

Hero and Villain, Puppy and Kitten

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Chapter 6: Hungover, Hung Out to Dry, Hung Jury

Player 1:

When morning came, it came with the smell of eggs and bacon, drifting to the cat's nose and Teri pushed into Ranjit's arms. The room was a wreck, though the smaller bits and baubles were picked up. And the blood that had been leaking out of Ranjit's muzzle had been cleaned up. As had the broken vase. The plant that had been inside was sitting in a serving bowl, a temporary fix, no doubt.

There was a mess of feelings from the kitchen. Worry. Shame. Doubt. A lot of self-anger. Seemed Fridolf hadn't had a lot of sleep last night.

Player 2:

"Mmmm..." Ranjit would stir after a few moments, his body aching a little bit as he pushed himself into a sitting position. His diaper smelled like he'd soaked it again in his sleep. Several times. He was near leaking, in a night time diaper. That almost never happened to the tiger.

Fridolf had done a number on him this time. The irony was almost too much to bear.

Grunting, Ranjit stood up, tugging a pair of sweatpants over the padding, and snuck out towards the kitchen, following not the smells but those emotions. He wasn't quite clear headed enough to plan yet, but while clutching Teri, he headed towards where the trouble was. "Fridolf?" There was a painful yawn from the tiger, before he walked into the kitchen.

Player 1:

"Oh... um... y-you're awake..." The wolf said as the tiger walked in. The wolf was still wearing the same diaper from last night, not having a mind to have changed it. He was busy putting together a breakfast, and from the phone sitting on the counter it was clear that he'd nabbed a recipe off the internet. The omelets were misshapen, but they at least smelled nice.

"I- that is... um... I'll pay for the damage. To the windows, I mean. And the vase. And... maybe the room? You'll... need to have someone check the structure. It's probably fine, but if there are any cracks in the wall it's best to get them before it rains..." His mind was a whirlwind, his thoughts doing a comprehensive check of all the things that his howl had likely broken.

Player 2:

Ranjit grit his teeth. His power was amazing, certainly, but it also had a weakness. Unless he consciously focused on it, Ranjit couldn't shield himself from what he was sensing. It was possible to overwhelm him just with too much sensory input. He'd gotten better at protecting his

mind from emotions, but there was a reason the CEO kept away from crowds and too many public speaking events. Normally a single panicked mind would be no problem.

But Ranjit felt like he had a hangover, and focusing enough to shield himself was almost impossible right now.

"Fridolf. Puppy. Stop. Just... just stop." The tiger held up a paw, while squeezing Teri. "You're spiraling, panicking, and obsessing all at once." And it was giving Ranjit a headache. He badly wanted to lay down and just nap until his head stopped throbbing, but he recognized a vulnerable person when he saw them. He couldn't ignore Fridolf like this. "Take a deep breath, sit down, and don't keep apologizing. I'm not mad. I'm not mad at you, but we should talk."

Player 1:

Here it comes. Fridolf thoughts were laced with panic and spiraling despair. *It was nice while it lasted. Finally connect with someone, and you manage to screw it up during your first date. You know how dangerous your power is. What the hell was wrong with you last night?*

Fridolf took the sloppy meal he'd prepped, over to the table before sitting down with a definite squish. He hadn't been as thorough as Ranjit in filling the diaper, but he'd certainly had at least a second solid wetting sometime during the night. A legit accident as he was panicking about his screw-up.

Seemed he's spent the time between his howling climax and dawn worrying over Ranjit, then trying to fix the room, and then trying to figure out how he was going to tell Harold at the **Esper Control Center** that he'd gotten a normie boyfriend and promptly nuke the guy's house with a sonic howl. An attack he specifically didn't use due to the collateral damage it could cause. Oh, Harold was going to have a field day.

Ranjit would probably sign an NDA, and they'd never see each other again.

Player 2:

The tiger could hear those thoughts loud and clear. (With how hung over he was and how unguarded and afraid Fridolf was being, how could he NOT?!?) He groaned and reached over to put a paw on the wolf's shoulder. "I really wanted a better time to do this... and a better place... and maybe a clean diaper." Ranjit shook his head. "I had so many plans, but everything went so fast, and you were so eager, and I never thought you'd reciprocate-" The tiger sighed and shook his head, squeezing at Fridolf's shoulder before letting go.

"I've had a crush on you since the first time I saw reporters broadcasting you saving people's lives." The tiger just grit his teeth and admitted it. "I know who and what you are. I'm sorry I kept you in the dark about that. I just- I was being selfish. I thought if I told you, you'd panic and the more I learned about you, the more I wanted to be there by your side. The more I started to love you."

Ears splaying out in a sign of nerves, Ranjit just grit his teeth. "I should've told you though. There's a lot I should've told you. This wasn't fair to you, and I'm sorry, and if I'd been honest and taken a chance... maybe we would've been more careful."

Player 1:

The tiger's comments didn't really pierce through Fridolf's internal doom-spiral until the words "...broadcasting you saving people's lives." broke through. His stomach fell out. Ranjit knew that he was the superhero **Wulfram**. *How!? How did he find out!?* The tiger's prediction had been correct, that Fridolf would panic, because he just started to panic.

If the tiger had figured it out, then who else had? He'd been careful to not have personal ties because of that worry. Families were weak points for villains to exert pressure on. As were relationships. Could Ranjit protect himself when some bloodthirsty monster decided to hit where Wulfram would be hurt most?

"I'm sorry. I should have... I mean... I didn't... shit."

Player 2:

Ranjit lowered his head. "Don't apologize. You're not the one who wronged someone here, Fridolf."

The tiger just shook his head and fell silent. As long as he was sharing, he needed to share everything. "Just... take a few deep breaths, ok? Then follow me. I need to tell you the truth. And you can decide for yourself what happens next." The tiger stood up, walking upstairs and waving for the wolf to follow him.

Once he returned to his bedroom, he would approach a bookcase and pull a book on the shelf that was just slightly out of place in that it looked like a children's book standing out amidst a stack of novels and technical manuals. The wall next to the bookshelf slid aside...

Revealing a large, brightly lit Nursery.

The floor underneath was soft, made of colorful segments of easy wipe foam slotted together. A rainbow underfoot to contrast the pastel pinks that ringed the walls. Solid color in the lower half, with a cloud print on the upper. The furniture though was more varied. Blues, purple, pink, wood painted in most every baby appropriate color.

