

Hero and Villian, Puppy and Kitten

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Chapter 2: A Date With a Daddy

[Part 2]

Player 1:

A week passed, and **Fridolf** tried to just go through the motions for the most part. Despite his best intentions, he found it difficult to focus on his classes. Ranjit kept slipping into his thoughts. It wasn't conditioning or mental manipulation, just an unexpected infatuation, that kept the wolf's thoughts returning to the tiger. He kept an eye out to see if a comparable survey to the one he took on wolves was published, but it never was.

More and more he was convinced that **Ranjit** hadn't really had a work-related reason to approach him before. Fridolf guessed he had been approached for a completely different reason. It wasn't often that a wolf found a predator stalking *him* of all things, but the in-disguise superhero was surprised to find that he liked the idea. It sent all sorts of butterflies loose in his stomach. Ranjit approached him because the tiger was interested in him.

On the other paw, there was **Dawon**. The police report he'd received after the fact indicated that the bomb was, indeed, a fake. It wasn't as empty as the villain had claimed, but the smoke bomb would certainly have not caused any actual lasting harm. The wolf remembered Dawon's attempts to speak to him, and the attempted mental intrusion that the supervillain had pulled.

While the villain was still a criminal, they weren't bloodthirsty. He was sure, though, that Dawon would try to get at him again. Might be worth getting some backup for the next encounter. A collaboration might be in order. That would certainly catch the villain off-guard. Which was good, because Fridolf suspected that Dawon would certainly be more prepared to take on his super-powered alterego **Wulfram** during their next meeting.

Then there were the accidents. Well, near-accidents, at least. Fridolf had been forced to deal with a few stains leaking into his boxers, but nothing like the flood of pee in the alley that night. Still, he'd had to interrupt a few lectures during the week to race to the bathroom. And his Hero patrols were now being made with a close eye on nearby facilities. It was causing a lot of trouble for him, but as Wulfram, he wasn't quite able to bite the bullet and try for another solution.

Player 2:

It would be after a lecture let out that Fridolf would catch the scent of a familiar feline approaching him. It had been a whole week, but Ranjit was walking up towards the canine again, matching his pace and walking in step with him after his lecture had let out. "Good morning." He would smile at the in-cognito hero, his stripey tail twitching behind him. "Since we had our interview, I'll confess I have been looking for an excuse to meet with you again. I hope

you're keeping up with your studies?" He would flash Fridolf a pearly white smile, the orange and black striped creature squeezing the handle of a briefcase while he walked. "Would you like to grab a lunch somewhere? My treat."

Player 1:

"Absolutely. That's my last class for the day, but I'm sure you already know that." Fridolf half-accused, though his grin made it clear he wasn't annoyed in the least. Quite the opposite, actually. *And here he is. And looking to meet up, too. Never really was a survey, was there, Ranjit? Just wanted an excuse to speak to me, hmm?* The thought flitted through Fridolf's mind, filling him with some smug satisfaction at how correct his suspicions were. There were a few tracks of thought that spawned from that: Would he be invited to Ranjit's home? Would they kiss? Would Ranjit get him a pack of diapers as a present? That last one caused the wolf's ears to do a little twitch, but otherwise he kept a straight face.

Player 2:

The thoughts running through Fridolf's mind just made the tiger's grin widen. "You'll have to forgive me for not following up on our plans for Friday. My company deals with data for a living and I'll admit that I was kept busy after our last meeting." Ranjit was perhaps too young to be a CEO, even for a startup company. He was only about five years older than Fridolph, really. But he liked his day-job. It let him still get his paws dirty from time to time, and gave him the freedom he craved. At the thought of Fridolf getting a pack of diapers as a present, Ranjit made sure to sway his hips.

Fridolph would hear a distinct and tell-tale **crinkle** as the feline gyrated.

Any train-tracks that might lead to a thought of disgust regarding the tiger's choice in undergarments would be halted and redirected more towards curiosity than anything else. But thankfully, the wolf already seemed to be heading towards that direction anyway. "But I'll make it up to you. Come with me." He waved a paw towards the college's parking lot. A cherry-red sports car was parked in one of the visitor's parking spots, and Ranjit clicked the remote to unlock it as he walked up towards it. "I may have booked a table at a lunch place on the other side of town. **Spazzios.**" The restaurant served good Italian and had a reputation as being a good lunch spot. But more than that, Ranjit had spent the past week making sure the entire staff of the restaurant were properly primed for his date with the puppy. He wasn't a spider, but he could make a pretty good web when he wanted it.

This date would be perfect. Ranjit would see to that.

And it started with him opening the passenger side door for his puppy, while pushing a stray thought into Fridolf's head:

"Oh my, is he a gentleman or does he just like taking care of people?"

Player 1:

Indeed, the sound of the crinkle didn't spawn any thoughts of disgust. Instead, Fridolf's nostrils flared as he hunted for the tell-tale scent of urine, actually hoping to find it. Perhaps to Ranjit's surprise, the event in the alley briefly entered Fridolf's mind, his mental branches all cutting off abruptly as the duality of his pleasure and regret warred with each other.

He pushed it aside, though, and focused back on Ranjit. While the thought of Ranjit being a gentleman did enter, it died off quickly. The wolf was, it seemed, onto the tiger. He sat down, buckling himself in as the tiger went to the driver's side. Once they were both seated, Fridolf fielded the question. "So, there wasn't actually a survey, was there?"

Player 2:

Ranjit made a show of looking shocked, eyes wide and a hand to his chest as he locked eyes with the wolf riding shotgun in his car. "My company- the company that I own and manage, that is, conducts surveys and gathers customer and consumer information about various demographics and sells it to large corporations. You might think of us as a bit of a freelance marketing research firm, with a bit of software development on the side to help us gather data." All technically true, though dodging the question. The tiger would sigh before the wolf's gaze, clasp his paws to his chest as if he'd been shot dead-on through the heart by the intensity of the question. "...but admittedly pretending that I was part of the group of employees conducting THAT survey on young adult canines was a total cover story. Your results never got entered into the final survey tallies, and I bullshitted half the questions just because you caught my eye and I wanted to get to know you better."

