

Hero and Villian, Puppy and Kitten

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Chapter 4: Long Movie, Soaked Diapers

Player 2:

The **Bella Fortuna Theater**. It was an old movie theater, the oldest in the city. But one that had undergone recent renovations to have much more luxury seating, upscale food and drink offerings, and a number of lounges and comforting seats for while people were waiting for their movies. There was also an arcade, and an Axe Throwing range, in attempts to coax more customers in.

The drive over had been amazingly fun for **Ranjit Talis**, **Smalltime CEO** and **secret Supervillain**. Not to mention an older gentleman possessed with a rather specific fetish brought on by a medical condition he suffered upon...

A fetish he was intent on sharing with his new boyfriend, sitting in the passenger's seat of his sports car with a pacifier pushed between his lips. Ranjit the tiger hadn't teased his puppy about it (Despite being sorely tempted to) but he simply hadn't been able to resist listening to the canine's thoughts as they drove. **Fridolf**, **Collegegoing wolf** and **undercover Superhero**, seemed almost super-sensitive to anyone gazing at him, embarrassed and yet curiously imagining their reactions to the sight of an adult wolf sucking on an infantile pacifier with a mouthguard shaped like a yarnball.

As a **Mesmer-Class Esper** with various psychic powers, Ranjit found it fascinating to merely observe the thoughts running through his new boyfriend's head. While he may have introduced a few of his own kinky ideas into Fridolf's mind here or there, everything his puppy was thinking and feeling now were entirely his own manufacture.

It was a sign that the fetish Ranjit had planted the seed of into the superhero's head was taking root and sprouting.

And hearing his puppy's thoughts made the tiger feel hot all over.

Parking in the parking lot, Ranjit reached down to pat at Fridolf's crotch. "Still dry there, puppy? You can speak now, if you need to."

Player 1:

Fridolf's ears had splayed at the dare to ride to the movie theater with a pacifier pushed between his lips, his face heating at the very suggestion. While he certainly had been having all sorts of fantasies lately about feeling like a baby puppy, doing something like that in public was certainly outside his comfort zone. But... but Ranjit had asked. Ranjit, whom he had agreed to

be his Daddy for the rest of the date. So he just nodded. *I can do this. It's just for while we're in the car. No reason to panic.*

The ride over there, and his thoughts running wild, had felt like a form of torture. He kept noticing people staring, and it made his heart race.

Those two dogs in the convertible probably think I'm a puppy they'd be hired to puptit...

Oh geeze, that badger baby is wearing the same color shirt as me. I wonder if our diapers match too?

My cheeks are on fire. The thought of everyone staring at me as I suck on my binky is murdering me. So why do I find it so hot?

Is that bunny guy looking at me? Does he think I'm just some big baby? Oh gosh... It just makes me want to suck harder... I wonder how humping my dry diaper would feel...

Yet at no point had he ever used his safe word to stop.

There was a terrified flutter through Fridolf's stomach, as he tried to ignore the phantom gazes of every person walking down the street, every driver or passenger in a car as they went past. It was mortifying, and exciting, and embarrassing. His new boyfriend Ranjit was *NOT* making it any easier, either. Every curious glaze his direction ended in a feline smirk. Every word ended in a slight growl. It was clear how amused he was at seeing his puppy squirm. And... and... and then they were there at the theater. His date was expecting him to speak. But Fridolf wasn't quite there yet, mentally. Not after the car ride over. The wolf started to wiggle nervously in the seat, only to have Ranjit's paw land right between his legs. Even granted permission to speak, the only sound he could manage to mutter was a strangled, pathetic whine.

Player 2:

"Uh oh. I know *that* whine." Ranjit said, despite this only really being their first (maybe second) date. His paw snaked down to slide slowly under the wolf's crotchline, fingers pushing inside the diaper. "Someone's a very nervous puppy. Maybe that's just because people might've seen him sucking his cute little binky in the car, but I should be sure it's not because you're a soggy doggy before we even get to the theater." His fingers would stroke and tease at Fridolf's cock in the car, obscured only by the obstructions between them and the outside world... as he felt around quite flagrantly groped for any wet spots or puppy-pee.