Appropriate furniture too, if the huge crib dominating one wall was any indication. Tall enough for a bigger baby than the overgrown kitten already trudging across the room past a treasure trove pile of plushies, tail dragging behind. The crib wasn't the only little-appropriate option on display. Opposite was a changing table, with built-in shelves absolutely packed with diapers of all prints and sizes, as well as a shelf overhead with varied changing supplies. A baby block printed wardrobe lay stuffed in one corner, filled with outfit options. Matching the design of

several toy chests dotted around the room, most of which were not quite able to fully close for all their contents.

But beyond it was a door. A door that stood out because it wasn't babyish in the slightest. It was metal, and black, and seemed **WRONG** in how out-of-place it was in such a brightly lit place.

The tiger trudged along the nursery room floor, setting Teri aside in his proper spot in the crib. Every step made anxiety build. He hadn't wanted any of this to go like this. He had no plans. He just knew he needed to be honest here or it was all over.

It might still be all over.

That black metal door had a keypad on it. Ranjit stared at it. Dawon reached up and pushed in the passcode. The door's bolts unlocked and slid open.

Revealing a much different sort of room.

"This place was once the lair of the **Crimson Wound**. I didn't like the man much. He terrorized this city as its premier super-villain for quite some time before you came along. Then he disappeared."

The tiger shook his head. "He disappeared because he tried to kill me."

Ranjit lowered his head. "I was just a young gay guy who thought a rich playboy wanted to have some fun with me. I went home with him, so excited I thought I'd wet myself and so nervous I **DID** wet myself. He didn't seem to care about my, uh, underpants. He just talked to me so sweetly and led me to his bedroom. And then to a hidden room behind it. A-and then, he stopped being so gentle. In a panic, I discovered powers I never knew I had. I didn't have any control. I felt his fangs bite into my neck here, in this place... surrounded by bodies of his drained victims he hadn't bothered to clean up... and I realized I could touch his mind. I didn't know what I was doing. I just wanted him to stop hurting me. To stop hurting people. I just wanted the Crimson Wound to **go away**."

The tiger stood in the center of a supervillain's lair, in front of a supercomputer glowing with monitors. Nearby, in a glass case was a costume. A familiar costume that Fridolf had seen his recent nemesis Dawon wearing during the bomb scare incident. "I- I made The Crimson Wound go away. His mind, I mean. There wasn't anything left of his identity except a drooling, oversized infant. He's being taken care of in an asylum a few states away from here. A large portion of my salary goes to making sure he's seen to."

Dawon lowered his head, the tiger seeming to deflate. "I know who you are because I'm an empathic psychic. An Esper with an ability to hear thoughts and feel others emotions. I awoke to my powers when I lost control and did something terrible. And I was your nemesis recently." He gestured towards a filing cabinet. "That cabinet contains a full list of all the financial crimes I've

done, with evidence. I've tried to only ever rob people who abused others. Rich corporations that trampled others. I gave most of what I stole away. My company's finances are separate, you can check and confirm. I won't stop you. But even if my intentions were pure- and they might not be-" Greed could be insidious like that, going arm-in-arm with moral justifications. "-I have still broken your laws."

Ranjit shook his head. "And I never stopped loving you from afar. You were everything I wish I was. But after what happened to Crimson Wound, I needed money to make sure he was taken care of. Especially at first when my company was just getting started. I was afraid to turn myself in and come clean. And yes, I did get used to the luxury and excitement of it all." Greed could be tempting like that, too.

Dawon sat down in his command chair, with a squish that would've felt hot in any other circumstance. "Falling into a life of super villainy was stupidly easy."

He looked up to Fridolf.

"I used my powers to help seduce you. I **shouldn't** have. You deserve better, and your howl was justice. Unintentional, but justice."

Dawon the super villain looked up to Fridolf.

"Well? Feel free to arrest me, Wulfram. I love you, and I won't stop you if that's what you want to do. Any choice you make now is your own."

Player 1:

Fridolf felt a swarm of emotions. **Shame** at having fallen for the other Esper's plan. **Horror**, that a **Mind-Warping Esper** had been around him without his helmet to block their influence. **Betrayal** that the person he'd fallen head-over-tail for had been... what, was any of it actually real? Were these feelings his own? He wasn't sure. Couldn't be sure. How could he?

He took a deep breath, stilling his thoughts. And his mind suddenly seemed scattered to Ranjit. A wall of **psychic static**. Any attempt to read the wolf's mind would be crowded with memories and thoughts. A technique that could block Ranjit- Dawon- as effectively as the helmet, but at the cost of leaving the wolf effectively vulnerable. He couldn't use his other abilities at the same time. But keeping his mind locked down was more important.

Looking back over the space, and then Dawon, Fridolf looked like he wanted to say something. And then shook his head, and began fishing for his clothes. He hadn't apprehended the cat, but that might be more due to the fact that he was pretty helpless against a mesmer. Or maybe his entangled feelings of affection. It was hard to tell with his stony face and clouded thoughts.

Player 2:

Dawon watched as Fridolf started to look for his clothes. The man was shutting him out mentally. And that was painful to feel in multiple senses. The static made it hard for him to think clearly without his own tools to help bolster his abilities. But also because he knew a betrayed reaction even when he couldn't feel it in someone's mind. Ranjit wasn't able to shield himself from the feedback of that static, either. He just sat there and took it, letting his headache build and build and build.

He wanted to say something. Anything.

But he just hung his head and sat there in a soaked diaper, ashamed and letting Fridolf get himself dressed. He had no idea what the wolf was thinking anymore.

Eventually, it was too much.

Dawon broke down and cried.

He wouldn't respond even if Fridolf said anything. He was just going to let the wolf go.

Player 1:

Fridolf heard Ranjit- Dawon- break down. The sound hurt him. Like a knife to his gut. And by the time he'd put on his clothes and made his way downstairs, his own eyes were flowing, tears matting his white fur. Walking past the abandoned breakfast, he paused at the door, considering staying. His paw hovered over the knob for a long minute, and then he took hold and turned it.

The door was locked. Idiot.

Unlocking the door, he was greeted with a painfully nice day. It didn't fit his mood at all.

The next day the wolf's house was up for sale, the contents already emptied out. Nearly a week later, Wulfram returned to his work. Nobody thought much of his absence. Heroes would occasionally take a break of a week or two before showing back up again.

Ranjit was never visited by Wulfram, though. Or any other heroes. The ECC would have been all over him if Fridolf had turned him in, which means the wolf hadn't said anything about Dawon. Cold comfort.

Player 2:

Weeks passed.

Ranjit watched his phone.

He'd taken some leave from work. His head just wasn't in his company right now. The people working for him could manage the day-to-day for a bit.

