adult baby, and it certainly helped when you were in diapers 24/7 like he was.

"It's like you were made for diapers," Demetrius said, smiling. He then took out a wipe and began to slowly clean every inch of Kiddo's diaper area. As with the tapes, he was in no hurry. He wanted each part of the diaper change to be special.

Demetrius's research was paying off because he was pressing all of Kiddo's buttons. The poor (or very lucky) boy was a whimpering mess.

"Not very talkative are we? Has the little one lost his words?"

Kiddo nodded his head.

"Sometimes it helps to suck your thumb to calm down," said Demetrius, balling Kiddo's hand up into a fist and sticking the thumb into Kiddo's mouth. "You just lay here and let me do everything. If you're good, maybe I'll get you something special from that wall out there."

Kiddo couldn't believe this was happening. His first ever adult diaper change from someone else! He looked up thinking he must be in heaven and he would have to thank whatever deity was responsible for this amazing moment. He was rock hard by now, but despite that, he managed to dribble a little bit of pee on his tummy. Kiddo whimpered, embarrassed at his lack of control, but Demetrius made it seem normal.

"Oh, my, somebody's a happy little *boy*," sang Demetrius, chuckling as he mopped up the little accident without even skipping a beat. The wet wipe came away, sticky with pre-pre-come, but Demetrius continued on down going between Kiddo's legs and finally down to his beautiful bubble butt. Demetrius could feel the heat radiating off of Kiddo's precious peach, and was getting massively turned on himself. He couldn't help but take a moment to admire it. That butt was every bit as nice outside of a diaper and without that added padding and merited an appreciative squeeze.

"You have a real gift there, baby boy," said Demetrius as he cupped Kiddo's butt cheek. "A lot of guys would kill for a butt like that, you know."

As naïve as he was, Kiddo didn't know. Despite his skimpy shorts, Kiddo was generally oblivious to the stares he got from men wherever he went. Not knowing what to say, Kiddo continued to suck his thumb as Demetrius finished up and balled up the soggy diaper to toss it in the nearby pail.

Next came the complimentary oil and powder, which were located on the wall next to a big pump bottle of lotion-lube. Demetrius took his time rubbing the oil into Kiddo's skin, followed by the powder, enveloping Kiddo in the comforting and familiar babyish scents of each. Finally, the moment of truth came when Demetrius had to tape up the diaper around that perfect bubble butt and itty bitty baby dick of Kiddo's. All of the practice Demetrius did on his teddy bears was now being tested as he worked to angle the panels just so to ensure the perfect fit for Kiddo. Demetrius managed to do a pretty passable job for his first time diapering someone else, and he topped it off with a squeeze and a couple pats to Kiddo's diaper, followed by a great big hug, which Kiddo enthusiastically returned.

"Thanks, Daddy" whispered Kiddo without even thinking about it.

"That's my good boy," said Demetrius before Kiddo could second guess his choice of words. "You're welcome. You've been such a good boy, you deserve a treat."

And so Demetrius guided Kiddo back over to the wall of diapers and baby accessories. Demetrius rubbed his chin as he surveyed the options.

"Hmm.... What would be a good gift for this little baby boy? A bottle? What about this cute little chastity cage? It's your favorite color..."

Kiddo blushed highly, eyeing the wall.

"I know," said Demetrius, "why don't you point out what you want?"

Kiddo scanned the wall and saw a bin of pacifiers in little plastic cases. These looked like a pacifier you might find in the baby aisle of any regular store, but they were sized up for adults. He hesitated a second before pointing one out.

"A pacifier, huh? Very good choice, baby boy. Then you won't have to suck your thumb during changes!"

Kiddo blushed at the comment, realizing that he was still sucking his thumb even then. He pulled out his thumb from his mouth and asked, "Does that mean you'll change me again, Daddy?"

Demetrius chuckled, surprised at the precociousness of his little cutie.

"Of course I will, Kiddo. Why, I'd even change you at *work* if Mr. Books allowed it." Kiddo hid his face in his hands. The idea seemed wonderful, although he would probably get even less work done when Demetrius was around.

Demetrius picked up the pacifier that Kiddo chose and examined it. It was pink and white with a baby unicorn on the front and a big long rippled teat designed to stay in place, even as the big baby slept.

"Well, you know, a pacifier must go with a pacifier clip," said Demetrius, picking up a matching ribbon that had pastel pink baby animals on a light purple background. He took the pacifier out of its protective case and threaded the loop of the ribbon through to secure it to the shield.

"What are you doing?" said Kiddo, "we haven't paid for those yet."

"Don't worry, I know the owner," said Demetrius, as he clipped the pacifier clip onto Kiddo's shirt. "Besides, I want to see you wear it. It's absolutely adorable on you." Kiddo looked down at the paci clipped to his shoulder and then back up to Demetrius.

"You want me to wear it in the store? But everyone will see..."

"Well, everyone will see your diaper too, but you don't seem worried about that."

Kiddo looked down again in shock. He suddenly realized that he had never put his shorts back on. He had been so caught up in the moment, that he forgot he was totally pantsless and his diaper was out for all to see.

"Oh gosh! I gotta get my shorts!"

Daddy grabbed hold of Kiddo's hand before he could take a single step toward the changing booth.

"No, little one," he said firmly. "You don't get your pants back until we leave. But you have nothing to worry about, it matches your shirt and paci so well I think it looks like you picked this outfit on purpose."

Kiddo looked toward the changing booth one more time, but Demetrius squeezed his hand and looked him in the eyes.

"Trust me. It'll be fine. Now let's take a little walk around the store and enjoy the rest of our date... okay, little one?" The words *date* and *little one* were a one two punch that left Kiddo reeling. Those butterflies were back in force, and as Demetrius looked at him with that commanding but gentle presence, there was only one thing Kiddo could say.

"Okay, Daddy."

"That's my good boy," said Demetrius. Before they moved on, Demetrius looked longingly at the pink chastity cage one more time, his gaze lingering. "Maybe for later," he muttered just loud enough for Kiddo to hear.

Kiddo was now compelled to wander through the store in just a diaper and his pink unicorn shirt, a very adorable matching pacifier clipped to his shirt front, and with each step, he could hear the loud crinkle of his babyish diaper. For a minute or two, Kiddo was very self-conscious, but he was soon distracted by all the sights around him - some good, some shocking. Aside from all the ABDL goodies, the bottom floor held huge toys of unimaginable size and girth. Kiddo looked completely stunned if not traumatized by the size of some of them.

"*That's* a toy?" he asked, bending down to look at a gumdrop shaped hunk of silicone the size of a small ottoman. "I thought that was a stool. You're telling me that people can fit that inside of them?" Demetrius chuckled.

"They sure can. I've seen it myself!"

After Kiddo finished gawking, Demetrius told him they should check out what was upstairs too. Demetrius made sure to grab the remaining diaper and the shorts from the changing booth before they left.

Vincent smiled at the sight of Demetrius emerging, holding the adorably dressed - or undressed - Kiddo's hand.

"Well, well, well, doesn't *he* look good in a diaper?"

"I'll say. A real cutie," said Demetrius, smiling down at Kiddo who looked for all the world like a big adorable toddler, waddling and holding daddy's hand.

"You know, there is a diaper event that happens two doors down at Daddy's Secret Kink Bar."

"You don't say?" asked Demetrius, acting surprised, as if he hadn't already known. "Do events like that happen often?"

"Not too often. Just once a month. You should really catch it. The event calendar's on the wall if you wanna make note of the date." Demetrius grinned and looked down at his adorable charge.

"What do you say kiddo? Sound like fun?" Kiddo blushed.

"A diaper event? Would you really want to go?" asked Kiddo, looking up at Demetrius. He knew about the event but he had never had the courage to go. With Demetrius by his side, he thought he might just be able to try.

"I'd love to," replied Demetrius without hesitation. "If it helps me to learn more about you and what you like, count me in!" Kiddo blushed and nodded.

"That sounds good, then. Thanks, Daddy," he said softly, bashfully blushing in the most adorable way.

"Of course, little man. I'm glad you trust me enough to let me come." Demetrius gave Kiddo a kiss on the forehead and Vincent coughed.

"Okay, you guys, this is too cute and wholesome for a sex shop, you're gonna have to take that outside." From his smile he was clearly just kidding, but it was pretty late, so after paying and bidding Vincent adieu, they returned to the car.

Kiddo had managed to doze off during their ten-minute car trip and was surprised to be gently shaken awake outside his own house.

"Here we are, buddy. You good to go upstairs all by yourself?" asked Demetrius.

"Yeah, thanks," said Kiddo. "And thank you for tonight," he said, squeezing Demetrius's hand and looking him in the eyes.

"No problem. Hopefully next time I can get an invite to tuck you in and read you a bedtime story, huh?" asked Demetrius.

"Well, I guess you could at least walk me to my door," said Kiddo, looking up and off to the right. Demetrius smiled.

"I'd like that."

So Demetrius parked, checked the street sign to make sure there were no troublesome time limits, and walked Kiddo up to the apartment. When they got to the door, they had that moment that always comes at the end of a date where they stood

there and stared at each other, feeling out what was going to come next. For a moment, neither of them moved. Then, Demetrius leaned down. Kiddo's heart was beating so fast, he didn't know what to do with himself, but he raised his head and puckered his lips, ready to go for the kiss. Then, at the last moment, Demetrius kissed Kiddo's forehead and ruffled his hair instead, instantly making Kiddo feel very little.

"You were such a good boy today. Now you get some good rest. You call if you need someone to come check for monsters under the bed, okay?"

"Actually," said Kiddo, "I think I might have heard one just now. Maybe you can come in and check just to be safe?" Kiddo gave a little hopeful smile. Demetrius looked at the precious cutie and chuckled.

"How can I say no to that adorable face? Sure, I'll come in and check for monsters." Kiddo practically jumped for joy but stopped himself before he got too carried away. It was obvious he was happy at that answer.

Inside, Kiddo's apartment wasn't very big; just a small studio with a kitchenette, a bathroom, a bed, and a surprisingly nice gaming setup. It was pretty clean aside from some clothes on the floor and dishes in the sink.

"So this is it huh?" Asked Demetrius stepping inside.

"This is it," said Kiddo, shutting the door and throwing his hand out. "Can't afford much else, but at least I'm not living with my parents anymore."

"Oh? Don't get along well with your parents?"

"No, they're great, it's just... I like to have a little freedom to be an independent adult, you know? They kinda treat me like a baby sometimes," he added quietly, looking away and blushing.

"An adult, huh? I don't know. Someone seemed pretty happy to get the baby treatment tonight," said Demetrius, smirking as he recalled the obvious stiffy that kiddo had sported during his diaper change.