Inside the car, if Fridolf sniffed again, he'd find the scent he was looking for. The tell-tale scent of a tiger's **wet diaper**, intermingling with a much stronger scent of **baby powder**. Yet both scents were still obvious to a trained canine nose.

That musky, salty, slightly spicy scent lingering in the wolf's nostrils. Making his cock tingle just by smelling it, like a living reminder of his own accident in the alleyway and how good it had felt to just give in and let it flow out of him. Of course Ranjit might've tried to help "**pleasure**" win over "**regret**" a bit there, trying to use his mental powers to diminish the intensity of any regretful feelings Fridolf had over peeing himself enough so that it might more easily be considered a guilty pleasure. "Forgive me for fancying you a bit. And also forgive the sweet scent in my car! You know about my, ah, problem, so I didn't get any air freshener, and it's better for me to have some supplies in my car in case I need to put someone in an emergency diaper!" He laughed. Admittedly the joke sounded like he was talking about himself, but if Fridolf imagined himself spread out in the back of the car, naked from the waist down and being diapered by a big, strong tiger... that wasn't anything Ranjit would discourage him from imagining. Turning the key to the vehicle, Ranjit began to pull out onto the road.

"I will confess you seemed like the sort of male I fancy from the moment I laid eyes on you: Thoughtful, handsome, and with a bit of a tendency towards being an individual rather than letting the herd lead you around by the nose." All true and sincere enough that Ranjit was blushing slightly beneath his orange fur. The fact that some of the most individualistic and lone

wolf-ish people he knew were also some of the biggest kinksters he'd known only encouraged that interest. "But you're still here even after my admission of subterfuge..."

As he drove, the tiger looked over to wink at Fridolf. "Does that mean you like me back?"

Player 1:

Yes. Was the immediate thought that entered Fridolf's mind, but he didn't want to come off as too eager. Especially when the blood flowing to other parts was making his thoughts less sharp than they'd otherwise be. "I'm willing to indulge you a tiny bit in your little hunt." Is what he said, giving a toothy grin to the tiger.

And being changed into a diaper by Ranjit? In the back of the tiger's car? In public? His ears burned just thinking about it. And yet he didn't try to push the mental fantasy away at all, instead letting it play out. A fantasy that was aided by the scent of Ranjit's diaper. He greedily drank in that salty scent. . Even if Ranjit's cover as a surveyor was blown, it hadn't done the least bit to dissuade the wolf from the date.

Player 2:

The tiger countered with his own toothy grin. "If I catch my prey, do I get a kiss?" He didn't let his gaze linger on Fridolf for too long however, because he had to watch where he was driving. One of the tricks the cat had learned early on as a **Mesmer-Class Esper** was partitioning his brain. Multitasking (or at least focusing on a few different things at once) was merely a trick of the mind. So while he was driving, he was also focusing on what thoughts ran through Fridolf's mind, and neither activity was affecting the performance of the other adversely. They could get into an accident and it wouldn't stop him from monitoring the wolf's thoughts.

Which was why despite himself, he heard a pleasurable rumble escaping his body at the mental image inside the wolf's mind. The thought of having Fridolf in the back of his car, taking off his soiled pants and getting out a bright, colorful plastic diaper to put the cute pup into was something that made the tiger's cock hard. Fridolf could likely smell the growing arousal of the feline in the air, but even this wasn't enough to distract the tiger from his goals. It was, however, something he didn't mind adding onto. Thoughts like "Would I like it better if I sucked a pacifier while he was changing my diaper?" and "Would he want me to call him Daddy?" snuck into Fridolf's fantasy, followed by another tingle to the canine's cock. Now that he was curious about diapers, the tiger wanted to gently nudge the heroic wolf's thoughts a bit further. He did want the end result to be a happy diaperpup, after all.

But even while he was driving and gently nudging Fridolf's mind a bit closer towards AB as well as DL, the tiger was also managing some conversation on the side. "I hope you like italian. This place comes very highly reviewed. A bit on the pricey side, but they have some nice lunch specials right next to the pup's- er, the cub's menu." A bit of a teasing comment. "Actually... what sorts of foods do you like eating?"

Player 1:

"Anything with meat." Was the wolf's immediate response, shifting in his seat as his arousal started becoming uncomfortable. He needed to clear his mind. This fantasy was certainly more in-depth than he was used to. Hell, he'd never had such vivid fantasies like this about anyone before. A few paranoid branches spawned from that thought, but withered and died before Ranjit could even sever them. He refused to let paranoia ruin something like this for him.

"I try to avoid too much cheese. I'm not lactose-intolerant, but I'd probably make the trip back pretty unpleasant." He admitted.

Player 2:

"Hahaha... spoken like a true carnivore." The tiger would get back to driving, his own arousal self-evident. There was a brief moment of self-consciousness... Was he seeming too eager? But Fridolf seemed to be just as eager. It actually struck the tiger that this handsome hunk of hero might have never actually dated anyone before. It was a question worth asking. "I'll make sure that whatever we order has no cheese on it, then." He drove, making small talk and chatting about the more mundane aspects of his day job while secretly teasing Fridolf by intentionally squirming to make his diaper crinkle and making sure to give the wolf a mild pleasurable tingle to his cock in response.

It was when they were almost at the restaurant that it happened. Ranjit felt his bladder tremble for a few moments... he thought about holding it, but instead he just relaxed and let it flow, making a show of sighing in bliss as a loud "Hsssst" filled the air that both of them could hear. The tiger played up how good it felt to wet (though not much, it did feel really fucking good) as he pulled into a parking space. "Sorry, my condition, you know. It's just so much **easier** and **feels better** to **let things flow** instead of holding it." Some of the words were paired with new thoughts in Fridolf's mind encouraging him to remember those words.

