

Hero and Villian, Puppy and Kitten

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Chapter 5: "His Place"

Player 2:

Ranjit, feline CEO and secretly a psychically adept supervillain, chuckled at the sight of his date enjoying a vibrator built into the passenger-side seat of his sports car.

The tiger chuckled at his date's murmurs and moans as the toy vibrated against his **wet diaper**. "You're very much a little puppy who had to grow up too quickly, aren't you, **Fridolf**?" The observation Ranjit made was joined with his own monitoring of his pup's mind, utilizing his **Mesmer-class Esper** powers to see how Fridolf, the secret identity of the **Enhancement-Class Esper** Superhero **Wulfram**, responded to the question. Ranjit wanted to see how Fridolf's thoughts reacted just as the big diapered puppy replied to the tiger. "I had a suspicion given how you carried yourself and how you behaved, but you're surprising me how eager you are at embracing all of this. I've had dates with guys far more in the closet about their kinks than you are." It wasn't meant as a teasing comment in the slightest, though Ranjit did sound amused by Fridolf's yelps and murrms and moans. Instead, the tiger sounded impressed. Even excited.

He'd pull up in front of a metal gate attached to a stone wall encircling the large lawn of his manor. Ranjit wasn't the richest CEO in the world (his criminal activities were profitable but for a lot of reasons he couldn't spend that wealth too freely or people would ask questions about where he got the money) but he still could afford a three-story home and a somewhat sizable yard, complete with a big stone wall to keep nosy neighbors from seeing what he and any prospective playmates got up to on private property. He could afford to own the house because he hadn't bought it himself. It'd been a title transferred to him by **Crimson Wound**, the LAST major supervillain in the city, now retired. Retired because Ranjit had deliberately removed such an atrocious person from active duty. Unlike him, Crimson Wound had been one who reveled in slaughter and bloodshed. Though he'd kept his secret identity secret from most superheroes, after one atrocity too many, the bloody lunatic of a supervillain had crossed paths with Ranjit when the tiger had been having a really REALLY bad day.

Crimson Wound wasn't going to murder anyone else. Not after what Ranjit had done to him.

The former supervillain *was*, however, going to suck his thumb, crawl around, and hump his plushies. Maybe if Fridolf grew close enough to Ranjit, the tiger would introduce the two. As long as Fridolf didn't know who the big baby actually had BEEN, there wouldn't be too many problems.

With a push of a button, Ranjit opened the metal gates to his house, driving up the mansion's long driveway into a four-car parking garage. He could just barely afford to cover Crimson Wound's old mortgage payments on this place without calling attention to where he was getting

the money, But it was a lovely home, and had a hidden lair he'd appropriated from the supervillain besides, hidden under the garage itself. It was too useful a facility to pass up. Parking his single car in the large, mostly-empty four car garage, the feline sighed and got out, walking over to the passenger's side car door to open it. "Come, pup." He offered a paw to Fridolf, helping him out of the vehicle. "Forgive the dust. I don't have any cleaning staff right now, and the house is far bigger than anything I ever use. I keep my own spaces clean but there's rooms in this mansion I've forgotten even exist."

He opened the door, leading Fridolf through a lavish hallway and passing a large kitchen and joining dining room, a table large enough to seat twenty-four people the central focus of it. Crimson Wound had entertained many future victims here once. Ranjit barely used the dining room. It still somewhat stank of blood, albeit aged and smothered under lemon-scented cleaners and bleach.

The tiger would lead Fridolf up a spiral staircase up to the second, and then the third floor. The second floor had a few secrets in it, like the private Nursery that Ranjit wasn't quite ready to show his prospective puppy. "It's just me in here, I'm afraid. I got an amazing deal for this house, but it feels less and less like a home every day I live here alone." The tiger gave a shrug, rolling his shoulders as he led Fridolf towards his bedroom. "So maybe I can sympathize with your own living arrangements a small bit."

And then, as he lingered outside his more "mature" bedroom, Ranjit would grab his puppy again, and kiss Fridolf firmly.

Breaking the kiss, he gazed into the wolf's eyes. "Now I want nothing more than to tease you all night and make you glad you're a male... but I know that comfort is important and we're rushing into a lot. Do you want me to be in charge of you tonight, sexually? Or would you rather just the two of us cuddle and have a more chaste courtship as you get used to having a boyfriend?"

Player 1:

The observation hit Fridolf pretty hard. Had he needed to grow up fast? *Absolutely*. The moment he had been out of the Foster System he'd had to run. No lessons on how to be an Adult. No parents to offer advice, or even parent-like figures to help him. Being an Esper certainly helped him, and he'd hardly been the worst off considering his skillset. Even so, he'd spent a good chunk of his shuffled childhood prepping for his career as a Hero.

But there was more to life than heroics. More than his career. It was important, sure. And he didn't intend on hanging up his non-existent cape (He'd learned pretty fast that capes were liabilities in a real fight).

"I guess a little. Never had anyone I could actually rely on growing up. So I just... well... did it all myself, I guess. And... I can't say I'm the brave one here. I could swap... um... undies..." Ear flick. "...at any time and go back to being normal. You're the one stuck with them." Really, the fact that Ranjit was already flaunting them had gone a long way. And the unconsciously

repressed wolf had quickly latched on diapers, like a girl from a religious school just finding out about sex.

He gave Ranjit another appraising look from his vibrating seat, eyes lingering on the slightly-puffed out waist. He could smell it from where he was, and between that and the toy getting him all squirmy...

When they pulled into the house Fridolf's jaw hung a little. Sure, he probably could have afforded a place like that if he'd wanted, but the sheer opulence of the private lot was still impressive. Less impressive was the scent of blood as they made their way through the kitchen. His muzzle wrinkled, and alarm bells went off. Something about this place was... wrong. *Very* wrong. The innate detective in him started looking for clues, pulling him up and out of the puppy space he'd been entrenched in all night.

The blood smell was concentrated in the kitchen, so as they got further away it dropped off. Maybe there was a murder before Ranjit moved in? The scent was old, and clearly someone had done a lot of work to clean it up. "How long ago did you get this-?" He started to ask, intent on probing a bit. The kiss broke off his conscious thought, though. And he felt himself swell underneath his diaper again.

"I... um..." He tried to clear his head, thoughts spiraling in different directions now. Alarm bells or not, he'd just keep his wits about him. He'd been the one to ask to come over, after all. Guilt hit him as he brushed the suspicions away. This was an older house, so likely something tragic had just happened in the kitchen before Ranjit became its owner.

"I mean... I want to cuddle... but..." What sort of question had that even been? After the car ride on a vibrating seat, even with the sobering moment, he was ready to tear Ranjit's clothes off right then and there. His paw gave a heavy squeeze of the tiger's shoulder, and he took a deep breath. "But I want to do more, too..." He finally said, eyes glimmering with a predatory look.

Player 2:

"Only just two years ago." Ranjit said in response to the question. "Sorry about the smell. Apparently the previous owner of the house got up to some rather questionable activities, You wouldn't believe some of the stuff I found in the house when I first moved in." Things like a literal altar to some blood god. Crimson Wound had been a vampire bat, certainly, but they weren't ALL creepy bloodsucking monsters, were they? Ranjit hadn't met that many, but Crimson Wound's... religious... preferences had been a bit unsettling to him when he'd discovered the evidence of it. It'd been one of the first things he'd destroyed and burned. "I'm still finding some weird stuff in a few of the backrooms on the first and second floors. The third floor was the least used part of the whole house, which is why I set up shop here. I can't complain too much though." Ranjit gave a dreamy sigh. "I got an amazingly good deal on this place. Barely paying 1300 a month in mortgage payments, and the interest rate is small. It's like they were trying to give the building away." More likely, Crimson Wound had terrified some real estate company on the sly, but Ranjit wasn't interested in investigating the history of his new home any more than

he had to. The people who had transferred the title to him were far too eager to see the title go into his name, even declining a bribe. That was all he needed to know to know he didn't want to dig any deeper. They hated the previous owner that much, it was clear. Owning the house the way he'd done it wasn't QUITE legal, but it was perhaps the MOST legal thing **Dawon** had done in his stint at supervillainy.