"W-well... that's different," said Kiddo, blushing fiercely. "Anyway, I see them often enough, since they live just across the park."

"Lucky," said Demetrius. "My family is all on the east coast. Anyway, I'm here tonight as your official bed inspector, at your service!" Demetrius pretended to tip his hat and spoke in a very official voice that made Kiddo giggle. "What seems to be the problem?"

"That bed over there might have a monster under it!" said Kiddo, pointing an accusing finger at the bed.

"A possible monster? Well, then. I'd better check under that bed so you can get to sleep, huh?" Demetrius got down on his hands and knees and did a repeat of the performance he had done with Kiddo's car. "Nope, no monsters here. All clear. Now if you'll excuse me, I'll take my leave. Call me anytime you need a monster inspection, or a tuck-in and bedtime story, okay?"

"Okay..." said Kiddo. "But would you tuck me in and read me a bedtime story now? I heard that's the best way to keep monsters away." Demetrius chuckled and gave Kiddo a skeptical squint.

"That's what you heard huh? Hmm... I see where this is going. All right, Kiddo. I can tuck you in and read you a bedtime story, but first you gotta go brush your teeth. You'll get a cavity monster after all that soda. Go on now, and then we have to check your diaper before bed too, Mr. Soggy Bottom."

"Okay!" said Kiddo, jumping up for real this time and running to the bathroom to brush his teeth. Demetrius chuckled and shook his head. Kiddo really was just a little guy after all.

After Kiddo brushed his teeth, Demetrius took a turn in the bathroom, fishing out his big, thick cock to unleash a very satisfying piss into the toilet. Kiddo blushed as he listened to the loud sploosh of Demetrius peeing through the door, knowing full well that he himself was 24/7 and he *never* peed in a toilet. Peeing in the potty was for big boys, and Kiddo liked anything that reminded him of what a little boy he was deep down inside.

Kiddo managed to scramble back to the bed and undress before Demetrius opened the door, and Demetrius came over and did a quick diaper inspection, though they both knew Kiddo's diapers can't have gotten very wet yet.

"Hmm.... looking good," said Demetrius, pawing Kiddo's diaper and paying special attention to his butt. "That oughtta hold til the morning, at least. Now let's get you tucked in... hey, are these Paw Patrol blankets?"

Kiddo just shrugged, looking a little embarrassed, and Demetrius laughed in a kindhearted way.

"Well, I suppose it fits. Let's go ahead and rescue your pacifier from the pile of clothes you left on the floor. Then it's time for a tuck-in and a bedtime story, alright?"

Kiddo nodded and smiled as Demetrius retrieved his pacifier quite valiantly. Then it went into his mouth and he was tucked in feeling so, so tiny as Demetrius pulled up a story on his phone.

"Let's see, let's see... ah, here's one you'll like. I think it's about you! It's called... *The Silly Goose...*"

"Heyyy!"

"What? I'm not the one who made you a silly goose. I'm just the messenger!"

Demetrius sat down on the bed beside Kiddo and read the story from his phone as Kiddo lay there, snuggling into the covers as he listened and suckling his pacifier.

When Demetrius finished, Kiddo was fast asleep. Demetrius got up to leave as quietly as possible, but just as he was making his way out of the apartment, Kiddo sleepily said, "Wait, I think I need cuddles to make sure the monsters don't come. Can you stay with me tonight?" Demetrius put his hands on his hips.

"Kiddo, you need to get to *sleep*."

"I'll sleep *really well* if you stay," said Kiddo, giving the best puppy dog eyes he could muster in his sleepy state.

"Oh, all right. How could I say no to such an adorable cutie?" said Demetrius, feigning acquiescence. In truth, he had made sure to park in an all night parking zone, and he couldn't have been happier to spend the night with Kiddo. And so Demetrius stayed and cuddled with kiddo throughout the night. They both fell asleep quickly, and a very good night's sleep it was.

Chapter 5: The Tournament

"So did you sleep together?" asked Vincent the next morning at Sunday brunch.

"Yes, we did," said Demetrius with a smug grin as he left it at that.

"Okay, smart Alec," said Vincent rolling his eyes. "And what else did you do?"

"That's all, just read him a bedtime story and went to bed," said Demetrius.

"That's it?! Aww man. Since when did you become so boring?" Demetrius chuckled and smacked Vincent's arm playfully.

"Okay mister interesting. What did *you* do in bed lately?"

"What did *I* do? Well, how's this for interesting: First, I met a guy into dragon pet play. I went over to his place and he wanted me to roleplay as a dragon tamer. You won't believe what he asked me to do..."

Demetrius smiled to himself as Vincent shared his latest escapades. The end to his night with Kiddo may have sounded boring to Vincent, but Demetrius found Kiddo plenty interesting, and he couldn't wait to take things further.

"Um, excuse me! Earth to Demetrius. Are you even paying attention? I was telling a *story*," said Vincent, looking visibly annoyed.

"Oh, sorry," said Demetrius, absentmindedly, doing his best to look attentive but soon slipping back into his thoughts of Kiddo. Vincent paused.

"Okay, Demetrius. You've clearly got your mind on something. What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing."

"I know that look... Oh my gosh," said Vincent, grinning as realization suddenly dawned on him. "Oh my gosh! It's finally happened hasn't it? Big Bad Daddy Demetrius is in love!" That earned a scornful look from Demetrius.

"What?! No, don't be ridiculous. Just because I want to see him more and I like to spend time with him doesn't mean I'm in *love*."

"Hmmm... okay, then. If it isn't love, why don't you explain it to me," said Vincent, twirling his finger in a 'get on with it' gesture. "Cause I'm not quite getting it." Demetrius thought for a minute, searching for the words to explain how he felt.

"Well, he just fascinates me, is all. I just like learning about him... and I've learned so much... about ABDL... about magic cards... Oh don't give me that look. It's not all about releasing your sperm, you know?"

"If you say so," said Vincent, looking unconvinced. "I mean, he's cute, I'll give you that. And he has a *nice* ass. But so far you haven't told me anything that would blow my socks off..."

"I don't know, it's just something about him... the way he behaves... almost like he's a lost little boy in the big wide world... I can't help but feel a little protective of the guy, you know? It feels good to keep an eye on him and uh..." Demetrius paused as he saw Vincent looking at him with a raised eyebrow. "...What? What's that look?"

"You're rambling..."

"No, I'm not. And so what if I am?"

"That's what people in *love do*..." said Vincent in a singsong voice.

"I'm *not* in love," said Demetrius, crossing his arms and huffing in a way that was oddly and unexpectedly adorable for such a buff and beefy fellow.

"Alright, if you say so. Just make sure you *two love birds* invite me to the wedding... or adoption... or whatever..."

Demetrius excused himself and took a long hard look at himself in the bathroom mirror. It seemed that what had started out as a natural impulse to chase that juicy bubble butt had become something more.

"Am I... falling in love?"

For the next couple weeks, Demetrius spent more time visiting Kiddo for snuggles and bedtime stories and less time distracting him in the comic shop. When he did visit, he preferred to play other players and allow kiddo to do his work undisturbed.

Mr. Books seemed pleased with these developments. It turned out that Demetrius was a fun and charismatic player despite his initially intimidating appearance. He added some welcome variety to the gaming table, and he never took himself - or the game - too seriously. Meanwhile, Kiddo had a glow about him that made him even more enthusiastic and bubbly, increasing his productivity and his sales.

"What are you daydreaming about?" asked Mr. Books one day, smirking as he watched Kiddo at the counter, hand resting on his chin, staring at Demetrius with a love-struck look.

"Oh!" said kiddo, snapping out of it. "Sorry, Mr. Books."

"I know that look," said Mr. Books with a knowing smile. "You're in *love*." Kiddo just blushed And looked down.

"Well, maybe a *little*," he admitted quietly. Mr. Books put a hand on Kiddo's shoulder. "I'm happy for you, kiddo. Don't let your doubts get in the way of giving love a chance. Just enjoy yourself. While you're young!"

"Thanks, Mr. Books," said Kiddo, suddenly becoming more formal and stepping back. Mr. Books tactfully changed the subject.

"So, are you ready for that new tournament coming up? It's not long now." Kiddo's look changed instantly to one of determination and excitement.

"Yes, I'm ready. And I'm planning to *win*."

"That's my boy!" said Mr. Books.

The tournament was, in fact, only a week away, and it was to be held at a neighboring shop in the city called Gremlin Games. Kiddo was super hyped about this tournament, and even more hyped by the fact that Demetrius said he would be there. He lived for the competition, the thrill of playing against other players, and as he imagined competing, he could almost feel the feeling of victory spreading through him like a warmth.

"Kiddo," said Mr. Books, interrupting Kiddo's daydream. "I think you've sprung a little leak there."

"Oh, no!" said Kiddo "Not again!" he waddled back as fast as his little legs could carry him to the break room to grab his diaper bag and get changed, leaving Mr. Books to chuckle and shake his head as Kiddo loudly crinkled by, his obvious accident surprising no one within earshot. Demetrius came over from the gaming tables after Kiddo waddled off and exchanged a knowing glance with Mr. Books.

"Another leak. That boy needs someone to look after him," said Demetrius, sighing and shaking his head. Mr. Books held up his hands.

"Don't look at me! I'm way too old to be dealing with dirty diapers. Maybe you should do it."

"I assure you, I'm way ahead of you," said Demetrius, with a wink. "He just needs a reminder is all. And I don't think those energy drinks are doing him any favors in the diaper department."

"No. They're not particularly healthy, either. We only carry them begrudgingly because our clientele demands it." said Mr. Books.

"Too bad there isn't another healthy alternative," said Demetrius, rubbing his chin, "although... That gives me an idea..." Demetrius's entrepreneurial wheels were spinning. An alternative to energy drinks? Or maybe energy drinks and diapers for the gaming crowd? A slogan like, "What the champs wear?" It was a cute idea, an energy drink, diaper, and other apparel company for gamers of all types.

"What are you smiling about?" asked Mr. Books, cocking his head.

"Oh, just a crazy idea I had, but I'm sure there's no real market for it..." Mr. Books' curiosity was Piqued.

"Try me..."

The day of the tournament finally came. Kiddo stood in front of Gremlin Games looking at the time. He was concerned that Demetrius hadn't arrived yet. Where was he?

"He said he'd be here," said Kiddo, looking at the time again. "Maybe he's busy?" Kiddo sighed. It wasn't that big a deal if Demetrius couldn't make it, he said to himself, even though he was beginning to feel the fear of disappointment.

Kiddo looked at his phone one last time and decided he couldn't wait any longer, but just as he turned to go inside, Demetrius pulled up and jumped out of his car with a bag slung over his shoulder.