He waited for some kind of contact. Or the police busting down his door. Or anything. He was too afraid to reach out himself. Too afraid to find out what would happen, yet the longer he waited the more the unbearable tension of the wait seemed to crush down on his thoughts.

But nothing happened.

And the wait continued.

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The crash of a window heralded the end of a need for stealth.

Getting *IN* had been all sneaking and hacking. Dawon had developed a rather elaborate plan to infiltrate the headquarters of the Prime Cuts meat processing company. He'd used a paid catspaw to get into the building and give him an opening. He'd snuck in in full costume. Getting to his target, he pulled out computer files containing the data he wanted. There was no physical evidence of "Operation Overseas", but there were emails, text documents, and a number of other bits of digital evidence indicating the company's awareness of, and compliance with, their employment firm's child trafficking ring. Dawon had every intention of holding the data hostage for money, and possibly revealing it to the world once he'd gotten paid anyway. He hadn't decided yet.

Normally, he'd have gone in under the cover of night. Left without anyone realizing he'd ever been there. Not until it was far too late. The tiger's schemes were rarely perfect, but he at least put in the effort to try and remain beneath notice.

Today? He'd only employed enough stealth to get in and get the goods.

"MWAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" Dawon was done being quiet and subtle. As much as an actual honest-to-god supervillain laugh made a bit of him cringe inside, he was a bit tired of flying below everyone's radar. A flash drive in hand, he fell through the sky of the building, plummeting down four stories, and using his powers to slow his fall so he didn't die. Physically manipulating objects with his powers was exhausting, but he could at least land from such a fall without doing more than twisting his ankle.

Hobbling to his getaway car while men fired bullets behind him, the supervillain huffed and pushed himself in. Turning the key, he started the car, hitting the ignition and rocketing off at max speed.

Either he'd get away or he died.

Either outcome was acceptable.

Player 1:

Wulfram was completely zoned out as he squatted on his perch, feeling the wind whipping against him. With his enhancement active, he couldn't feel the cold. He shivered anyways.

His thoughts were regularly falling back on Ranjit. He'd gotten the ECC to do a mental scrub, ensuring that there weren't any lingering compulsions or deep programing. And after a week the wetting incidents had stopped. That meant he could go back to normal. Back to being Wulfram.

He shifted a bit in place, the subtle crinkle of the disposable under his hero brief a comfort to the wolf. Despite all the betrayal, and having lingering compulsions scrubbed, he couldn't help but to find himself in diapers again. He'd opted for a solid-color baby blue for tonight, but he had an assortment of prints at home. They were right beside the tiger plush.

Even after everything, Fridolf wasn't sure how to deal with his feelings of Dawon. It was pretty clear by now that the villain hadn't done any re-wiring to the wolf. So why was he-

His com pinged, as a firefright broke out by the front of a corporate building of some sort. Switching gears, the wolf checked his location. He was right there to apprehend the perp. Notifying the ECC that he was on his way, he began coordinating with the police.

A single leap threw him high into the air, and, after two more leaps, he could spot his target. Bright yellow car. Poor choice for vanishing in the night. Of course, the flashing bubbles behind their getaway car was a dead giveaway too.

He kept pace with the vehicle for a moment, leaping from building to building as he timed his interception. It came when he saw an overpass with the exits already blocked. Perfect.

He jumped onto the overpass, and leapt down, tracking the car by the sound of the rubber tires on asphalt. When he landed, it was on the front of the getaway car, smashing the engine block. Rolling forward, his gauntlets latched onto the front of the ruined vehicle and he planted his foot-paws on the street, bringing the car to a stop in short order.

Player 2:

SLAM!

The sound of something big and heavy crashing into the front of the car, destroying the engines. The sight of it was enough to make Dawon's diaper grow warm and wet under his costume. "YOU FOOL!" He howled in sheer shock, feeling the car's velocity rapidly shifting as he swung forward, held back only by the seatbelt. Someone had not only destroyed the engine but was aggressively slowing the car down, and while the armor built into costume would protect from the whiplash, Dawon didn't trust his chances with the speeding cop cars behind him. Maybe they knew to slow down and let the superhero do his job. Maybe they had just as much notice as Dawon himself had, and were about to crash into his escape car's backside with all the force of a speeding bullet hitting a melting stick of butter.

Dawon waited only long enough to think he could jump out of the vehicle without snapping his neck. Leaping out of the car, he tumbled and rolled, using his powers to levitate himself just

enough to cushion the blow. "Too... much... telekinesis..." He grunted, feeling his nose starting to bleed. He was an Empath, not a psychic brawler or some kind of burly bruiser. Still, it got him clear of any possible unexpected consequences.

The flash drive still clasped in the glove of his car.

The hero, on the other hand, was not someone he wanted to tangle with. Not with a twisted ankle that was still aching a bit.

Especially not with a broken heart that was still aching a lot.

As he sat there, trying to recover, Dawon stared up.

Wulfram.

It had to be him. Dawon hadn't been willfully ignorant, he knew the canine was in action again. He hadn't planned for this at all though. He'd just not let himself consider it as a possible circumstance.

In a sheer panic, he held a hand up and tried Telekinesis one more time. Not on himself, but on the vehicle Wulfram was still in the process of stopping. The remaining forward momentum might just be enough...

The vehicle's backside suddenly jerked up on Wulfram, the rear bumper flipping forward and upward and trying to pull the superhero forward and under the vehicle as it hooked up into the air. Dawon didn't stop to see if that would be enough to distract the canine crusader or not. He pushed himself to his footpaws and took off at a dead run, heading for an alleyway as fast as his paws could carry him.

Player 1:

The wolf noted that the villain- **Dawon**- jumped from the slowing car. He was committed, though, to slowing the vehicle. Once it was stopped, though, he'd be able to-

-and then the car was suddenly flipping into his face. Reacting more on instinct than anything else, he brought one hand up to catch the car hurtling towards his muzzle, and rocked backwards. Rolling onto his back, his feet kicked up as he flipped the car over his head, and somersaulted onto the undercarriage of the broken car.

The flash of cape and echoing footfalls made it clear where Dawon had gone. Part of him wanted to just let the tiger go. He didn't want to face Ranjit again. But he was a professional, and the tiger had brain-washed people into a firefight. One leap brought him to the entrance of the alleyway, where he began to do what a hero always does when a villain makes a getaway. He gave chase.

Player 2:

Ranjit- Dawon, was certainly not about to make it easy for Wulfram. The trick with the car hadn't bought him nearly as much time as he'd have liked, but it was no matter.