His crotch was swelling out as he relieved himself. The smell of the wet diaper was almost inescapable for the canine with them both stuck in the car as Ranjit parked.

Player 1:

Fridolf drank in the scent, fresh and still warm, and realized why he had regretted his alleyway escapade. He hadn't been able to enjoy it. It went from warm to cold, and prompted an immediate cleanup. There was an obvious solution to this problem. He'd settled right then and there: He was definitely getting himself some diapers. He had to know what it was like. For now, though...

"I don't mind." He said, giving Ranjit a reassuring grin. "You need a moment to... er... freshen up before we go in?" He asked. The tiger had already been wet, and now he'd had a solid soaking. Fridolf wasn't an expert on diapers, but he could imagine that Ranjit was utterly soaked.

Player 2:

"Why?" Ranjit arched one fuzzy eyebrow. "Are you offering to help?" The tone was quite flirty, the cat turning the car's engine off as he leaned over to gaze into the wolf's eyes. "Otherwise, I'm fine. This diaper isn't close to leaking."

Player 1:

Oh, that was a thought: Ranjit splayed out in front of him, pants off and soaked diaper there for him to... to what? There were a ton of fantasies that played out in Fridolf's head, and his head felt light. *Down, boy!* He chided himself. "How about after dinner, then?" He said, in an attempt to cover his unease. *Shit!* He thought, realizing just how forward that was.

Player 2:

"Oh? We're having dinner together too?" Ranjit teased, pointing up at the restaurant. "Because I only made a reservation for lunch, puppy. But I'm flattered you'd want to spend your whole day with me." Opening the car door and standing up out of his vehicle, the tiger half-walked half-waddled over towards the passenger side door, moving fast enough to open it before Fridolf could. He made a gesture for the wolf to climb out, before pointing up at the restaurant. "Come on. Up the marble staircase."

Their chosen parking spot was directly in front of a red-brick building that faced out over the bay, with a small white canopy hanging over heavy dark-wooden doors, flanked by large windows that showed intimate booths and tables sitting inside the restaurant. Some were occupied, some not. Up a large marble staircase leading to the wooden doors was a big sign reading "Spazzios".

The tiger would walk alongside Fridolf, thinking for a moment before stopping their pace. "So, am I the first male you've dated, Fridolf?" It was a heavy question, but one that the tiger wanted answered sooner rather than later. From the wolf's own muzzle instead of by pawing through his memories.

Player 1:

"Hm? I... yeah... yeah you are. I've always put more time and effort into my job. Never really made time to... to get close to people, I guess." He'd always felt so fulfilled as Wulfram. Strong, powerful, free and beloved. Like a paragon. Maybe like a god? *Huh... that's pretty conceited of me.* But being with Ranjit now... the flutter in his gut, the spring in his step, and even the lewd fantasies plaguing his mind... it was all new, and exciting. Better than the rush of rescuing someone, even. Weird.

He moved his paw over to Ranjit's, careful not to accidentally crush the tiger's paw as he took it, twining digits. It was a risk, and his heart thrummed, but he wanted to actually touch the tiger. His... his date.

Player 2:

The touch of the paws was met with another happy rumble, before Ranjit drew close enough to let his body touch Fridolf's in other places. Shoulders rubbing against shoulders. A slender,

ropey tail rubbing against Fridolf's own. The various scents of the tiger, musky and pissy and manly and strong, in the wolf's nostrils.

Before Ranjit would lean over to kiss Fridolf on the cheek.

It was a firm kiss, but one that was slow enough to be avoided if the wolf wanted. And when it concluded Ranjit just squeezed his dates' paw and led him up the stairs. "I thought I read you right. You're acting a bit like a pup nervous and excited to meet his idol. So excited you might **wet yourself!**" He said, the teasing comment met with another pulse of psionic effort to make those two words linger in Fridolf's mind as they entered the restaurant.

Wet yourself.

If he did, would Ranjit put HIM in a diaper? But everyone would see it... Still, the idea would linger in his head, almost infectious yet so coincidental in happenstance.

Once the pair entered, they approached a small host stand. The restaurant wasn't packed, but there were enough customers that the pair got some states entering. Although it was somewhat quiet, people whispered over white cloth covered tables and flickering candles, the sounds of clinking glasses and silverware on plates, and the distant sounds of a busy kitchen. The air in the restaurant was warm and rich with the scent of hot, fresh food, creams and vegetables and meats mixing together in a way that would make most people's mouths water.

Standing at the host stand was a middle aged man of some domesticated cat breed, sleek orange fur with dark stripes on his neck and face, wearing a uniform so nice it probably cost more than Fridolf's entire outfit. He was staring down at a heavy looking book on the stand, though as if he somehow knew exactly when the pair would reach him from the door, he looked up, seemed to register the pair then smiled professional, "Oh! Mr. Ranjit Talis! Right on time!" The host chimed, his smile slight warm and welcoming, but professional. His ears and tail flicked excitedly, giving away that this is likely the highlight of his early afternoon. "I'll show you and your partner to your table right away." The tiger responded back by nodding but kept his paw entwined with Fridolf's, holding the pup close. Close, comfortable, and warm. Strong, sexy Ranjit, guiding the newbie to dating behind the host into the restaurant proper, a few people even looking up from their meals or conversations to stare. After a few moments of walking, the host guided them both wide around the tables to a small booth near the kitchen, near a fireplace that kept the lighting dim but visible. Upon approaching, Ranjit released Fridolf's paw, and pushed a small feeling of **disappointment** into the canine's mind, but let it fade as he crinkle-waddled over to pull out a chair at the table, turning to smile at his date, "Please, take a seat, Fridolf."

Player 1:

Fridolf leaned into the closeness, basking in it. Like a freezing man basking for warmth. *Didn't realize how much I wanted this...* He thought. A rare moment where there was just one thought. No conflicting trains, no parallel worries or theories. A calm stillness. Ranjit began leaning in for

a kiss, and when Fridolf realized what Ranjit was doing, he felt a jolt that ran up his spine, leaving his fingers and toes tingling. His tail began to wag in a dog-like manner. Up until now, the wolf had been keeping his stoic face up pretty well, but underneath the continued assault from Ranjit it was falling apart, melting away to expose someone much more vulnerable and unsure.