"Sorry I'm late, Kiddo! I just had a little emergency, but it's all taken care of."

"Boy am I glad you're here," said Kiddo. "I was beginning to think you wouldn't make it."

"I'll always make it," said Demetrius, "Don't you ever doubt it. Now, the question is are *you* ready?"

"Totally," said Kiddo, balling up his fists with a look of determination. Demetrius noticed the distinct lack of a diaper bag on Kiddo's shoulder.

"All you have is your cards. Are you sure you've got *everything*?"

"I'm sure," said Kiddo.

"All *right*," said Demetrius, shrugging. He could see that Kiddo was double padded under his pants shorts by the obvious bulge he was sporting in front and behind, but Demetrius wondered if it would really hold. Still, Kiddo seemed to know what he was doing so Demetrius just nodded and patted Kiddo on the back and they walked inside.

The moment Demetrius and Kiddo entered the game store, it seemed like all eyes turned their way. Kiddo froze.

"You okay?" whispered, Demetrius.

"Y-yeah," said Kiddo, clearly fighting to calm himself down. "New store jitters is all." Demetrius looked around and saw that the store was no bigger than Mr. Books' store, and this was almost certainly not exactly the 'big leagues' as far as MTG tournaments went, but the psychological effect of playing away from one's home turf could not be understated. In addition, Demetrius was used to turning heads, but he was fairly certain that Kiddo was not so comfortable with the sudden looks they got. He put a comforting hand on Kiddo's shoulder as they walked to sign in.

"You got this, kiddo."

The attention they were drawing did not seem to be dissipating. If anything, there seemed to be *more* people watching them and murmuring as Kiddo and Demetrius approached the sign-in table.

"Who's *that*?"

"Is he competing?"

"I hope I don't have to battle him. He looks fierce." Demetrius stuck out like a sore thumb, and he quickly realized through the snatches of conversation that he could catch, that *he* was the one drawing all this attention.

"Wow," said the guy signing them in. "You gonna compete, big guy?"

"Haha, no, not this time," said Demetrius, loud enough for anyone to hear. "I'm just here to support my lil' guy here." He patted Kiddo on the back and the tension seemed to drain from the room as several players visibly relaxed.

"Heh, too bad," said the man with a smirk. "You had them shaking in their boots thinking they were going to compete against you. Coulda made for an interesting tournament." Demetrius scoffed.

"Hey, just because I'm buff in *real* life doesn't mean I'm strong in the game."

"Hey, psychology is half the battle. Don't underestimate the power of appearances." Demetrius raised an eyebrow. He wasn't convinced. After all, nobody had mentioned anything about that in the time he had been training at Mr. Books & comics. Then again, the gamers there had had time to get used to him. He filed this information away for later use in case he ever got to compete in a tournament himself.

After signup, Kiddo had to wait to be matched.

"How are they gonna do this?" asked Demetrius.

"Well, usually you're matched with people that are close to your level, but this is a 'commander' type tournament. In this one, we'll be put in 'pods' of four and placement will be random. The last person standing advances..."

"If only one in four people advance each round, it's gonna be a short tournament," said Demetrius, looking around.

"Well, it's first to two victories, so maybe not."

"You'll wipe the floor with 'em, champ."

The sign-in guy's voice came over the speaker.

"Alllll right guys, gals, and non-binary pals. Seating numbers are going out. When you get your number, sit at your table and get ready to... command!"

Kiddo got his number and sat down with a loud crinkle at a table closer to the entrance. He was soon joined by an edgy emo kid with a black deck, a new-agey lady with blue decks and some crystals that she sat down in her play area. The final competitor in the pod was a big stinky guy showing off his plumber crack behind.

"Peee-yuuu!" said the crystal lady. "You're totally messing up the vibe. This is so not *namaste*."

"I know," said the guy with a grin as he let out a loud fart. "It's all part of my strategy. If you can't dazzle them with strategy, baffle them with B.O.!"

"Gross," said the emo kid. "My deck is as black as my heart, but your noxious fumes are even darker. You are so going to be my first target."

"Yeah, I don't care who wins as long as we cleanse this tournament of this stinky aura."

"I want a good clean game. No cheating and show good sportsmanship," yelled the announcer. "Match begin!" And the game was off.

Demetrius rooted for Kiddo as he played. He could already sort of pick out the play styles of the other players from the knowledge he had gained while playing at Kiddo's shop. Predictably, the new-age lady had a blue deck with a lot of healing spells that boosted her life, while the emo kid had a destructive black deck that focused on draining life. The stinky guy didn't seem to have much of a strategy at all. He just picked the strongest creatures he could for his deck, but they were of various types and he had to waste a bunch of turns putting down different color lands so he could have enough mana to summon his monsters. That cost him dearly and despite his distracting stench, he won zero games. Kiddo managed to win two in a row and so he and Demetrius got to watch some of the other games while waiting to advance.

Kiddo whispered commentary to Demetrius as they watched the pod next to theirs finish up a game.

"That player is what we call a grinder. He'll make you grind through your entire deck and lose the game by default. You've got to take his life points quickly before he makes you discard all your cards."

Just across from the grinder sat an opponent whose aesthetic was very fiery; flame bracelets, flame shirt, even flame hair style dyed red and gelled to stick straight up like a candle flame.

"What's *his* strategy?" asked Demetrius.

"Aggressive," was all that Kiddo said.

They watched as the flame haired young guy, brimming with cocky confidence, laid down a blazing fire attack that burnt the grinder's life points to a cinder.

"You just got *flamed!*" cried the man. "Better luck next time, newb!"

"Wow, that guy's kind of a jerk," whispered Demetrius.

"That's Flamin' Jasper," said Kiddo, whispering back. "It's kind of his M.O."

Jasper stood up from the table and stuck his hand out for a handshake, but pulled it away at the last moment, faking his opponent out.

"Too slow!" Jasper dusted his hands off and stepped away from the table, then caught sight of Kiddo and sneered. As luck would have it, they were to be opponents in the next round.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't *diaper* boy," he said, taking the chair opposite Kiddo.

Demetrius glared at Jasper and put his hand on Kiddo's shoulder.

"I believe he prefers 'Kiddo'."

Jasper's eyes went wide for a second, scanning Demetrius up and down before returning to his disdainful and cocky look.

"So you brought protection this time, huh? Well, it isn't going to protect you when I flame you with my deck."

"You haven't won yet, Jasper," shot back kiddo, "But you're welcome to try."

"And you're welcome to *cry*. When you lose, that is. With my new red dragon deck, I am going to eat my opponents for breakfast and snap up that prize like a dragon's hoard." Jasper smirked and crossed his arms. "Whatever strategy you've got in mind is bound to go up in *flames*."

Kiddo and Demetrius exchanged glances. Since Demetrius had favored dragon decks, Kiddo had a lot of practice recently fighting them. It was now Kiddo's turn to smirk.

"Bring it on, Jasper."

Soon, the last of the first round of battles had ended and the tables were populated with the second round pods.

This pod had an interesting mix of players. Aside from Kiddo and Jasper, there was a girl named Fae. She was dressed like a druid-class role player and had a forest elf/faerie deck. Then there was a girl named SeaMantha with a full on pirate costume to match her pirate deck. They had barely had time to introduce themselves before the announcer's voice rang out signaling the start to the match.

"Game on!"

Round two began with Jasper laying down his most aggressive card - SunBurst - a bombastic move that took one life point off of every player in the game, including himself. Kiddo and the other two players looked at each other, stunned.

"Shiver me timbers, ye scallywag! That was a blow to me starboard bow!" said SeaMantha.

"That wasn't very fair-y," said Fae. "I say we team up to spirit him away from this game!" And just like that, the three were set against Jasper in the first round.

"Hahaha! Just try it, pipsqueaks!" said Jasper. "Your plan will go up in *flames* against my red dragon deck! Fight with the best, and lose like the rest!"

Kiddo knew just how to defeat a dragon deck, and so he had taken care to reorganize and change his deck specifically for that purpose when he heard Jasper's boast before the match.

"Try this on for size!" said Kiddo, activating a card that instantly wiped out one of Jasper's creatures. The other two picked up on the technique of going for quick creature kills, and SeaMantha in particular struck pirate's gold with several cards to 'swab the deck' with. Jasper hardly knew what hit him. In three rounds, he was out of the game. Jasper sat back, in shock at the fact that he had just lost.

"No way! You beat my Dragon deck..."

"Better luck next time," said Kiddo. "You might want to mix up your deck a little bit in the future."

"And maybe think twice before you bully your opponents," said Demetrius, crossing his arms as Jasper got up and stormed off. SeaMantha called after him as he was leaving.

"Yarr! Looks like the hothead flew a little close to the sun!"

"Is he out of the competition?" asked Demetrius.

"No, just a quick water break," said kiddo. "It's based on overall points so he can still play."

"Too bad."

Eventually, Kiddo and SeaMantha ended in a draw, with each of them taking a single point instead of the 3 normally awarded a winner. They stood and shook hands.

"Good game," said SeaMantha. "Yeah, you too," said Kiddo. "Thanks for playing, guys," said Fae.

"You were great out there," said Demetrius, patting Kiddo on the back.

"Not good enough," muttered Kiddo, looking somewhat sullen.

"Hey, you were a good sport, and you played a good game. That's what matters most, Kiddo," said Demetrius, moving his hand lower to pat Kiddo on the butt. "And what matters second most... is whether you need a change..."

Chapter 6: To the Victor Go the Spoils

"*Daddy*," whined Kiddo, looking around the busy game store, "Don't embarrass me in front of Seamantha and Fae!" Then, he covered his mouth when he realized what he had called Demetrius out loud.

"Nothing to be embarrassed about, buddy, I'm just checking," said Demetrius, pulling open the back of Kiddo's shorts. SeaMantha looked amused, seeing that Demetrius was obviously not Kiddo's father, but she did not say anything. Fae giggled behind her hands.

"I'm *fine*," said kiddo, through clenched teeth, his cheeks burning red.

"Okay, but if you *leak*..."

"I won't. It's one more round and we're halfway through the tournament."

"Then is there an intermission?" asked Demetrius.

"Yeah, but I don't think I'll need-"

"I'll be the judge of that," said Demetrius. "We will just see."

Kiddo, left it at that, and went to the next round.

This group included a skater guy with a purple beanie, a guy with crispy blonde hair that called out his moves like he was the main character in an Anime, and a girl in a big gray oversized sweater that looked extremely comfortable. Aside from the loud cries of, "I call upon my monsters...arise!"; "Prepare to face my wrath,"; and other exclamations from Mr. Protagonist, the game was relatively by the book and went rather quickly. Nevertheless, Kiddo's efforts to keep his pants dry for the remainder of the match were not so successful. In fact, he sprang a leak before the final round was finished, and had to as discreetly as possible try to soak it up with his shorts. It totally broke his concentration and he almost lost him the round, but luckily he just managed to pull through.