What WAS a matter was the fence at the end of the alleyway.

Just small enough to be climbable, but tall enough that it would be wasting too much time if he tried. The tiger supervillain didn't trust his telekinesis powers enough to assume he could float himself over either, especially not after abusing them twice already so recently. He hadn't suddenly become THAT sort of telepathic esper in the past few minutes.

But he was pretty good at parkour, at least.

It was an inevitably useful skill to cultivate in case you were being chased, and Dawon had made sure to learn. With a running leap his sprained ankle did not like at all, he leapt at a wall, pushing off of it and managing to just clear the fence without injury. When he landed, his ankle complained more, however. A fresh surge of pain that got him wincing. He was leaking into his diaper from excitement as well, but that was just a byproduct of the adrenaline. It wasn't swollen enough to impede his movement anyway.

Or be noticeable under the suit, except to a sensitive nose.

"Cease! Abandon your pursuit! B-back off!" He cried as he ran, darting out the alleyway and rushing into a crowded city street. NOT his ideal path of refuge, but he had no other way to go and hopefully the milling crowds and mix of scents would distract Wulfram long enough to let him find a place to slink off to.

Player 1:

The wolf wasn't interested in the fence, smashing through it without so much as slowing. Worse, his enhanced strength also meant each lunge covered an unnatural amount of ground. He was gaining, fast.

A quick rush of air rushed through the crowd as he called out, "Everyone down!" He'd get a chewing out later for that stunt, but he didn't care about that, either.

The street was full now of stopped cars and people who had all dropped to the ground. Between the lack of cover and the sprain, there wasn't any chance of out-running or hiding.

Player 2:

"S-shit."

Dawon was suddenly the only person standing in a whole crowd of people crouching, kneeling, or otherwise on the ground. There was nowhere to run and nowhere to hide.

And he didn't expect his chances of winning in a fight were that great either. Not now that Wulfram knew his best tricks.

Heaving a sigh, Ranjit held his arms up in a show of surrender, waiting for what happened next.

Player 1:

Wulfram grabbed Dawon by the waist, barely slowing as he called, "Thank you for your cooperation!" to the bystanders. And then he leapt, carrying Dawon off into the night.

He bounded from building to building, not slowing to so much as acknowledge his cargo. When they finally stopped, it was on the top of an office building near the edge of town.

Dropping Dawon to the ground, he pinned the mesmer with one paw and tore off the tiger's helmet. The heroes glowing LED lights bored into the villain.

Player 2:

If it weren't for the fact that his costume was designed as low key body armor, the leaps and bounds being taken by his captor might've knocked Dawon out. Certainly they were moving faster than the average body could take without at least a bit of bruising. There was a bit of Dawon, in the back of his mind, wondering why Fri- why Wulfram was being less gentle than he would've. Police and the legal system, at least to the tiger's knowledge, frowned on too much unnecessary abuse of prisoners.

He didn't think about it too long.

Slamming onto the ground and with paw holding him in place, Dawon felt his mask torn off. Gazing up at Wulfram, Ranjit stared back. There was some instinct in his head to try and defend himself. He suppressed it. The good thing about being an Empath was being able to manage emotions and thoughts like that. Instead, he just stared. "Are- are you going to kill me?"

Player 1:

"Should I?" Wulfram asked, voice cold as ice. He let the question hang uncomfortably in the air.

"You **used** me, Ranjit. Drew me in and manipulated my feelings. Made me..." He trailed off, the pressure on Ranjit's chest letting up.

"Suit off. Now." He ordered, tossing the helmet to the side.

Player 2:

The tiger squirmed with discomfort at the response.

He had been willing to die.

But not to Fridolf. All of a sudden he felt himself staring down the embodiment of his own failings and sins. "I only ever wanted you." He murmured, knowing damn well the words weren't enough. The fear creeping into his tone and body language was only matched by the guilt. "I only ever hoped to show you..." He stopped himself from going any further. There was no way he could defend himself that wouldn't sound wrong. Even if he wanted to, only another Empath really probably could understand what he'd be saying.

And that same other Empath could probably point out no matter what his intentions, he'd crossed lines that shouldn't be crossed.

So Ranjit fell silent, slowly peeling his suit off, All that remained underneath was a white undershirt he wore for comfort (to keep his armor from rubbing against his fur and skin too much) and a soggy, somewhat swollen diaper. Today Ranjit had put on something with colorful characters from the Children's show "Cedar Road" on them, the smiling puppets clearly oblivious to the state of the soaked shorts they were perched above.

Player 1:

Fridolf kicked the suit to the side, and walked over to a box near the roof access door. With a flick a bathrobe hit Ranjit in the face.

"Put that on, and then sit down. Run, and, license be damned, I will put you down." He tapped his helmet's com, making a short call of some sort, before settling down close to Ranjit. But not next to the tiger.

He sat like that for a long minute, before speaking again. "I underwent a psychic scrub, you know. Good old deep-cleaning." The experience was akin to taking a steel-wool pad to your brain.

Player 2:

Ranjit winced. The bathrobe to the face was hardly painful, but he still didn't enjoy it. Making matters worse, he already had helmet-hair and the bathrobe's flopping around his head wasn't going to make him look any better. With a small snort of indignity that he couldn't manage to suppress because he was a cat, he put the bathrobe on, before sitting down as he was directed.

He didn't want to die to Wulfram. Not after what he'd done.

But the wolf deserved this closure, one way or another.

Listening to his statement, Ranjit's ears splayed. "...I nearly drank myself to death one night last week. I just wanted to stop feeling anything." The tiger paused. "A psychic scrub is far less pleasant than that, I know." He lowered his head, burying it in his paws. "Saying 'I'm sorry' doesn't feel like enough in any respect... but I am."

Player 1:

"I don't remember much of anything from the last six months. Scrubs do that, I hear. I have vague impressions... but nothing concrete. I know we went to a restaurant, but not which one or what we had. I know we went downtown, after a stop to my place, but not why or what for. And, of course, any lingering mental hooks you had in me are gone."

He looked up, expression hidden behind his mask as the lights of a car down on the street illuminated him from behind. "But you know what I do remember? Even after everything was said and done?" He asked, with a humorless laugh.

Player 2:

If his face wasn't covered in orange and black fur, it would've gone pale. Ranjit blinked, staring at the hero. "I- I didn't- I didn't know a Psychic Scrub was that intense. I haven't ever read the process-" For just a moment Ranjit's composure crumpled. He stared down at the ground. Fridolf had lost six MONTHS? The process was existentially terrifying.