A stint that honestly might be dying down. There was very little the tiger really wanted that he didn't already have. Plenty of corrupt capitalists to take down, but if he started literally dating a superhero, maybe he needed to change his behavior...

At Fridolf's response, the tiger just grinned. "Wait here." He growled, before opening the bedroom door and leaving his future puppy alone for a moment. In a moment or two he returned with what looked like a **bright blue colored collar** and a **black leather leash**, holding them up to the wolf. "Forgive me if this is a bit speciesist, but there's something I want to try..."

He licked his lips.

"Put the collar on, *puppy*. Let's see how well trained my new pet is." It was all dirty talk, of course, and Ranjit was using his Mesmer powers to make sure anything he said wasn't a turn-off to Fridolf. If he crossed a line with the pup he'd know to change his own actions to something more enticing. Provided Fridolf put the collar on, Ranjit would clip the leash to it. "On all fours. Puppies crawl, don't they?" He would open the door to his bedroom and let Fridolf in. The bedroom smelled like Ranjit: A cocktail of tiger, pee, and talcum powder; but also more masculine, musky scents. There was a clear rack of sex toys in one corner of the room, including dildos, harnesses, rope, and even what looked like a pacifier attached to a leather head harness. The bed was a king-size bed with a bright blue comforter and with nightstands on either side of it. This was a bed clearly meant for more than one person. A changing table with bright white puffy padding sat on one side of the room, along with a diaper genie that concealed most scents. THIS room smelled nothing like the kitchen and dining room downstairs. Ranjit's bookshelves lined one wall, and a pair of windows on the far wall on either side of the bed gave an excellent view to a large swimming pool in the back of the mansion.

Ranjit would lead his wolf by the leash towards the bed, before dropping his pants and revealing a brightly yellowed diaper, a bulge outlining the crotch and small alphabet block prints swollen from several soakings. Sitting on the bed and parting his legs, Ranjit the tiger growled. "**Snoof**." He gave the order to his new "adopted" puppy, tugging the leash to lead Fridolf's head towards his padded crotch.

Player 1:

Fridolf stared at the collar for a long second, heart thumping heavily in his chest. He slowly slid the leather around his neck, fingers fumbling with the clasp until he finally managed to get it in place. The leash clipped onto the end with an audible click sound.

One of the strongest superheroes in the city followed the tiger into the bedroom on all fours, crawling with his rear hiked up in the air. The scents here made his head swim, the wolf taking note of all the small details in a subconscious manner. Fridolf's attention was drawn to the tiger again, though, as Ranjit slid his designer jeans down. The wolf's nose twitched, and he half-stumbled forwards as his new boyfriend pulled on the leash.

Snoof? With pleasure.

Fridolf's muzzle planted itself into Ranjit's swollen, soggy padding eagerly. His muzzle shifted and snuffled, drinking in the smell of hours worth of dirty diaper. One paw unconsciously slid to his own crotch, starting to gently rub his soiled puppypants through his khakis.

His mind was a starburst of pleasure, as he stored away every tiny detail he could of the amazing sensations dancing along the inside of his nose. A lusty moan drew its way out of Fridolf's chest, and he could feel his enhancements trying to flare again. He wanted nothing more than to pin Ranjit down on the bed and rut their diapers together until they both squirted. He made an effort to cut off his powers, as to not accidentally break the tiger. One slip-up was enough for him tonight.

Player 2:

"Mmm... so he CAN be trained to obey. Good boy!" Ranjit praised Fridolf, reaching down to pet between his ears and huffing and shuddering. Having the infamous superpowered wolf here between his thighs, a diapered crotch grinding against the canine's snout... this was something Ranjit had never in his naughtiest fantasies thought he'd ever have a chance to experience. Not tonight. Maybe not ever. So he huffed and purred like a tamed housecat, eyes rolling back as he ground his crotch, rubbing his cock against Fridolf's muzzle through the soaked, musky padding. He could've used his Mesmer powers to heighten the pleasure either or both of them were feeling in that moment, as Fridolf humped his paw and Ranjit humped Fridolf's maw... but the tiger found he didn't *want* to.

He didn't want the puppy as his slave or a sex toy. He'd used his powers to nudge Fridolf towards finding some things more sensual and more attractive, and he'd crossed lines perhaps...

But he wanted this to be as sincere as possible. This night was the delivery of a love letter to a Hero that Ranjit adored for more reasons than just his physical body. He didn't want anything ruining the moment, or cheapening it. So as Fridolf moaned, Ranjit joined him, squashing down flat the desire to abuse his psychic powers and instead just giving into his own physical desires. He humped at Fridolf's muzzle with increasing intensity, each thrust making the scents of pee

and lust and tiger fill Fridolf's nose anew, as he heard his tiger lover panting and puffing with barely-restrained lust. He almost squirted into his diapers, but Ranjit didn't want to cum just yet.

So he pulled back away from his puppy's muzzle. "UP!" He commanded, lifting one arm to tug the leash and tug Fridolf more to a kneeling position.

Before the feline kissed him firmly again, slowly pulling Fridolf up onto the bed to press their chests against each other, the tiger wrapping his arms around the wolf and humping their diapers together. After a moment, he broke the kiss and gazed hungrily into his puppy's eyes. "Pants off. Strip down to just your diaper, boy. Give me a show."

Player 1:

Fridolf was drawn deep into the sense of lust, but tinged heavily with affection. His mind explored the sensation, eagerly examining every last bit of sensuality that they were sharing. Ranjit was in a unique position, being a Mesmer, to feel it as all of Fridolf's parallel thoughts focused on the task. Almost like being mentally stroked and explored by his partner.

And then the leash brought him to his feet, the collar making it clear which one of them was in charge here. To be put in his place, it was exhilarating. Maybe he could convince Ranjit to do some super-villain roleplay in the future. Being trapped by his nemesis, and forced to pleasure them, and by proxy himself, in the most degrading way possible... He shuddered at the thought, making sure to file it away for later.

The sound of the next command pulled him back to the surface, and Fridolf responded to Ranjit with a confident smile. He started with his shirt, thumbing the pastel blue tee and pulling it off in a single, swift motion. His muscles rippled beneath his fur, years of conditioning leaving a lot to appreciate.

He tossed the shirt to the side carelessly, running a finger along his waistband and tugging his diaper up, letting the white peek scandalously above his khaki shorts. Everything positioned, he unbuttoned the front and slowly drew down the zipper.

The front of his shorts split, showing off the yellow-tinged diaper underneath. The baby-block prints clearly showing off just how much of a **dirty puppy** the big wolf actually was. He slipped them off with one paw, letting the shorts drop the rest of the way once they reached his knees.