"Defeated!" said Kiddo's dramatic opponent, clutching his chest and falling back into his seat. The others just shook Kiddo's hands and said good game. Demetrius put a hand on Kiddo's shoulder as soon as the handshakes were finished.

"If you'll excuse us, I just have to take care of something really quick with my little guy. Be right back."

Demetrius could hear people commenting at the obvious wet patch covering the back of Kiddo's shorts as they waddled away, and he certainly did look like an overgrown toddler, but Demetrius reassured Kiddo that nobody could tell, and it would all be taken care of soon anyway.

"I didn't bring any extra *shorts*," whispered Kiddo, a hint of desperation in his voice as they walked toward the door.

"No shorts, and no diaper bag either, am I right?" asked Demetrius, as they neared the exit. "Well, what's the lesson here?"

"I should always bring extra pants and a diaper bag," muttered Kiddo, as they stepped outside. "But it's too late now..."

"Well you're right about one thing. You didn't bring a change like a responsible adult. Lucky for you, *I did*."

"Y-you did?" asked Kiddo, looking both relieved and embarrassed. Demetrius patted the bag that he had slung over his shoulder when he arrived and smiled.

"That's right! That's why I was late. I decided to use my key to drop by your apartment and stuff a fresh diaper bag for you." Demetrius couldn't hide his smirk, or how much he was enjoying the situation as he gloated. "Daddy thought of everything, and Daddy's going to take care of your wet pants so you can have a good clean *and dry* game. How's that sound?"

"That sounds good, but..." Kiddo gulped and looked around, "where am I gonna change?"

"I'm glad you asked," said Demetrius, grinning and pulling Kiddo over toward his convertible. When he gestured toward the back seat, Kiddo pulled away and shook his head.

"No way! Not here... in front of *everyone*?"

"Why not?" asked Demetrius, crossing his arms.

"At least let's do it in *my* car. It has a closed top..."

"Fine," said Demetrius, relenting. "Let's try your car." Demetrius took the reluctant boy's hand as he was led back to Kiddo's car, and then had Kiddo open the trunk.

"W-what are you-" Before Kiddo could finish, he found himself being lifted up and put into the back, his legs dangling out over the bumper.

"This is worse!" whined Kiddo, realizing that he had traded a semi-shielded back seat for an open trunk that directly faced the floor to ceiling windows of the Gremlin Games shop. Demetrius cupped his hand to his ear as he used the other hand to hold the squirming Kiddo in place on his back.

"Is that fussing I hear? Because we know how to take care of fussing." Demetrius fished around in the diaper bag and produced an oversized pacifier which he pressed insistently against Kiddo's lips just as the flustered boy managed to sit up. As soon as Kiddo opened his mouth to protest, he found it filled with the thick teat, followed by a palm on his chest, pushing him back into the lying position. "Just lie back, kiddo, and Daddy will take care of everything."

A third and final thwarted attempt at sitting up told kiddo that there was no getting out of this. He threw his arm over his eyes as his shorts were pulled down revealing his soaked diapers. Aside from the amazing feeling of dominance Demetrius gained in this act, Demetrius reveled in the adorable little whimpers and blushes his boy was giving off as he began laying out the supplies one by one all around them in the back of the car. He made sure to speak soothing words to Kiddo about what a good boy he was being for Daddy, which seemed to have an effect, because Kiddo gradually began to relax.

Just as kiddo began to relax, lying to himself and saying, "*It'll all be over in a second,*" and, "*If I can't see them, they can't see me...*" he heard a voice that made his blood run cold.

"Hey, Kiddo! Just wanted to say, good ga-"

It was Seamantha come to congratulate him again on a good game, and having witnessed what was happening there in the parking lot, she froze mid sentence.

"F-feemanfa," squeaked Kiddo around his pacifier. "I can expwain... dis isn't wat it wooks wike..."

Despite Kiddo's sudden panicked attempt at explanation, Demetrius didn't stop or even hesitate in his task. Seamantha stood there in shock as Demetrius opened Kiddo's diaper and lifted his hairless legs. Demetrius smiled to himself, admiring that bubble butt that had so attracted him in the first place while Kiddo spluttered and tried to come up with a reason why 'it wasn't what it looked like'. Then, almost as an afterthought, Demetrius glanced over at Seamantha and said,

"If you're going to stand there, You might as well help. Hand me a wet wipe." Seamantha hesitated, and for a moment seemed as if she would turn on her heel and

run, but instead, almost as if in a trance, she reached forward, pulled out a wet wipe, and handed it to Demetrius. Demetrius ran the cool wet cloth over Kiddo's left cheek, and then stuck his hand out for another to clean his right cheek, and then another and another, cleaning Kiddo's front, back, and in between. Finally, he balled up the diaper and held it out to Seamantha.

"Can you hand me a fresh diaper and toss this one for me?"

Seamantha was all in now, so she stuck the tongue to the side and tugged a thick diaper out of the diaper bag, taking a second to gape at the adorable designs.

"You like them? They're super cute," said Demetrius. "I never knew they made them like this for adults until I met Kiddo.

"Y-yeah... neither did I," said Seamantha, shaking her head. Her pirate accent was completely gone now as she handed the diaper to Demetrius in exchange for Kiddo's used one. Kiddo's face was deep red as she walked off to toss it in the trash, and he covered his eyes. Knowing that two adults were dealing with his mess like he was an actual infant gave him an inexpressible feeling that was both elating and humiliating. Demetrius was there to bring him down to earth.

"Shh, it's okay, little guy," said Demetrius, fluffing up the next diaper. "The worst that could happen happened. You were seen, and it was no big deal. No big deal at all. This is just what happens with little boys when they wear diapers. Adults are here to take care of it, and that includes big sisters like Seamantha." Demetrius continued the condescending banter, lifting Kiddo's legs, putting the diaper under his butt. "That's it kiddo, eyes on Daddy, and don't pay attention to anything or anyone else. You've got this. You're gonna go in there and be the best little magic player and have *fun*."

"But Daddy," whined Kiddo. "She saw..."

"Now, Kiddo. You know better than to feel embarrassed. You need diapers, and there's no shame in that. We're just taking care of your needs." Demetrius continued talking as he oiled Kiddo up, making sure to emphasize certain areas as he spoke about Kiddo's needs, and making Kiddo moan and bite his lip in the process. "You know what I hear? I hear a fussy boy. And fussy boys need their pacifiers. Do you need to keep that pacifier in for the rest of the tournament to stay calm, little guy?"

Kiddo shook his head, but Demetrius wasn't so sure.

"Hmm... Well, I'll choose to believe you, but if I hear any more fussing, that pacifier is going in and it's not coming out until we get home, understood?" Kiddo

nodded, seeming to satisfy Demetrius. All the same, after finishing with the taping, Demetrius opted to clip a conspicuous pacifier clip onto Kiddo's shirt and the pacifier into his collar. It was hidden, but the pacifier bulge was there, and unlikely to fool anyone who looked harder. Still, it was a fair shake better than having to suck on a pacifier in front of everyone, so Kiddo didn't complain. He just lay there and allowed Daddy to slide a fresh pair of shorts up his legs, tie them, and then sit him up with a crinkle.

"There we go, bud. Good as new. Now let's go inside, eh? Wouldn't want to miss the next round!"

As he was helped down, Kiddo saw Seamantha standing there, looking at them both with her hands folded in front of her. Demetrius smiled.

"Thanks for your help!"

"Um... no problem... yarr. I just, um, wanted to say that.... Um, good game in there, and I wish you the best in the tournament." She looked like she wanted to say something else and changed her mind halfway through her speech.

"T-thanks," Kiddo replied. "You too. Guess I'll see you inside."

"Yeah, see you inside, matey," she said. She gave a little wave and then walked inside. Demetrius squeezed Kiddo's shoulder and didn't say anything. Kiddo was left to just furrow his brow and walk in, crinkling and holding Daddy's hand as they went to the next match. Kiddo was used to just wearing his diapers with the assumption that nobody knew, even if it was blatantly obvious. With Daddy in charge, however, Kiddo was being forced to contend with this potentially uncomfortable truth, and here at the tournament of all places.

The next opponents were not so hard for Kiddo to beat, and until the last round, he was winning every game. The last round was a toughie, though. He found himself pitted against two strong opponents and a deceptively quiet, mousey player named Squeakly who ended up winning all their games completely out of nowhere each time. By the time everyone figured out what a strong opponent they were facing, it was too late, and they were all doomed. The players all congratulated Squeakly and smiled. It was a good game.

"Hey, you did good, kiddo," said Demetrius, patting Kiddo's back. Kiddo gave Demetrius a thin smile and lowered his head.

"Yeah, but there goes my chance at winning the tournament. Between that and the draw, I don't think I'll place..."

"We'll see about that, Kiddo, don't sell yourself short," said Demetrius, giving Kiddo a big hug. Kiddo couldn't help but smile at Daddy's warm hug. Daddy's hugs always made him feel better.

After a brief final intermission for the judges to tally the scores, it was time to announce the winners.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!" said the emcee. "This is the moment you have all been waiting for! We have a rare tie for second place! It is my pleasure to announce the two runners up as Kiddo and Seamantha!

The two players looked at each other in surprise and delight and clapped along with the crowd. Demetrius did a fist pump and ruffled Kiddo's hair.

"See? What did I tell you?"

"Annnnnnd... drumroll please..." Everyone started stomping on the ground and slapping the tables with their hands. "The winner is... Squeakly! Good job, Squeakly!"

Everyone applauded as the unassuming Squeakly scurried up to claim their trophy, looking like they really hoped no one would notice them walking up to get it. Of course it's hard to hide when you're the center of attention. However, Demetrius's attention was not on Squeakly but on his favorite little guy.

"I'm proud of you, Kiddo," said Demetrius, giving Kiddo another big hug. Kiddo smiled. *That other player may have taken home the trophy, but I've got the prize, he thought to himself.*

"Good game," said Seamantha, again, shaking Kiddo's hand. "Um, do you think I could get a hug too, mister Demetrius?" Demetrius looked taken aback for a moment before smiling and nodding. But as he was hugging Seamantha she whispered something into his ear and his eyes went wide again. He held the hug for another moment before letting go and giving her a wink and a nod. Whatever it was about, she seemed very happy with his response.

"You're a great opponent! I hope we get to play again." she said, looking at Kiddo. "Where do you usually play?"

"Uh, well," began Kiddo.

