

## DiapOut: Chapter 10

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“Here’s to a successful first round,” said Cade as he tossed a hard candy infused with 20mg of THC in his mouth. After an exhausting set of obstacles, both he and Rupert were excited to kick back, relax, and wait to be called up for Round Two. Sadly, they wouldn’t get to enjoy their victory for long.

Stomping across the room, Kyoko grabbed Cade’s cheeks forcefully, causing him to spit out the marijuana-laced edible into her hand. “Don’t even think about it. Newsflash, we nearly lost the first round because of you two,” she said, chucking the partially melted lozenge into a trash can.

“Hey, lighten up, Kyoko. You know we function better while high anyway,” said Rupert, attempting to laugh off the awkwardness of the interaction, “And for the record, I started behind and kept a fairly even pace with that yellow team chick the whole time. If anyone caused us to fall behind, it was Cade.”

An insulted Cade gasped as his partner in crime proceeded to throw him under the bus for their rocky start to Round One. However, before he could launch any counter-argument, Kyoko’s fury took center stage yet again, “You were literally sitting on your ass and watching that girl find the bobby pin for you. Don’t act like you really put your all into that. You slacked off and did the bare minimum, as usual.”

“Guys, guys. There’s no need to spark any in-fighting. Can’t we just put aside all the petty shit and enjoy the fact that we’re one step closer to winning?” said Zeke, silencing everyone else in the room. Thankfully, it seemed to work as both Kyoko and Rupert parted, though neither acted happy about it.

Rubbing the back of his neck, Zeke let out a painfully long sigh. This was supposed to be something fun for the WET Diaper Lovers Club to use for recruitment. But with how everything was unraveling, the whole scheme was putting more stress on their small group than it was worth. Something needed to change about the way they were communicating and fast. And the best way to accomplish that was to pick the brain of their fearless leader.

Sitting down next to Kyoko in the far corner of the green room, Zeke placed a can of ginger ale on her armrest before cracking open a can of his own. As he took his first sip, he watched to see how she would react, only slightly disheartened to see her remain motionless. “Oh c’mon, don’t tell me you forgot?” he said, nudging Kyoko with his elbow.

“How could I? You won’t let me,” said Kyoko, letting out a soft chuckle as she picked up the can and placed the cool surface against her forehead, “I already know what you’re going to say. I’m...not trying to be the bad guy. But between the countless callbacks and spending most of the club’s yearly budget on travel expenses just to be here...we worked too hard to lose because we slacked off at the finish line.”

Raising his hands, Zeke backed off from Kyoko a bit. "Hey now, no need to be on defense. I'm not here to give you some grand lecture. I know...WE know how hard you've worked to get us here. And we trust you. Just...try to put a bit more trust in us as well," he said, leaning forward and placing a warm hand on Kyoko's shoulder.

"Zeke Collins!"

Before Kyoko and Zeke's conversation could continue, Keelee entered the green room, clipboard in hand. "Ah, there you are. I need you to come with me," she said in a no-nonsense manner.

As much as Zeke wanted to stay for Kyoko's sake, he didn't exactly want to argue with an authority figure either. "I'll be right back. Keep my soda cold for me, will ya?" he said, handing off his mostly full can to Kyoko.

Entering the hallway, Zeke was forced to keep up with Keelee's speed walking, despite the soreness he still felt in his legs. "So...what's this all about?" he asked, trying to sound as casual as possible.

"Well, for one thing. We have a few extra release forms for you to sign. Them's the brakes when your dangly bits wind up on camera," said Keelee, deriving a bit of pleasure from watching Zeke's face flush with embarrassment, "However, before we get to that, you've got a small pit stop to make."

Curiosity nipped at Zeke's brain as he trailed behind the confident production manager, wondering what this pit stop would entail. That curiosity only grew stronger as they arrived at a door with "CassiRole" written in bold, golden letters.

"Cassi's waiting for you inside. Come find me in the studio when you're all done and we'll get your paperwork squared away," said Keelee before promptly rushing off to her next task.

Left to his own devices, Zeke's anxiety was reaching new heights. It was already crazy enough to be in the same studio as someone he'd been watching online for well over a year. Being called to CassiRole's private dressing room was something different entirely, though. He wasn't sure his heart could handle it. What was he even going to say? Do celebrities make small talk? Pushing through his nerves, he threw caution to the wind and knocked on the door.

"Come in," said Cassi in a sing-songy voice, beckoning Zeke to enter.

Obeying Cassi's command, Zeke twisted the doorknob and stepped inside Cassi's dimly-lit dressing room. Other than a single vanity mirror with bright fluorescent bulbs organized around it, the room was completely darkened. And stationed in front of that mirror was a very recognizable silhouette. Zeke gulped hard as he slowly moved closer, "H-hello Cassi. You wanted to see me?" he asked, his voice cracking slightly.

