

Hero and Villian, Puppy and Kitten

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Chapter 3: Back to the Changing Table

Player 1:

Fridolf the wolf's ears were flat against his skull at the thought of being led into his own house like a little puppy. Of course, like a real pup, he *had* wet his pants. Twice. After the first time he'd been out into a pair of adult-sized **Training Pants** covered in **Alphabet Block** prints, which he was wearing without pants as his date, an older tiger male named Ranjit, had in his car. And now those trainers were soaked as well, and Ranjit didn't even **realize** Fridolf had piddled in the ride to back to the wolf's house to get cleaned up. The two accidents were setting a dangerous precedent! But, somehow, as embarrassed as Fridolf was, he was also feeling strangely confident. Something about knowing his date was wearing a **soiled diaper**... he suddenly wondered if Ranjit's preferred daytime brand had prints like the Training Pants did?

"We can... um... get you changed too, while we're inside." He proposed, tying the tiger's coat around his waist. Ranjit had offered for Fridolf to try and preserve his modesty once they got out of the tiger's vehicle. The walk up was squishy and each crinkle of his soggy training pants made the wolf jump in nervousness. As if it were going to alert a neighbor to his soggy secret. When they reached the front door, however. Fridolf didn't open it himself. Ranjit had been holding doors open for him the whole date thus far, and the wolf didn't see any reason to undermine that gentlemanly behavior for the tiger.

Player 2:

Ranjit's eyes lit up. "Oh, you want to help me like that?" He smiled and purred, a clear sign of his pleasure at the arrangement. "But if we're taking care of my needs, I'll need to take care of something first." He twisted in his car's drivers-side seat, his diaper crinkling audibly to Fridolf's ears, as he reached back to pull out a large bag with a shoulder strap. The bag itself was covered in zippered pockets, looked like it was stuffed to a point of nearly bursting, and had an audible crinkle as the tiger picked it up. "Diaper Bag." The feline admitted, with a slight blush on his cheeks. "I, uh, have found it's best to travel around with one in case I need a change before an important meeting." It was entirely true, although Ranjit didn't want to admit some of the other things that were in that bag. Fridolf probably wasn't ready to see that side of him.

Slinging the diaper bag over one shoulder, the big burly tiger pushed up out of the car and walked over to open the passenger's side door for Fridolf. Taking off his suit jacket, he handed it to the wolf to wrap it around his lap and backside. So no one would see his babyish training pants. Silently, he led Fridolf up to the front door, letting him hear the noises his new childish undergarments made as the wolf walked. Once the front door was unlocked, Ranjit held it open for his date. "Now be a good date and show me around, will you?" the tiger had a twinkle in his eyes, as he gestured his paw into the house, and then offered that same paw to Fridolf.

Player 1:

Fridolf fished his keys out of his pants pocket, before taking Ranjit's paw. He let the tiger lead him up to his door, unlocking it before letting the pair slip inside.

Fridolf's home wasn't glorious, an obvious front for someone who, up until his not-so-chance encounter with a certain tiger, had considered his daytime secret identity to be merely a distraction from his real life. Just something he went through the motions of before returning to his true self. Because, unbeknownst to the world at large, Fridolf was actually the **Enhancement- Type Esper Wulfram**, a state-supported superhero that fought crime during his evenings away from his job auditing classes at a local college.

The kitchen was clean, the living room tidy, and there were even nods to everyday life. A few pictures on the walls, a TV mounted above a modest entertainment center. But there was a sense that something was off about the whole house: None of the pictures were of Fridolf or family, all stock prints of places instead. The kitchen was barren of all but the most basic of necessities, rather than a place to express creativity and flavor. Even the wolf's bedroom lacked any real personal touches or character.

The house adjacent to Fridolf's was where Wulfram made his lair, with the gear, workshop and forensic lab the wolf used to track down targets he deemed dangerous enough to warrant the effort. Fridolf's home, though, was just a thin facade. A testament to how little he had cared about his alter ego. And right then and there, the superhero felt almost ashamed of that.

"Well... here it is. Home sweet home... it's, um... not much, I'll admit." He said, shrugging off his feelings about it. "Living room, kitchen, dining area..." He said, listing them off as they passed by the spaces. "There's a small washroom under the stairs, master bedroom and bath upstairs, along with a guest room." Not the largest house, but it was on a quaint suburbia street. The neighbors no doubt were clueless of the costumed hero that lived in their quiet corner of the city.

Player 2:

Fridolf's home was... just **sad**.

There wasn't another word for it. The tiger looked around to see a home filled with things, but with only the barest attempts at showing signs of life. There were no signs that this was a home, even if it was a house. The tiger would frown as he looked around, but said nothing. It bothered him that Fridolf lived like this, but this was their first date. By most standards it wasn't his right to judge.

His own ethics were murky and confused even him sometimes, but this bothered him and yet he couldn't let himself talk about it. It would be wrong.

