

Baseball Baby (A Nick & Doug Short)

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"Daddy! Not here!"

Nick the Labrador was sitting with his border collie boyfriend in the nosebleed section of the baseball stadium. His boyfriend, Doug, was a baseball fanatic, but him? Not so much. It was fun to watch for a little while, but then there was another inning. And another. By the fifth inning, Nick was ready to head home. Of course they had done this song and dance before, so his Daddy had a few tricks up his sleeve to keep things interesting, such as keeping Nick padded during the game. Of course that meant *using* the diapers, which of course would lead to yet *more* fun, at least for Doug.

"Yes, here, little boy," said the older canine, crossing his arms and giving a superior smirk. "I have to make sure you're not too wet. Otherwise, I'll have to change you." Nick blushed as Doug pulled down the younger lab's pants and unbuttoned his baseball-themed onesie.

"Daddy, everyone is gonna see!"

"No one can see, honey. You're making too much of a scene and then people are gonna pay attention. Now let me check you." Nick's feeble whines were no match for Daddy's powerful paws. Whether he wanted it or not, Nick's onesie was unbuttoned, the elastic front flying up to rest atop his belly. Doug pawed at the diaper a bit, even sticking a few fingers inside the waistband before finally passing judgment.

"Oh my, my my. Let's see here. Mmmm hmmm. Yup! Just as I thought. Puppy, you're soaked!"

"What? No way!" said Nick, looking down at the soggy padding in Doug's paw in disbelief.

"Musta been all that soda, sprout. We'll have to get you a small pop next time." Doug chuckled and patted his embarrassed boy on the head. Just then, a loud announcement came over the speaker.

"And now for the couple's cam! Right now on the screen we have this very cute couple doing a diaper check. Looks like the big guy has called foul!"

"Th-Th-That's us!" cried Nick, pointing to the huge-o-tron. Doug looked over and saw they were both right there on the big big screen. He smiled and waved while Nicky scrambled to cover himself up.

"Don't wave at them, Doug! Help me get my clothes back on!"

"What did you call me?" said Doug, turning back toward his boyfriend and raising an eyebrow.

"Uh oh," said the announcer. "Looks like somebody's getting a spankinnnng!"

Nick was totally humiliated as he felt his boyfriend's hand come down on his diapered butt over and over with a loud plastic smack. He was quickly reduced to tears - more from sheer embarrassment than any actual pain. Once Doug was satisfied, he stood Nicky back up and pulled up his pants.

"You be a *good* boy now, and I won't have to do that again." Doug took Nick's muzzle in his paw and gave him a gentle kiss on the nose. Then he took Nicky by the paw and led him down toward the exit, ignoring the announcer, who had been broadcasting their every move. Nick's white baseball tights jutted out noticeably on screen as the outline of his diapered butt waggled back and forth with each step.

"Aww, isn't that sweet?" said the announcer. "Looks like the little boy got a kiss from Daddy. Those two look like they're headed to the clubhouse for a little diaper change. That wouldn't be an issue if they had skybox tickets, now would it? Whaddya say folks? Should we give 'em season tickets for the skybox?"

The cheers came up from the crowd.

"I think they mighta heard that in the next town over! Why don't you cheer like that *all* the time, huh? Well, okay then. Mystery couple, go ahead and proceed to the skybox, where you'll find your season passes waiting for you as well as some *changinnng* supplies!"

"Oh boy! Did you hear that, sprout?" asked Doug, rapidly wagging his tail. "We're going to the *skybox*!" Nicky just covered his face with his paw and moaned.

"I'm so embarrassed. Now everyone in the stadium knows I wear *diapers*!"

"Now, now, Nicky. That's not *entirely* true. You forget that this game is *televised* too! This is one of the biggest games of the year, actually..."

"Oh gods! That's even worse! How can you say that like it's a good thing?" Of course, like any Daddy, Doug was very proud of his little boy and loved to show him off, so he didn't seem to think there was any problem. He just put his paw on Nicky's soggy behind and told him to hurry up, and that he was just a grumpy pants because he went too long without a change. By the time they reached the clubhouse, Nick was so

distraught that Doug had to put a paci in his mouth to calm him down, which only served to make him even more adorable and embarrassed on screen. The crowd ate it up right up until the two disappeared into the private skybox section.