Player 1:

The diaper was, possibly to Ranjit's disappointment, quite dry. At least for now. Though from the feel of a certain bulge outlined in that diaper, his puppy was getting worked up again. Something about being so thoroughly humiliated, especially in such a public place, was bringing back memories of the alleyway incident where he'd soaked his pants. *Why was that moment so hot?* Flashed through Fridolf's mind, as a parallel thought began exploring his newfound interest.

He couldn't seem to figure out exactly where these desires had come from. Was it the feeling of losing control? That was part of it. Maybe giving up control was a better way to put it. And to have Ranjit show up, right as these things started to bloom? Was it the diaper? Ranjit had been wearing a wet diaper when they first met. And then the accident. That had to be it, right?

While his brain was puzzling things over, the rest of the wolf was busy squirming under Ranjit's touch. "D-daaaaaddy!!!" He lisped from behind his pacifier, still held in his teeth.

Player 2:

For once, Ranjit left Fridolf's thoughts well enough alone. Letting the man explore his own new growing desires and just passively observing was enough. He didn't want to force things too unnaturally... Fridolf coming to the decision he enjoyed things organically seemed a whole lot hotter to him, and the tiger thought he might've done enough meddling in his playmate's mind as it was.

Besides, the movie was going to be a bit more meddlesome anyway.

"Now pup, you know it's a Daddy's job to make sure your tush keeps dry." Ranjit teased, waving a finger towards the superhuman wolf like a chiding parent. "And you haven't made any tinkles yet. Good job, pup! Maybe we can try potty training you sometime soon. Wouldn't that be fun?" The words were mostly idle teasing, not to go beyond the closed car door, but Fridolf was so cute when he blushed and squirmed and no feline worth their salt could resist playing with their prey a bit. Pulling his paw out of the diaper and regrettably away from his puppy's pokey stick, the tiger unbuckled Fridolf's seatbelt for him and then moved onto his own. "Now, do you think you're old enough to walk on your own? Or would you like to hold Daddy's paw when we go in?"

Player 1:

The wolf shuffled a little nervously, and, despite the adult clothing, looked every bit like an overgrown cub. "I'd like to- to hold Daddy's hand..." He said, a warm feeling swelling in his chest. No way would he give up the chance to walk hand-in-hand with his boyfriend. They were dating now, after all, right? That was how it worked? He'd never actually dated anyone before. Always too focused on his hero work. Even as a teenager he'd focused entirely on his budding esper abilities.

That was changing today though. He'd focus more on himself starting today. It wasn't healthy to ignore himself, the civilian self, like that.

There were complications to dating, of course. Being a registered hero and famous esper always complicated such things. Part of why he'd not bothered for so long. But those were problems for the future, things to hash out after the date night. Tonight he wanted to enjoy their movie, and Ranjit, to the fullest.

His parallel thought was still working over the kinky self-discovery, concluding that it had, indeed, been the sight of Ranjit's crinkly rear that set things in motion. That had certainly been playing on his mind that night. Been why he'd been so distracted, and failed to avoid Dawon's needle, with its nefarious poison.

Despite the separation of thought Fridolf still shuddered. Neurotoxins were terrifying, and there was no telling what would have happened had he not broken the chemical chains down as quickly as he did. The loss of bladder control was innocent enough, maybe even a little fun given tonight's date night, but had the drug affected his heart? He'd have been killed for sure.

The train cut off as Fridolf waited for Ranjit to open the door for him.

Little pups don't leave the car without Daddy, after all.

Player 2:

Ranjit neglected to remind the fledgling Big Pup that his pacifier was still between his lips, as the tiger got out of his car, strode over to the other side, and opened the door for Fridolf. "Then please, my good sir, take my paw." Gone was the **Teasing Daddy**, at least for the moment. The Ranjit that bent over and extended his paw was the imagine of the **Perfect Gentleman**, eager to hold his date close and take care of every concern for his lover. There wasn't too much difference between that and Daddy-Mode Ranjit, but playing the part of the gentleman meant the feline was more focused on romance than teasing.

Mostly.

