

A Sore Loser

June 2022

"Aww, dang it! That was a good one, bro!"

I duck for the white ball as it pings and spins crazily across the living room floor. It's only my second point, but to hear Jesse gloating on the other side of the table you'd have thought he's just scored the winning touchdown in the Super Bowl. "Aww, yeah! Who's the ping pong champion? It's me, uh-huh! Uh-huh! How you like that, *loser*?"

I'm grinning and sighing as I retrieve the ball and return to the table, giving it a quick thwack to send it ricocheting back to him. "Yeah, yeah, don't go getting a big head now! Your serve, Jesse..." Which he does – so viciously and energetically that it shoots clear off the table, promptly earning him another point.

I've known Jesse for a good two years now – ever since we met in freshman orientation day. He's a cool guy, I guess; a whiz at organic chemistry, and a giant K-Pop fan, and just generally a pretty fun guy to hang out with. Maybe not the best of sports, but still cool. Better yet, he's got a girlfriend this semester: Christina, who's coolly working away on her homework there in the corner as if all our ruckus is just a bit of background noise. Though now and again I catch her glancing up with those pretty almond eyes of hers... and maybe it's just me, but that mysterious smile she flashes makes me start thinking and feeling some very uncomfortable things.

I'm not the kind of guy to fall for one of his best friend's girlfriend, after all. Nope. Definitely not.

But back to the game. Which, I should clarify, is exactly that for me. Just a game. Yet to judge by his alternations between loud-mouthed bragging and bad-tempered swearing, for Jesse it might as well be World War Three. Back and forth goes the ball: sometimes arcing gracefully down, at other times skimming the net with only a whisker to spare. Jesse is getting worked up now, and it's starting to show. With every point his serves are getting faster, his lunges less accurate, his sweating face drawn tight in a fierce scowl of defiance. He *will* win, at all costs. He must...

Except that he misses that final, neat little backspin I just sent shooting over the net and off into space.

"That's eleven," I announce with what I think is well-mannered, friendly ease. "Eleven and the game. Maybe next time, buddy!" But Jesse isn't having it. "No- no dude, that can't be! You- you

fucking cheated – I saw it! That last one touched the net, it had to have! There's no fucking way you could have-" He's red-faced, waving his paddle violently, clearly incensed. I've seen salty players before, and Jesse is not just salty. He's, like, an entire salt *block*.

"Relax, man, it's fine!" I try to reassure him, but he's evolving into a swirl of red-faced, chaotic anger. "There's no *fucking* way! I'm telling ya, every *fucking* time-!" But before I can say anything further, we're both caught off guard by Christina's quiet interjection.

"Jesse. That's enough!"

She's meeting his flushed and irate expression with what can only be described as a steely stare. "You do not behave like that with your friends, young man!" *Young man?* I'm tempted to laugh, not simply to dispel the tension, but in response to her strangely mom-like words. I've never in my life heard a girlfriend refer to her sweetheart as "young man" – but then again, I've also never seen Jesse in quite such a state...

"Over here. Now." And strange to say, Jesse is actually obeying: lowering his arms, shuffling over to stand before her, grumbling and with his paddle still in hand. "You're being a very naughty boy," she intones, her voice sharp and stern. "And you remember what I told you before about throwing tantrums and being a little brat. Don't you?" Christina might as well be addressing a three-year-old with that language, and I find myself chuckling lamely and trying to fill in the awkwardness with my own amiable words.

"Aww, it's okay! Jesse is just a bit of a sore loser-" But as far as Christina is concerned, I might as well not have said anything. "I know you don't want him to see this, baby. But you clearly can't be trusted! Here you are, acting like a spoiled little brat, just like I told you not to before he came. So go on, baby. You know the rules."

Rules?! "But- but *no-ooo...*" Jesse is whining plaintively, and even though his back is to me I can tell from his stance and his fidgeting hands how nervous he's becoming. "Are you talking back to me? Are you?" "No-oooo! No, I'm not-" "Then give me that paddle. And drop those pants, honey. Or maybe you need help?"

It's then that I begin to realize the supremely odd nature of what's about to happen. For Jesse is fumbling at his jeans, and before my very eyes they slip down to puddle around his ankles. "Undies too," Christina orders, and amid whines they too descend... leaving me struggling not to stare at my friend's now-exposed buttocks. "Over my knee. Now." And down he drops awkwardly to his knees,

as she tugs him closer and pulls her boyfriend's bare – and clearly defenseless – ass into position.