As they entered the restaurant, the thought of Wet Yourself ran clearly through his head. The memory of the alleyway ran through his mind again, the bliss and shame, and a part of him wanted to share that moment with Ranjit. To have the tiger chide him for wetting himself, and then change him into a diaper. But he pushed it down. He wasn't going to embarrass Ranjit in public. The tiger was going through a lot of trouble for his sake, and deserved better than that.

He noted the greeter's reaction, and that Ranjit had reserved the place for them. It tracked with the predator's overall plan to win him over. To the tiger's credit, it was working.

When they reached the table, Ranjit didn't need to add the psychic touch of regret. Fridolf felt that all on his own. He covered it by admiring the tiger's tail, not at all worried about getting caught. Once again he listened to the crinkle, finding it more and more alluring the longer they spent time together. His tail was still going wild behind him as he sat down, face much less guarded than when he was in the coffee shop. There was a glimmer to his eyes that wasn't there before. Happy, eager, and without so much as a hint of suspicion. He'd done more to cut those off than Ranjit today. Naive first love? Probably.

Player 2:

Ranjit picked up on Fridolf's emotions, and despite himself he couldn't resist a bit of a hungry grin. His tail swayed behind his body like a metronome, almost like a stopwatch swaying back and forth hypnotically, each time making his diaper crinkle a bit more, as he leaned in and smiled. "Is everything alright, Fridolf? You seem a bit distracted." The tiger handed his date a menu, cracking open his own menu and making a show of reading through it. He already knew what he was ordering, but with his face blocked from view he let himself grin a bit more wickedly. Mustering his powers, the Mesmer pushed another instance of that infectious thought into Fridolf's mind:

Wet Yourself.

A moment later, a young llama in a fancy suit approached their table. "Do you have drink orders, good sirs?" The waiter smiled at Ranjit before looking over at Fridolf with a barely-masked snort of disdain, as if the wolf was someone he disapproved of being around the tiger. Ranjit lowered his menu, looking up to his lunch guest. "Do you drink wine, Fridolf? Or are you, ah, too young? Should I order you a soda?" Waiting for the wolf to respond, Ranjit just smiled warmly.

Fridolf had beautiful eyes. He was such a treasure, but when his eyes lit up with excitement he was so adorable that the tiger could barely contain his adoration.

Player 1:

Wet Yourself. That incessant thought played through his head again. He couldn't help but wonder, why did he want to do that in such a public space? That wasn't like him. Neither was the alleyway incident, hereminded himself. He was undoubtedly attracted to Ranjit, and the whole diaper thing just made the striped cat more alluring. That said, he wasn't interested in making a scene. That would ruin the tiger's date, for sure, and it was clear Ranjit had put a lot of time and effort into it. So, once again, the thought was brushed aside by the wolf.

He picked up on the waiter's disdain for him immediately. Was he under dressed? No, this place was a local hub. And while he wasn't exactly wearing formal attire, his brown jacket, button-down shirt and jeans weren't exactly hobo attire either. The only thing he could think of is that Ranjit knew the waiter personally on some level. *Maybe a regular?* He decided he'd put some of his knowledge of wines to use. "I'll go with a red. Do you have anything dry? Preferably expressive, fresh and full, and pairs well with a good red sauce."

Player 2:

The tiger relented his psychic push into Fridolf's mind, at least for the moment, when he felt the wolf's suspicions rousing. There wasn't any point in trying to brute force the issue. It might even cause a backlash against the tiger's final goal. Besides, there were other ways to get what he wanted. Seeing Fridolf order made him smile. "Yes, a red wine does sound good. What would you recommend, Javiar?"

The waiter, presumably Javiar, folded his arms in front of him. "Of course, Mister Talis. I would recommend a good Seven Rings Cabernet Sauvignon today for you and your... young companion."

The tiger seemed not to notice any disdain. "Bring us a bottle then!" He purred, letting the waiter walk away before turning to gaze at Fridolf. "So what is your field of study at university? Tell me a bit more about the handsome wolf before me."

Player 1:

"Well, I'm actually an evaluator for the different curriculum provided. You could call me a 'professional student' of sorts, though it's by design rather than pursuing a specific career. I take the courses, do the work, and at the same time submit feedback to the college. About the professor, the course, and what works and what doesn't." He said, explaining his role on campus. "As far as fields of study go, though, I'm a fan of Psychology. Always have been."

He gave a glance towards where Javiar had vanished. "So, what's his problem? Didn't seem to like seeing me here."

Player 2:

Ranjit looked over in the direction the waiter had walked. "Oh, Javiar can be like that. My least favorite waiter here... He's got this idea in his head that this should be a restaurant only for the high class and elites of society... he knows me, but if I had to guess I'd say he thinks you're

some charity case I'm taking care of, rather than my charming and wonderful lunch date." The tiger leaned forward, resting his head on his paws. "But let's not let him ruin our time together. Psychology, huh? I will confess I could see you as a Therapist. Someone who listens to people's problems and helps them fix them." He grinned. Of course, Javier's behavior was the tiger's doing, but all the Mesmer had really done was push the man's pre-existing attitude to grow a bit more intense, and convince him that a very bad idea was a very good one.

As the lunch date continued, Javier was pouring two fluted glasses of wine in the kitchens out of view. One of them was dusted with a **powder diuretic**, a medicine designed to help people with bladder issues pee efficiently. It would only make the wine a bit sweeter in taste, Ranjit had picked the medicine being used specifically for that purpose. Javier sneered. He'd show that wolf, who was *clearly too young and too poor to have any place here*. He'd show him what an *inexperienced pup he really was*.