"Mr. Books and Games!" said Demetrius. "He works there. You should come play. We both play all the time - I play a dragon deck which is why he knew how to beat that Jasp-hole so easily earlier."

"Hehe, Jaspole. That's a good one," said Seamantha. "Well, I'll definitely come by and play test some new ideas for my pirate deck. Is it okay if I bring some of my pirate pals, too?"

"We'll be there," said Kiddo.

Seamantha walked off to be congratulated by a group of similarly dressed pirate deck players while Kiddo and Demetrius socialized with some of the other players, including some former opponents. A few minutes later, Demetrius felt a tap on his muscular arm.

"Um... Demetrius," asked Seamantha. "Would now be a good time to discuss that...."

Demetrius was surprised, but nodded. He gave Kiddo a pat on the butt and sent him off to go card hunting for a few minutes while he and Seamantha walked outside.

When the conversation was over, Demetrius and Seamantha returned. She seemed to be blushing quite a bit, and she was walking slightly wider than before. And... was that a crinkle coming from beneath her skirt? Kiddo shook his head. No, it couldn't be.

"W-well... I guess I'd better be h-hoistin' my sails for new shores. The open sea is calling. S-see you later, landlubbers!" said Seamantha. She then gave a quick call of "Yo, ho, ho! Weigh Anchor and Hoist the Mizzen!" The other pirates were quickly assembled and the whole merry crew of card players left together. Several of them waved to Kiddo on the way out and smiled. Demetrius was tickled.

"Would you look at that? You're practically one of the crew! And as for you, my little landlubber," he added, lifting Kiddo up in his arms in the cradle position, "It's time for us to be sailing off ourselves. How about a congratulatory pizza for my little silver medal winner, huh?"

"Yes please!" said Kiddo, and Demetrius carried him out of the store. Several players looked on in envy, though whether they were jealous of Kiddo or Demetrius, it was impossible to say.

After the tournament, Demetrius decided it was time to finally take his role further. The next day was a work day for Kiddo and Demetrius picked Kiddo up in the morning.

"I'm gonna be dropping you off at work from now on, Kiddo," said Demetrius.

"Yes, Daddy," said Kiddo. Most grown up boys would question how Demetrius could find the time, or even list off reasons why it was impractical, but not Kiddo. He just accepted it as if it was second nature, and Demetrius took note. Kiddo really was just a little boy deep down (or not so deep down as the case may be).

Demetrius had Kiddo sit in the back seat this time, again without any protest, and when they parked at the familiar comic shop, he slung Kiddo's diaper bag over his shoulder, opened the door and helped Kiddo out.

"What are you doing, Daddy?" asked Kiddo.

"Just helping my little guy out of the car. Little ones need lots of help from their daddies, don't they?" Kiddo blushed and gave a shy smile as Daddy took his hand and led him into the game store. But it didn't end there.

"Excuse me, Mr. Books," said Demetrius, as they walked up to the big boss.

"Oh! Demetrius! Welcome. I see you're dropping off Kiddo." Mr. Books took his glasses in his fingers and looked over the rims at the diminutive crinkler standing before him.

"That's right, Mr. Books," said Demetrius. "We're making a few... *changes* in our relationship, so I'll be dropping him off from now on. Speaking of changes... I would like your permission to change my little guy in the break room when he needs it." Demetrius patted the diaper bag he was carrying. "The little guy doesn't always seem to notice how wet he is, and I think he needs some supervision from an adult..."

"You can say that again," laughed Mr. Books. "Oh, don't blush, Kiddo. I didn't mean it in a *bad* way. Yes, of course you can help your boy change in the break room. Now, how was that tournament yesterday?"

And just like that, Mr. Books gave his endorsement. Kiddo was blushing furiously throughout this exchange, holding onto Daddy's hand as the two grown-ups talked about him. He truly felt like a toddler with the adults talking over his head, and he felt content and right with that reality.

"Come on, little guy, let Mr. Books know how you did!"

"I got a silver medal," said Kiddo, smiling.

"Oh, really? That's fantastic! Did you bring it in so we could display it?" Kiddo looked surprised.

"No, I-

"I did," said Demetrius, reaching into the diaper bag and producing the winning medal.

"That's great! We'll display it proudly. Keep it up, Kiddo. You're doing us proud!"

"He really did. Oh, and uh, you might want to brush up on your pirate lingo, Mr. Books."

"Oh?"

"Kiddo may have made a few pirate friends at the tournament."

"Mr. Popular," said Mr. Books, smiling. "Well, good job, Kiddo. Keep bringin' 'em in, and we'll be set for the season!"

Although the topic of Kiddo's new diapering routine with Demetrius had passed quickly, a change had indeed occurred in the relationship. The full implications of this change would become clear later that day.

Chapter 7: A New Venture

Kiddo was busy sorting cards by the front counter, when he was surprised to feel a hand going down the back of his shorts and into the leg hole of his diaper. He giggled at the ticklish feeling before covering his mouth and looking up in surprise. With a blush he realized that it was Daddy, smiling down at him, but what Daddy said made him blush even more.

"Looks like you need a diaper change, buddy. You're soaked!" Kiddo wasn't embarrassed at the stares that they got when Daddy said that out loud. No, he was embarrassed that he had no idea he was on the verge of leaking. "We really need to do something about all that Gremlin Mode energy soda you've been drinking, Kiddo."

"No, don't take my soda, Daddy!" cried Kiddo. More stares and grins from customers and knowing regulars.

"Shhh, calm down, kiddo. I'm not gonna take away *all* your soda. I just want you to slow down a bit. Maybe we can find something that doesn't have so much sugar and caffeine in it, huh?"

Kiddo did not seem to like this idea, and he made a grumpy face to show his displeasure, but Daddy just patted his head.

"Aww, you're all fussy cause you need a change. Don't get your diapers in a twist, kiddo, we'll get you changed right now."

And with that, Demetrius took Kiddo by the hand and led the adorable diaper boy back to the break room where his diaper bag was waiting. Daddy grabbed a nice fresh thick adorable diaper adorned with baby monsters and pulled it out of the tightly packed bag. Kiddo's heart raced a little when the bag opened and he saw the tops of all the diapers poking out. Even after all these years it gave him a little thrill to see all his diapers all stacked up like that. Daddy then swiftly pulled down Kiddo's pants without warning.

"Okie doke, Kiddo. Step out of those shorts. No point in getting your pants wet if we don't have to. Now you just stand there. While Daddy gets your diaper ready."

Kiddo complied, slightly confused as Daddy fluffed up his diaper. Then his eyes widened in realization when Daddy placed the diaper on the break room table and patted it.

"In here?! But Daddy-"

"Yes, Kiddo. Right here," said Demetrius, his face serious.

"But shouldn't we go into the bathroom?"

"Why would you need to go to the bathroom? You wear diapers."

"But... but..." Kiddo looked around, as if someone could walk in on them at any moment.

"Unless you have to make a poopie, I don't want to hear it, baby boy. Now up on the table, or is Daddy gonna have to punish the bad baby?"

"N-no Daddy," said Kiddo, quietly, walking up to the table and trying to get up. It was comical watching him try to climb up on it, and with an affectionate chuckle, Demetrius quickly scooped kiddo up and deposited him on his back on the fresh diaper. Kiddo looked the part as he lay there in his soggy diaper, his hairless legs exposed to the world as his shoes and socks were the only thing he was now wearing below the waist. Daddy then began the diaper changing song.

"Off comes the diaper... and wipe wipe wipe... ball up the diaper... dipe dipe dipe... out comes the powder... and oil too... fresh as a daisy is my little boy blue..."

"Daddyyyy," whined Kiddo, blushing and rolling his eyes at the embarrassing song his Daddy had made up.

"I'll work on it, Kiddo," Daddy said, giving a smug Dad grin as he wiped his hands off and began to tape. The thick crinkly diaper looked perfect on this little man, the cushy material coming up to cover his precious hairless bits. "Gosh you look good in a diaper. You really belong in them."

Daddy and Kiddo both enjoyed these diaper changes. Even Daddy had to admit that the diapers were becoming a turn on... the feel of the plastic under his hands... that thick cushioned padding... and the way that it all looked on his baby boy. On went the tapes. One. Two. Three. Four... and to top it all off, Demetrius lowered his face into Kiddo's slightly chubby tummy and blew a big raspberry.

"Pbbbbbbbb!" Kiddo giggled out loud until Demetrius came up for air.

"Daddeeeheeeheeehee!"

"What?" said Daddy with a grin. "It's an integral part of the diaper changing process!"

"Nuh uh!"

"Yuh huh!"

Daddy pulled Kiddo's shorts up over his legs and helped Kiddo off the table, lowering him to the ground and finishing the dressing process.

"You're all good to go kiddo. Now remember, no running in the store. Mr. Books gave me permission to punish you if you do."

"No he didn't," said Kiddo, putting his hands on his hips.

"Well, he will if I ask, so don't make me ask."

"Yes, Daddy," said Kiddo, obediently allowing Daddy to lead him by the hand back to the public area.

"Did you have a good change?" asked Mr. Books with a grin as they approached the front counter again.

"How'd you guess?" asked Demetrius.

"I have good ears. Not that I needed them with all that giggling..." Demetrius's eyebrows went up.

"Ah, well. Next time I'll use the pacifier when I change him," said Demetrius, grinning down at his big baby boy. Kiddo blushed, very much liking the idea even though he didn't voice it out loud. "Alright, Kiddo. Off you go. I want to talk to Mr. Books for a while, and you don't need to be part of this grownup conversation..."

"Yes, Daddy," said Kiddo, waddling off to sort cards with an extra crinkle in his step.

"He gets cuter and cuter every day," said Demetrius.

"And his diapers seem to get thicker and thicker," added Mr. Books. "Are those new?"

"Yeah, we graduated to Little Gremlins since he kept soaking through his regular diapers too quickly. There aren't many options thick enough to contain this little soaker."

"Smart move. Well, I guess you're going to be spending more time here if you're dropping him off and doing all his diaper checks. How is work with you?"

"Well, funny you should ask," said Demetrius. "I've been thinking that maybe it's time to go in a new direction with my company. I've been really interested in the gamer market recently."

"You don't say?" said Mr. Books with a grin. He rubbed his chin as if puzzled. "Funny, that. I wonder what could have prompted that change..." Demetrius smirked.

"All kidding aside, getting to know Kiddo and other gamers has shown me that there is a gap in the market. I wanted to pick your brain about it."

"Oh? Do tell," said Mr. Books, beginning to show genuine interest.

"First off, I noticed that Kiddo is drinking a lot of unhealthy sugary drinks. Wouldn't it be good if there was a healthy alternative?"

