

Chapter 8: The Gamer Pants Grand Prix

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

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