Player 2:

The sight of his canine lover stripping left Ranjit to watch, purring, his tail swaying back and forth as he watched. The wolf had a sexy body and he knew it, and Ranjit was groping the front of his soaked shorts as he savored the sight. Each moment of the stripping making the feline's balls churn. He'd let go of the leash so that the wolf could strip away his shirt more easily... but now he reached up to take it again. "Good boy." he growled, tugging Fridolf back towards him, back onto the bed. Back into his arms. "I've been teasing and edging and stimulating you all day, haven't I? I bet the only thought running through my puppy's mind is when he gets to bury his

bone.” The tiger grinned, holding Fridolf for a moment before pulling away, sliding down on the bed to rub his own muzzle against Fridolf’s padded crotch. Mimicking the motions he’d made the puppy do just moments ago. Yes, this scent and this sensation was one he himself only ever got to indulge in privately. He enjoyed giving snoofs as well as receiving them.

But he only partook for a few moments. He was still the Daddy here. “Smells like someone isn’t paper trained yet, puppy.” The tiger teased, pulling back up to kiss Fridolf on the cheek, his paws spreading out to feel along the wolf’s body. Testing and teasing every muscle along his back and chest. Massaging along them, as two diapered crotches rubbed against each other. “I’m going to let you cum into your diapers in just a moment, puppy... but I need you to do something for me first.” He growled playfully. “Lift your tail... make pushies. Fill your seat and show Daddy exactly how much you **need your diapers**.” The comment was worded as a command, but it was really a test. Ranjit was going to see if his playmate was already so into the fetish that he’d mess himself on command. Or if Fridolf had a hint of resistance to him.

“Do it and I’ll let you make stickies for being a good boy. Disobey... and Daddy will have to punish his naughty puppy.”

Player 1:

His little test had a different sort of result. It wasn't resistance, but the idea of being '**punished by Daddy**' had a sort of allure to it. Did he dare find out what sort of discipline Daddy had ready for him? A large part of him wanted to know.

But that could wait. Today he was a Good Boy. And Good Boys did what Daddy told them to.

One paw found its way onto Ranjit's shoulder as Fridolf shifted his stance. He'd found it unnervingly easy to wet himself over the past few weeks, but he'd never filled his seat like this before. And it was a bit difficult to actually do.

Very difficult, actually.

He let out a grunt, but his body didn't want to listen to him. Years of conditioning weren't so easy to break. Which was extremely disappointing. He wanted to be a good boy for Daddy, but this hurdle was getting in his way!

Player 2:

Ranjit would watch, seeing the puppy grunt and strain and try to mess himself, an obvious struggle on Fridolf’s muzzle. Ranjit’s first impulse was to comfort his new pup, and cuddle him and tell him he passed the test and he was a good boy and to pamper Fridolf like the sweet innocent pup he was underneath a layer of strong muscle and superpowered grit... but his monitoring of his lover’s thoughts picked up on the curiosity at the idea of being punished. Fridolf wasn’t being intentionally naughty, but the behavior could be INTERPRETED as disobedience. And it might get the wolf a bit more pushed along the path that Ranjit wanted him to scamper down.

“Mmm... I suppose I can't expect a pup I just adopted tonight to be properly trained. Bad boy.” Ranjit said, his tone smug. “I guess instead of letting you make stickies properly, we're going to have to give you a punishment and teach you to obey Daddy's commands.” Standing up, the tiger squeezed at Fridolf's leash, walking away from the bed and towards his rack of naughty toys, and a chest nearby with further naughty things. As he approached it, the tugging of the leash would lead Fridolf towards the edge of the bed.

Where he could see Ranjit plucking up a mass of leather straps with a butterfly pacifier attached to them. As well as what looked like a stretchy ring attached to a small silver bullet-shaped thing... and from the chest, what looked like a plastic baggie of brown ovular pills and a number of leather restraints. “Come, puppy.” The tiger growled, walking over towards what looked like a walk in closet and leading Fridolf by the leash towards it. Opening the door he revealed that it was not a walk-in closet.

Not even in the slightest.

Inside was what looked like a metal swing of sorts, suspended from the ceiling. “Your punishment is going to start with you suspended in that swing. Come, puppy.” Ranjit tugged on the leash to lead Fridolf towards it. The leather restraints he got out would do almost nothing to restrain Wulfram, but he only needed to bind Fridolf. “You're going to be Daddy's sex toy for a while until you can be a good puppy and mess your diapers.”

Player 1:

Fridolf panicked a little, as he was pulled into the impromptu dungeon. It was terrifying. And though the restraints couldn't actually hold him, they still appeared as an imposing monolith to the wolf's psyche.

Ears folded down, and tail tucked neatly between his legs, the wolf tried to explain, suddenly backpedaling. “B-but Daddy! I tried! I really did!”

Despite his protests, he was eager to get started. He had a suspicion what the pills were for. Daddy **wanted him to fill his pants**, so he would fill them. One way or another.

Player 2:

The tiger smirked, hearing the protests and giving him a distinctly predatory grin with many, many teeth. “If I cross a line you're not comfortable with, puppy... tap your back left leg three times. That is, if you're a little scaredy pup.” He said, daring Fridolf to end their play. As scary as things were for his wolf, the tiger wasn't going to accept the “excuse”. Fridolf would feel arms snaking under his body, lifting him up onto the sex swing, restraints attached to each chain to bind the wolf's arms and legs spread apart. His crotch was pushed into the soft plush of the swing, each gentle motion of the furniture rocking Fridolf's cock against his soggy diaper. He could feel each restraint wrapping around his wrists and ankles. Holding him in place.

“You’ve been naughty... naughty boys get punished.” The tiger tugged the diaper open, sliding a paw down holding a brown suppository he’d made sure to lube up gently. While he hadn’t yet talked to his puppy and seen if Fridolf was ok with anything going inside his butt, the tiger figured now that they had a safe-gesture, it was mostly ok. A lube-slick finger would poke and prod at Fridolf’s tailhole, stretching it and pushing apart his cheeks gently... before the superhero would feel something sliding inside him, the sensation of it going up his bottom and then vanishing within him. A fast acting laxative, but one with a special twist to it: When the wolf messed himself, the action would trigger nerves on his cock, making them tingle and tease him. “So you’re going to lay here in your punishment seat and think about what you’ve failed to do, puppy.”

Ranjit turned around, holding the pacifier gag in his paw and pushing it into Fridolf’s muzzle the second the wolf opened his paw again. THIS pacifier had a reservoir of a sticky, sweet gunk inside it that leaked into the mouth with every suckle. The leather straps that wrapped around the muzzle and head were meant to make sure Fridolf couldn’t spit it out, but the goo was meant to reward him for sucking and help him develop babyish oral habits.

Once it was on, Daddy Tiger just growled, pushing the wolf’s nose against his diapered crotch... and ground into Fridolf, teasing him with pissy smells and a cock stiff in that soaked feline diaper, humping him while he floated there helplessly.

Player 1:

Fridolf hung there, hips gently rocking in a vain attempt to get off. His face was stuffed into Ranjit’s diaper, and his maw plugged with a bulb that offered something sweet every time he suckled. And worse yet, his guts were already churning from the thing that was stuffed up his tailpipe.

The thought of tapping out never crossed his mind.

He let the sensations play out, basking in the helplessness of his situation. Illusion or not, it was exciting. And frustrating. A low whine escaped the puppy, lost in the padding encapsulating his face. And the gurgle in his gut was getting steadily worse. He started to pull against the restraints, doing his best to keep from subconsciously ripping them apart as the gurgle turned into a knot. Almost painfully, the pressure began to build. And build. And build. He struggled to hold it in, fighting against the need to evict his bowels as long as he could. It was going to be a real accident. A moment when his body failed, and he showed Daddy that he needed his diapers.