So he just stared in silence, while feeling sorry for the pup. His work as an Esper had likely dominated Fridolf's life, and the tiger legitimately felt sorry for his heroic counterpart. He squeezed at Fridolf's paw as the tour finished, before nodding. "Now then. Let's get you taken

care of.” He shot the wolf an amorous, sultry gaze. “Hand me back my suit coat, and let’s see if you kept dry like a good boy... if you haven’t, we’ll need to get you clean or have you shower quickly.”

Player 1:

"Um... yeah..." He said, nervously untying the suit jacket from his waist and handing it to the tiger. He was, rather obviously, wet. The training pants were bloated and stained yellow from his earlier 'accident' in the car. At least he hadn't leaked.

The wolf knew that Ranjit had likely wanted him to use it. That the tiger was trying to get him to experiment with diapers, accidents, and letting the business exec coddle him like a little puppy. It was still nerve-wrecking though, waiting to have his date check on the state of his pants. How would he react? Did he misjudge Ranjit's intentions? No, he was sure he hadn't. Even so, he couldn't help but second guess his choice to use the disposable underwear.

Player 2:

Fridolf was rewarded with a warm, rich purring noise, as the tiger reached a paw down to push the front of the soggy Training Pants against Fridolf's cock, rubbing it and teasing in a very brazen display of lewd touching. “You poor puppy. Did you have another accident?” Mischief twinkled in Ranjit's eyes. He wasn't mentally manipulating Fridolf at all at this moment. Instead, he was using conditioning of another sort.

Every stroke of that paw “checking” the state of the Training Pants was a teasing gesture, rubbing the wet padding against the wolf's cock. A pleasurable sensation meant to have fireworks erupt in his mind. “Look at you... so soaked and vulnerable in front of me. I could almost believe you were a little puppy, needing his Daddy to take care of him.” **Rub. Grope. Stroke. Caress.** The big tiger continued to brazenly tease the wolf, trying to get his mind to link the **wet trainers** with **sexual pleasure**, while drawing close and letting his chest rub against Fridolf's. Letting the wolf smell the tiger's own male musk, his soggy diaper, and the clear scent of arousal.

As Fridolf felt himself firmly kissed.

Player 1:

The wolf kissed back, his hips unconsciously grinding into Ranjit's paw. *Daddy.* The thought cemented all of his fantasies at once. He shivered as the word played itself around in his head. As the kiss finally broke, he found himself whispering, "I think I need a change..."

His ears were folded flat in shame, but his tail was eliciting a series of happy crinkles as it wagged like mad. He rather liked the idea of letting Ranjit play Daddy for him.

Player 2:

Ranjit's eyes were wide when he heard the wolf's response. He had expected flustered protests. Denials as the wolf tried to reconcile his feelings with his own self-image. What the tiger had

gotten instead was another reason to throw the wolf down on a changing table and fuck him until he moaned in bliss.

Ranjit's cock throbbed in his diaper, drooling eagerly as he felt his pulse racing. "Well, little pup... if I'm 'Daddy' then that means I'm in charge." He growled playfully, gripping at Fridolf's paw and pinning him against a wall, kissing the wolf firmly and grinding his crotch against the overgrown pup's soggy trainers. Teasing them both with his gyrations. After another moment, he broke the kiss. "And if you ask Daddy for a change, then that means I'm going to put you back into diapers for the rest of the day, do you understand pup? You can wear big boy pants to hide it, but you're demoted into diapers for our date and until midnight tonight. I will be checking up to make sure you're not naughty and take them off." At the same time he was prying into Fridolf's mind, making sure to lay down new train tracks... making the pup think of this moment whenever he tried to get aroused. To link his **Wet Training Pants** and the **Big Strong Daddy Tiger** with the wolf's **Sex Drive** as much as possible.

He reached a finger up to tease at the male wolf's chest. "Now I don't imagine you've got a changing table... but lay a towel down on your bed and Daddy will get you taken care of, understand?"

Player 1:

"Y-yes... yes... Daddy..." He said, the idea easily cementing itself in place. It was like his mind had opened a slot for that specific piece of the puzzle. His own previously-unexplored sexual exploration being easily molded and shaped, directed into the spot Ranjit wanted.

The wolf ground his soggy trainers back against Ranjit's diaper, no less hard than the tiger at this point. "I'll get us all set up..." He murred, feeling **small**, **helpless** and **vulnerable** in a way the super-strong, super-durable **Enhancement-Class Esper** had never felt before. It was just as intoxicating as the rush of a power-enhanced leap.

And he couldn't get enough of it.

When Ranjit finally released him, he stumbled, feeling weak-kneed for some reason. He had to re-adjust himself under his trainer, having been uncomfortably poking into the soggy pants. Toddling off to the bedroom, he grabbed an old towel along the way, spreading it down over the foot of the bed.

His trains of thought were a tangled mess at this point, unable to come up with anything coherent. All thoughts led back to him laying on his back while Daddy changed him into a fresh diaper.