Ranjit had changed the subject as the llama returned, discussing his favorite hobby of Rock Climbing. "There's a few scaling walls around here, indoor areas with some challenging climbs. But I'd love to get up north and visit this park I know of with some cliffs to climb..."

The llama set two glasses of wine in front of the pair, making sure the glass with the diuretic mixed in was in front of Fridolf. Between them both, he set the half-empty bottle, nestled in ice, before sauntering off. "A waiter will be with you to take your orders soon."

Ranjit gave a nod, picking up his glass to offer it towards Fridolf for a toast. "Cheers to us!" He said, clinking his glass against the wolf's.

Player 1:

Fridolf clinked glasses with Ranjit, taking in the aroma of the wine. It was... a little *off*. Sweet? Definitely had notes of something sweet in it. Not like a Cabernet Sauvignon at all. He considered complaining about it, but decided that such a scene really would ruin their date. Besides, it seemed that the llama wasn't going to be waiting at their table today. He could just put the unpleasant man out of his mind.

Sipping his drink, he engaged Ranjit in conversation again. Rock climbing with him sounded like a lot of fun. He'd done plenty of climbing during his time as a hero, sure, but he'd always used his abilities. To go climbing without them? Relying on natural strength and stamina? That actually sounded exhilarating. Once again, his eyes began to glimmer with that puppy-esque excitement. His mind abloom with plenty of thoughts and fantasies, one of which involved the pair sharing a tent, exhausted from a day's climb and changing each other before cuddling in bed.

Player 2:

Fridolf's eyes were adorable when they glimmered. Ranjit made a note that he had to make it happen more often. And some of those fantasies were absolutely darling. Ranjit leaned back in

his chair, finishing his discussion. "So what about you? Do you happen to have any hobbies, puppy?"

After another moment, a smiling french poodle waitress with pale pink fur walked up to them. "Hello! It's so wonderful to see you again, Mister Talis!" She bounced a bit, giggling and then looking to Fridolf. "Hello! I'm Yvette, it's so wonderful to meet you! Any friend of one of our regulars is a friend of mine!" She extended a paw to Fridolf, before looking down at their menus. "Now what will we be having today?"

Ranjit set his menu down and folded it up, handing it to the waitress. "I'll have the Spaghetti Alla Puttanesca." He looked over to Fridolf. "Do you need any suggestions on what's good? I'd be happy to pick out your meal soon."

Player 1:

"Hobbies? I guess I don't really have much. I do a lot of reading, I guess. But I don't get out all that often. Work generally keeps me too busy for that." He said, running a fingertip along the rim of his glass. It wasn't a lie, either. His Heroing wasn't the sort of job one simply stopped doing. Disaster often struck at the worst times, usually Espers who either couldn't control their abilities or ones who tried to use them as a shortcut. He couldn't just let people die because he wanted a night out drinking. He'd taken up that sort of responsibility when he donned his mask for the first time. Until tonight he'd never questioned it, either. *Is that really a healthy way to live?* But just the thought of abandoning it made him feel sick.

The waitress broke his thoughts, and the mood instantly brightened up. "I appreciate the hospitality, Yvette." Fridolf responded, shaking the extended paw cordially.

He did have an idea of what he wanted, but the way Ranjit asked the question caused his heart to flutter. After a few seconds of thought, he nodded to Ranjit. "You probably know better than I do. Remember, though, no cheese." He said, surrendering his choice, mostly, to the tiger. It was a small thing, but somehow it felt significant. Did he make the right decision?

One thing was certain, though. If things between him and Ranjit got serious, he'd have to tell the tiger what his real job was. That wasn't the sort of lie he could live.

Player 2:

Ranjit took Fridolf's menu from him and handed it to Yvette. "He will have the Muffuletta, hold the Provolone. No cheese for the pup, after all!" The tiger winked up to Yvette. It was ordering a sandwich, but said sandwich was also the house special. Filling and somewhat indulgent as well, given that they were both carnivores and that sandwich had a large amount of meat in it. "Serve it with a side of olive oil roasted potatoes, bell peppers, and onions."

The waitress nodded as she turned to walk away after taking both their orders.

And Ranjit would turn back to his lunch date, winking at the wolf. "So I've been driving the conversation so far... do you have any questions for me, Fridolf? This must all be very new to you, and I'm an old cat who's been around the block once or twice. I want you to feel comfortable and to *relax* around me."

One of those words came with it a soft little psychic push, discouraging any lines of thinking that might arise to lead Fridolf to grow suspicious of his date. This was a perfectly harmless lunch date.

Player 1:

Fridolf, thankfully for Ranjit, wasn't thinking along such lines. The suspicions he had of the tiger were more of the 'what surprise does he have cooked up for me' variety. He had wanted pasta, though, so there was a tinge of regret over getting a sandwich instead. But it was only a small tinge. There was, strangely, a weird thrill at having the tiger order for him. Take control of his choices.

"Honestly, that's because your life is so much more interesting than mine." Fridolf said, believing it to be a complete lie. "I'm too much of a shut-in to be interesting. That said, rock-climbing sounds like a lot of fun. I've always wanted to go kayaking too. To face the rapids with my own wits and strength..." Part of why he was a hero, really. The challenge was invigorating.

Player 2:

It takes a few minutes for the food to be brought out to them, and Fridolf soon finds himself with a sandwich, the aforementioned potatoes... and a small plate of pasta without cheese. "It's pasta with olive oil and garlic!" Yvette barks cheerily, tail wagging as she sets it in front of him. "Part of the sandwich Lunch Apeial Mister Talis ordered for you." She neglected to mention that the option Ranjit ordered was from the Children's Menu.

Ranjit just smiled. "So much more interesting? Why, that can't be true. You professionally audit classes! And you've got a lot of reading done. I'm sure you have favorite books and stories you enjoy. Maybe I could read some titles you recommend?" He thought about it, before pushing an idea into Fridolf's head: The tiger, sitting next to Fridolf's bed, reading him a bedtime story as if he were a puppy.