"Don't worry little puppy," said the person who was there to greet them. "You're so adorable. The fans loved it! Come on in, and your Daddy can get you changed." Nick sniffled and nodded as he walked in.

"By the way," said the greeter, "we've been looking for a new mascot. Anyone that can get the crowd cheering like that is a real strong candidate..."

"Really?" asked Doug, rubbing his chin and looking at his Labrador boyfriend with new eyes. "A new mascot you say?"

Nick pulled out his pacifier. "No way, Doug. Don't even think about it. I'm putting my foot down this time!"

"Hush, now sprout. You've earned enough spankings for one day." said Doug. He then grabbed his younger boyfriend's paw, pacifier and all, and guided it back towards his muzzle.

Doug picked up his pacified boyfriend and brought him over to the changing area that had thoughtfully been set up by the window overlooking the baseball field. They were followed closely by their greeter, who was rubbing his paws like he'd just struck gold. Nicky was embarrassed to be sure, but he also wanted to get out of his soaked diaper as soon as possible, so he just gave in and let himself be laid out. Daddy would take care of everything as he always did.

"Ah... as I was saying," said the greeter, while Doug began the arduous task of undressing and changing an oversized puppy, "the fans *really* loved the little boy and his Daddy they saw on screen today. Our phones have been ringing off the hook, so we pulled your names from your seat numbers. It's a pleasure to meet you Nick and Doug, if I may call you that..."

Doug didn't take his eyes off his little boy's butt to respond. He was far too busy getting Nicky's pants, baseball onesie out of the way, and taking off the poor pup's soggy diaper.

"Wipes," he said, reaching out a paw.

"Here you are, Doug. Uh, or Mr. Baxter, if you prefer. I hope that you will consider..."

“Diaper.” Doug held out his hand and a thick diaper was placed in it. “Well would you look at that, Nicky! It’s *baseball* themed! Got the red stitching printed on the front and everything.”

“*Daaaad!*” whined Nicky, letting his pacifier fall, but Doug was too quick. Nicky’s mouth was quickly plugged before the pacifier could even hit the ground.

“Hush now and be a good boy, or I’ll bring the muzzle out. Don’t think I won’t!”

Nicky just blushed harder under his fur. It wasn’t like they were the only ones there either, and they had certainly become the center of attention in this new venue. Nicky hid his face as his Daddy lifted legs up by the ankles and slid the red and white diaper under his tush. The whole time, Doug couldn’t stop gushing about the diapers.

“Would you look at that? It even says 'little slugger' on the front and... does that logo fade when it’s wet? Fantastic! Why don’t I have these on autoship? Where can I get more of these?” Doug turned back to look to the greeter for an answer.

“I’m glad you asked, Mr. Baxter. I’m Mr. Fellowes, and what would you say if I told you you could have a *lifetime* supply of those diapers... for *free*?” Doug raised a meaty finger.

“I’d say sign me up!”

“Daad! Aren’t you gonna finish diapering me? People are taking *pictures!*”

“Oops! Sorry, sprout. Let me get that...”

Soon Doug, Nicky, and Mr. Fellowes were seated more comfortably at a table by the bar and snacking on fries and ketchup. The two older men enjoyed a beer, while Nicky had to settle for apple juice. Nicky pouted and said he was old enough. Doug just laughed. When had that line ever worked on Daddy?

“But can’t I at least have a soda?”

“You had plenty of pop for one day, Sprout,” said Doug. “And after all this sugar and excitement, I’ll have a hard enough time getting you down for your nap as it is!”

“Leave it to a border collie to round up an unruly pup,” said Mr. Fellowes with a chortle.

“And leave it to a Saluki to spot a diaper in a crowd of 50,000,” countered Doug. Doug could practically see the slender dog blushing through his fur.

“Ah well, I have to take credit where credit is due. Yes, that little jumbo tron stunt was my doing.”

“Something tells me you’re not just the door man,” said Doug, crossing his arms and putting on that smirk again.