Player 2:

Fridolf would feel the humping stop, as Daddy backed away. Somehow the tiger just knew exactly what the wolf was feeling, the knot of pressure within him. With a growl on his lips, he gazed down at the superhero. “You can’t stop it at all, can you? The big strong wolf is going to shame himself and show how much of a **stinky baby puppy** he really is.”

“Fight it if you can, pup. There’s no winning this battle. Show Daddy exactly how much you need someone taking care of you. Prove how much of a baby you are.”

The tiger growled. “I want to watch the sexy lone wolf surrender himself to his own infantile urges.”

Player 1:

Fridolf redoubled his efforts, stopping just short of Empowering his bowel muscles using his powers as an **Enhancement-Class** Esper. He was a big boy. He could do it. He could do it! The wolf psyched himself up, fighting against his own body. The reality, though, was that he could only fight for so long. A wet, burbling fart escaped, no doubt staining his backside in the process. It relieved the pressure, only to redouble again a second later. His whine turned into a growl, his tail flagging to signal the impending shame.

And then, his body finally gave a sudden push against his will, the sound loud and disgusting as the wolf’s lunch finally finished its trip through his body. Warm mush settled into his diaperseat, the swing pressing his fresh mess up against his rear.

Fridolf let out a long exhale through his nose, only to find his hips starting to buck again. Something about that experience had set him off, and he was desperately humping into the swing to capitalize on it. Of course, all this resulted in was a worse mess for Daddy to clean up.

Player 2:

Fridolf wasn’t the only one. Suddenly Daddy was thrusting against the wolf’s snout once more, the tiger putting his paws on the sides of Fridolf’s head and humping into his face. The sight of the big wolf **losing control** like that had done it. Ranjit was just helplessly diaper-humping into Fridolf now, so aroused he couldn’t stand it anymore. He grunted and growled, feeling his climax building even as the wolf felt his cock tingling while he humped. Could he cum into his own mucky padding, bound as he was?

Whether he could or not, Ranjit did not seem to have any problems. The tiger grunted, thrusting his head back and closing his eyes. His teeth grit tightly, as he fired into his diaper, the front painted white with ribbon after ribbon of lusty feline seed. “G-good puppy...” the tiger managed, shoving his diapered crotch into Fridolf’s muzzle one more time, before panting and relaxing a bit. Letting Fridolf tire himself out with his humpies while patting the backside of the wolf’s diaper and squishing his mess against his bottom. “You showed your adulthood whose boss, didn’t you?”

Player 1:

The growl that sounded out was pained, as he found it utterly impossible to edge out. He was just stuck making feeble attempts, unable to get the friction needed. Another grunt, and a second wave of mush packed out, pressing right into Ranjit’s paw. And then a fresh stream of urine, as his bladder decided that now was an appropriate time to let loose.

Fridolf ground at his pacifier, suckling the sweet whatever-it-was as a consolation prize, as he indeed proved his adulthood who's boss.

Player 2:

The puppy was bound and unable to escape, trapped in a thoroughly used diaper. The growl almost sounded like a needy whine to the tiger's ears, as he paused, looking down at his puppy, helplessly trying to get off and unable to while he was trapped there. While he was tempted to leave Fridolf bound there all night in a state of **endless edging**...

He decided the wolf's first night as a puppy should end a *bit* more sweet and gentle than that.

"I'm going to leave you here, worked up and needy, for five minutes, puppy." Ranjit teased. "Just to properly finish your punishment. After that, you've earned a reward. You'll get a chance to properly make a sticky mess like a good boy, for obeying Daddy and using your diapers at long last."

He chuckled, patting the puppy's posterior with a squish one more time, before turning to walk off. He would wait five minutes, as promised, letting Fridolf hump himself needily, never quite able to cum. Before the tiger would finally return, unbinding each of the leather restraints and leading his puppy back towards the bed. "You've been a good puppy all day for Daddy. Even taking your punishment like a good puppy should when you disappoint." Ranjit held Fridolf in his arms for a moment, spooning against him, before pulling slightly away on the bed. "So as such, Daddy's going to let you indulge in your instincts a little."

Ranjit turned his body to let his butt face the wolf, laying on his tummy on the bed with his tail lifted and his swollen, soggy diapered bottom invitingly wiggling. "Breed your kitty, puppy. Show Daddy how much you like making stickies."

Player 1:

Fridolf let out another whine as he watched Ranjit walk off. Which left him struggling for the longest five minutes of his life. He never thought a time-out could be so exhausting.

It took every ounce of willpower Fridolf had to not pounce the tiger the moment he was free. He didn't really hear what Ranjit said, too hazed with need to really register. He was led back out to the bedroom, and snuggled for a moment. And then Ranjit's rear was raised high in the air. And all pretense of control vanished.

The pounce he'd held back earlier returned in full force, as the wolf leapt atop his boyfriend. He didn't bother removing their diapers for the deed, simply pinning Ranjit down by the wrists and using the tiger in the same manner that Crimson Wound used his plushies when the regressed super villain was feeling "urgey".

Despite the lack of conscious restraint, Fridolf was strangely gentle with his partner. The feral nature of his breeding softening quickly once he was finally allowed to let loose.

Crinkle-squish.

Crinkle-squish.

Crinkle-squish.

Player 2:

"There we go, puppy... get all those silly big boy urges out..."

Ranjit teased his date, letting the puppy **crinkle-squish** his padded crotch against the feline's bottom. The air filling with crinkling noises as the feline let his tail wrap around his bedmate, as if coaxing him to thrust harder. This was the first time they'd ever done something like this together, and he was eager to let Fridolf have as much of the moment as possible to savor it. To make sure that the puppy was quite **addicted to his diapers** by the end of the evening, stinky or not.

The tiger did not mind being the "bottom" after all. In fact he was quite a Switch, though he had a sneaking suspicion he was going to be the "Daddy" out of the two of them for quite some time. Fridolf didn't yet need to know about his other bedroom, or the Nursery it was designed as. Not yet, at least. So the feline just cooed and made pleasurable noises, enjoying the squish of his diapered butt being humped and the sensations that came with it. Each moment making his own cock a bit more hard again, as he let his puppy hump himself to completion and exhaustion... or whatever would pass for it, for an Esper with endurance like Wulfram.

Player 1:

Endurance he had, certainly, but as worked up as Ranjit had gotten him this evening it didn't take long for him to edge out.

The wolf's back suddenly arched up, mid-thrust, and a deep howl resounded from his chest. Long, and a little warbly, he didn't stop rutting as he coated the inside of his diaper with a different sort of mess. One sticky and smelling of sex.

His mind blanked as he rode out the moment of bliss. He'd had solo sessions before, but despite the fact that he was confined to a diaper, the sensation was somehow much more potent. More visceral. More intimate.

The howl finally died down, and the wolf practically slumped down on top of Ranjit, his first after-coital instinct to cuddle, apparently.

Player 2:

The slumping down was met with a purr of appreciation from the tiger. He would let the wolf lay on top of him, enjoying the feeling of being pinned by the big strong canine. After a few moments, however, he would roll gently aside, to let Fridolf cuddle up against him instead of on top of him. Ranjit was not so much larger than the canine as to be able to spend the whole night

underneath him. Breathing with a wolf on top of him was a bit harder, and it was more comfortable to be arm in arm with him instead of face down and pushed into a pillow.

He pet along Fridolf's back, stroking and cuddling his puppy, enjoying the moment of giving a few gentle love nips and licks. After another few moments, he reached down to squish at Fridolf's backside. "You're stinky." The tiger teased, letting his tongue blep out as he cuddled with his chest against the canine's. "But that was very fun. Thank you..."