He would squeeze Fridolf's paw in his, leading the wolf into the theater. Letting Fridolf drink in the stares of anyone that saw the pacifier clipped to the wolf's shirt by a small colorful strip of fabric. As they approached the ticket counter, Ranjit held up a paw. "Two for Dragon Blazers." He smiled up to the cashier.

"You mean that children's movie?" The cashier was a black woolled sheep. A bit like Sammy, to Fridolf's eyes. She stared up and down at both of them, before a slight giggle escaped her lips. Ranjit paid and led Fridolf off, with the woman still watching them both.

"Do you want any snacks or drinks, my sweet?" Ranjit smiled, before leaning in to nuzzle against Fridolf's face-fur like an affectionate kitty.

Player 1:

Fridolf trailed behind Daddy, happy to let the tiger take the lead. He'd never been inside the theater here before. Moves something he'd never had time to indulge in. Hell, it was clear just how much he'd been neglecting himself.

Shaking off those thoughts, he endured the strange looks, which only prompted him to nuke on the pacifier that much harder. He hadn't realized that it was in his maw until he had entered, but

spitting it out would be worse than just pretending it was intentional. His ears and tail still drooped, though, the giant wolf clearly bashful about the whole thing.

A feeling exemplified by the cashier's comment about the movie and her giggle. He couldn't bring himself to meet her eyes.

The question about snacks and drinks made Fridolf contemplate getting a large soda. Losing control in the middle of a flick, pissing himself in his seat... he practically squirmed at the thought. Piddling his diapers like an **overgrown puppy**. Daddy checking him on the way out, reaffirming that potty training was a ways away yet, loud enough for everyone to hear...

Fridolf squeezed his eyes shut, nodding at the question, but unable to vocalize. Instead he just sucked the paci. He just couldn't find the words.

Player 2:

Ranjit just gave a nod. "I see, Puppy." He chuckled, leading Fridolf up to the Concessions stand. "They've got sodas here, as well as crafted mixed drinks of alcoholic and non-alcoholic varieties." Waiting in line, Ranjit pointed out they made several concoctions with different fruit juices, energy drinks, and even some coffee and tea. Once they reached the front, Ranjit held up a paw. "One Tailwagger's Delight, please!" The drink was listed on the menu as a "Cola concoction brewed by local canine brewers specifically for the delight of dogs and wolves everywhere." It was a craft soda, and Fridolf would see a bored llama behind the concession stand open two glass bottles of the cola, pouring them both into a large size soda cup along with a healthy scoop of ice.

The llama would look over to Ranjit. "Would you like any chasers included? Grenadine, sweetened lime syrup, blueberry juice..."

Ranjit chuckled. "Just a vitamin supplement, please. My darling pup here needs his vitamins to grow up strong!"

As the llama prepared what looked like a small white pill, he looked Fridolf up and down, arching his right eyebrow. "I... see. Shooting for a basketball player, huh?" The cashier was barely able to stifle his snicker.

"Of course!" Ranjit squeezed Fridolf's paw and laughed, as the pill dropped in and dissolved. It was meant as a source of various vitamins and minerals adults needed... as well as with a spike of added caffeine for the already-caffeinated cola. As soon as Ranjit paid, he would hand the cola to Fridolf. "Do you want anything else, pup?"

Player 1:

The giant drink would be enough for Fridolf, sure, but... "Can I get a large popcorn?" He asked, lisping a little from behind his pacifier. The bored llama was almost worse than the sheep, with the sardonic commentary. The cola had definitely caught Fridolf's attention, as it was apparently

tailored for his lupine palate. A quick sip from the straw confirmed the advertisement. No doubt he'd be chugging through a lot of it before the movie.

Part of him was curious as to what the vitamin supplement actually contained, but he dismissed it as unimportant. He trusted that Ranjit wouldn't steer him wrong.

Player 2:

"Only if I can share some." Ranjit said, grinning to Fridolf as a big bucket of popcorn was pushed towards them. "Personally when I go to the movies I fancy some candy myself, but popcorn is delicious." Holding the container in his free paw, Ranjit led Fridolf down away from the concessions stand and out into the theater proper. "I paid for the "Lovebirds" seats... they're in the first few rows, and they're large enough for two people to cuddle up against with no armrests or anything in the way." Ranjit finished his sentence with a kiss to the cheek, as Fridolf would be led into a large theater.