Player 1:

The thought set Fridolf's tail off again. Which was very unusual for the wolf. Normally he was more reserved around people, but he couldn't help it! The bed somehow got half-rails and dinosaur prints before he shook the idea away. "Yeah, I can suggest a few. Most of the books I read aren't actually all that interesting, unless you're really taking the classes. And about half of them are wastes of text. But the stuff I read on my own... maybe we can check out a bookstore? I should be able to recommend a few titles..."

He started with the pasta, to scratch that particular itch first. As he was savoring the taste of the dish, he felt a strange spike from his bladder. He nearly choked on his food as he fidgeted in his

seat, reflexively channeling his Esper abilities to keep from soaking his pants right then and there. Even still, he could feel a tinge of dampness along his crotch. Sneaking a glance he saw a dark patch on his jeans, about the size of a dime. That had been entirely too close. The thought resonated in his head again:

Wet Yourself.

The wolf squirmed and glanced around for signs indicating a bathroom, as his mind started trying to determine how this had happened. Fridolf was about to excuse himself when he hesitated. *Why get up? It's not like you need to rush. You can enjoy your meal, and use the toilet on the way out.* Shifting a little in his seat, his power not removing the urgent signals he was getting, he took a sip of wine.

"Heh. It tastes great, but I don't suggest trying to breathe in the pasta. Doesn't settle well in the lungs." He said, covering for himself.

Player 2:

The tiger picked up on Fridolf's thoughts and encouraged them. There was no need for him to get up. No need for him to interrupt a good meal with delightful company for something as silly as the toilet. His powers could handle holding back the flow. At the same time, he was sipping wine, and refilling Fridolf's own glass. He wanted to make sure the soon-to-be puppy had no shortage of fluids to keep drinking.

"They use strong garlic here, I've noticed." The feline chuckled, making a show of believing his lunch date. During the rest of the meal he'd make small talk, agree to take Fridolf to the bookstore after lunch, and mentally discourage Fridolf from going to the bathroom whenever the idea entered his head. Each time Fridolf drained his glass half way, he'd be given a refill. Wine until the bottle emptied, but then water in a nice big glass as well. And the meal was salty. A beverage was definitely required.

But eventually, the meal would end. Ranjit would insist on paying for everything, and then made a show of standing up and offering his paw to the wolf to help him out of his seat. Like a husband might to a wife. Or a father to his baby puppy. "Walk me out to my car, Fridolf? We have to get to the bookstore, after all."

Player 1:

"Y-yeah. Let's go." He agreed, taking Ranjit's paw with his own. They passed by the short hall to the Men's Room, and Fridolf gave it a glance. He was about to ask Ranjit to wait, when the scene in the alley played through his head again. The warmth spreading between his legs. They were outside. The pitter-patter of urine dribbling down to the ground. They were walking down the stairs. The feeling of pure bliss, that moment of intense joy. Ranjit opened the car door for him.

And then it happened. The pressure of the subtle psychic pushes mixing with his own recently-discovered deviant interests pushed him to cut off his Reinforcement. The results were instantaneous. His legs crossed, his tail tucked, and warm urine flooded into his pants. His underwear was soaked immediately, a dark stain quickly spreading along his crotch. The stain bloomed downwards, leaving an obvious pee-stain on the wolf's big-boy pants.

Fridolf's heart lurched at the sensation, but **perverse bliss** gave way to **terror**. He'd just pissed his pants in front of Ranjit. He'd blown it. He'd ruined their date. The tiger would act sympathetic and drop him off home, and then that would be it. *What the fuck were you thinking!?*

Player 2:

At long last the wolf's dam broke, and he started peeing himself. For a moment, Ranjit couldn't resist grinning, but he at least managed to do it while Fridolf was looking away from him. He'd felt every sensation the wolf had flash through his mind. It was as white hot and intense as it had been when Ranjit had finally started to enjoy wearing diapers and not being ashamed of them. There was a certain pleasure in embracing it instead of fighting it, and there was a slight crinkling noise as the tiger started to get stiff in his already-soggy diapers. Feeling everything someone he was mentally connected to felt was one of the reasons Ranjit had never been very big on fighting other Espers... he had stuck largely to white collar crime, especially against those too rich to experience any lack of things.

However, he was able to focus enough to sniff the air and make a show of looking down at Fridolf's crotch. "Uh oh." He said with a knowing, yet not offended, tone. "I know that scent. I know the look on your face." He reached out to stroke at Fridolf's cheek. "You were trying to hold it the whole lunch, weren't you? And you didn't even get up to use the toilet once. You poor boy... I'm sorry if I was keeping you there." He purred, seeming not even to miss a beat. "Come on. Let's get to my car and get you cleaned up, ok? We can both decide where the date goes from here."

Player 1:

Fridolf's eyes misted, his vision blurring. He hadn't felt this kind of shame in ages. Not since he was a little puppy, with wet bedsheets. It hit hard, and he added imaginary accusations to Ranjit's words. He could have used the toilet at any time. This wasn't an accident. Hell, they just walked past the restrooms! Why hadn't he said anything? Why were these perverse fantasies running through his head? Did he think that the tiger would wipe his ass, put him in a diaper, and coddle him like a toddler?

He finally started to feel comfortable around someone, finally started to open up around them, and then he had to go ruin it.

He almost didn't hear Ranjit's words, he was so caught up in his self-loathing. And then they clicked. *'Get to my car and get you cleaned up, ok? We can both decide where the date goes from here.'* Did that... did that mean it wasn't over? That he could salvage this mess? If so,

Ranjit was too good for him.

Player 2:

The tiger was more or less using the incident to let his paws roam along Fridolf's body. He pet along the wolf's backside, stroking gently and holding him close. "Hey, hey... no tears, ok? If I cried every time I wet myself I'd be dehydrated." He pat along Fridolf's back, holding him there as the wolf cried like a toddler in public. "It's ok... it's ok... I'm not mad or anything. Honestly it's nice to know I'm not the only one who has accidents sometimes." He kissed at Fridolf's cheek, staying close enough that the wolf could smell the feline's own wet diaper... he had peed himself before they went into the restaurant, hadn't he? Why would he mind if the wolf wet himself like a little puppy?