"Well, sure! Obesity and health problems are practically part and parcel with this community, or so the stereotypes would have you believe. But health food? Well, that might be a tough sell..."

"I know, I know. Nobody seems to want to eat their vegetables nowadays... but with the right model," here Demetrius flexed his arms, "maybe the branding could make it cool..."

"I believe the term is Skibidi toilet nowadays," said Mr. Books.

"Skibidi toilet? No, no, I don't want any mention of toilets," said Demetrius. "Skibidi diapers maybe... or... oh what's the term... pog.... Pog...?"

"Poggers, I believe it is?" asked Mr. Books.

"Oh, yes! I'll bet the right branding could make a healthy energy drink totally Poggers."

"Hmm... maybe..." said Mr. Books, nodding. "Is that all you were thinking about selling?"

"No," said Demetrius. "Kiddo has actually inspired me to explore another useful tool in the gamer arsenal... I call them 'gamer pants'."

"Are these like 'astronaut pants'?" asked Mr. Books with another knowing grin.

"Exactly! Super absorbent pants that get the job done when you're busy gaming. No more potty breaks during long streaming sessions, or running to the restroom during raids. The gamer pants work hard so you don't have to."

"Now *that's* something that might sell," said Mr. Books with a laugh. "And make them high-rise so we don't see all the butt cracks during tournaments and the like."

"I'm sure we can test out some different designs and see what works. If only I knew of a game store where I could pilot all these new products..." Demetrius said, rubbing his chin and looking at Mr. Books.

"I see where you're going with this. Count me in!"

Kiddo soon found himself subject to regular surprise (and not so subtle) diaper checks from his Daddy. And Daddy was always keen to check on him, now that he was buying and testing out different diaper styles for their designs. He was noting all the differences the different diaper features may make - Acquisition zones, quilted padding, high rise vs. low rise, leak guard height, and more.

All these diaper checks and changes were taken in stride by the customers. It seemed generally accepted by the game store population that Demetrius was just Kiddo's Daddy, and Demetrius actually saw some interest among the regulars, who saw just how much a thick diaper helped Kiddo sit through prolonged gaming sessions. The first bite came about a week after Kiddo's first break room change during a game of Entrepreneurial Unicorn Kingdom.

"Guys, can we take a potty break? I gotta hit the head..." said Herman, a particularly enthusiastic regular who, nonetheless, constantly had to break to use the restroom.

"Sure, no problem," came the response from the other players along with a few other murmurs of assent. Herman was only gone but a minute before he came back, his cheeks slightly red. He looked over at Kiddo who was chugging an energy drink, much to Demetrius's consternation.

"I don't know how you do it, Kiddo. Here I am going every five minutes, and you can go a whole game *and* pound down those drinks like it's nothing. How do you do it?"

"Oh, come on. You don't know?" asked another player at the table. "He's in big thick diapers, that's why."

"We're calling them Gamer Pants now," said Kiddo, shooting the other player a look.

Herman looked at Kiddo, stunned, then leaned over to catch a glimpse under the table, as if he would somehow be able to see the diapers in action.

"Wow, so you don't have to go to the bathroom at all?"

"Only to go poopy," said Kiddo, proudly saying the childish word by reflex.

"Wow... I should try that myself..." murmured Herman, imagining all the possibilities that would open up for him if he was free of the limitations of his small bladder.

"You wanna be a tester?" asked Demetrius, who had snuck up behind them as they were talking. The guy jumped almost a foot in surprise, but nodded once he composed himself.

"Sure. I'd be down."

"Me too," said Gary, another regular who was the type who would do anything if he thought it gave him an edge. Demetrius grinned.

"Well, great! I'll sign you two up. We should have our first test models arriving later this month, so if you're willing to fill out some review forms as you test them out, you'll get those di- er, Gamer Pants for free!"

"Free? Did somebody say free?" asked Sam, a thrifty gamer nearby who was the type to never turn down a good deal. The more Demetrius talked, the more interest his proposal generated, and he soon had over a dozen gamers murmuring about how they might consider testing these pants out as well. Demetrius had a feeling that his new venture was going to be more successful than he imagined.

"Here you go, tell me what you think," said Demetrius, walking into Kiddo's apartment and handing him a tall can from the box he was carrying.

"Oh, what's this?" Asked Kiddo, turning it over in his hands.

"It's the new Gamer Juice I commissioned. Try it out. No sugar, no caffeine, and plenty of nutritious minerals and vegetables to keep you healthy, energetic, and focused." Kiddo made a face.

"I don't think you're going to sell much of this drink to gamers with those selling points. Maybe just stick to the last two... Energetic and focused."

"It'll give you energy and give you a gaming *edge*," said Demetrius, tilting his head. "How's that?"

"That's more like it," said Kiddo, still looking askance at the drink as he cracked it open. He gave it a few tentative and then took a sip if he was expecting something nasty. Instead his eyes opened in surprise and he took another gulp, smacking his lips.

"Hey, this is pretty good! Not too sweet but pretty tasty. Are you *sure* there are vegetables in this?"

"Of course I'm sure," said Demetrius. "And you know what else? It's super hydrating and it'll clear all the toxic stuff from your system. Drink this and you'll feel like a million bucks, guaranteed." Kid, gave the drink a second look, smacking his lips again.

"Yeah you know, I could get used to this... I still want my sugar and caffeine though."

"Now, now, don't pout. You gotta test this out for me and that means staying off the other stuff while you're testing." Demetrius looked for a clear spot in Kiddo's apartment to set down the box and finally decided on the bed. The box made a clinking sound that indicated there were plenty more energy drinks where that came from. "The diaper prototypes came in too, and I'd like your input. Think you can do that, Kiddo?" Demetrius pulled a small stack of diapers from the box and flashed them at his little guy.

"Yeah, I guess I did kinda promise," sighed Kiddo.

"That's the spirit!" said Demetrius, handing Kiddo the diapers along with a flyer. "Now you get started on those. Just follow the link on the flyer to write your reviews. Each one is different, so just go by the number on the waistband. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got an important delivery to make."

"Wait, where are you going already?" asked Kiddo as Demetrius spun his car keys on his finger.

"I'll be back," said Demetrius, ruffling Kiddo's hair. "Just gotta drop the diapers and drinks off at Mr. Books and Games. All those eager testers won't wait, you know. Meanwhile, how about you use the time to clean up around here? Maybe start by gathering up all the dishes and dirty laundry?"

"But it's my day off!" whined Kiddo.

"But if you don't clean up, where are we gonna snuggle when I get back?"

"Did somebody say snuggle? Okay, maybe I can clean a little bit," said Kiddo.

"You're so cute," said Demetrius, chuckling. "Bet you'll be even cuter with a warm bottom. Now I expect those diapers to be filled, at least two cans drunk, and a clean apartment by the time I finish my delivery run. Don't make Daddy punish you when he gets back."

"Yes, Daddy," said Kiddo, blushing.

"Good boy," said Demetrius, patting Kiddo's head before heading out. Kiddo watched the hulking man leave and sighed. That 'Good boy' line always got him.

When Demetrius arrived at the store with the big boxes of goodies, he didn't even have to say a word. Herman, Gary, and Sam had been asking him every day if the gamer pants were there yet, so the moment he stepped in the door they were there.

"What's that? Are those the diaper- I mean gamer pants?"

"Is there something else in there? Don't forget, you said I'd get to test them out first."

"These are still free right? You said they were free. I know you confirmed it but I'm just checking that all of this is free to test..."

"Alright, alright, guys, hold on a sec," said Demetrius. "Let me just set all this stuff down. It's not exactly light, you know."

Mr. Books laughed and shook his head as he watched the three die hard gamers clamor for their diapers.

"Anything to get an edge, huh?" He called over to the boys, though his teasing was good natured as always.

"Now remember," said Demetrius, passing out some black drawstring bags with the green 'Gamer Pants' logo on them. "You've got to review everything you test. There's five diapers in each bag and a flyer with a QR code. Once you have filled the diaper to capacity, you need to scan the code and fill out the form to give your feedback."

"How long should they last?" asked Herman.

"That'll be up to you to find out. I'd like you to use them until they begin to leak or until you feel the wetness around your legs. Make sure you mark the time that you put them on so we know how long you wore each one."

"Well, that doesn't seem like a very good test," said Sam. "I mean these guys are always drinking those expensive energy sodas and I just drink free water, so it's gonna last a lot longer for me."

"Well, that's why it's good to have more than one tester," said Demetrius, "but I do have a little something for you all to even the playing field." Demetrius grinned a devious grin as the three gamers looked at each other confused. Demetrius opened another box to review the cans of Gamer Juice that Demetrius had developed.

"Introducing Gamer Juice. With my knowledge of fitness and nutrition," Demetrius paused to flex his massive biceps, "I've developed the ultimate energy drink. All the ingredients you need for energy, focus, mental acuity, and hydration. Only my testers get to try it out and tell me what they think. After all, I only have so much to start with."

"Is the Gamer Juice free too?" asked Sam, clearly skeptical. "And is there a limit to how much we take?" Demetrius smirked and crossed his arms.

"You can each have five free cans per diaper change. Just come up to me after you change, show me your filled out form and I'll give you more cans. Oh, and no sharing. This little bonus is for testers only."

Any questions and complaints disappeared immediately from the three gamers' mouths as soon as they heard the drinks were both free *and* exclusive. Demetrius didn't mention that the drink was sugar-free, caffeine free, allergen free, and full of vitamins, minerals, and vegetables, but he did make sure to vet them for any allergies just in case.

The three guys tossed the cans into their bags, went off to the restroom playing with energy, and waddled back out, enthusiastic to start their padded gaming adventures. Whether it was by a result of the diapers, the energy drinks, or just psychological confidence, they were all notably peppy and engaged, and their energy was infectious.

"All right guys let's play some games," said the ever competitive Gary to the other padded lads. "You ready to rumble?"

"I'm ready!" chimed in Sam, quickly jumping into a seat and drawing his first hand. "Oh yeah. I got a hot card in my hand today!"

Even the relatively shy and quiet Herman came out of his shell with a bold statement as he laid down his first creature: "You'll never defeat my blue eyed battle dragon! Muahaha!"

Demetrius smiled as he watched the three goobers acting much like his own little one.

"What is it about diapers that make guys into loveable little goofs?" asked Demetrius, under his breath.

"Don't ask me," said Mr. Books, giving Demetrius a start. "Oops! Didn't mean to sneak up on you. Well, they look happy at least. Where are the rest of the testers?"

"Oh, they're here... just wait," said Demetrius. It didn't take long for Gary to start gloating about his 'special edge' and how he wouldn't have to take any breaks from gaming.