Player 1:

"Mhm... no... Thank you... I..." I didn't want to be alone tonight. He didn't voice the thought, but Ranjit was able to read it loud and clear. Now that the lusty thoughts of the past week had finally been resolved, the feelings underneath were all warm affection. He didn't want to move from his cuddle spot, or let go of his new favorite body pillow. Or plushie...

The wolf returned the playful nips with equally-playful licks and nuzzles.

Player 2:

Ranjit just relaxed, letting Fridolf hold him, while closing his eyes and tucking his head against his canine playmate's shoulder. "I didn't want to be alone tonight in this big empty house. Not for another evening." He yawned, squeezing his arms against Fridolph's back and holding him gently. "So really... thank you." He had stopped nipping and licking, just cuddling up firmly against the wolf he was getting a bit too prematurely comfortable thinking of as his boyfriend. It was an odd thing, to think of someone else as being his equal despite having led them there with some mental manipulation. But he didn't want a slave or a servant. He wanted the wolf as he was.

Ok, ok: As Fridolf was, but also in diapers.

After another few moments, however, Ranjit decided to break the blissful mood of post-sexual afterglow. "You do need a diaper change, though."

Player 1:

"Don' wanna..." He mumbled, not wanting to get up and ruin the moment. Sure, they'd be able to cuddle immediately after, but he'd have to give up the embrace right now. Part of it was his ignorance of just how bad it could be to sit in a soiled diaper for long periods of time, but the rest of it was simple comfort. He was enjoying every bit of their snuggle session. Including the mushy seat stinking up Ranjit's room.

Player 2:

Ranjit just chuckled. "Well, I suppose we can wait a few more minutes..." With another yawn, he squeezed his puppy, maintaining the embrace for a bit longer. Enjoying the warmth of his puppy, as he held him tight against the tiger's fuzzy body. "Mmm..." He was tempted to fall asleep right there. To enjoy every moment of his new lover's embrace and just doze off. He hadn't lived most of his life in diapers without getting used to *that* familiar stinky scent. But despite that, knowing

this was very much his Puppy's first day's experience with the kink, he eventually sighed, trying to pull himself up out of the embrace after another few moments luxuriating in his new mate's arms.

"Onto the changing table, puppy." He said, pointing at the table in one corner of his bedroom. It was too plain to be his favorite changing table, but it matched the rest of the decor in his "Adult" bedroom. "Unless you want to wake up tomorrow with a rash, we need to get you cleaned up a bit." After a moment, the tiger decided to sweeten the pot. "If you let Daddy change you, maybe he'll buy you your own pacifier... or a toy."

Player 1:

That was tempting to the growing childish voice of Little urges in Fridolf's mind. A pacifier or a toy? With a sly grin, Fridolf locked the tiger in place. "How about both?" He asked, figuring he could wheedle out the better of this bargain. The idea of having a giant tiger plush to cuddle when Ranjit wasn't available came to mind. As it turned out, the wolf was quite the snuggler.

Player 2:

Ranjit made a show of being put upon, scoffing several times and lifting his one free paw up to his forehead. "I'll go broke, taking care of this puppy!" he laughed, before locking eyes with Fridolf. "Alright. Both a toy AND a pacifier. But just this once, pup." Ranjit did his best to give a stern glare, as much as he was faking it. "Now get your muddy butt onto that changing table. If this wasn't your first time, I'd say you **LIKED** being stinky."

Player 1:

Fridolf's ears folded at that last comment. But Ranjit had hit it dead-on. He... he actually did like it. The **feeling of surrender**... It made him feel small and vulnerable, but in a safe way. And the sensation was more enjoyable than he would have ever thought. Not that he was ready to admit that to Ranjit.

With one last nuzzle for good measure, the wolf finally let go of his boyfriend-daddy and deigned to get up. His rear slid across the bed, mushing and squishing the contents of his baby-block diaper even further.

Crossing the room to the changing table, he sat down and slid (once again on his rear) until he was in a comfortable spot.

Player 2:

And shortly afterwards, Fridolf would see the tiger looming over him. Parting his legs and lifting a paw up to squish the wolf's mush against his bottom. "Look at you, puppy. Not even a full day back in diapers and already giving Daddy a present." If he were a cartoon character Ranjit would have hearts in his eyes. He'd never expected Fridolf to slip down this quickly, or to embrace this so fully without extra prodding or mental persuasion. After another squish to remind him of what he'd done, the big tiger lifted his paw up to tickle at Fridolf's tummy, trying to tease a childish coo or giggle out of the adult wolf. "I think maybe when you're in my home, I'm

going to have to insist you stay in diapers. I don't want a puddle on my leather couch after all." The CEO chuckled. "Away from my home you can wear what you please... though if you come to me in soaked pants or a stinky pair of drawers, I'm going to tease you mercilessly about it, puppy. But here, when you're visiting or staying the night, you're staying in diapers. I clearly can't trust you to keep clean otherwise."

Ranjit was admittedly not thinking as clearly as the psychic-talent Esper prided himself on doing. He was too enamored with Fridolf and too horny still, or he might've been a bit less aggressive. As it was, he leaned down to hungrily kiss his wolf again, before undoing the diapers tapes with a slash or two of his clawed fingers. "I will, however, let you still have the big boy privilege of choosing what kind of diaper you want. Do you want cartoon characters, toy trucks, or alphabet blocks for a night time nappy?"

Player 1:

The wolf, to be fair, hadn't exactly been expecting this himself. It was definitely a day of self-discovery for him. Definitely a lucky catch, considering how all the mighty hero needed was a gentle nudge.

As forward as Ranjit was being with him, laying down ground rules, the result was a happy wag from Fridolf's tail. The authority that the tiger was speaking with was a rush of pure bliss for him, setting butterflies in his tummy (and maybe a stiffy down below). Ranjit was certainly not the only horny one here~

The kiss left Fridolf's mind numb for a second, before the question finally set in. His parallel thoughts, having abandoned their suspicions of Ranjit in favor of puppy-time, were comparing the options before the wolf settled on cartoon characters.

"I want cartoons..." He said sheepishly as his ears did a little nervous cartwheel.

Player 2:

Ranjit gave a warm, paternal smile to his Puppy, drawing back up to his full height and pulling a drawer open on the changing table. "Then Cartoons it is. We'll get the puppy all padded up for nite-nite, and then you can spend it cuddling with Daddy so you don't have any bad dreams, ok? I wouldn't ask you to spend your first night here sleeping in a crib alone, after all!"

Out of the Changing Table came a diaper that looked much thicker than the one Fridolf was wearing... the front covered with little cartoon superheroes, wolves and lions and bears all in action poses. The characters were all members of the "**Super Six**", a comic book superhero team that was popular with a lot of younger kids and glamorized the work that Fridolf did on his night shifts. The padding itself smelled faintly of talcum powder. As Ranjit held it up, he silently prayed that Fridolf not ask any questions about why he owned childish diapers like this, although he wasn't going to use his powers to keep that outcome from happening.