Dragon Blazers was a movie based on a popular franchise of books about different species of dragons locked in a war in a fantasy world. It was an animated film, but more meant towards childish PG-13 adventure and excitement than a more comedic or infantile film.

Ranjit was admittedly nervous. Which movie he picked had been a gamble, as he hadn't really known what sorts of movies Fridolf might like before he'd started this date. But it was a gamble he'd actually made before the day even began. Though Ranjit had been guessing on what his date might enjoy, the film reel being played in this theater all day had been prepared ahead of time. A reel of the film was laced with **subliminal messages** put into hidden frames. Anyone watching it, Ranjit included, was going to be affected. Ranjit knew that... and was fine with his brain getting just a bit washed. They were just subliminal messages he'd paid to have snuck into the movie encouraging anyone watching it to **focus on the film**. To **stop thinking about anything else** and **enjoy the movie**... they weren't malicious, just meant to ensure greater retention and attention-holding. To make the film much more engaging for audiences!

And also to ensure less people noticed when they needed to take a bathroom break.

For Ranjit that was not a problem in the slightest. He'd been in diapers himself for years now, and wasn't shamed by it. But he'd heard through a friend that this Dragon Blazers movie (the third in the series) was already marked with a lot of children leaving the theater in wet pants from how intense some of the scenes were. And thus he had no regrets for the consequences of his minor meddling there. Taking a seat and patting the cushions for Fridolf to sit next to him, the tiger stared up at his date. "I think you'll like this movie. It's about Fire Nova, a prince growing up in exile, not even knowing he's a prince until a chance meeting with a handsome rogue changes his life..."

Player 1:

"Heh. Sounds fun!" Fridolf said, finally pulling the paci out of his maw. He snuggled up to Ranjit happily, the larger wolf engulfing the tiger with his frame. One paw slipped around Ranjit's waist, while his other alternated between popcorn and soda.

As it turned out, Ranjit's choice of movie was perfect for the wolf. Not babyish enough to be boring, but not adult enough to ruin his kiddie mood. Even without the subliminal messaging, he'd have found it enjoyable. With it, though, the wolf was thoroughly enraptured. He'd imagined an epic battle to keep his pants dry, with lots of squirming and some whining. What he got, however, was an unconscious release of his bladder. He didn't even notice the wet squish of his seat until the credits were rolling. Nor had he noticed when Ranjit went from dry to wet.

He was mildly disappointed about that, but such feelings were overshadowed by the film he'd just watched. Kids films had gone a long way since he was little, and that had been well worth the price.

Now he wanted to see the other films in the series.

Player 2:

"I personally think that the romance between Fire Nova and Ice Crystal felt a bit forced, don't you think?" There was a certain casualness to Ranjit as he walked around wearing a wet diaper. He'd been peeing his pants for so long it barely even registered as worth noting, much less being embarrassed about. Certainly he preferred to FEEL himself letting go and losing bodily control (He could hold his bladder and bowels long enough to intentionally have an "accident" when the situation called for it) but he didn't mind only realizing he'd wet his diaper once he was able to focus on things other than the movie again. "I mean, Fire Nova only met the princess of the Ice Dragons in the last forty minutes of the movie, you know? He had plenty of scenes with other characters, especially Night Shadow, where I felt like there was more chemistry. Of course, Night Shadow's a GUY, but I think that romance would've made for a more compelling romantic subplot." Ranjit absolutely had been a fan of the series since growing up reading the books, but he wasn't going to nerd out around Fridolf about the differences between the books and movies.

Not at the moment at least.

Reaching over, he squeezed at the wolf's crotch before Fridolf got up. "Mmm... is someone a soggy doggy? I thought you'd be ready for potty training, Puppy, but if you can't even hold it three hours..." He chuckled and teased Fridolf a bit in public, leaning forward to kiss his cheek before squeezing the pup's diaper through his pants. "Do you need a change before I drive you home?"

