

NIGHTCRAWLER AND FRIENDS

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Nightcrawler and Friends
Chapter 1: Away From Home

On Graymalkin Lane in Westchester County, New York, there is a very special school: Professor Charles Xavier's School For Gifted Youngsters.

Everyone knows that this is the secret home of the X-Men, mutants who fight for the side of good against evil mutants like Magneto and the Brotherhood of Evil.

Everyone is familiar with the names of the residents of the school: Professor X, Wolverine, Storm, and the students: Cyclops, Rogue...but what admirers of the X-Men might not be aware of is that mutants, like the rest of us, are all too human—and suffer, sometimes, the same human troubles that we do.

This morning, Hank “Beast” McCoy happened to notice an oddity: Kurt Wagner, alias Nightcrawler, was down in the laundry room again before breakfast. The training area underneath the school housed the danger room, the hangar, the medical bay and also Hank's laboratory, which just happened to be across from the laundry room.

This was the third morning Kurt had teleported into the room (the soft “bamf!” of his passage barely audible in the high-tech corridors), put a load of laundry in, and teleported out again. Perplexed, Hank had ambled over to the washing machine which had just begun to fill with water, and opened the lid.

Inside were Kurt's bedsheets. Hank smiled with sympathy. It didn't take a doctorate to figure out why Kurt would be washing bedsheets every morning in private: there was obviously more going on with him than met the eye.

Hank closed the lid and thought a moment: Kurt had come all the way from Germany, and because of his mutation had probably never been away from home before. Being blue and furry with a tail and three-fingered hands tended to keep one out of the public eye. Thus, he reasoned, coming to Xavier's was a huge change for Kurt—the first major upheaval since his birth, probably—and the stress of the change of environment, plus becoming an X-Man, was making itself known in the only way it could: bedwetting.

The poor kid. Like being a teenager isn't hard enough already, Hank thought. He loped back to his lab, thinking. After all, he knew something about being blue and furry and- well. He'd talk to Kurt about that when he saw him later.

It was after supper when Hank heard the soft “bamf!” sound again in the laundry room. He peered out. Nightcrawler, wearing sweatpants and not much else, was transferring his sheets to the dryer. “Hey, Kurt,” he said.

Kurt slammed the dryer shut and whirled around. “Ach, Mr. McCoy—you scared me!” The big blue Beast, clad only in his x-briefs, resembled a shambling ape filling the doorway with his prodigious shoulders.

Hank smiled. “I suppose it's not often one manages to sneak up on a teleporter,” he said. “Kurt, might I have a word with you?”



“Ah, sure,” Kurt said. “Be right there.” His lilting German accent stuttered as his voice broke from nervousness.

Hank returned to the lab where he worked, waiting. The poor kid looked like his heart was going to pound right out of his chest! He was obviously very embarrassed. Hank felt sorry for him—this must have been very traumatic.

Kurt came in, trying his best (Hank thought) to look nonchalant. “Hi, Mr. McCoy—what’s up?”

Beast had wondered earlier how to be delicate with Kurt’s feelings, and had decided to take a medical, non-threatening approach. He motioned for Kurt to close the door to the lab behind him.

“So Nightcrawler... how are you settling in here at Xavier’s?”

“Uh, fine, Mr. McCoy,” the boy responded, noncommittally.

“This is your first time away from home, is that right?” Hank spread his hands in a no-big-deal gesture.

“Ja, and it is very exciting! So much to see and do!” Kurt enthused, brightening.

“Any problems adjusting to the new schedule? New friends? New school? It must all be very overwhelming.”

Nightcrawler shrugged. “Oh, it is nothing I cannot handle,” he waved a hand dismissively.

“Kurt, I couldn’t help noticing that today is your third trip to the laundry room in three days,” Hank said. He was perched on the edge of his desk, leaning slightly against it, relaxed and casual.

Kurt’s eyes widened. “Oh, I, er, I’m afraid I let my laundry pile up on me. Just trying to keep ahead of my chores, you know how it is,” he feebly smiled.