Instead, he just unfolded Fridolf's soiled diaper. "Yup, definitely a poopy pupper here. Such a silly boy, so excited to play with Daddy that everything just leaked right out of you!" He chuckled, getting out some wipes that were scented with a faint floral aroma to wipe Fridolf's butt clean... taking a moment or two to circle the wolf's tailhole and see if he frowned at the stimulation or seemed to enjoy it. They hadn't quite had any 'adult' sex yet, so the tiger didn't know if his pup would enjoy anal play. Once Fridolf's baby bottom was clean and relatively dry, Ranjit wadded up the old soiled nappy and put it away in a diaper bin, the lid keeping the smells sealed away from even a wolf's keen nose. "There we go! Wave bye-bye to your stinky diaper, Fridolf!" He teased. "Now lift your butt for Daddy..." The tiger wasn't quite strong enough to manhandle the wolf like he could a real toddler. A new diaper was slid under Fridolf's bottom, his tail threaded through the tailhole, and a fine coating of sweet-smelling talcum powder applied to Fridolf's bottom... the powder treated the same way that some of Ranjit's other baby supplies were... with chemicals meant to be absorbed through the skin to weaken bladder muscles tucked away behind an innocent looking visage. A few weeks of powderings and diaperings and Fridolf could wave hello to a lifetime of wetting accidents... or at least he could without his own natural Esper Powers helping him reinforce his bladder. Still, a night or two of the powder wasn't going to cause *permanent* damage.

"You know, I didn't expect you to like cartoons much, Fridolf. But between the movie and your choice in diapers, I think maybe you have an interest you just never explored much!" Ranjit pulled the diaper up around his pup's crotch, squeezing the wolf's cock through the thick, pillowy padding. It was going to spread the wolf's thighs, forcing him to waddle unless he bolstered his own leg strength just to walk normally. "Would you like to watch some with Daddy sometime?"

Player 1:

The big cub certainly recognized the Super Six, though he'd never seen a version of them wearing diapers. Not that it was a stretch, really, given that they were six super-powered kids. The wolf quickly concluded, based on earlier tidbits, that Ranjit was simply embracing a part of his life that was out of his control. Going with the flow, so to speak. It was admirable, actually.

The changing process was pure bliss to the wolf, from the way he was gently wiped clean, to the nervous tingle as the tiger started... inserting... into him. The scents of the wipes and powder made him feel tiny, even if he had to lift for the smaller tiger. And when the diaper was snugly in place, taped around his waist, the only word that could be used to describe Fridolf was joy. A touch of happiness that he'd never really experienced before. The joy of his super-powered leaps through the city night were different. Those were the joy that accompanied freedom. But this... this was the joy of sharing something intimate with another person.

Whatever hearts Ranjit had looking at Fridolf were returned with a sparkle-eyed excitement and crinkle-wagging happiness. "I'd love to watch cartoons with Daddy!" He replied, his normally deep voice gaining a couple of octaves as he let go of his adult self for the evening.

Player 2:

"Tomorrow morning, then? It's Saturday, after all." Ranjit smiled, patting the front of his new boyfriend's diaper before taping it shut and sealing in Fridolf's crotch. A cock tucked away in thick, pillowy padding so big that it could barely be seen. A night time diaper suitable to soak up several wettings from any creature smaller than a rhino or an elephant. Fridolf could have piddled in it for a full day and it wouldn't leak. "But for now, I think it's bedtime for puppies! If you've got some more free time tomorrow, we could get you that toy and pacifier Daddy promised." Ranjit winked... he knew Fridolf would have to go on patrol sooner or later, but at least he wouldn't have classes over the weekend to pull him away from the tiger.

Ranjit would help his wolf up off the changing table and lead him back to bed. The tiger was still in a sodden diaper himself, but he wasn't about to ask his puppy to change him for night time! Instead, he just sat Fridolf down and held up a finger. "Can you wait for just a few moments, Fridolf? Daddy will be right back." He slipped out of the room... but returned moments later holding a stuffed tiger. "Daddy has to change into a new nappy himself, but so you don't get lonely, I have a friend for you to meet! This is Teri, and he loves cute puppies!" The stuffed tiger would be offered to Fridolf, the fur of the creature carrying a hint of Ranjit's own scent. "Why don't you two play while Daddy gets cleaned up for bedtime?"

Player 1:

Fridolf nodded at Ranjit's offer. Honestly, patrol was the furthest thing from Fridolf's mind right now. The active investigation into Dawon, or his nightly crusade against crime. None of that mattered at the moment. All that mattered was his new friend Teri, and the slight pang of anxiety as he waited for Daddy to come back.

The anxiety faded quickly, however, as his mind crafted a complex play scenario, each thread being independently maintained as he built a pretend world for him and Teri. One where Teri found a lost cub named Fridolf, and was offering to keep the wolf company until Teri's Daddy showed. Naturally, Teri's Dad would adopt the cub, and he'd live happily ever after. But that part of the story was for later. For now, the pair had to stalk through the jungle, avoiding quicksand, snakes, and crocodiles as the tiger-plush led the wolf home.

All while Fridolf lay belly-down on the bed, kicking his feet and voicing Teri. He normally would have felt absolutely absurd, but he was at Daddy's house. And if Daddy hadn't wanted him to play with Teri, then they wouldn't have been introduced.

Player 2:

There was something nice about a fresh, clean, dry diaper.

Not that Ranjit had anything against wet, soggy diapers or stinky, mushy diapers. He couldn't possibly claim such a thing, not with how hard he'd gotten, seeing his new wolf pup mess himself for the first time. "Ugh... Fridolf is just... almost perfect." He'd loved the wolf since he first saw him in his Superhero costume, but he'd never thought in a million years that he'd find out his crush was anything like THIS. The tiger almost wet his new dry diaper just thinking about dressing Fridolf up in ABDL outfits... and could just barely resist cumming at the thought of the

two of them cuddling in his hidden Nursery. If Fridolf started enjoying even more babyish activities... well, the tiger would probably explode in a fiery arousal explosion.

He sighed, shaking his head to clear the thoughts out. *One thing at a time.*

When Fridolf heard the telltale crinkle of an diapered butt returning to the bedroom, he would see Daddy wearing a thick night time diaper just like his, except covered in cartoon print patterns of *The Wildcats*, a team of super villains that the Super Six sometimes fought with. "Are you having fun with Teri, puppy?" The tiger purred, tail swaying behind him. He was naked now, save for the night time diaper, and sauntered over with a waddle to his gait to run his paw along Fridolf's back to pet at the wolf. "I hoped you'd both be friends."

Player 1:

"Uh-huh! Teri was telling me all about you! How you're the king of the jungle!" Fridolf didn't miss the Wildcats print. It was thematically adorable, and **Little Fri** approved. "And now that you're here, we don't have to worry about snakes!"

The wolf nuzzled up against Ranjit, the big fluffball pining for cuddles. Despite being in a 'Little' headspace, the sight of Ranjit in just the diaper was doing all sorts of things for Fridolf's libido. The scent of Ranjit on Teri was nice, but it paled in comparison to the real thing. Musky male, shampoo, kitten powder and plastic... Ranjit smelled like a nursery, honestly. And the wolf was loving it.

And then pretend-Teri posed a question, as the wolf's parallel thoughts hadn't stopped playing the game from earlier. "You gotta ask Daddy!"

Fridolf's ears did a little wilt, and nervousness fluttered in his tummy. "Um... Well... Teri and I were talking... and... I-um. We... were wondering if... if you would Adopt me?" He said, wiggling in place, looking up at Ranjit with wide, expectant eyes. Literal puppy-dog eyes.

Player 2:

"Oh, there might be one snake you have to worry about." Ranjit chuckled, that specific one-eyed snake throbbing beneath his nappy. He listened to the wolf's response, pausing for a moment before being hit with that question.

Ranjit blinked.

For a moment, the psychic was entirely unable to think.

His heart raced and Fridolf could hear it.