Player 2:

Fridolf would feel a set of paws fall to rest gently on his shoulders, petting him while he felt a big strong feline grinding against his backside in his bedroom. "You were a good boy and helped Daddy get ready." The tiger would nibble on one of Fridolf's ears, while stroking down his chest

and holding him close. Close enough that Fridolf could feel the feline's cock pushing up against his cheeks, and grinding into him gently. "Now I need you to take off your shirt and lay down on the towel for Daddy..."

He would let go of Fridolf after one more pet along the wolf's muscular chest. "Now this is all about your comfort level. If at any point you feel like you want to stop or don't like what Daddy is doing, tell me 'Pumpernickel' and I'll stop." The tiger had to make sure he was seeming as responsible and trustworthy as possible. It was still possible for Fridolf to get suspicious of foul play otherwise.

"And Daddy is going to ask you to choose... do you want this to just be a simple diaper change, or do you want to feel more like a baby puppy getting taken care of by Daddy? I suppose what I mean is... would you prefer to experience it like you **truly were a baby**, or do you just want to feel **what it's like to be diapered like Daddy** is?" The tiger had strong feelings about both of them. Either way Fridolf was probably not getting back up off the bed without a sexual climax, but one of them meant treating Fridolf like a real baby, while the other would be more mature. A man helping their friend clean up a mess.

Player 1:

"I..." The wolf paused, seeming abashed as he slowly sat down on the towel. What did he want? The idea of being treated like a puppy... Well, it was really enticing. Was he ready to delve right into that immediately though?

After some careful thought, he looked up and met Ranjit's eyes. "D-daddy? I think I need help with my shirt..." He fiddled with it, playing the part of a **cub unable to dress themselves**.

Player 2:

The wolf would be met with a grin. "Oh, of course. My fault entirely. I know clothes can be confusing for little puppies." Ranjit would lean forward, sliding his fingers under the shirt and slowly tugging it up. "Be a good pup and lift your arms up real, REAL high for Daddy, ok? Just a bit more..." The shirt would pop off of Fridolf's head and then slide off of his arms, leaving him naked save for the training pants. "There we go! That's Daddy's good boy! You listened to Daddy, just like puppies are supposed to."

Like a baby it was, then. Simple enough.

Fridolf's reward would be a tummy rub as the big tiger loomed over him, unzipping the front pouch of the feline's diaper bag, as for a moment Fridolf saw his new Daddy blush. "This... isn't exactly anything I expected to be doing today, heh. The training pants are one-size fits all, but I didn't prepare for adopting a new puppy today. So if this is kind of inappropriate, forgive me." What was inside the pouch was... a pacifier, in a tiny plastic baggie, the mouthguard shaped like a ball of pink yarn. A very kittenish thing to have, really. "Can you be a good puppy and put this in your muzzle? It'll help you hold still." The wolf could watch as Ranjit took out the pacifier, lowering it to Fridolf's lips and offering it to him.

Yes, there was a bit of a guilty pleasure the tiger had in his own babyish pleasures. If Fridolf saw his own diapers, the cat would never hear the end of it.

But once the pacifier was accepted or rejected, Daddy Ranjit would reach down to start rubbing the wet training pants against the crotch of the wolf. Trying to work Fridolf up to his cock's full length. "Now your new nappy won't lay flat if this naughty stick is in the way. So we need to give the puppy a chance to leak a bit more. Doesn't that sound nice?"

Player 1:

Fridolf's ears went hot at the sight of the pacifier, but he took it meekly. He DID agree to be a good pup for Daddy. *Good Boy. You're being Daddy's Good Boy.* He praised himself, feeling utterly embarrassed, but in a good way. Ranjit hadn't been expecting this today, which meant he had surprised his Daddy. That was a good feeling.

He nibbled idly on the bulb of the pacifier as he laid on his back, one paw cupping Ranjit's and giving it a squeeze of approval.

The wolf's hips rose off the bed, pushing the wet trainer up into Ranjit's hand. The feeling was amazing, soft and squishy, and he murred happily from behind the pacifier. Without really thinking about it, he started to suckle on the mouthpiece as his idle grinding slowly transferred into serious rutting.

Suddenly, he was back in the alleyway, having just peed himself. Reliving his first accident in his head. But not exactly: His hero briefs were replaced by his baby-block training pants, warm and wet from his soaking. Ranjit was there with him, gently chiding him for his accident. Cooing in his ear that he wasn't big enough for potty training. Maybe one day.

The fantasy, enhanced by Ranjit's kneading fingers working on him in the real world, drew a shudder from the wolf. The pacifier fell free from his maw as he let out a half-howl, rather obviously spurting in his soggy underwear. Good boy.

Player 2:

Ranjit barely really had to put any effort in. He watched as the soggy doggy ground against his padding, the fierce wild wolf domesticated into a happy humpy puppy, The tiger wanted to pin him down, tear those trainers off, and fuck him on their makeshift "changing table". But this wasn't about **him** and **his needs**. At least not at the moment. This was about sealing in Fridolf's growing fetishes, locking them in so that he would never be able to escape his own lusts and cravings.