"Yes, I did. After the flashy display you put on in the first round, I've been asked to talk you through what to expect once the episode airs," said Cassi, diligently applying mascara as she talked. Turning her head slightly, she motioned toward a chair near her vanity, "Please, have a seat. I'm almost finished here."

Zeke timidly traversed the long dressing room and sat down on the lounge chair nearest Cassi. His heart rate suddenly spiked as once he sat down, he could see, clear as day, that CassiRole was completely nude except for a diaper. "Oh geez, I-I can wait outside if you-"

"No need. You showed me yours, so it's only fair. Besides, if I had to hazard a guess, this probably isn't the first time you've seen me in a state of undress," said Cassi, who had countless diaper nudes posted to her OnlyPamps account. She stifled her laughter as she kept an eye on Zeke's squirming in the corner of her mirror, "Now then, you can rest a little easier knowing that your junk will be blurred out when the episode broadcasts. Advertisers probably wouldn't appreciate seeing full-frontal nudity on cable television."

Letting the compressed air out of his lungs, Zeke was pleased to hear that the more intimate details of his birthday suit wouldn't be showing up on potentially millions of TV screens. "That won't be too bad then, I guess," he said, allowing himself to lean back and relax a bit in Cassi's comfy chair.

"Don't get me wrong, though. Blurred or not, It's very likely your streaking incident will go viral online," said Cassi, her tone shifting to be more serious. She placed the cap back on her mascara and promptly stood up to slip into her costume, forcing Zeke to bury his eyes behind his hands, "You need to be ready for the fact that anytime someone Googles your name, an image of you baring it all will probably be at the top of the search results."

"Uh-huh, sure," said Zeke, doing his best to pay attention to Cassi while her body was actively trying to distract him. Still, it was hard to deny how much he wanted to ogle her perfect, slender body. The front of his diaper pulsed up and down in response to his active imagination. It was just too tempting. He peeked through the cracks of his fingers, only to find Cassi's face mere inches from his own, "Gah! S-sorry, I didn't mean to-"

Before Zeke could finish his sentence, Cassi reached forward, grabbed Zeke's hand, and placed it on her exposed breast. "That is unless we want to hop on stream together right now and spice up those search results in advance," she teased, tossing his hand back to him and skipping back over to where her next wardrobe was hanging.

Looking toward the door, Zeke wasn't certain if he should make a mad dash for the exit or stay put and see how far his time in Cassi's dressing room went. After all, what would the others think if they found out? Moreover, what would Kyoko think?

"I take it by the fact that you're shaking like a lost Little that you're either a virgin or dating that Kyoko girl," said Cassi starkly as she slid on a silk robe and proceeded to tie her hair up in a bow.

Taken aback by how forward Cassi was being, a very flustered Zeke struggled to respond, "Um...no. Yes! I-I mean, no." He shook his head and slapped his cheeks a few times, attempting to shake off his nerves. "Yes, I am a virgin. No, I'm not seeing anyone, especially Kyoko. She doesn't exactly swing that way."

"Oh really. Tell you what then, why don't we make a little deal?" said Cassi, taking a seat directly on Zeke's lap, causing a symphony of crinkles to echo out from in between their diapers,

“I’ll see to it that you leave this room without your V-card...and in exchange, you tell me everything there is to know about your cute little clubmates. How’s that sound?”

As Cassi whispered sweet nothings into Zeke’s ear, he felt as though he were about to burst inside of his diaper. While he wasn’t super concerned with kissing his cherry boy status goodbye, the idea of spending his first time with CassiRole of all people was as alluring as it got. That being said, there was one simple question on his mind that prevented him from jumping on the opportunity. “Why? I mean...w-what do you want to know?”

“Anything you can think of. Quirks, fears, embarrassing secrets, etcetera, etcetera,” said Cassi, sounding as nonchalant as she could, “I already know so much about the other team. They all practically live online. But you and your friends have been surprisingly cagey about personal details.” She opened her mouth and began to nibble at Zeke’s ear lobe, squeezing a moan out of him.

Feeling Cassi’s hand start to slide from his chest downward told Zeke that he was running out of time to make this decision on his own. “Mmmmm...n-no...” he said, grabbing Cassi’s hand just before it reached the hem of his diaper, “I-I can’t. I want...my first time to be special. I’m sorry.” Without saying another word, he stood up and bolted out of the room.

“Well shit,” said Cassi, groaning as she rolled her body across the lounge and stretched her arms out. With her first and easiest strategy of extracting some juicy info for her show going up in flames, it was time to turn to plan B, “Hmmm...so Kyoko doesn’t swing that way, huh? Well then, perhaps she’ll swing my way...”

TO BE CONTINUED...