

Bubble Butt Chapter 6: To the Victor Go the Spoils

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"*Daddyyy*," 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, Jasp-hole. 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.