At some point the tiger had gotten Fridolf over towards his car, opening the trunk to reveal a blanket covered in cartoon lion cubs had been spread out along the base of it. On one side, bound in mesh, were two packs of diapers. On the other side was a single pack of training pants... although they were brightly colored and covered in cartoony alphabet blocks. "Now, our date doesn't have to be over, but I do think you're going to want to not walk around in wet pants for all to see, right?" He spoke calmly, like he was talking to a sad toddler. "So to make sure we don't get my car's leather seats stained, I am going to have to ask you to put on some protection. I can help if you want. Don't worry... it only has to be until we get to your apartment so you can change your clothes." He grinned. "Unless you want to spend the rest of our date knowing what it's like to be me, of course." He gave the wolf a teasing wink and a smile. "But for now I need you to pick: **Training Pants** or some of these **Pharmacy Diapers**? You have to wear one, I can't let you sit down in my car in wet pants."

Player 1:

While a part of the wolf wanted to wear the diapers, the word itself causing him to shudder, he couldn't bring himself to say so. Besides... the cutesy prints on the training pants were catching his eye for a reason he couldn't place. It certainly wasn't because he was playing with the idea of being the tiger's little puppy. Nope. The colorful prints on the trainers just drew his eye. The idea that he'd be wearing them, even if they were later hidden under a clean pair of jeans, was alluring.

Without any words, but with a few sniffles, he slid onto the crinkly changing mat. He paused, giving it one last moment to think, before committing to his decision. He carefully slid a training brief out of the pack, before looking down at his jeans, suddenly feeling lost.

The idea of just going back to his home and putting the ordeal behind him didn't even cross his mind. Not even one thread formulated the idea of reclaiming his status as an adult. It was like he'd just accepted this turn of events completely.

Player 2:

Ranjit purred. "There we go... see? I'm not mad, you don't have to be ashamed." He put on a pair of latex gloves, before reaching out and tugging out one of the pairs of Training Pants. He

had expected the wolf to choose those ones. Which was why each of them had their insides treated with a special powder that was designed to be absorbed by the skin. Once it touched parts of your body, it weakened the natural muscles there. The Pharmacy Diapers had been dull but thicker in padding... but harmless if embarrassing. The training pants were more embarrassing, but also meant as a gateway to **total diaper dependance**. "No more tears, ok?" The tiger leaned in to kiss Fridolf on the lips. "See? I like you a lot. Honestly, this may make you more attractive to me. At least now I know you won't mind my accidents..." The tiger tugged Fridolf's wet pants and underwear down. "And quite well endowed... purr." He was praising Fridolf, trying to coax a smile onto the wolf's muzzle again. While standing in front of him, trying to hide any accusations of immodesty. "Now just hold still, ok?" He got out some baby wipes, lavender scented, and began stroking up and down on Fridolf's cock, taking his time to clean it of any puppy-pee. "Just hold still so I can get you all cleaned up." As he worked on cleaning that shaft, he reached into Fridolf's mind and tried to amplify any sensations of **pleasure** he felt the wolf feeling. Making the "clean up" session feel better than it might ever normally feel. Pushing the wolf gently more towards having a diaper change fetish.

Player 1:

The cocktail of emotions Fridolf was feeling was dizzying, even for an esper specializing in mind manipulation. Ranjit could hardly make heads or tails of what trains of thought were positive and what ones were negative. The wolf was a ball of **self-loathing, excitement, fear, happiness, anger, hope** and **raw arousal**. And they kept running the gambit between them.

The kiss, though, helped to anchor the wolf, the physical connection giving him something for his flailing mental state to latch onto. Even so, he whined loudly as his pants and sodden boxers were pulled away. The words had their intended effect, however, a nervous, sheepish smile playing on Fridolf's muzzle. And a touch of pride at that last comment. He'd never really compared sizes, but he was a big wolf, and he had big paws...

He half-raised his hands as Ranjit worked, wanting to bat the tiger's paws away and cover himself, but he abstained, clutching them into fists instead. Nervous didn't begin to describe him, the wolf wishing to sink through the mat and into the ground like a Diffusion Esper. And then Ranjit's opening appeared, as the image of Ranjit changing Fridolf, not into a trainer, but a full-on printed diaper, popped into the wolf's mind. A thread to enhance and bring to the front. That the wolf was having these fantasies unbidden was a sign that the tiger's plan was working. Perhaps better than he could have hoped.

The fantasy drew another whine from the wolf, as he began to feel stiff, a bit of his sheath now showing a bright red tip. *Not now, not now, not now, not now...* He chanted in his mind. But he couldn't will it away.

Player 2:

The tiger was gentle, but admittedly somewhat aroused. He loved playing Daddy as much as he loved feeling Kittenish. It was unlikely Fridolf would ever want to baby **HIM**, but the good thing about that was that the tiger never had to fear the wolf would hurt him. He could sympathize

with a lot of the feelings Fridolf was feeling, though admittedly the big feline felt glad the kiss helped the pup relax.

"Easy now... we need to get you dry or else you'll get a rash." Ranjit warned as he saw those paws ball into fists. As Ranjit felt that cock growing, he grinned. "My... are you enjoying this, naughty pup?" He would lend his mental influence to amplify the daydream of the wolf being diapered. Making it stick in Fridolf's mind as the canine cock grew. Ranjit wrapped the baby wipe around it and cooed. "I'll tell you what. If you behave on our date and we both have fun, maybe we can visit my place..." He started sliding the training pants up Fridolf's legs, pushing them up over the wolf's growing cock, making sure the powder got on the shaft. Fridolf's bladder and bowel muscles were going to start weakening, making his future destined for diapers. "...and I'll let you experience the real thing. It can be our secret."