So instead, he just chuckled at the spurt from the wolf. "Goodness... someone was having a lot of fun in his wet training pants! I guess that explains why you keep failing potty training, little pup." He would give another rub along the length of the cock outlined in Fridolf's training pants, milking the dog's bone for every drop, before leaning up to kiss the wolf on the cheek. "I guess

we'll try again next year. What's another year of diapers if my puppy loves ruining them so much?"

The wolf would be given a few moments to bask in his own afterglow, with Ranjit whispering words of praise and teasing into his ears while cuddling up against him. It wasn't for a few minutes before the cat would get back up and start tugging the training pants down, pleased that the **muscle-weakening powder** hidden inside them had done its work. While one treatment applied to the wolf's groin wouldn't render Fridolf incontinent, it would certainly make it harder for the wolf to make it to the bathroom in time... just one dose had been proven to increase the likelihood of night time bedwettings, according to data from the supervillain Dawon had bought the stuff from. The training pants would be wadded up and set aside in a plastic bag, while Ranjit would smirk. "This is usually the time when baby puppies start to wiggle and want to crawl off to play, so today we have a special guest."

He reached into another pouch and slipped something onto his paw. This was a favorite toy of his, although he could never admit he'd sometimes paid someone to Daddy for **HIM** like this. Feline pride wouldn't permit it, especially not to the boy he fancied. "Meet... **Sammy, the Silly Sheep!**" It was a puppet. A little sheepy hand puppet designed to distract babies while their parents changed their diapers. Sammy wiggled two stubby little arms and waved to Fridolf. "Can you say hello to Sammy?"

Player 1:

Fridolf had thought his ears were burning before. But now he really felt his face go hot! This was mortifying, being talked down to and given a puppet show of all things. It really cemented the fact that he was getting a diaper change from Daddy.

He gave the puppet a weak wave, uttering a quiet "Hello Sammy..." *Fuck, this is hot. Why is it so hot?*

Player 2:

One-handed diaper changes were a skill that Ranjit admittedly had never cultivated. At least he'd made sure to put Sammy on his less-favored hand. While he struggled to pull out a packet of baby wipes, Sammy was wiggling his little fuzzy arms in front of Fridolf, making silly little gestures. "Hello! I'm Sammy da swilly sheep!" Ranjit said, throwing his voice slightly (it was a useful skill to cultivate and he'd had a puppetry hobby back in High School) "And I wanna be fwriends! Do you wanna be fwriends?" The puppet would hold out a little hand for Fridolf to take with his fingers, if he so chose. At the same time, Ranjit was reading the wolf's mind, picking up on his attitude while steadily wiping along the wolf's crotch, getting Fridolf cleaned off and wiping away the pissy scent. It would take a few moments for him to get properly cleaned, but the whole goal of the puppet was to distract Fridolf from the sensation of having cold hands along his sensitive parts, or of his bottom being lifted up as a diaper was slid under it... the print on it covered up by the silly sheep imposed in Fridolf's field of vision. "What's your fwavorite

cwolor, new fwiend?" Sammy giggled, putting a stubby fingerless paw up to it's chin and swaying gently,

Even though Fridolf could logically know that this was just a puppet, the way it moved and talked *felt so real* for some reason, it was actually pretty easy to stop thinking of it as a toy and start thinking of it like a cuddly, snuggly friend.

That *might've* been Ranjit's powers affecting Fridolf's perception, but either way the puppet seemed so cute and playful.

Player 1:

"Um... y-yeah... I c-can be friends, Sammy..." Fridolf said, shaking the puppet's hand with two fingers. Out of everything Ranjit had done today, puppet-talking to him was the one that made him feel the most like a puppy.

"My favorite color is **blue**." He said, which tracked given that blue was the accent color he used for his hero outfit. "What about yours, Sammy?" He asked, getting more and more comfortable talking to the puppet like it wasn't just a pretend voice from Ranjit. His tail even started its wagging again, which did not make the change any easier for the tiger.

Player 2:

To Fridolf's ears, Sammy would actually giggle, the voice sounding so different from Ranjit that it was easier and easier to think of it as a real sheepie. "Yay! A new fwiend!" Sammy clapped its stubby little paws. "And fwiends get... tummy rubs!" Sammy would shoot down to Fridolf's tummy, rubbing up and down it with its two pudgy paws, tickling the oversized puppy while behind it, Ranjit was busy trying to get a wagging tail threaded through a tailhole. It was a lot more difficult than it sounded, and it didn't sound easy. But he managed it, after a cavalcade of crinkles, applying a tape to get the diaper's back tailhole sealed up. Fridolf could wag to his heart's content now, and all that would happen would be that the diaper would crinkle.

Sammy, meanwhile, tried to coax a giggle out of it's new friend. "I wike **white**! Because it's da color of my wool!" The sheep made a silly baaing noise, turning it's back to Fridolf to show a shaggy, fuzzy backside. "My wool is so swoft and fwuzzy, babies love ta pet awt it! Why don' yoo twy pwetting at it, new bwestest fwiend!" The whole time, Ranjit was trying to apply baby powder to the new big baby's crotch, rubbing it gently in and trying not to overstimulate Fridolf's cock and give him another damn erection.