And...

Depressing beyond belief.

All the happy moments, even if they'd been somewhat artificial, were gone.

Now only Ranjit remembered them.

It was fitting, in a sad way.

"What is it? What do you remember?"

Player 1:

"I remember the feeling of betrayal, seeing your lair. I remember pausing at the door, wanting desperately to just go back and let whatever happened happened. I remember the walk home, hating myself for being so stupid. I remember that night, wondering what, if any, of us was actually real. And what was implanted in my head."

He stopped, taking a deep breath. "And I remember when I put together that you were wearing a piss-soaked diaper, and how confident you were. And how... how fucking sexy I thought it was. I was sure that had been implanted. But it wasn't. Not everything about us was fake... maybe not even the important bits." He went silent as the door opened and a group of people in long wool coats walked out. They were all wearing nondescript costumes underneath the coats, with the pins on each breast reading **ECC Internal Affairs**.

"This him?" The lead woman, a panther, asked. Fridolf... Wulfram nodded.

Player 2:

There was for just a moment, a wide-eyed stare of wonder in Ranjit's eyes. He wanted to dare hope that maybe Fridolf was telling him this as a second chance. Another opportunity.

And then he saw the long wool coats. You weren't a supervillain for as long as he'd been in operation without knowing who *THOSE* people were. ECC Internal Affairs. Some of the most trusted and incorruptible agents of the ECC, and also those known by the circles Dawon had existed on the fringes of as the people with the biggest sticks up their asses of anyone in the ECC. While Dawon had his doubts that every story he'd heard of these spooks was true, he also didn't think they were here to let him off with a slap on the wrist.

Still, he had lost any desire to resist. Fridolf deserved this closure.

"Indeed. I am... 'him'." The tiger said, not moving beyond what motions were needed to speak.

He was going to be disappeared, that much seemed likely. Or put on a trail in front of all the rich companies crying out for the injustice done to their bottom lines.

"So... what happens now? I've always wondered."

Player 1:

"That depends, **Ranjit Talis**. Are you going to cooperate?" The panther asked. "Because, despite what you may think, it seems you have a talent we'd find extremely useful." She looked over at Wulfram. "Your tip payed off, Wulf. Doppel confirmed that our 'villain' here has been responsible for bringing down no less than four corporate groups breaking laws, and extorted from a few dozen more." Turning back to Ranjit, she continued. "That sort of talent is too useful to send to rot in a null cell."

Player 2:

Ranjit blinked.

The psychic wasn't quite capable of processing what he was hearing.

It took him a few seconds. He paused and gazed from Wulfram to the panther, and then back to Wulfram.

It was perhaps embarrassing for someone of his mental capacities to be caught flabberghasted, not a good look at all, but he was. He would just have to deal with it. "I'm a bit underdressed for a job interview-" He began, shrugging from his sitting position. "-But I can assure you that whatever is going on here, I'm at least willing to hear you out."

Player 1:

"Good. It's pretty simple, really. From this day forward, Dawon is dead. Supervillain took himself out with a bomb, he was so determined to not be captured. Nobody knows that you're him, so

it's easy to fix the story." She said, as one of the coats took Ranjit's paw and stole away a little blood with a knife.

The blood-thief walked over to where the suit was, and began to construct... another Ranjit? Looked like his esper abilities let him make organic things out of ectoplasm. Like bodies.

"From here on you'll refrain from any unsanctioned criminal activities. We'll give you targets, and you give us the intel you gather. We cut you a check every two weeks, and your little vigilante operation stops." Looked like it was a very abrupt interview.

Player 2:

"I-" Ranjit stared at himself.

He'd been caught off-guard at first, but now the shape of this was becoming self-apparent. "It's quite an odd thing, imagining I may be able to attend my own funeral, even if in absentia." He laughed and gazed around at the assorted agents.

He was in a bathrobe with a soaked diaper underneath, about to become a government... agent... contractor, whatever status they'd describe him on paper as. After trying to kill himself via superhero. "Alright. Fine. I suppose it'll be a hell of a lot less stress than what I was doing before!" No more actually executing the heists he planned, or at least not unless they decided they wanted him out on a field mission. It'd be less time and less risk. He gave a nod, before gazing over at Fri- at Wulfram. Perhaps it might be less lonely as well? The tiger had no idea what was going on in the wolf's mind... nor did he intend to try and find out. Attempting a gentlemanly bow while in a bathrobe and painfully aware of the crinkling noise no one would be able to miss unless they were deaf, he flashed the panther a smile. "Consider me at your disposal, ECC."

Player 1:

"Good. We'll be in touch. Wulfram, I trust you can see our newest employee home?" The panther said, handing Ranjit a business card. It just had ECC and a phone number.

The wolf nodded silently, scooping Ranjit into a bridal carry. "Best that you hold on." He said as he prepared his leap. The other ECC members were already busy putting Dawon's armor on the Ranjit-doll, along with an incendiary device hidden under the breastplate.

"On the count of three. One... two... and three!" Wulfram said, giving Ranjit some warning this time before leaping up into the air.

Enclosing another person with his enhancement field was as taxing for Fridolf as Psychokinesis was for Ranjit. A flex of their powers that seemed to bend the wrong way. Even so, he took the extra effort to shield Ranjit from the brutal pains of his enhanced jumps, carrying the Tiger towards Ranjit's home...

Player 2:

Ranjit was not so much of a gentleman that he couldn't resist a soft purr while wrapping his arms around Fridolf's body. He had been told to hold on, and he reacted to that by getting as close to the other Esper as possible before the jump happened.

It was still intense and the tiger still wet himself against the g-forces. Wulfram's powers kept there from being any pain or from passing out, but by the time the canine had slammed into the pavement of his mansion's driveway, Ranjit was admittedly rather shaken up. His vision was a bit blurry and he'd had to actively resist the temptation to use his own powers to encourage Wulfram to slow down or stop. "S-so, I, um, suppose this is goodbye?" He said, while his tail wrapped around Wulfram's waist to brush along the wolf's own backside adornment.

Player 1:

Wulfram put the tiger down, and, now that he wasn't being jostled around by the hero's enhanced leaps, he could make out an unfamiliar car in his driveway. As Fridolf walked up to it, a nondescript person- likely another member of the ECC- rolled down the window and handed the hero a suitcase.

The hero walked over to the door of Ranjit's house, silent for the time being. It was clear that the front door had already been opened, but he was being polite nevertheless.