"What's this edge you keep talking about?" asked a guy at the table next to him.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" asked Gary, with a smug grin.

"Is it that drink? Hey, you have five cans. Let me have one, huh?"

"No way! This is for official Gamer Pants testers only!"

"Gamer pants?" asked the guy, tilting his head.

"You don't know what those are?" asked Gary, scoffing, and then giving a laugh. "Hey, guys! Get a load of this guy. He doesn't know what gamer pants are!"

"Of course I know what they are!" said the guy, looking offended. "I just wondered where you got them is all."

"Psh, yeah right dude. I'm not tellin' ya."

"Don't mind him," said Herman. "Just talk to Dragon over there if you want some." Herman nodded over to Demetrius, and pretty soon more players were getting their goodie bags and getting to testing.

"Whoa," said Mr. Books, as several more guys came out wearing padding. "The vibe in here just took a turn... The energy hasn't been this off the wall since they came out with the Gremlin Crazy Loco drink. You know, the one they banned in 49 of the 50 states."

"Well, I assure you that this hype is all natural," said Demetrius, picking up the boxes of diapers and drinks once more. "Should I just drop these cases in the store room for now?"

"Sure thing, bud," said Mr. Books. "Hey, and thanks for making me your first exclusive vendor. I have a feeling we're about to become very popular..."

"And these are just the prototypes! Just wait til we get the final product. I've got big plans for a media blitz too. Your shop won't know what hit it."

"Oh, boy," said Mr. Books. "Is it time for me to invest in some diaper pails?"

"I'd say that's a good investment," said Demetrius. "Now if you'll excuse me, I do believe my Kiddo is waiting. If anyone else wants to join in you can let them know I'll be back tomorrow. "

Chapter 8: The Gamer Pants Grand Prix

The next day, the number of people with puffy pants and energy drinks multiplied. After they opened up for the day and customers started streaming in, Kiddo immediately noticed that the first few regulars to walk in were padded. He raised an eyebrow at first, thinking it could be a strange coincidence, but it soon became apparent that every single person there to hang out and game was diapered. Kiddo turned to Demetrius, looking completely confused.

"What's going on? Why is everyone wearing diapers?" Demetrius put a hand on Kiddo's shoulder.

"Remember how I said we had some eager testers? Well, here they are! And those aren't diapers. They're *gamer pants*."

"Oh? Ohhh.... right," said Kiddo, quickly catching on. "I knew there would be testers... I just never thought there would be so *many* testers."

"Frankly, I'm a bit surprised myself," said Demetrius, "but we can roll with it. Can you help with any tips and tricks for the newbies?"

"You got it, Daddy," said Kiddo, doing a cute little salute.

Kiddo quickly got with the program and was happy to give the other gamers tips on how to best utilize their diapers. Just like the magic card game, he jumped right into the coaching and customer service role, and with just as much excitement. And why not? Kiddo enjoyed being able to teach about something he was so passionate about. In fact, Kiddo was a goldmine of information, and Demetrius found himself furiously taking notes on information he could put on the packaging and website whenever Kiddo started answering questions from testers.

Demetrius thought all these tips might make for a good gaming podcast episode. That reminded Demetrius that he would have to get in touch with popular streamers to promote the Gamer Pants and Gamer Juice at launch. And then there were the peripherals, like the drawstring Gamer Pants bags, which seemed to be a big hit... The gears were still spinning in Demetrius's entrepreneurial mind when someone cleared his throat nearby, causing him to startle.

"Huh? Oh, hi Mr. Books," said Demetrius. "I didn't see you there. I was just thinking about all the plans I have in store for the new product line..." Mr. Books nodded sagely,

his ponytail bobbing and his eyeglasses flashing in the incandescent light of the game store lamps.

"It certainly seems like these Gamer Pants are a hit. You'd better hurry up with those tests; I'm getting a lot of questions from curious customers who want to get some gamer pants for themselves, and especially a lot of questions about those *exclusive* energy drinks." Mr. Books gave the wink of a man who had seen a lot of 'exclusive' deals in the past and knew how effective that word alone could be for marketing.

"If they want the drink, they gotta test the pants," said Demetrius, taking the cue and making sure to say it loudly enough for other customers to hear. "We still have lots of tester packs, and we *need* testers, so just spread the word - anyone can be a tester, all they gotta do is go to me or a store employee." Mr. Books grinned.

"Well said, but, I don't think I'll have to." said Mr. Books, lowering his voice. "Since our regulars have been doing all the advertising *for us...*" Sure enough, Gary still had not shut up about how his *exclusive* accessories gave him the gaming edge to take everyone on, and how even if there were others now doing it, he was the *first* to wear gamer pants and get the coveted energy drinks from Demetrius, a.k.a. 'The Dragon', himself.

If Demetrius was worried about having enough testers, he needn't have been. In fact, the opposite was true; the 50 testing packs that Demetrius had ordered disappeared faster than bird seed at a hen convention while the number of crinkle butts at Mr. Books and Games Game Store multiplied exponentially.

Within a week, Demetrius had all the data he needed to conclude the testing phase and was ready to run the reports through his proprietary algorithm with his business partner, Mr. Books, in the loop.

"I didn't know you were such a coder," said Mr. Books as they looked over the results together at the end of the week. Demetrius smiled and threw his muscular arms up in a shrug.

"I was designing algorithms for the big social media companies before I went off on my own. To be honest, I had been racking my brain for the next big idea for some months, and I have a feeling this is the big one."

"Their loss and our gain I suppose! I'll be honest - if this pans out it might just save the game store industry. It's a tough market, you know. Anyway, what did we learn?"

"Based on tester feedback, I'm gonna make two types of diaper: Gamer Pants Heavy, and Gamer Pants Lite. Those names may change."

"And what's the difference?"

"One of them will last 12 hours or more for long term wear at tournaments, streaming sessions, etcetera. The other is gonna last just 4-8 hours for a cheaper option that won't be such a waste if they have a short gaming session or have to do something that requires customers to take off their gamer pants. A lot of the customers are cost conscious, so we'll also offer stuffers for a good capacity boosting option."

"Well, I hope they get here soon because your testers seem to want more," said Mr. Books.

"I'll put in an order tonight."

Indeed, gamers who completed the testing pack were hungry for more, and without any immediate replacement at hand to tide them over, some went to desperate measures. Some tried store bought diapers but that only led to disaster when customers tried to use them. One particular incident had Gary having an epic leak on the waterproof chair in the middle of his speech about how he was gonna wipe the floor with his 'legendary new deck'. Instead, it was Kiddo who was mopping the floor while all games were temporarily halted.

The 'Legendary Leak' became a bit of an inside joke at the store that was brought up whenever Gary got a bit too braggadocious, but it was all in good fun. More importantly, it highlighted the fact that Gamer Pants really were a quality product compared to the utter garbage sold on the mainstream diaper market.

"Got any solutions while everyone waits?" asked Mr. Books.

"Well, I wouldn't want to give the competition free advertisement. The energy drink, at least, is good to go. We can start selling the stock we have now that we know it's a hit. I've already ordered more Gamer Juice, so that's a start at least. That should come along with the next shipment of diapers!"

Given the urgency of the demand for diapers at the game store, Demetrius paid up front to expedite the order. All production halted at the diaper factory as the machines were retooled for a big diaper order.

"What are we gonna do in the meantime?" asked Mr. Books, who was now all in on Gamer Pants. The two of them sat in the store before opening and scratched their chins.

"We have a few testers left over. How about a gaming competition?" suggested Kiddo, who had been listening in on the grown-ups' conversation.

"I love it!" said Mr. Books. "We could make the prize a day's worth of diapers for the top three winners!"

"Alright," said Demetrius. "But employees can't participate. You good with being Emcee, Kiddo?" Kiddo nodded. Games were one thing that he was completely confident in, so being an Emcee would be no sweat. "Alright then. Let's get to work on a flyer!"

Soon the three of them had come up for a name for the competition: the 'Gamer Pants Grand Prix'

"Are you sure we can't call it the Grand Pee?" asked Kiddo, giggling.

"No, silly boy," said Demetrius. "The flyers are already being printed, so no changing it now. What we do have to decide is where to *post* the flyers."

"Oh, I think we got that covered," said Mr. Books, cracking his knuckles. Mr. Books and Kiddo knew all the local stores and forums where the gamers congregated, and for the rest of the day, it was Demetrius and Kiddo's job to post flyers - paper or digital - to every last one of them, including the Mr. Books and Games store itself.

"Let's hope this draws interest," said Kiddo, when they finally finished.

"Oh, I'm sure it will, said Demetrius, giving the boy a pat on the head. "Don't you worry."

Demetrius was right; on the day of the contest, everyone who was anyone showed up. Not only was every regular at the store eager to participate, but a lot of players that weren't regulars showed up too. Kiddo was bowled over by the turnout, but he was even more surprised when a familiar face showed up at the door along with her salty crew.

"Seamantha?! What are you doing here?" exclaimed Kiddo as the seafaring pirate captain stepped through the door with a victorious 'Yar har har'. "Oh, I'm so glad you

came!" cried Kiddo, immediately giving Seamantha a huge hug, overjoyed at the show of support. Her face softened as she dropped her pirate boss guise long enough to return the hug.

"Are you kiddin' me, Kiddo? You didn't think we'd sit this one out, did ye? We heard about yer little contest and we're here to plunder you crinkle booty! By winnin' fair and square, mind, ye." Seamantha lifted her eyepatch to give Kiddo a friendly wink, making him giggle. "Of course we also want to support ye, lad. After all, you and yer Daddy are honorary *crew* members, or didn't we tell ye?"

"I am?" asked Kiddo, surprised and honored.

"Sure y'are! Isn't that right, lads?"

"Yar!" said the crew, throwing their fists up in the air.

"That seals it," said Seamantha with a smirk. "Yer part o' the family."

"Thanks, friend," said Kiddo, pulling himself together enough not to cry in front of everyone. "Does this mean I'm gonna have to make a pirate deck?"

"I'm afraid them's the rules, matey. Elsewise you'll have to walk the plank, you scurvy dog."

Kiddo grinned. "Okay, then, I'll get to work on it. Now why don't you all come and sign in. And good luck on your quest for the gold, there's some stiff and crinkly competition here."

"Aye aye," said the crew in unison, and marched off to the sign-in table, where Mr. Books was ready to greet them. Demetrius looked on in approval at all the friends his little guy had made. Kiddo happily greeted familiar faces such as Fae and the crystal lady. The biggest surprise of all was yet to come however, and it came in the form of a cocky gamer with a flaming red head of hair.

"Flamin Jasper?! What are you doing here? I thought you *hated* diapers..."