Player 1:

The wolf seemed to fall into the pretend world Ranjit was creating, losing himself to being a little puppy playing with an interactive toy. The wolf let out a silly-sounding giggle at the tummy rubs, not seeming to notice anything the tiger was doing at the moment. "Oh! White's a good color too! Like snow!" His eyes suddenly went serious, and he leaned up off the mat, using a paw to

cup his voice like he was whispering. "Oh, do you know Ranjit's favorite color?" Can't let the tiger know he's pressing the sheep for secrets, after all.

Player 2:

Sammy made a show of looking left and right, conspiratorially, before whispering to Fridolf.

"Mistah Wanjit wikes purples! But don twell anywun, he weally wikes pinks the bestest!" The silly sheepie puppet giggled, while behind them both Ranjit growled. "Really, Sammy, that's pure slander." He gave an amused snort before returning to his work, finishing up the diaper change by pulling the front up over Fridolf's crotch and tucking the crinkly padding over the wolf's cock. It wouldn't take long before the front was taped shut and Sammy the Sheepie would start to slump. "Aww.... ish twime for me ta go, puppy! Do yoo wanna pway wiff me again next twime yoo needa diapee cwange?"

Player 1:

"Aww... but I was having so much fun with you, Sammy! Do you really have'ta go?" The wolf whined, even letting out a lupine whimper as he did. He'd gotten completely absorbed into the bit. He waited for the puppet to give a nod, then gave a nod himself. "Alright, if you have to go, you have to go... but we'll play again next time! Promise!"

His eyes finally drifted from Sammy to the diaper he'd been changed into, finally getting a look at the thing. He was expecting a plain white one, given that was what Ranjit had in his car and the tiger had already mentioned that he wasn't expecting Fridolf to be up for this sort of play tonight.

Player 2:

Sammie waved bye-bye with a stubby little fingerless paw, as Ranjit pulled it away and then tucked it into the diaper bag, out of sight and out of mind. "There we go. You're all clean, *Puppy*." the last word came with a little psychic pulse from Ranjit, a push to send a shiver of erotic pleasure from Fridolf's mind to his cock. "And free of a certain traitorous puppet's obvious misinformation." The diaper itself was bright white, but covered in little pastel bones, fire hydrants, and toy balls. Things a little baby puppy might enjoy. "Do you like your new nappy, Puppy?" Ranjit was admittedly pushing things a bit here. He hadn't expected things to go this far on their first date, so he hadn't expected to show Fridolf any of the **Specialty Diapers** he kept on hand. Admittedly, some of the custom-made diapers he owned were a bit more than mundane, with some special effects to them. But most of the ones in his Diaper Bag were just printed with cute prints he wore himself as a guilty pleasure. The white diapers he kept in his car were more for the cover story that he merely had to wear them for medical purposes. (Which was actually true, but one of the first things he'd done when he awoke to his own powers as a Mesmer had been to condition himself to fetishize the undergarments. There was no point in struggling to contain an embarrassing little secret when he could be out and proud AND change other people's minds about what should have been just one facet of his identity.)

Just like the pup hood tucked deep inside his changing table at home. Sometimes the kitty liked pretending to be a puppy himself, woof.

But Fridolf had shown so many promising signs, the tiger was getting a bit carried away with himself. Escalating things beyond what he'd carefully planned for. He patted at Fridolf's stomach, letting the superhero suck on the pacifier a bit longer. "Now we can get back to our date, if you want to get dressed back up like a big boy..." He leaned down and whispered into Fridolf's ear, teasingly, with no psychic manipulation at all. "Or we could stay in and I could show you how good it feels to be a baby puppy for a bit."

Player 1:

That was a really tempting offer the striped feline was pitching to him. But one look around Fridolf's dismal apartment dispelled the idea. The bleak furniture and barren, sterile walls... this wasn't really a place he spent all that much time. Just a facade to placate the normals. *Nothing to see here. Just another house in a sea of suburbia. Not like I ever made the time for anything fun here anyway.* Besides, Ranjit had mentioned that he had their date night all planned out, and had mentioned that he hadn't been expecting Fridolf to be doing this. Which means this wasn't part of the tiger's dastardly plan to win him over.

Not that Ranjit needed much of a dastardly plan, really. Fridolf was more than happy to indulge the tiger.

That said, he wanted to know what else the striped boy had up his sleeve today. Popping out the pacifier, Fridolf answered the question. "Don't want to miss out on your planned date night. I'll go get dressed." He slid off the bed, then paused. "Or does Daddy want to dress his little cub?"

