

Bubble Butt Chapter 2: Daddies and Dragons

By Champ (<https://champteh hotter.com/>)

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.