“No, I’m afraid I don’t have it that easy. I’m the director of marketing and public relations for this franchise. But just call me John, please. Now that the sprout is all cleaned up, we can have a proper handshake, I think.” John held out his hand.

“Put ‘er there,” said Doug, gripping it with a firm paw. “So what’s this you were saying about mascots and... free *diapers*? Don’t tell me you want to put Nicky out there on the pitch? Actually, please do!”

“Please don’t!” groaned Nick through a mouthful of fries.

“Nicky! How many times do I have to tell you not to talk with your mouth full?” Nicky gulped his fries down quickly and bowed his head sheepishly.

“Sowwy Daddy...”

“Don’t sowwy Daddy *me* with those puppy dog eyes... you hush now. The grownups are talking!”

Nicky sat with his tail between his legs. Of course, he was cowed, but he was also grateful that his diaper was hiding the other thing between his legs. As much as it would kill him for anyone to see how much he loved it when Daddy took charge, his body didn’t have any compunctions about flying at full mast when Doug showed his dominance. The two grownups continued their conversation unaware of Nicky’s pokey problem.

“Doug, I have to tell you, we have a bit of a marketing problem on our hands. Baseball just isn’t America’s pastime anymore, and that crowd of 50,000 you described earlier is generous to say the least. If this weren’t one of the biggest games of the year, we’d have maybe half that many here. Business is not booming, my friend. To be frank, it *stinks*.”

“I hear ya,” said Doug. “Youngins don’t have the patience for a real *ballgame* anymore. I know *mine* certainly doesn’t.” He ruffled his fussy pup’s hair. “But what has all that got to do with *us*?” The Saluki smiled

“Well, I’ve been looking high and low for inspiration, and today I found it! It’s spelled with a capital N. That’s you, Nicky!”

“M-me?” asked Nicky, nearly choking on his fries.

“Uhh... you better wash that surprise down with some apple juice, son. And yes, I mean you. We’ve been dipping our fingers into every market we could. Those baseball

diapers you're wearing? They're a Colorado *Mounties* exclusive - and they're about to be released for the adult diaper crowd."

Nick and Doug looked at each other and raised their eyebrows.

"Yes," John continued, "we know all about *that* market, and believe it or not, we think it's the direction our team should go in. Speaking of go..."

"Oh no..." said Nicky, covering up his face as his onesie snaps popped open again.

"Sprout, you just got a change!" said Doug.

"Not to worry," said John. Here, Nicky, have a shirt. On the house. I think you'll be more comfortable in your official *team onesie* – with extra room in the seat!"

"My w-wha?" asked Nick, as John pressed the garment into his paws.

"His what now?" asked Doug, his ears perking up and his tail beginning to wag.

"That's right," said John. "We want to sign up little Nicky and his Daddy Doug as our brand ambassadors – not only to represent these fantastic diapers, but out on the field, warming up the crowd while he warms his seat. Hey, that's catchy! I'd better write that down..."

"Now wait a second," said Nicky. "I never said I'd sign up for that. I can't be seen by all those people!"

"Why not?" said John. "The crowd loves you!"

"But having my face on every tv screen, every billboard, on the front of a package of diapers?"

"Yes, that would be part of it," said John. "But you'll be paid in more than diapers, son. You'll never have to work *again!*"

"He's never really worked in the first place," said Doug out of the side of his mouth.

"H-heyy! I help out!" said Nick, balling up his fists and blushing fiercely.

"Aww, yes you do sweetheart. You're Daddy's little *helper!*"

"I won't take no for an answer," said John in a singsong voice. "A lifetime supply of diapers, free access to the sky box, heck, you can even hang out in the dugout if you want. You can hangout with our mascot, the *other* purple dinosaur."

“Ya hear that, kiddo? You get to meet Slammer! Isn’t that *cool*?” Nick crossed his arms and rolled his eyes.

“Thanks, but this sounds like-“

“A great idea!” said Doug, cutting him off. “Where do we sign up?”

“I have the contract right here!” said the Saluki, pushing his contract forward across the table. Nicky crossed his arms and refused to take the pen.

“Aw c’mon Champ. It would mean the world, to yer old pa!” said Doug.