Player 2:

"I- huh?" Wulfram was followed by the tiger towards his own house, feline curiosity suddenly causing his ears to perk. Hadn't he had the sense to lock the door behind him? Had the ECC hit his house? Was that what the 'Tip' had been about? It would make sense. He shot a glare at the man in the car, not quite angry but still with a certain feline aggression expressed at the stranger in his private territory. As the door was opened, Ranjit walked towards it. "I- thank you?" He was oblivious to what was happening at this point. Not letting himself guess or probe into any wills, and simply going with the flow that was presented to him.

Ranjit entered the mansion, looking around and not certain what was going on without his psychic crutches to help him get a feel for the situation.

Player 1:

His house... had certainly been searched. Though it looked like an attempt had been made to put things back mostly in order. Certainly better than how a federal unit's strike team would have left it. Probably because they had known exactly which book to pull to reach Dawon's secret lair.

Wulfram closed the door behind them, locking it for the night, and began to undo his gauntlets, and then greaves. Looked like he wasn't going anywhere for tonight.

"I didn't remember where we went that night, but my phone did." He said, setting the pieces of his hero outfit to the side. "And I made some reservations for the restaurant. And bought some

tickets for that dragon movie we had gone to." He looked up at Ranjit, finally taking off the mask. "Figured, if I don't really remember it, then it'll be a first date all over again."

With the helmet removed, he became an open book for the tiger. And his emotions were a wreck. Fear. Anxiety. Betrayal. Confusion. And... a lot of arousal. "First, though, we both need to change, I think. You're about to spring a leak there, and... well... my... um... special 'hero pants' aren't doing much better..." He said, embarrassed about... about the diaper he was wearing under the hero brief.

Player 2:

"You mean you're-"

Ranjit actually blushed. The tiger's normal confidence wavered for a moment as he heard the phrase "first date", but there was a smile on his muzzle and a perking of his ears. He took a step forward, letting his confidence resume itself. "What sort of host would I be were I not to take care of my guest's needs?" He didn't touch Fridolf, though he did draw a bit closer. "If you need some help changing yourself, that is." He certainly needed a change himself. The hero wasn't wrong about that.

Player 1:

"Well... I figure... You can get me into a... um... fresh d-d..." He had trouble saying it, his ears and tail doing their thing and dropping. That Fridolf's libido rocketed up at the same time was just a happy coincidence, right?"Not like he doesn't already know. Hell, he's probably reading my mind right now."* He thought.

Coughing nervously, the wolf tried again. "You can change my d-diaper, and I can change yours. An-an' then... maybe we can watch some cartoons? And cuddle? I... I'd like that..."

Player 2:

The tiger reached down to feel at the wolf's diaper, squishing it and rubbing the front against his paw. Teasing the wolf slightly before pulling him into a firm kiss, holding the canine up against his toned, muscular body. "We can't have our hero waddling through the streets with diaper rash, after all. It would be a service to the whole city to tend to your diapers, pup." He made sure to keep rubbing at the wolf's crotch, leaning in to whisper in his ear. "I'm not reading your mind, you know. I won't touch your mind at all, not without your permission." That shit-eating grin was growing along his face. One that seemed awfully familiar, as Ranjit regained his stride. "I don't need to. You're an open book to me, puppy..."

He let his paw slide away from the wolf's diaper. Was this too forward? Too aggressive? Perhaps... Perhaps a fist would deck him in the face in the next few moments. It was, however, worth a gamble.

And as he turned to walk towards the stairs to his 2nd floor nursery, he let his tail lift up, dancing behind him and making his own padding crinkle. "I think I know some cartoons you might like.

And there's a pacifier I suspect you'll be fond of... maybe with a stuffed friend to squeeze on your lap as I squeeze you on mine?"

Player 1:

"Um... R-ranjit? I... I don't mind if you..." He paused, nervous. "I'm okay if you read it. I mean... you're a Mesmer. Reading minds is as much a part of you as your fangs or stripes." Fridolf gave a weak smile. "And... even after the... scrubbing... I was still... I mean..."

"Even after the compulsions were removed, I still jacked off to the image of you in a diaper." He thought. "The feelings I had for you were real. And... my interest wasn't implanted by you, was it? Fuck... not sure how you pegged me as being a big pup... but... I'm glad you did." The wolf took Ranjit's hand, following the tiger up to the nursery.

Player 2:

Ranjit took his pup upwards. The nursery was just as he remembered it, either because it had been left untouched or because the team that had hit his mansion had been very meticulous to rebuild everything. Ranjit squeezed Fridolf's paw, leading him across a soft, squishy floor and letting his tail rub along the back of the super hero's thighs. "I don't think your desires or feelings had anything to do with me, no." Turning his head, he gave a gentle kiss to the big puppy, lingering their lips together for a moment before patting the soft comfy surface of a changing table for Fridolf to sit down on. "When I gazed into your mind before, I saw someone who had denied themselves... or been denied... a lot over their life." When Fridolf had laid down, the tiger parted the superhero's thighs, putting a paw along the top of his diaper and rubbing firmly up and down, as if he was kneading bread dough against the wolf's cock. "An empty house, not a home. Very few interests beyond your studies. I think I may've been your first sexual partner." He explained, trying not to sound judgemental. "I saw a puppy who had grown up too quickly, and sought to give him a chance to enjoy himself."

That paw was teasing Fridolf instead of changing him. Strokes through the diaper at his cock, using mind-reading to identify whenever he managed to stir up pleasure. Ranjit was not practiced at massage, but by knowing what touches caused what emotions, he could do pretty well at sensual pleasure. "Does the puppy like this?" He asked, already knowing the answer? Maybe I should give you a pacifier to suck before we help you make stickies in your diapees."

Player 1:

Fridolf nodded. Of course he liked it. He'd come to terms with that over the past few weeks. It wasn't that Ranjit made him like it. It's that he, Fridolf, enjoyed pissing his pants. Shitting in his diapers. Proving that he was a diaper-dependent little cub.

His paw found its way on top of Ranjit's, pressing the tiger's groping paw down onto his blue hero brief. And into the taxed diaper that was sequestered underneath it. Out there, he was a hero that needed to risk his life to save others. In here, though? In here he was Daddy's little cub.

And in desperate need of a change.

"I'd like a paci..." He said. "And maybe a stuffie to cuddle."

Player 2:

"Of course... little Fridolf." Ranjit would turn away from the changing table for just a moment, walking away to his crib before returning with a strangely familiar stuffed tiger. "This is Teri, and he loves cute puppies!" Ranjit offered the little creature to Fridolf, the plush tiger's fur warm and smelling distinctly like Ranjit... and a bit of pee. The tiger had been MEANING to launder his little friend, he just hadn't gotten around to it...