"Well... Y'know," said Flamin' Jasper, unable to maintain eye contact. "Everyone was talking about the gamer pants... So I had to see what it was all about, or whatever. Don't make a big deal about it."

It was evident that Kiddo was about to make a big deal about it from the shit eating grin on his face, but Demetrius intervened.

"Let the boy be, Kiddo. Daddy said."

"*Yeah, Daddy said,*" sneered Jasper, sticking out his tongue. Demetrius immediately whipped around to glare at Jasper.

"Just because I'm not *your* Daddy, doesn't mean I can't put you over my knee and pad you up on the floor when I'm done. Now go sign up before I decide to do just that."

If anyone had forgotten what a Dom Daddy Demetrius was, they were quickly reminded. Jasper's face was as red as his hair as he scurried off to the sign up table, and it was Kiddo's turn to stick out his tongue.

"Don't you start," said Demetrius, suppressing a chuckle.

"Hey, there's nothing like a good rivalry," said Kiddo.

"Just watch yourself," said Daddy Demetrius, "or Daddy may just have to give your rival some ammo by taking away your big boy privileges."

"You wouldn't, Daddy!" said Kiddo.

"What fun is a rivalry without a fair fight? By the way, you might want to turn off your microphone..." Kiddo's face went red as he realized that the whole adorable exchange had happened on a hot mic. After collecting himself, he finally spoke.

"Ahem, sorry about that. Where were we? Oh yes, we're at last call to sign in! Do it now or forever hold your pee! The competition is about to commence!"

After a last minute rush to sign up, Kiddo took to the mic again. Demetrius looked on proudly as his little guy took the reins in running the competition. Kiddo was so confident when he was in his element, and that element was gaming and diapers. Demetrius knew he had done the right thing to combine the two together.

"Alright, friends! Assemble at your pods, and prepare to battle. We're starting in 3... 2... 1... 0! Let's have a clean competition, and good luck on your quest to capture the crinkle!" The competition was underway, and it was indeed fierce.

In the first round, Samantha cleaned house in her pod while about half of her pirate crew was swept out to sea, though that just meant they could make an audience to cheer on their comrades, giving their teammates an advantage due to the psychological factor.

Jasper held his own, and he seemed to have learned a thing or two from the last competition; he wasn't quite so cocky in his round, and thought his moves through more carefully rather than relying on a few very powerful cards.

Meanwhile, the game store regulars, Gary, Herbert, and Sam, had formed a cabal agreeing that if any of them won, they would split the prize that they got. Everybody knew because Gary made sure to brag about it every chance he got, and all of them also made it through the round.

Finally, Squeakly, the mousey and quiet winner of the previous competition, continued his winning streak with his unassuming play style, although those in the know were more wary.

"The first round is over!" announced Kiddo, once all the preliminary battles were fought. "You have a five minute break to get to your next pods. If anyone needs to use the restroom, do so now." The tense air of competition was broken up by the laughter of the regulars who had mostly been padded, leaving the bathrooms ghost town during the break. Instead, people clamored for the free gamer juice that Demetrius was passing out to promote the brand.

As Kiddo announced, "Round two begin!" Demetrius observed a lot of thirsty gamers chugging down the drink.

"Did we get those diaper pails in yet?" Asked Demetrius under his breath to Mr. books.

"No... not yet. we might have to run to the store and get some. I have a feeling it's going to be a very soggy Saturday."

"Don't worry, I got this," said Demetrius, rushing out, but making sure to stop and give Kiddo a Daddy kiss on the head on his way.

In the second round, Gary and Sam were knocked out of the competition while Herbert held strong along with Faye and Squeakly, all with their gentle but effective playing styles that left their opponents wondering what happened.

Seamantha swabbed the deck once again with her competition, to a tidal wave of applause from her compatriots. Only she and a couple of her pirate companions made it through the round, and the battles were all hard won.

Even Jasper managed to win his second heat, nearly going down in flames before drawing the perfect card to finish the game, though he was hardly ready to brag about it. He had evidently learned his lesson at the last competition.

Just before the end of the second round, Demerius made it back from his shopping trip.

"Round two is over and another exciting round it was," said kiddo. "And this just in," he said, as he watched Demetrius walk in the door with two giant pails, "if anyone needs to change their, er, gamer pants, the bathroom will have the amenities for you shortly."

The bathrooms were slightly more popular by this stage thanks to all the Gamer Juice people were drinking, but surprisingly, or maybe unsurprisingly, there was a clear pattern of who was using the restrooms and it wasn't the regulars.

"It appears I've trained them well," murmured Kiddo to Demetrius, as he noticed that his padded protege had come prepared, doubling up or stuffing their diapers as recommended for long term wear.

The edge granted by being well-padded was emphasized by the fact that Kiddo and Co. had to extend the break by 10 minutes to allow the last of the visiting gamers to use the restroom or change. They were harried and rushing back to get to their seats while all the regulars were sitting pretty ready to battle on.

Round three commenced and gamers were going all out, putting everything on the line for that sweet sweet crinkle. Seamantha went head to head against Jasper and quenched his flames with her sea serpent special while Herbert and Squeakly both vied for who could be the most demure while still clobbering the competition. Fae was sadly knocked out in the last round, but was good spirited about the whole thing. When the round was done, it was up to the judges to calculate the winner.

Finally, it was time to announce the winners and with great anticipation Kiddo spoke up:

"In third place is Herbert, our local yokel. Let's give three cheers for Herbert!" Cheers could be heard from the crowd as Herbert Sam and Gary hugged each other and jumped up and down for joy. "Congratulations Herbert! Please come collect your prize! A day worth of diapers."

"In second place is Squeakly, who squeaked ahead of the competition with his signature unassuming style. Very demure!" Squeakly scampered up on stage, clearly not enjoying the spotlight, but blushing deeply and clearly happy to have his padding. He barely stopped to squeak out a thank you before scurrying off to the bathroom to put on his hard won padding.

"And finally in first place... drumroll please..." Here, the audience patted their laps and stomped their feet, "It's Seamantha, the pirate! She has won the grand prize of a full pack of diapers for her and her crew. A perfect bounty for a pack of pirates!"

A great cheer rose up from the crowd and the pirate gang began to sing a sea shanty (or a 'Pee shanty') in celebration. Despite successfully snagging the booty, it became quickly obvious that none of them was rushing to the restroom to put them on.

"Well, aren't you all going to try them on?" asked Kiddo, surprised.

"Yarr, thank you matey!" said Seamantha, coming up to the mic with a knowing smirk. "We'll be sure to use these tomorrow, but for today we're all well covered." Kiddo then squinted and to his shock he noticed that Seamantha's skirt was bulging out suspiciously.

"Hold on," Kiddo said, looking at the whole crew. "Do you mean to tell me that you all were wearing... The whole time?"

"We learned from the best at the last competition when a certain someone got changed in the middle of the competition. All the *best* players wear gamer pants," said Seamantha with a wink. That got a big reaction from the crowd, which was eating their banter up, while Kiddo blushed deeply at the memory of the very public diaper change Daddy had put him through.

The atmosphere was very positive after the end of the competition, and even Jasper came up and apologized in his own way once Kiddo was done congratulating all the winners.

"Hey kiddo, I just wanted to tell you, you know, maybe I was wrong about what I said before. About you and the other players being pipsqueaks... and, uh, for calling you a diaper boy. Don't make a big deal of it or anything.

"But I am a diaper boy," said Kiddo. "And there's nothing wrong with that."

"Uh... y-yeah, I guess, or whatever..." said Jasper.

"Have you tried diapers?" asked Kiddo.

"Um... w-well, that is... uh..." Jasper's face was growing red again as he began to stammer.

"I'll tell ya what, I think we got a few in the back. You can have one."

"Y-yeah... sure... or whatever... that'd be cool, I guess..."

"Here... come with me..." Soon, Kiddo had procured a spare diaper and bagged it up for Jasper. Kiddo could tell that Jasper was a diaper boy too by the way his hands shook as Kiddo handed him the goods. This would not be the first or last person he converted, and he wondered just how long diapers had been on this boy's mind. "Hope you like 'em and you come back for more. You're welcome any time as long as you're cool like you were today, and not like you were last time."

Jasper just nodded and hurried off walking awkwardly, his pants seeming to have developed a tent for some inexplicable reason.

"He'll be back," said Kiddo to himself.

"I'm proud of you, Kiddo," said Demetrius, causing Kiddo to jump in surprise. "My little boy is getting more mature every day."

"Hopefully not too mature, Daddy," giggled Kiddo. "How did you know I was back here?"

"Easy. Your mic is still on," said Demetrius causing Kiddo to blush again as the crowd that was mingling in the game store giggled.

All too soon, the day was over, and all the excited gamers had to go home, where they would surely spread the word of all the fun and crinkles they had at the competition.

"Well done," said Mr. Books once the last of the gamers had left. "It seems like gamer pants are becoming a badge of honor at our little game store."

"Yeah," said Demetrius. "Some of the visitors were calling the store Mr. Books and Diapers." Mr Books chuckled.

"Oh dear. Do I need to get a new sign and everything now?" The three of them laughed, though Demetrius didn't think it was a half bad idea at all.

A week later, the diapers were on the shelves, and they were selling as fast as Kiddo could stock them. Eventually, he just dragged several cases behind the counter so he could leave the shelves diapers for display and start selling them right out of the box.

Everybody in the store was crinkling before long, and nobody wanted to be at a disadvantage because they had to take a bathroom break. In short, the advertisement campaign had paid off in spades. Gamer Pants were a go.

Mr. Games and Books really did look more like Mr. Games and Diapers after that point. Stacks of diapers lined the shelves behind the count, and the sugary Gremlin energy sodas were replaced with Healthy Gamer Juice energy drinks that kept gamers and their diapers well hydrated.

"Thanks, Kiddo," said Demetrius, as they lay in bed one night shortly after the debut of the final product. "You really changed my life..."

"Aww, Daddy. You're changed *me* a whole lot more... about three times a day, in fact!"

"You silly Billy," said Demetrius, tickling Kiddo's tummy and making him piddle and squeal with giggles. "I'm being serious. And I'm proud of you... for being so confident and such a good spokesperson."

"Aww, shucks, Daddy. Anytime! I'm happy to talk about diapers as much as I like to talk about games, you know that."

"Well, that's good to hear Kiddo, because we have a busy schedule ahead of us. We're going to be doing the , vtuber, and podcast circuit, so hold onto your diapers because we're booked for the week, and you're gonna be the new face of Gamer Pants!"

"Say what?!" Demetrius smirked and pulled Kiddo in close, patting the front of his diaper. "Er, I mean... yes, Daddy." said Kiddo, blushing and melting.

"That's my good boy."

END