Player 2:

Ranjit was not outright manipulating Fridolf's thoughts at the moment, but he was passively scanning them. The thought of how disappointing the apartment made him frown briefly. That was no good. His puppy deserved a proper den that made him happy. And since they weren't yet living together, the tiger resolved to fix the problem in another way. "Hahaha, of course, little pup! Show Daddy where your clothes are, and I'll pick out a fun outfit for you to wear." He said, offering Fridolf a paw to help him up while **probing his mind**. The tiger was looking for something from Fridolf's childhood. A beloved cartoon, or a favorite toy, or something the wolf would find nostalgic. It was time to bring it back, and give Fridolf's (hopefully only temporary) home a bit of his **childhood joy** again.

He just had to find the right thing.

Meanwhile, the tiger would let Fridolf lead him towards whatever selection of civilian clothes the wolf had prepared. "I didn't admittedly bring anything for you to wear, since I never expected this date to go this route... we could stop by my place to get you a cute outfit, but let's see what you have for me to work with here first."

Player 1:

The answer to Ranjit's clothing investigation was... not much. None of Fridolf's selection was egregious, really, but none of it stood out, either. That was by design. He didn't want his civilian persona to stand out or attract eyes. And the wolf was feeling rather self-conscious about that decision now. There was no flair or personality in the clothing, no logos or decals beyond nods to the manufacturer or brand. No band names. No slogans. No characters or pop culture references.

The tiger's mental probing, however, proved to be less fruitless. Apparently, growing up, Fridolf had been a **superhero fanboy**. Surprise, surprise. Granted, when he was a tiny pup, he'd been utterly infatuated with **Super Sentai** shows. Ranjit even learned by probing the wolf's memories that Fridolf's superpowered alterego Wulfram had designed his first outfit as a total spandex affair. Back when he first landed in the hero scene, he'd wanted to dress up like his favorite characters from the sentai shows of his puppy-hood. Later on, the Enhancement-Class Esper had apparently drifted away from his sentai-loving roots as he'd matured as a hero, going for an outfit that was more practical and armored, yet much less flamboyant.

As far as toys, or the like, there wasn't much. Fridolf been a foster-home kid. Shunted from household to household. Probably why he didn't have much of an attachment to material possessions in general. His childhood had, it turned out, been about as bleak as his current apartment. Better than many caught in the system, but with nothing to really define him.

Player 2:

That will have to do. Ranjit grit his teeth for a moment. While his Esper abilities lended themselves well to **subtle control** and **gradual reshapings** of the way people thought, the tiger COULD be more direct if he wanted to exhaust himself. Still, this was something he wanted to happen, and the tiger would will it so even if it killed him. (It wouldn't, but still the experience wasn't going to be pleasant.) As he made a show of rooting through Fridolf's frankly pathetic excuse for a wardrobe, he mustered his will, putting a paw in his pocket to touch at one of the smallest Augmentation devices that could boost his natural mental powers. It was the only one small enough to be easily concealed on his person, and it was far from his strongest tool, but it would be enough.

He strained, struggling not to show any outward sign of discomfort, as he focused all his powers as a Mesmer into a single purpose: Creating a thought to enter Fridolf's head that would feel entirely natural to the pup, as if he were thinking it on his own. A thought that wouldn't be easily dispelled or banished away, but would linger in the superhero's mind like a lazy roommate who you hadn't yet found a way to evict from your house. A thought so persistent that it would rattle around in the super-hero's conscious mind and momentarily distract him:

My apartment's so boring, it's embarrassing to bring a date here! I should buy some Sentai stuff, like I loved as a pup! Maybe it'd make me smile more when I see it.

Actually forcing his will upon other people so directly wasn't just draining, it was substantially painful. Ranjit grit his teeth and winced, the numbness he felt from over-abusing his powers sweeping up his arms and legs. It came arm-in-arm with a painful shudder running through his body. The worst part was that it made him lose whatever passed for his potty training, his tail flagging up as he rooted through Fridolf's drab clothes. "Mmm... not much to- nnnnf! W-work with." He tasted blood on his tongue, and swallowed it before it got too close to his lips. Over-extending his powers like that was going to make him sick and weak for a little bit... but at least his date probably wasn't going to see the backside of his own pants puff out from the mess he'd pushed into his diaper. He hoped the plastic pants over his nappy would obscure the smell. They usually helped with that.

"Now let's see... I think this will at least do for now." Ranjit pulled out a pastel-blue shirt with no designs or decorations on it out of Fridolf's wardrobe, along with a pair of khaki pants. It was barely an outfit in the tiger's spoiled opinion, but it was the most colorful thing he had seen in the closet. "Alright, pup. I'm going to open up the pants, can you be a good boy and step into them?"

Player 1:

Fridolf almost missed what Ranjit said, as the shame and humiliation at the state of his apartment was on full display. The tiger was being kind enough not to say anything, but Fridolf was certain it hadn't done their budding relationship any favors. He'd have to fix that. Maybe he should get some Sentai stuff? Dragon Rangers had been his favorite show as a kid, and given the fact that Ranjit was doting on him like a little cub he figured the tiger would be overjoyed to indulge him in it.

The train of thought was insistent, and the wolf found himself losing himself in exploring it. He actually lost track of what was happening in the real world for a moment. Unusual, but Fridolf figured it was just nerves. Everything about today had been so new and so intense!