A pacifier was next, this one bright blue and matching the hero's outfit and the diaper underneath. Fridolf would find that with each suckle, the pacifier rewarded the pup sucking it with a small taste of something sweet. It was designed that way to help encourage development of sucking habits.

And then, Ranjit moved down to the diaper. "Let's see exactly how much my little cub needs a change, shall we?"

The hero briefs were tugged down. And then the tiger lowered his head to sniff and rub at the diaper directly. "Smells like a pissy puppy, doesn't it?" He tickled at Fridolf's tummy, eager to coax a giggle out of the wolf. "Doesn't it? Doesn't it?"

Player 1:

Fridolf took Teri into his arms and... and glimpses of memory started to fill in. He vaguely remembered playing a game with Teri while Daddy was away... something about a jungle full of hazards. The light smell of pee on Teri didn't bother Fridolf in the least. If anything, it was sort of comforting.

As comforting as the suckling from the pacifier. It kept the hero's mouth occupied, though his mind was already working to fill in the gaps in his memory.

Fridolf had gone for premium diapers, it seemed. High capacity, and adorable superhero prints. They didn't fade into defeat like the one Ranjit had made him wear before, but the effort to look every bit like a puppy underneath his costume was definitely there. An illusion that was reinforced as Fridolf let out happy chortles under Ranjit's tickling paw.

Player 2:

"Oh my..." Ranjit gave the superhero's diapered crotch a squeeze. "Good choice of brand! I wouldn't have expected such a cute little puppy to buy some high quality ones on your first try." He made sure to give Fridolf's cock a rub through the sodden thing, pumping it once or twice before letting go and slicing open the tapes. Flipping the diaper open, he sniffed the air around the wolf's exposed cock. "Mmm... puppy pee. That scent is delightful." Ranjit was, admittedly,

guilty of using his own powers to condition himself. You could say that he had never put Fridolf through any mental manipulation he himself hadn't endured, and that was right.

Giving himself a stronger diaper fetish had, however, been a bit of a survival mechanism. He hadn't lied the day the two met: he really did have damage down there that prevented himself from properly potty training. He could hold his accidents for a few minutes at most, but they always happened. And waking up each morning with a devastated diaper was routine at this point.

Letting Fridolf suckle on his pacifier, the tiger just cooed and rubbed along the puppy's balls. After another moment, he decided to be a bit more daring. "We have to get you all cleaned up and dried off, or my puppy's going to get a rash." Leaning down, he slid a warm, wet, rough feline tongue up the whole length of Fridolf's exposed cock, a happy rumble escaping his muzzle as he did. Tigers were too big and fierce to purr, but a growl could sound the same, if it was subdued enough.

Player 1:

The wolf shuddered, and with one paw, took the back of Ranjit's head and gently pulled the tiger closer. Seemed the wolf was happy to let the ex-villain be more daring~

It was strange for Fridolf. On one paw, this was an entirely new experience for him. On the other, there was a deep sense of déjà vu. He had definitely been in this room before. On this changing table before. And being attended to by Ranjit before.

Of course, this time there wasn't any undercurrent of manipulation. Well, ignorance of manipulation anyway. He was convinced the mesmer had pointed him down this road. Ultimately, though, Fridolf had been the one to take each step down it. And he wasn't regretting that in the least right now.

"Good boy..." Fridolf said, gently rubbing behind Ranjit's ear.

Player 2:

"Yes. You are." Ranjit purr-growled, tail dancing in lazy waves behind him as he went back to licking. Cat-cleaning and grooming Fridolf's cock to tease his puppy, while also indulging in the pup's salty taste and smell. Yes, this was perhaps a bit more than most playmates he'd ever had enjoyed, but Ranjit was loving the taste of his puppy's accident. After another few minutes of slurping and licking, he decided to be a bit more aggressive.

With a growl, he lifted the puppy's butt and pushed his tongue between two fuzzy cheeks, teasing Fridolf's backdoor while gripping at his cock with a baby-oil lubed paw.

Player 1:

His reward was a gasp from Fridolf, accompanied by a scattering of the oversized puppy's thoughts. Fridolf's toes curled, and his tail assaulted Ranjit as his excitement started to peak.

They both knew where this was going, and Fridolf couldn't seem to wait for the main event to begin...

His paw, which had been scritching Ranjit's ear, retracted so he could squeeze Teri with both arms.

Player 2:

Ranjit got the superhero nice and slick and stretched down there, contending with a wagging tail and rewarded with cute sounds from the oversized pupper. He gave Fridolf a few pumps of the cock to make more of that sweet music, before pulling his muzzle away from that ass.

"I want to hear you ask for it, puppy. Tell Daddy what you want him to do."

It was perhaps playing things a bit safe, asking for consent. But it had the dual purpose of teasing Fridolf. Making him say it out loud how much he needed Daddy's attentions.

Ranjit wasn't going to let him get away twice, and that meant hearing him say it without any mental coercion.

Player 1:

"I... I want Daddy to show me... how much of a little puppy I am. I want Daddy inside of me..." He said, hiding his face behind Teri. He was definitely blushing behind the plush, but he was equally eager. No doubt he'd been hyping himself up to this moment. Likely since Ranjit had agreed to take the ECC job.

"And... and I want Daddy to feel okay... being inside my head again. I don't need to question if it's real. It always was real. And it always will be." He said, adding another touch of consent to their relationship.

Player 2:

Teri would be gently pulled away, as the tiger leaned in to kiss Fridolf in a warm, loving kiss, maintaining it for a moment, before breaking away into a smug smile.

"Then I'm going to insist on a safe word, Fridolf. If at any point you don't feel comfortable with me doing things to your mind, or to your body, you have to say it. Just say "Red Light", and Daddy will stop immediately." He traced a circle along the wolf's bare tummy, before letting the wolf resume his blushy squirmings.

The tiger soon tugging down his own diaper to reveal a rock hard, throbbing, musky kitty dick. While Ranjit would usually clean himself off for this, he didn't want to ruin the mood. So instead, he just began to massage baby oil onto his cock, before parting Fridolf's legs and pushing up against the wolf. "Mmm... such a good little bottom baby... maybe you don't remember the last time we did THIS, but I remember exactly how to make you squirm..." He would reach up to touch sensitive spots on Fridolf's body, reading the wolf's mind to help see exactly what touches

triggered the biggest responses of pleasure. Which spots were most sensitive. As he slowly eased into his lover's backdoor, he was also giving Fridolf the most sensual erotic massage of his life... staying away from the wolf's throbbing cock, however.