“Did you know that a lot of people, boys especially, have problems when they radically change environments like you have? It’s quite common.” Hank leaned back on his desk, his hands cupping the sides. Nice and easy.

“Oh, er- is that so?” Kurt lowered his eyes.

“Yes. Stress is a very major factor in our lives, and the truth is when we subject ourselves to radical changes in routine the emotional and mental stress can manifest itself physically. Headaches, nausea, nervousness...”

Kurt was looking away, off to the side. His hands were clenched into fists at his sides.

Gently, Hank finished: “...even bedwetting.”

Kurt winced, closing his eyes. He had been caught. He slowly exhaled and whispered: “Does the professor know?”

Hank approached Kurt and squatted in front of him, placing his powerful simian arms on the boy’s

shoulders. "Look at me," he gently said.

Kurt reluctantly opened his eyes as Hank told him: "Nobody knows but you and I. And that's why I called you in here, Kurt: I can help."

"Y-you can? You can make it stop?" Kurt begged, hope lighting his eyes.

"Well, no..." Hank began. The light in Kurt's eyes dimmed immediately. "But I can help you cope with this until it stops on its own, *which these things usually do*, Kurt. It just takes a little time, is all."

Kurt's shoulders slumped. "So how can you help me?" He lamented, eyes once again downcast. Hank straightened and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Follow me," he said.

He led Kurt into a smaller room off the laboratory; Hank's own private quarters. He opened a steel locker door set into the wall and removed what seemed to be a square of folded white plastic. He watched Kurt's eyes widen and his jaw drop as he unfolded it: it was a disposable diaper.

"No way, man! I can't wear one of those!"

"The alternative involves more laundry, and a greater risk of someone other than I seeing you. And may I ask, Kurt, what you do with your mattress? Surely it's gotten wet the last three days." He was trying not to sound too stern, but rather to get Kurt to consider his options.

Kurt gulped. "I...I put it on the floor of my room in front of my balcony, and leave the door open so the sun will dry it and the wind will air it out," he admitted.

Hank nodded. "Quite resourceful. Still, I beg you to consider these," and he rustled the diaper at Kurt. "They are quite discreet, and easily disposable. If you like, you can pop down here in the morning and take care of it here. No one will see you."

Kurt paused, considering. He looked miserable. Finally, he nodded. "Okay. But how do I wear them? My tail--"

Hank held up a hand. He showed Kurt the back of the diaper, in which a small semicircular "divot" had been cut out, and heat-sealed. "Made to order," he grinned. Kurt actually smiled a little.

Kurt took the diaper and turned it this way and that. "So the tail is in the back. How do I... uh..." He seemed reluctant to put it between his legs.

"Perhaps I should assist you with this first one?" Hank said, ever so gently. He pushed his glasses back up on his nose; ever the studious scholar.

Kurt bit his lip. "Please," he said, handing the diaper back though it was clear he wished none of this was happening.

"Okay. Lie down on the bed, here..." Hank had moved his bed down into this room; he spent most of his time in his lab, working chemical experiments or engineering his electrical gadgets.

Kurt lay down, propping himself up on his elbows. “This is really embarrassing,” he said, gazing ruefully at Hank’s hands, which were holding the diaper between them. Hank merely nodded. “I know. Slip your pants down and it’ll be over before you know it.”

As Nightcrawler wriggled his sweatpants down and kicked them off, Hank fetched a couple of other things from the locker that doubled as a closet. In one hand he held a bottle of baby lotion and in another, a can of baby powder.

“Aw, man,” Kurt whined, but McCoy shushed him. “As those of us with fur can attest, it’s important to keep things as clean as possible—and we don’t know how prone you are to a rash, for instance...now lift up.”

Kurt shut up and did as he was told; the diaper was slipped into place underneath him and he then let his teacher apply oil to him. He leaned back and closed his eyes-- actually, it was feeling rather nice; Mr. McCoy’s big hands were quick and sure, and in no time at all the soft, gentle feeling of powder was sprinkling down over his diaper area. Kurt found that he liked the smell: he imagined that he almost remembered it, somehow, and the memory was comforting.