"Okay, Daddy..." He said, the words feeling both awkward to say out loud and also thrilling. He shelved his future decoration plans for the moment and indulged in the tiger's play.

Player 2:

The wolf would see a shaky paw open the Khaki's and shake them gently for Fridolf to step into them. Ranjit almost dropped the pants, but he maintained his grip somehow. "There we go! You're such a big puppy, helping Daddy dress you already!" He would give Fridolf a pat on the head, too drained to really add any psychic-induced pleasure to the gesture. He just had to hope Fridolf was already enjoying being treated this way. And also he had to resist the urge to cough up blood.

"Now lift your arms up reaaaal high, like you're grabbing at the clouds to see what they taste like." He waited for Fridolf, and then, with a puff of exertion, slid the t-shirt down over the wolf's bare chest, tugging it down. "Don't you look cute, pup?" Ranjit needed a moment to sit down so the numbness and aches stopped bothering him. And the tickle at the back of his throat

demanded he break into a coughing fit. But not yet. He could deny his body's needs a little longer to focus on his puppy's needs instead. He reached up to rub at Fridolf's belly under the new shirt. "Don't you look cute? Don't you?"

Player 1:

The shaky, fumbly paws didn't escape Fridolf, and, ever the hero, he began looking for signs of what caused it. *Ranjit was just fine a moment before. Underlying medical condition? Is he straining himself somehow? Something not sitting right with him?* The physical well being of Ranjit took the forefront, and he began doing a basic diagnostic. Looking at the pupils, signs of bleeding, or...

...or the smell of a **very thoroughly** filled diaper. *Heh.* Relaxing a bit, the wolf slipped back into the safe headspace he'd been enjoying. *Looks like Daddy just had a big accident, is all.*

Crisis averted, the carefree joy slid back into place. Even without any psychic maneuvering or prodding the wolf was thoroughly enjoying himself. Already he had parallel thoughts pondering how he'd be going to bed in the same diaper he was wearing now, regardless of its state. Another was thinking that he should probably pick up a mattress protector.

Player 2:

Ranjit sighed, in relief, before taking Fridolf's borrowed pacifier and plucking it up, holding it in front of the puppy. "Now then, you remember our agreement? If you let me diaper you, you were going to be my Puppy for the rest of our date." The diaper bag opened back up, and a small cord of cloth with a clip on one end exited it. The tiger fastened the pacifier to the cord and clipped it to the front of Fridolf's shirt. "That means that while we're out and about, you have to promise to keep this with you at all times, even when you're not sucking on it. Daddy knows his puppy needs-" He paused to cough, the fit lasting a bit longer than the tiger really wished it would. "-needs to make sure he can stay calm, and pacifiers keep puppies from getting fussy."

Player 1:

The wolf nodded readily enough, tail wagging at the thought of being seen in public with the pacifier. He'd spent years working at being invisible, and the idea that he'd stick out was terrifying in the same way as a leap off a highrise. Exhilarating. He was even feeling some of the same rush, the high that came from being unbound. Except it came from being forced to wear a diaper and a pacifier clip.

"Okay, Daddy. I trust you." He said in his deep rumbling voice, eyes smiling and tail wagging. He was quick to take Ranjit's hand, eager to see what was next. "Do you need a change before we go?" He asked, thoroughly aware of his Daddy's mushy seat.

Player 2:

Ranjit's eyes went wide. "You noticed?!?" For once he was caught off-guard, face getting a bit hot as he looked up at the wolf. "I was planning on changing myself before we left. I, uh, didn't

think you'd exactly be willing to volunteer." He looked down at the diaper bag. "I can take care of it, if you just let me use your restroom."

Player 1:

"Yeah." Fridolf said, tapping the side of his nose. "Muzzle doesn't miss anything, Pops." He added, blepping his tongue playfully at the tiger. "Not sure I'd be much help, to be honest. Don't know the first thing about changing diapers. Probably be faster if you took care of it. Don't worry, Dad. I'll be a good boy and wait."

Player 2:

The wolf would get a chuckle out of his tiger. "Well, that's fair. I wouldn't expect a Puppy to know how to change their own diapers." Ranjit teased in response, before his tail began to twitch playfully. And, a moment later, Ranjit tackled Fridolf, pushing him onto the bed. While he knew the superpowered wolf could probably resist, the tiger was banking on the element of surprise and the fact that he wouldn't want to employ his powers here.

Besides, the feline was laying on top of him, gazing into his eyes, their diapers kissing through their pants, squishing against each other. The tiger gave a sensual growl, before kissing Fridolf on the lips while stroking at his chest.

A moment later, he broke the kiss, taking the pacifier and popping it into the wolf's muzzle. "Be a good puppy then and wait for your Daddy while he gets a mess cleaned up."

Damn it feline instincts. I needed a good long nap, not a pounce and flirting! But it was fun...