He was saving it for last.

Player 1:

The wolf gasped as Ranjit slid into him, the taste of the tiger still on his lips. His mind was a medley of different feelings. Excitement. Unease. Happiness. And a lot of lust. A small part of the wolf's mind was still questioning if this was the right thing to do. The rest of him was certain that this was, indeed, the right thing to do.

So he quashed his doubts, committed Red Light to memory, and rocked in time with Ranjit. He was adorably inexperienced with intimacy, and utterly unused to having such sensitive buttons pushed. Even so, there was a fleeting familiarity with their act. And that helped his nerves some.

Player 2:

The tiger was still being passive with his Esper abilities, choosing to let Fridolf's tree-of-thought grow naturally and without any pruning or ripping of anything out by its roots. This was in part because he respected this wolf, but also because the feline in him considered it a fun challenge to try and squish those doubts without any "cheating", and also a badge of pride if he succeed.

After leaning down for another kiss, he began to push inside Fridolf, grunting as he hit at the male's prostate with a single sharp thrust. "Oh, I can do a lot for my puppy..." He winked. "Days when you forget what a potty even is. Days when you can't help but crave sniffing Daddy's diapers. Days when you feel like a bitch in heat needing to be bred." There was a playful glint in his eyes as Ranjit mounted his wolf. "Days when your big boy brain just takes a nap and someone else can protect the city. Days when you get to enjoy things for a first time and then remember you'd watched or read them before. Days when wetting your diaper feels like an orgasm all on its own... all sorts of fun little games." Games were fun. Games were addicting. Ranjit could just dive into his games and play forever without end.

But everything had to have an ending eventually.

So for now, he just wanted to claim this wolf as his own. With another thrust, he grunted and sped up his thrusts, finally moving to grip and rub at Fridolf's cock, thrusting in time with each pup. "For now, however... the only game we'll be playing is that you don't get to decide when you cum. Daddy does. You aren't going to climax until I want us both to... so that you can forever remember how good Daddy can make you feel... all huffy and needy and happy and flushed-" The tiger grunted, his balls slapping at Fridolf's ass.

"I want to see the big strong superhero melt into a whimpering, needy puppy overcome with lust and desire."

Player 1:

The teasing of just how many ways the mesmer could choose to 'play' with Fridolf was exciting all on its own. His mind played out each of the scenarios presented. To look at a toilet, confused, while desperate to go but unable to remember how it worked, until he finally piddled in a big-boy pullup? Days where he needed to hunt down Ranjit's diaper pail to get a scent-related fix? Days where he was squirmy and needy, but had to wait for Ranjit to get home? The ability to take in little things for the first time again, reliving that moment of wonder? And the last one, where pissing his pants felt so good it was just like sex?

He concluded that Ranjit had done most of these things himself. And those all sounded like extremely fun games.

The wolf bucked his hips, one paw finding its way to Ranjit's shoulder as Teri slid out of his arms and made a silent tumble to the floor. His other hand braced on the changing table, keeping the pair from sharing Teri's fate.

Player 2:

The tiger kept thrusting. Each moment like a bonfire growing in height and heat. He quickened his pace and thrust back and forth into his Puppy, stroking in time. Whenever Fridolf got close to an orgasm, however, Dawon would immediately intervene, using his influence over the canine Esper's mind to keep him from ever turning the key in his head. No matter how much he tried, no matter how many times his prostate was hit or his cock was pumped, Fridolf was trapped in a lusty land of no-control.

He wasn't allowed to decide when he made stickies. That was Daddy's right.

It was a form of superpower chastity, caging the cock without a cage. Ranjit had done it to himself before, with the one dommy daddy he'd dated and subbed for before. Admittedly though... it was more fun to do it to someone else. He growled, thrusting rapidly back and forth within his lover, his baby, his MATE, and then using his free paw to caress the wolf's muscular torso. He'd loved this male since the first moment he saw him. And this was more than he ever deserved.

He kept going, pushing Fridolf for as long as the feline's own endurance could last, which was a while. He'd practiced orgasm denial enough to get good at it.

And it was only once he saw the puppy practically MELTING that he finally relented.

He was already on the cusp of his own orgasm, and it wasn't hard to get Fridolf there. Timing them both to climax at the same time was tricky, but not impossible. The romantic in Ranjit wanted it though, so Dawon would make it happen.

"I- I love my puppy..." He managed to say, before climaxing inside Fridolf for the first of what he hoped to be millions if not billions of times.

"I love Fridolf."

Player 1:

Fridolf let out a howl, this time managing to keep from destroying the tiger's eardrums. And the windows. It was deep, though, and still loud enough to set off a few car alarms down the street. Oops.

The sense of bliss, though, left the wolf in a deep fugue state. Like all his deeper thoughts had melted away. "I... I love my Daddy..." Fridolf managed. "I love Ranjit..." It was a mirror echo of the tiger's affirmation. But it was one that the wolf felt whole-heartedly.

It didn't matter that the tiger had stalked him out of the crowd. Didn't matter that Ranjit had slowly drawn him into diapers. What mattered was that it was what Fridolf wanted. Teri might have been laying on the floor, but Fridolf had a much larger plushie to cuddle. The diaper change could wait.

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Wulfram felt the wind whip by his frame as he leapt from one building to another. His bladder was screaming at him, and he squirmed a little as he landed. Before, he'd just use his powers to enhance his bladder muscles to prevent an accident. But that little trick was currently locked from him. As was his knowledge of how to use a toilet. He wasn't allowed to use the potty without Daddy there to help.

That meant he was relying on pure will to keep the training pants under his hero brief dry. He'd earned six good-boy stars this week, and a seventh would mean the return of his potty skills. Luckily, his patrol was nearly over. It had been a quiet night-

And then the call came in. A fire had broken out in a high-rise building. Fires were hazardous work, and he couldn't afford the distraction. Sighing, half in defeat, and half in relief, the wolf let his bladder go. Warmth spread between his legs as the fade-when-wet prints vanished.

As he made his next leap, mind planning out his rescue operation, a single train focused on the aftermath of his accident. Daddy would no doubt insist that Fridolf wasn't ready for training pants yet. He could practically see Ranjit's mock-disappointment that the hero had, once again, **failed to go potty like a big boy**. Wulfram would be doing his next patrol in a diaper. But that was just part of the game. And they both knew how this game would end.

**[The End]**