“You’d be saving our stadium, and our team...” added John. “And then there’s the salary...” He wrote down a number on a cocktail napkin and pushed it their way.

Nick and Doug’s eyes bugged out when they saw what they would be getting – it looked like they were a double act so they would each be earning more than either of them had seen combined. It was with great difficulty that Nick resisted signing up right then and there, but stubbornness could overcome all odds.

“You think money can buy my dignity?” asked Nick, crossing his arms and turning his head.

“Kid, you’re the one that came here in a diaper,” said John, out of the side of his mouth.

“Nicky, please, please, *please* sign the contract. This would be my dream come true! Won’t you do it for Daddy?” It was now Doug’s turn to use his puppy dog eyes, a tactic he rarely employed, which made it all the more effective. Nicky felt his resolve crumble, but before he could give in, Doug stopped and sighed. “I’m sorry Mr. Fellowes. Nicky’s right. He means the world to me, more than anything I just want him to be happy. So, thank you, but I’m afraid we’ll just have to watch from the cheap seats.”

Nicky felt lower than a heel on wet grass. His papa worked so hard and never asked for anything in return but for Nicky to trust him and let Daddy take care of him. As Doug stood up to leave, he grabbed the older dog’s paw.

“Now hold on,” said Nicky, “*That’s* not how you negotiate. You gotta wait for the counteroffer.” Doug’s ears perked up and his tail began to wag. So too, for that matter, did the tail of the normally restrained director of marketing and public relations.

“Oh goodness, yes. The *counteroffer*. Of course!” John was practically beside himself as he crossed out the previous numbers and scribbled some new figures down on the napkin. “You won’t regret this!”

“C’mere, kiddo, give your pop a hug!”

Nicky managed a weak smile as the life was squeezed out of him by both furs. "I'm going to regret this," he thought. But at least the generous counteroffer would take away some of the sting.

One Month Later

"Annnnd the bases are loaded. Two outs. It looks like our guest pitcher needs a reliever. No wait, looks like he just relieved himself! Look at him holding his belly. Musta been taco Tuesday. Is he outta here? No, he's signaling to the catcher. The show must go on! Annnnd the pitcher goes for a changeup instead of a diaper change! That's three out, and the home team wins! Unbelievable, folks! And out comes Daddy and Slammer to take care of business. They're changing baby Nicky *right* there on the pitcher's mound! Only in America, folks!"

Nicky blushed and covered his face, both proud of throwing a perfect game and embarrassed that he still got changed in front of the whole stadium immediately after. The announcer seemed to have no problem with it, however, and he took the opportunity to throw in a pitch of his own.

"Well, folks, this is the perfect time to tell you to buy our new baseball diapers. Fits like a glove, and never lets you down when it counts. Don't miss a thing when you wear them at the game. And never have a mishap at home. You'll go goo goo ga ga for our new baseball diapers. Only available here, or at our online store. Buy them today."

"And it looks like the team is Carrying Nicky off the field! Uh oh, is that a cooler of Croco-ade I see? And they just changed him too. Wow, would you look at that capacity? It's no wonder they don't give him any pants for his uniform. They'll have to roll him out of Spritzer's Stadium, I tell you! But *man*, do those diapers hold a lot!"

Nicky would forever be known as the baseball baby, and Doug the baseball Daddy, but no one would ever give them grief for it. As a matter of fact, the whole team played in diapers after that, and their newfound confidence led them to a winning season and rocketed them forward in the sports world. Pretty soon, sports diapers became a standard part of the uniform, keeping athletes protected on the field and humble *off* the field. Especially since more than a few brands had anti-removal measures in place, keeping what belonged in their pants in their pants, and pretty much ensuring that they wouldn't be going far without a caretaker present to keep them out of trouble. No more embarrassing scandals for the players who were *players*.

As for Nicky, he was happy to live his simple baby life with a very happy Daddy. And for the most part, Nicky ceased to live any semblance of an adult life, except for when Slammer and the Mounties came to visit - and to play. It turns out that Slammer didn't earn his nickname from his baseball skills as most thought, and the Mounties weren't named after mountains. Daddy was only too happy to double team his boy, and Nicky was more than happy to be a team player. But that's a story for a different day.