Player 1:

Fridolf's senses, honed over the course of countless brawls with other Espers, told him that Ranjit was going to pounce well before he did. The shift in body weight, the slight tensing of the tiger's muscles. When the tiger leapt, though, he forcibly shuttered his own reflexes, letting Ranjit carry him down onto the bed. The feeling of actually being underneath the tiger, it was like an electric current ran through him. Being strong enough to toss the cat through a wall, but too weak to so much as resist! It was almost like he was helpless. And THAT feeling was amazing to experience.

Then Ranjit kissed him, and all at once his mind came to a grinding halt. No extra thoughts, no parallel trains analyzing or studying or planning. Just a puppy lost in the moment.

All too soon the kiss broke, and Ranjit departed from the room. *Fuckin' tease...* He thought, watching his Daddy's stinky rear as the cat strut away.

Player 2:

Ranjit had regained a bit of the swish in his step as he walked away. He still wasn't recovered from the exertion he'd put himself through, injecting that infectious thought into Fridolf's mind.

He wanted to go lay down. But he had to put on a good show for his puppy, and the further he was getting away from the exertion he'd put his body through, the more he was recovering.

He'd recovered enough to pick up on Fridolf's thoughts, and recognise the thought that the feline was a tease.

It made him almost giddy. If he hadn't emptied his tank already, he'd have wet himself from excitement. Instead, he just swayed his smushy rear for Fridolf as he walked, intentionally walking a bit more like a whore might, before entering the bathroom. Closing and locking the door, he started stripping out of his pants and his stinky, waterlogged diaper, wadding it up and taping it shut before depositing it into a plastic bag he kept in his diaper bag. It'd do until he could find a proper place to dispose of it. As he was wiping off his butt, he got back to work. The thought of "*Fuckin' tease*" was one he wanted to encourage... the idea of Fridolf's that the tiger was trying to get his puppy worked up. He pushed gently, trying to introduce a new train of thought:

Was the messy diaper something that Fridolf found teasing as well as the tackle and kiss? Didn't wolves like to sniff butts?

Now that Fridolf seemed excited to feel babyish, Ranjit wanted to lay down some new train tracks. It would probably take a while, but he wanted Fridolf to start associating the idea of **messy** and **wet diapers** with **sexual pleasure**. At first it might be a stray thought to be considered and discarded... but the train tracks could be built and maintained, and built up off of later.

All while he was cleaning his butt of the mudslide he'd been through. He sighed, wiping along his tailhole and enjoying the shuddering sensation of the pleasure of it. The tiger finished cleaning himself, before getting out a new yarn-ball printed diaper and unfolding it on the toilet seat. A sprinkle of baby powder later, and he was sitting down on his new padding, taping it shut.

Fridolf would find the tiger leaving a few minutes later, his backside a bit smaller, but smelling much more fresh and clean. "There we are, puppy. Now then... Daddy wanted to give you a choice. Do you want to go to a movie? Or a playground?" Both ideas were specially prepared by Ranjit, and of course a bit subversive. It was time to get this afternoon date back on track.

Player 1:

That was a good question. But it didn't take long for the wolf to make his decision. "Movie, I think." He wanted a chance to cuddle up next to Ranjit, and he wouldn't be doing that at a playground. Among other things, he wanted to smell it when Ranjit made another mess. The smell from the sagging rear had been foul, earthy, and full of the cat's musk. He wasn't sure, though, if that was a bit creepy for the tiger. Wolves were scent-based, though... so he was hoping Ranjit would understand. When he eventually broached the topic.

A thought entered Fridolf's mind unbidden, of Ranjit's thick diaper sitting right on his muzzle. The cat letting out a push, and the feeling, the smell, the experience of having the tiger fill his seat right there. "Good boy." The fantasy Ranjit said. The thought got his tail going again, and left him feeling a little tight between the legs right as the tiger returned.

Player 2:

A purr-like growl escaped the tiger's lips at the thought he picked up in Fridolf's mind, as his face got hot. It wasn't that he was necessarily embarrassed at his prospective puppy's lewd fantasy... it was the sort of thing he would love to do with the canine. But the idea of Fridolf being so curious about that so soon was a bit surprising. This date was going further in some senses than he'd ever expected it to go. "A movie sounds perfect, puppy." He wrapped his arm around Fridolf's shoulders, tugging the younger male up against him and letting their diapers crinkle against each other. The tiger would hold him gently there, lifting his borrowed pacifier up to Fridolf's lips, and lead him out to his car once more so they could drive them off to a new destination. "Now I want you to be a good boy and keep your paci in the whole time Daddy's driving us there, ok?" It was an excuse to test the wolf's limits on how much he'd be willing to expose himself to embarrassment, but they still had the safe word Ranjit had set up. And he wasn't willing to push Fridolf beyond that if the wolf decided to use it. So Ranjit felt safe making the declaration... more as a **dare** to his new romantic partner than a hard rule. He was daring Fridolf to let someone drive him around as he sucked on a binky for anyone to see.

"I want anyone who passes by us to see that my Puppy isn't old enough to be without his Binky."

[End Part 3]