"I- you-" Ranjit stammered, his face getting a bit hot. "Do you want to be adopted, Fri- Puppy?" He perhaps was taking the question a bit more seriously than the little-headspaced Fridolf was. The whole thought of it had derailed his whole schedule and plan. He took a deep breath.

"B-because if you really want to, I, um, I've wanted to have you here for the longest time, I've wanted to-" He had to regain his cool. The tiger knew he was 'Daddy' here. Was this a game or a real question though? He could use his powers to see into Fridolf's mind, but was that 'cheating'?

He hesitated. Before bending down and hugging Fridolf. "I would love to adopt you, Puppy. I just didn't expect the question." Not then and there, not so soon, and not without a lot more seduction. Ranjit squeezed Fridolf. "I've always wanted a puppy." Well, he'd always wanted Fridolf. So why was he so nervous all of a sudden? Butterflies in his stomach, of all things? He didn't blush at all when he messed himself in public, but a coy question from his crush got him frazzled? "I just... never thought you'd want to be adopted. I- this is like a dream come true."

Player 1:

Fridolf heard Ranjit stuttering, and decided to take things forward a step by pressing his muzzle into the tiger's. Ranjit wasn't the only one who wanted this. The difference, Fridolf thought, was that Ranjit had just been aware of what he'd been missing, while Fridolf had just been completely ignorant of it.

So he pushed forward. Probably recklessly. Maybe too fast. But he didn't want to slow down. Couldn't slow down. If he paused to stop and think about it, he'd lose out to his nerves.

The wolf set Teri to the side and pulled Ranjit down onto the bed, the Tiger ending up on top of him, diaper to diaper. Villains against Heroes. A playful part of Fridolf was thinking the Super Six and Wildcats should have a brawl~

Player 2:

Fridolf would hear Ranjit gasp as he was pulled onto the bed, which turned into a playful growl. This was more what Ranjit had been expecting. The Super Six crashed against the Wildcats, grinding against each other, as the tiger snarled and kissed Fridolf back, hungrily. "You know if I adopt you, you have to live here. With Daddy." He let his tail tickle at Fridolf's footpaws, as he grappled the big wolf and pinned his wrists to the bed, holding him down and grinding the Wildcats against their Superhero victims. "Kept in diapers whenever you're at home. Daddy checking you. Changing you. Might be hard to keep your potty training whenever you're out at College, pup."

Player 1:

Fridolf's question had, incidentally, been more about making their little relationship as official as their big one. But if Ranjit wanted to bring him into the house...

There was the logistical concern of his base, but that wasn't actually too hard to alter. He'd just... have to come clean about being an Esper and a Hero. Well, come clean sooner. There's no way he'd be able to maintain a relationship with Ranjit and continue his nightly prowling as Fridolf. Especially once Daddy started to set a curfew.

These thoughts lingered in the back of his mind, a single train planning out the logistics. The rest of his little mind-threads were focused on the mighty clash happening down below their heads. When to pull back to regroup, when to push forward in an assault. Which spots he rubbed at would cause the tiger to gasp, and which didn't. And whether the tiger wanted the villains to beat the heroes, or the heroes to pin the villains down and really teach them a lesson. He couldn't read minds, but he was good at reading body language~

Player 2:

Fridolf would find himself in a wrestling match, something he would normally have all the advantages in the world in. The Super Six, however, were pushed down, the Wildcats bulging forward and grinding against their defenses. Ranjit was hungry and had let the puppy give him a pounding earlier. Now, he was entirely of a mind to go on the offensive.

He had his pride to reclaim, after all. Fridolf had made him blush.

So the feline began to thrust, Wildcats bouncing up and down against their superheroic counterparts, as he growled and nipped at one of Fridolf's ears. His paws rubbed down his puppy's sides, teasing the wolf's muscular body, as Ranjit teased the bulges beneath both their diapers. The Super Six were caught on the defensive, and if something wasn't done, they'd be set up for an explosive downfall!

Player 1:

Fridolf felt himself gasp, and could feel the tiger's dominance starting to come out. So he made a good show of a fight. The Super Six managed to blindside the Wildcats, even getting the high ground. Their victory was short lived, however, as a daring strike from the villains managed to lose them the advantageous position~

And then Fridolf felt his bladder signal that he needed to pee. Maybe it was the excitement. Maybe it was the overly large drink he'd had earlier. Either way, he was well aware that he'd have to stop now if he wanted to avoid having an accident in bed.

Naturally, though, Daddy had prepped the oversized cub for just this moment. And without any **Psionic Enhancement** keeping his bladder in check, the Super Six quickly became the Soggy Six. The wolf let out a moan of relief, the sensation muddying the waters with his lust.

Player 2:

As if by magic, the print of the Super Six on the front of the wetting diaper changed. The diapered superhero team no longer were in dynamic, action-y poses. Instead, they were all standing in soaked, dripping diapers, each looking embarrassed, panicked, or some mix of the two expressions. The Soggy Six were clearly too little to be out doing heroics without a caretaker keeping an eye on them.

Or at least that's how they looked in the print on the diaper, one sucking a thumb to sooth his nerves, another in a distinct panic as he stood in front of a training potty, so close and yet so far

from being a Big Boy. Another was sitting in a yellow puddle and crying, his super outfit stained from his accident. And another was pushing his paws in front of his diapered crotch, trying and failing to hide the yellowed, swollen accident. The fifth member was now in thick mittens and booties, his super uniform now looking more like a baby's playtime outfit between them and the soggy diaper, as he folded his paws and fumed and fussed. And the sixth member, their leader... well, he was sprawled along the crotch in the center of Fridolf's wet diaper, openly groping his own soaked nappy, lewdly showing everyone how he felt about his puppy pants.

Ranjit had spent more than a pretty penny to have THOSE diapers custo- made, but there'd always been some smug satisfaction in seeing superheroes turned into super babies whenever the tiger soaked himself. He'd spoiled Fridolf with some of his own custom nappy designs.

Before he squeezed the crotch of Fridolf's diapers. The night time diapers could take several wettings more, but the tiger wanted to tease. "Did a certain little puppy get too excited playing and spring a leak? Should we stop playing now and leave the puppy to whine and squirm without making stickies?"

Player 1:

Fridolf's ears did a panicked fold. "N-no Daddy! I can... can still play! Really!" He protested, all his confidence soaking into the padding between his legs. The feeling of surrender to his cub-pants, the warm squish of Ranjit's weight pressing into his diaper... it was amazing. Especially here in bed, knowing what they were here to do. He didn't want this to stop. If anything, he wanted the tiger to have an accident as well. To feel both their diapers squish against one another.

This was far better than the alleyway. Far better than shuffling self-consciously in the car. It was embarrassing. Humiliating. Degrading. And it was arousing beyond belief.

He grabbed the back of Ranjit's head and gave the tiger a deep kiss, hoping that Ranjit wouldn't stop.

Player 2:

The kiss would be hungrily returned, but broken sooner than Fridolf might've wanted. Daddy Tiger had other ideas. "Are you sure? You were really naughty... pulling Daddy down on top of him, not asking permission... I think a puppy needs to be punished." The tiger gave a smug grin. Punished, but not too hard. He wanted to encourage future naughtiness, not discourage it. "Lay down. I think it's time you were reminded why Daddy is Daddy." The tiger would stand up, looming over Fridolf's snout, before lifting his own tail and sitting down on the puppy's sniffer, butt padding wrapping around it. A paw would creep down to the Soggy Six diaper, groping at Fridolf's crotch and teasing his cock... meant to help him associate what was about to happen with pleasure.

Psssssssst!