Player 1:

"I agree! Night Shadow would have been a much better pairing!" Fridolf said, still excited about the movie. No doubt Ranjit would have someone to fan-gasm over the series with soon. Once Fridolf discovered that there were books he'd likely be all over them. Age be damned.

The diaper check brought him back down to earth, Fridolf let out a low-pitched whine at the groping, feeling conflicted about the accident. He'd wanted to pee himself in public, sure, but he hadn't even noticed that he'd needed to go. That was unusual. And scary in a way that he wasn't really ready for, apparently. He'd have to figure out what happened, but for now he'd play it casual. No reason to upset Ranjit, after all.

He shook his head at the question, and then paused. *Home? That dismal place?* He could barely muster up any reason to go back there now, and certainly not any enthusiasm. Now that he'd seen it for what it was. Just a cage he'd been torturing himself with. A hotel room would have more personality. Maybe he'd do that. He'd absolutely prefer to go home with Ranjit, obviously, but that would be imposing. The tiger hadn't suggested it, and Fridolf didn't want to come off as clingy.

Player 2:

The wolf would be pulled in for a kiss, before Ranjit started to stand back up. "Or... I *did* say that if you were a good boy during our date I might take you home with me for the night." Mischievous and magic played in his eyes. "Would that be something you'd prefer? I don't know if you have plans this evening or not..."

Player 1:

Plans? The only plans he'd had for tonight had involved a patrol... but he wasn't going to be doing that wearing a diaper. At least... well...

His mind began running a number of scenarios, many involving being called out by fellow superheroes, or the police, or any number of bystanders. And then his mind ran a modified version of his alleyway accident through his head again:

Wulfram the hero landed on the top of a building, vaulted over the edge and slid down the wall in a controlled fall. A quick glance left and right confirmed that his only company here was a dumpster and a bunch of loose trash cans. Eyes squeezing shut, he couldn't help but potty dance a little. The diaper hidden tactfully underneath the cover crinkled loudly, his ears twitching. It was still dry, but the ache of his bladder made it clear that it wouldn't stay that way for long.

He consciously released the reinforcement to his bladder, his body doing the rest, with or without his consent. Warmth flooded between his legs, filling the thick padding under the hero-brief he was wearing. It swelled nicely, as his hero pants™ contained his accident, pressing out against the hero brief he wore over top. The sense of pure relief was bliss to the wolf. And he rubbed the front of his squishy diaper, excited at the deviant act. He'd just pissed himself, like a good little puppy.

As he stepped back, the pleasant warmth between his legs, he launched back up out of the alley to finish his trip home from patrol. Not because of any need to change, but because he needed to show Daddy what a good boy he'd been, using his diapers.

Yeah, he wanted to go home with Ranjit. Badly. That was clear. To be able to cuddle with the tiger after a long patrol night. To earn praise for using his puppy pants. To just... just explore this new side of himself. He wanted it so badly it practically **hurt**.

"I-I don't..." He swallowed, feeling thoroughly nervous. "I don't want to be alone tonight... if that's okay?" He asked, giving a nervous glance down at the tiger. He didn't want to be pushy or clingy, but being in that dismal apartment alone for one more day would be too much.

Player 2:

Ranjit's response to the question was to squeeze Fridolf's body against his for a moment, letting the wolf's muzzle bury into the floss of the tiger's chest, a paw moving down to squeeze his bottom and hear the diaper crinkle underneath the **super-powered puppy's pants**. "Aww... I showed a bit of affection to a cute little stray puppy, and now he wants to follow me home." The tiger spoke with a smirk, holding the far-stronger Esper as if he were a little boy. Or a smaller, more submissive lover. Seeing this cute little side of the wolf was so adorable it made Ranjit's pulse quicken (and his cock positively **throb**) "Well, I haven't the heart to turn him away, so I'll have to see if he can be trained to sleep at the foot of my bed." The tiger teased, squeezing his canine companion's bottom once more, inwardly grateful he'd paid to have that "special" reel of the film made as a social experiment.

