

Bubble Butt Chapter 7: A New Venture

by Champ (<https://champthehotter.com/>)

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.

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

"Daddeeeheeeheee!"

"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. "