Because the tiger was pissing his own night time diaper, soaking it as much as he could manage, the padding against Fridolf's snout swelling and growing moister and muskier. Daddy wasn't just leaking, he was hosing the nappy down as if he hadn't wet at all just a bit earlier. "Mmmph... this is where naughty puppies go. Squished under Daddy's diapers, learning to be better behaved." If Naughtiness was how someone defined "Better Behaved" at least.

Player 1:

The teasing kept him squirming, as Ranjit's diaper seat pressed into his muzzle. Fridolf was just about realizing what Ranjit was planning when the tiger began to soak himself. The scent of Ranjit's diaper filling with ammonia and tiger-musk caused the wolf's hips to buck, and he very nearly creamed his diaper right there.

The wolf's sniffer nuzzled up into Ranjit's diaper, nostrils flaring as he drank in the scent like a dog dying of thirst. His eagerness made the association between **arousal** and a **soggy diaper shoved in his face** easy to establish.

Player 2:

The more he sniffed the pissy feline scent, the more Fridolf felt pleasure. The link was as simple as that. Wet diapers were sexy, and the scents were a turn-on. Fridolf would find it hard to shake those notions...

Certainly not with Ranjit giving his thoughts a little nudge to help them along. Just a tiny little push.

Before the big tiger slowly rose back up. "Now then... on all fours, pup. And lift your tail. I think it's time Daddy showed you who your alpha is."

Player 1:

A part of Fridolf chuffed at the 'Alpha' comment. Hadn't they already covered how that was rubbish psychology? Of course, the comment hinted at something else, and the rest of Fridolf told his academic self to shut up and present.

Rolling to his belly, and then onto all four legs, he hiked up his rear, the wolf's tail flagging up to give Ranjit a good impression of just how excited he was for this.

Player 2:

Fridolf would feel his diaper tugged down to his knees, his soggy crotch free to the chill of the air. A muzzle would push between his cheeks and then...

A rough, wet feline tongue would slid along his tailhole.

Ranjit pulled away after just one lick. "Now puppy, if this isn't something you want at any point, you just whine and say "No-no, Daddy!", you understand?" He said before starting to lick again. His tongue teasing and stretching at his puppy's hole, while a free paw reached around to start

gripping at Fridolf's cock, using the soggy pee to rub up and down on the wolf's shaft. Keeping him hard but never letting him get close to cumming...

While his hole was being lubed and stretched in preparation.

Player 1:

Fridolf's heart was racing. Was he ready for this step? It was clear what Ranjit was prepping him for... and yet... he wanted this. Even though they'd only met today, he was eager to feel the tiger take him. Breed him. Make him belong to Daddy...

"Y-yes, Daddy!" He said, confirming that he understood. His hips were still doing a slight rock in time with Ranjit's paw. What would it feel like to get bred while the diaper was still on? To feel Daddy use him, while he was trapped in the confines of his own puppy pee? Or maybe while suckling a paci? Wearing a collar and leash? His mind was going in all directions now, like he'd taken the first step through a door and was taking in all the possibilities he'd never considered...

Player 2:

It would take an almost agonizing ten minutes of teasing from that tiger paw while Ranjit stretched and prepped the puppy. Getting lube would take too long and ruin the mood, and the cat had a strong grooming instinct anyway. So instead he just made use of his tongue, until he was sure the pup's virgin tailhole was properly ready to be mounted. He could pick up all Fridolf's stray thoughts as he worked, the things he was suddenly curious to try.

Steering those thoughts would be child's play.

But Ranjit didn't. He wanted very badly to let Fridolf's mind run wild with imagination, instead of steering him down a single course. With a growl, he reared up, looming over the wolf. The prideful supervillain side of him was amused at how he was about to "triumph" over the hero, but most of Ranjit just wanted them both to savor this moment. "Just one last moment, puppy." Fridolf's mind had given him a good idea, however.

As Ranjit tugged his own diaper down with one paw, he pulled Fridolf's back up with the other.

Letting that canine cock squish into the padding, the wolf's tailhole just barely exposed, as Ranjit's seven inches revealed itself. "THis might pinch a little bit, puppy. I hope you're not squirmy about pain..." He had stretched and readied Fridolf, sure, but the puppy was still an obvious virgin down there. And few superheroes Dawon know about ever bothered to exercise THOSE muscles. He'd taken advantage of that before with other superheroes. (Making a spandex-clad superman shit himself in the middle of a fight was a perfect distraction, though the psychic had only ever done that once, and even then it caused a nosebleed and a migraine that lasted for half a day afterwards. Still, it had been WORTH it.)

And then that cock slid into Fridolf. Ranjit went slowly, letting Fridolf feel every inch of his first breeding, while the tiger growled and huffed, his cock sliding along his pup's prostate.

Player 1:

Instinctively, Fridolf was reinforcing his rear, protecting himself from injury. It didn't do anything to stop the alien sensation of something sliding into him, though. The wolf let out a low growl of his own, fists clenching as the tiger pushed past his tailhole. It was followed by a surge of physical pleasure as Ranjit hit a pleasure spot~

Immediately, Fridolf's hips bucked forward, attempting to find purchase where there was none. Nothing but the dirty diaper for the puppy. As his hips rocked back the tiger slid further in. His body clenched around Ranjit, his tail-hole having never taken anything into it before.

Player 2:

Ranjit hadn't heard a "No-No Daddy!" yet, and that had extinguished all his fears and hesitations that had been holding him back. With a distinct growl, he began thrusting inside his lover's bottom, grinding with a bit of increasing speed as he sawed away at the puppy's prostate, his free paw pushing into the crotch of Fridolf's diaper, squeezing that wolf's cock into the soggy material and rubbing it in time with the tiger's thrusts.

"I expect that diaper to get a lot stickier, puppy." He managed before grunting, Ranjit eagerly slamming into his puppy's bottom, his balls beginning to spank at Fridolf's bum while he picked up the pace. The tiger had already cum at least once tonight, but he was horny enough he figured he had another shot in him without any real trouble. He found a good pace, using the grip around Fridolf's soggy diaper as a lead, and kept pumping into the puppy, filling his bottom with tiger love.

Player 1:

Ranjit got his wish sooner than later, as Fridolf let out an ear-splitting howl as he came, and came hard. An Esper-Enhanced howl. The sound pushed Teri off the bed, knocked over a vase, and cracked a couple of windows, as the esper unintentionally amplified himself. Fridolf hadn't even noticed, too absorbed in the feeling of his member spurting ropes into his waiting diaper, filling his puppy-pants with sticky cream. The feeling was indescribable, and his fists clenched the sheets beneath him as he rode the feeling of intense bliss.

Player 2:

The sensation made Ranjit almost fall over. His ears were ringing. He actually felt a little bit of pain, as close as he was to the epicenter of the unexpected sonic attack. His nose was bleeding.

There were, perhaps, consequences to being a superhero's "First", it seemed.

But the tiger kept going, thrusting and growling, gripping his new mate tightly, as he pumped faster and faster... before roaring himself, a loud triumphant growl, as he pumped his seed into Fridolf's bottom. For just a moment, Ranjit linked his mind to Fridolf's. Letting the wolf **feel the pleasure of both of them**, as the tiger bred his wolf, and the wolf bathed in the afterglow of his

diapered orgasm. It was like orgasming again, feeling every sensation that Ranjit felt in his own puppy mind.

And then, the link was broken.

Ranjit huffed, falling backwards. The howl had hurt him enough that his body ached and his nose was bleeding. He could barely hear anything, it had been deafening.

He just needed...

He needed to just rest.

Ranjit closed his eyes, passing out, dead to the world.

[End Part 5]