Is she-?! She can't be serious- But the first crack of the ping-pong paddle against his bare bottom leaves no doubt about what's going on. Christina is... spanking him. Spanking my friend. On his bare ass. Right in front of me.

The paddle descends again, and I can't help but notice his suspended legs kicking reflexively. "Oooowwww!" comes his muffled, strained cry, but it's swiftly cut short by a third swat, and then a fourth. "Quiet, baby," Christina commands, and now I can swear I hear a thrill of cool exultation in her voice. "You're being a bratty-" *smack* "pathetic-" *crack!* "little loser." *Smack!* "You were mean to your friend." *Crack.* "You used bad words." *Smack!* "You talked back to me." *Crack!* "You clearly deserve this spanking, honey. We both know it..."

In the otherwise dead-quiet room, the mixture of the cracking paddle and the muffled groans and whimpers of my friend seems to thunder in my ears. I'm witnessing this all unfold, and I'm not sure if I should laugh or cry. *I don't- I shouldn't be seeing this- I should look away, or better yet, leave-*

And then she says it, with a quick flash of her dark eyes over the upraised paddle. "Don't worry, Nolan. No need to leave! In fact, it's better this way. This bratty little crybaby deserves to be embarrassed in front of his friend, don't you think?" A muffled sob escapes Jesse's shaking form, and she laughs sweetly even as another flurry of swats descends on his reddening bottom. "Aww, bawling now, hmm? You really are a crybaby for sure! Just a big ol' baby – an overgrown baby boy who needs someone to teach him a lesson..."

When it's over – and I'm still not sure how I managed to stand there without spontaneously combusting in the heat of my own secondhand embarrassment – Jesse is a mess of tears and broken pleas. "I- I'll be good- I promise-" "You will? Are you sure?" Christina is pulling him off her lap and forcing him down onto his knees beside her; she's wiping away his tears, holding a tissue to his nose to blow, smoothing back his tousled hair. "Yes- yes, I promise," he murmurs brokenly. "I promise..."

"Well, then. That's better!" She's smiling softly, and plants a kiss on his flushed and sweating brow. "I hope so... for your sake." But then, as his hands fumble for his fallen boxers and jeans, she clucks disapprovingly. "Uh, what are you doing now, mister? What do you think you're doing there, hmm? Have you forgotten about your punishment pants?"

Punishment... pants? What the hell kind of kinky fuckery-

"No, no please- not those!" But despite his broken pleas, Christina only shakes her head and rises, with a brief apologetic smile at me over her shoulder. She's reaching down, opening a little door in the end table by the sofa, pulling out something oddly soft and thick and crinkling...

"You know you deserve this, baby," she states, stepping firmly back and resuming her seat beside her visibly trembling boyfriend. "I know you're embarrassed to wear one in front of your friend. But you were naughty, baby. You clearly don't deserve your big boy pants right now – and we definitely can't have you playing with your friend naked. So come on – hold your shirt up for me, baby. Yes, *now...*"

And so it happens. Right before my very eyes, the folded, pastel-colored garment unfolds – and under her deft hands is pulled between Jesse's bare thighs and wrapped snugly around him. It's a literal, freaking *diaper*. A baby diaper, by all appearances, but sized for an adult – and covered with pastel cartoons and whimsical shapes.

Within a matter of seconds, it's done. My ping pong partner and classmate and friend is now officially wearing a diaper – a diaper that his very own girlfriend has forced him to wear.

Of course I try not to make a big deal out of it. Of course I try not to stare as he rises from his knees and waddles uncomfortably over and mutters a meek, mortified little apology with red cheeks and stammering lips. Of course I accept it. I pretend that I'd rather just chill and watch Netflix now that we're done with our match, and I try my best not to focus on the babyish crinkling and rustling that now accompanies his every movement as we settle together onto the couch...

But I'd also be lying if I said that I don't find myself thinking the most unholy thoughts that very night. For here in the safety of my own bed, I can let my imagination roam free: thinking guiltily of Christina's strong arm wielding that paddle... of the crack and heat of reddening flesh beneath her hand... the muffled pleas and moans of a submissive, repentant young man... and yes, even of her fingers tugging that gargantuan Pampers around her young man's hips.

Is it weird that find myself wishing I was in his place? That I indeed had Jesse's girl?