Player 1:

Fridolf gasped as the trainer slid into place around his hips, wrapping him up in a loving embrace. He was used to feeling snug, his Hero outfit including a speedo-esque brief, but this was different. It was soft, for one. Softer than he'd have ever expected, for sure. And it had a thickness about it that he couldn't ignore. Best of all- er, the strangest thing, though, was how it sounded. Even a slight shift of his hips caused it to rustle. Not as loudly as Ranjit's diaper, but it was still loud enough for him to notice.

"S-so... do you... um... I d-don't have... a dry pair... um... dry pair of... y'know... pants..." Another bit of proof at how ill-conceived his plan had been. He didn't have a pair of pants to wear now, and Ranjit was certainly not his size, so anything the tiger had wouldn't fit.

"We could... could swing by my place... and..." He was stuttering now, and fidgeting. Any semblance of confidence he'd had vanished when he peed his pants like a toddler. *That's not right, Fridolf. A toddler would have had an accident. You pissed your pants on purpose.* "I can get a fresh pair of pants..." He finished. Despite his nervousness, shame, and worry, his tail was giving a slow, steady wag. Which, naturally, elicited happy crinkles of its own.

Player 2:

"They feel good, don't they?" Ranjit smiled, patting the crotch of the training pants to hear them crinkle. "I rarely wear them because they leak too easily, but I do love the elastic waists. They're a bit easier to wear than my usual underwear." The sight of the big strong hero wearing training pants covered in colorful alphabet block prints practically made Ranjit's heart explode.

Hearing how shy Fridolf had suddenly gotten did the job.

Ranjit had hearts in his eyes. "Aww... you're so shy now!" He chuckled and reached down to tickle at Fridolf's tummy, petting the wolf like a happy pet dog. "That's simply much too cute!" He purred, his tail curling and waving behind him like a slithering snake. His paw would pat at the padding again, making sure the dust inside had a chance to properly coat Fridolf's fur and skin. The effect was weak, but it would make Fridolf's ability to stay dry under pressure just a bit

harder. Ranjit had used it before on some of his opposition... usually corrupt business executives who deserved to feel helpless for once in their lives. He was also making sure that the training pants crinkled so Fridolf could hear the sound and that he could feel the thickness of them. They were soft and pillowy. Perhaps not real diapers, but thicker than the underwear he was used to wearing. "I like your plan, pup. Let's get you into the passenger's side seat so I can get you to your place and you can get some proper pants on. And underwear too, if you want 'em."

He'd take Fridolf's paw and lift him up, kiss him on the cheek again. "You're a cute pup. I'm proud of you for being brave, ok Fridolf?" And let him to the car. Driving to the hero's "Fortress of Solitude" wouldn't take that long.

Player 1:

Fridolf felt like he was burning alive as he made the trip from the trunk to the passenger seat. Sure, nobody laughed, but there were still people seated on outside patios. And even if he didn't see them, he was sure that at least one person was staring. Once again, Ranjit opened the door for Fridolf, who fantasized for a second being buckled in by the tiger too. Why was he having these weird thoughts? This wasn't like him! Maybe because the tiger's been subtly encouraging them.

That gave him pause. Their first meeting, Ranjit had dropped his condition right in front of Fridolf's nose. And during their date so far, the tiger had been doing small things to take control. Opening the door for him. Ordering for him. Even taking control of the... situation Fridolf put himself in.

A few thoughts of mental manipulation started to bud, but those were easy enough for Ranjit to prune before they could bloom. Without them, his thoughts went more introspective.

Every step Ranjit had taken a little more control... but Fridolf had been the one to give it to the tiger to begin with. That was probably the Tiger's ploy tonight. See how far the wolf was willing to go. How far the wolf would indulge him. And now Fridolf was sitting in the passenger seat of Ranjit's car, wearing a cub-printed pair of training pants. Training pants that, miraculously, fit him. Despite the two being completely different sizes. Regardless of how elastic the waistband was, there's no way they'd both fit into the same size.

That was it, wasn't it? Ranjit had planned on getting Fridolf to wear them from the start. And the wolf had quite willingly bumbled right into them.

This realization didn't do much to deter Fridolf, though. But it did let him finally relax. Just in time to feel the need to pee again. All that wine and water at lunch? He did drink a lot, but... there's no way he'd need to pee again so soon. Then again, he'd been having some bladder problems all week.

The wolf shifted in his seat a little, letting out a sly smile as he imagined himself in the alleyway again. Except, this time, he was wearing training pants instead of his hero brief. The urgent aching of his bladder, screaming at him to just let go. And so he did...

Peeing himself like a happy little pissy puppy.

Player 2:

Ranjit was quick to kill any suspicions of mental manipulation in his future pup, but beyond that he left Fridolf's thoughts mostly alone. He was a passive observer as he drove, not a meddler. The tiger amused himself with the knowledge that Fridolf was thinking that the whole thing was an elaborate conspiracy to court him into training pants.

It actually was, but it was adorable that Fridolf started thinking along those lines. He was already starting to think like someone with a Babying fetish. And it made Ranjit hard.

The need to pee again was something Ranjit didn't discourage. He made small talk, kept Fridolf distracted, but when he detected that the wolf was peeing himself deliberately, Ranjit pretended not to notice. Pretended to let the big puppy have his secret pleasure. And the act of wetting DID feel pleasurable. The **bliss of release**, the growing warmth along Fridolf's crotch... the way the swelling training pants hugged his cock and rubbed against it... not only did it feel freeing letting that growing pressure leak out of him, but even without Ranjit doing anything actively...

Fridolf felt his cock tingling. Growing hard.

Ranjit would ultimately stop in front of Fridolf's place of residence, following directions from the wolf because he Absolutely Did Not Know Ahead Of Time where the superhero lived. "Here we are, Fridolf!" He stopped and put his car in park. "Now let me go up with you. I'll take off my coat and we can tie it around your waist so no one sees your training pants."

"Let's get you inside. Hope you kept dry on the ride over here, Puppy..."

[End Part 2]