And also inwardly grateful that his own diaper was doing a decent job masking the throbbing erection between his legs. Wulfram was just so masculine yet so cute... so strong and yet so in need of affection... even before going back into diapers the Super-powered wolf had been a heartthrob for the gay tiger.

Now? Padded up in soggy puppy pants and clinging to Ranjit like a frightened tot? He was **just perfect**. The fantasy he'd had in his head was... purr. Ranjit hoped that could come true. He'd have to help it along a bit.

"Come on, puppy... pacifier back in. Let Daddy drive you home. If you're good and hold my hand all the way to my car, I'll even give you a special surprise you might enjoy."

Player 1:

Fridolf beamed at the news, giving Ranjit a hug that was maybe a touch bone-crushing. His ears folded immediately in shame. It had been more than a decade since he'd **accidentally lost control** of his power. Thankfully no actual bones had been crushed. And the slip-up did little to dampen his mood.

His tail went wild the entire way back to the car, the not-so-little pupper making sure his paw stayed clearly in Ranjit's grasp. He'd be a Good Boy for the tiger-Daddy!

That he didn't need to go back to his empty home tonight was the best thing he could have ever asked for.

Player 2:

“Urk-“ There was a moment of surprise from Ranjit, his eyes wide as he felt the air squeeze out of his lungs. He gasped and stammered as he tried to catch his breath for another moment, head spinning. He blinked and panted as the hug loosened up. Squeezing Fridolf's paw, he led the super-powered Puppy out of the theater, back to his car. “Now since you were a good boy, let me show you a secret of my car... and a secret for us diaper wearers.” The tiger opened the passenger's seat of his car, letting Fridolf get in and buckling his seatbelt for him... before reaching down to flip a switch on the side of the seat nearest to the door. It'd been an expensive custom addition to his vehicle, but in the supervillain Dawon's book, it was worth it. Even before he'd had Fridolf to help coax down into diaperlove like him. “I had massage-chairs installed in my vehicle for a reason.”

The chair would begin to **vibrate**, buzzing against Fridolf's back... but more specifically, against the wolf's crotch. The entire soggy diaper began to buzz and tremble, the soaked material rumbling and rubbing against Fridolf's cock through his soaked padding. Every moment it was lasting was like a stimulation all over his naughty bits, almost a haze of pleasure and sexual stimulation sweeping over him. Ranjit knew from experience how good it could feel... he'd used such a chair to edge himself for hours without a climax, at least until the novelty of the constant stimulation faded. It was still one of his favorite “baby toys” to use with dates he'd had with other men he'd wanted to turn onto the wonderful feelings diapers could offer... and now he was sharing his toys a bit more freely with Fridolf.

Still, the tiger himself had to be clear-headed to drive. So he didn't activate his OWN massage chair, instead climbing into the driver's side seat and starting his vehicle. He'd let Fridolf enjoy the ride home, only sneaking inside the pup's mind with his mental powers to keep Fridolf from ever quite getting to the point, mentally, that he'd be able to orgasm. The feline driving the car chuckled at the sight of his puppy, endlessly edged, as he drove into the richer part of town. “Are you having fun?”

Player 1:

Fridolf let out a canine yelp of surprise as the chair beneath his soggy bottom began to buzz. He didn't get what this was all about at first, having done very little self-exploration. His sudden arousal was embarrassing at first, but then it clicked. This was a tool for pleasure. He'd never even imagined something like it was possible. And he let out a low murr as his hips started to gently rock back-and-forth in the seat. He was tempted to use a paw on his diaperfront, but he began to worry that would ruin whatever plan Ranjit had for later.

Something else that was new was his lack of focus on the drive. Normally he kept tabs of where he was, and where he was going. But he was thoroughly distracted this ride.

For SOME reason.

What could it possibly have been?

It was a mystery what caused him to lose focus as he sat there, the buzzing chair teasing his bits. "... I think I **like** this toy..." Fridolf finally murmured, his mind silent as he enjoyed the buzzy sensations and crinkly sounds sending his mind sinking into a haze of crinkly, lusty pleasure.

All the way to Dawon's den, the homebase of his super-powered arch-nemesis.

[End Part 4]