Then the diaper was pulled up between his legs and taped securely about his hips; Mr. McCoy ran a finger along the waistband to ensure a snug fit and then helped lift Kurt to his feet. He pulled Kurt’s sweats up for him and gave him a sound smack on the behind—which crinkled and thumped with the padding it now wore. “There. All finished,” he said.

Kurt looked down at himself, then gazed across the room into the mirror on the wall. “You can hardly tell I’m wearing a... you know,” he said. He walked toward the mirror: a loud rustling was heard underneath his pants.

“Well, as long as you don’t walk anywhere,” McCoy acknowledged.

Kurt grinned. “I won’t. Thanks very much, Mr. McCoy,”

Hank nodded. “Anytime, my boy. Now go get your sheets and get up to bed. It’s a school night, after all.”

Kurt crinkled loudly as he walked into the laundry room and gathered his things from the dryer; then with another “bamf!” noise he was gone.

* * *

The next morning, Kurt appeared in his usual cloud of sulfurous smoke in the private quarters Hank had shown him the previous night. The diaper he was wearing was drooping and seriously yellowed; he had given it a pretty good workout in his sleep.

Still, his bed was dry, and so he supposed his new baby-wear had done its work. He sighed; he supposed it was worth it, in exchange for not having to do laundry every day.

“Mr. McCoy?” He tentatively called. He blushed at the thought of standing in a wet diaper, having to call a grown-up to come change him.

There was no answer from the Beast. Kurt walked into the bedroom; the bed was mussed—Hank

must already have gotten up. In fact, Hank was standing in the adjoining bathroom, groggily looking at himself in the mirror; he had obviously only recently awoken.

But Kurt was not prepared for what he now saw: Mr. McCoy was wearing a big white diaper, similar to his own. And even more unbelievably, it was wet. Kurt could see the big damp stain that had spread across Beast's backside, indicating the kind of heavy nighttime wetting that he himself was now experiencing.

Kurt gaped. "M-Mr. McCoy?"

The Beast whirled. "Kurt!" And now Kurt could see the front of Beast's diaper: Soaked. There was a moment of nervous embarrassment as their eyes met; then Beast lowered his eyes and scratched the back of his head in acknowledgement. "I, ah, didn't hear you come in. Didn't realize what, ah, time it was."

Kurt was still staring. His teacher, a grown-up and an X-Man... was a bedwetter, too?

Beast managed a rueful half-grin. "Ever since my mutation caught up with me, I've been getting used to this new body of mine," he explained. "It seems that I'm still not quite there yet," he motioned to his wet diaper. "At least you can see why I in particular am most sympathetic to your plight."

Kurt swallowed. He looked at Beast. Beast looked back at him. He began to chuckle. Hank also began to laugh. Within moments they were both clutching their sides, laughing at the ridiculous situation.

"Does this happen to every mutant with blue fur?" Kurt howled.

"It certainly seems that way," Hank laughed, eyes tearing.

The ice broken, they hit the showers in the locker room. Hank noticed that Kurt seemed very relaxed now; he'd apparently been able to make Nightcrawler feel a little better about himself, at least.

Later that week, Saturday afternoon in fact, Kurt was in high spirits as he teleported into Hank's lab. He and Mr. McCoy were quite chatty now, and he wanted to share his knockout score in the latest Danger Room simulation.

"Mr. McCoy?" Hank was seated with his back to Kurt, fiddling with some piece of electronic gadgetry. He had welder's goggles on, and was in fact welding or soldering some pieces together.

Kurt lapsed into a respectful silence upon noticing this; he didn't want to startle Mr. McCoy in the middle of such a delicate operation. He noted that Hank was still in diapers, and they were utterly and completely soaked. He must have begun working as soon as he had awoken that morning!

Finally Beast was finished, and pushed the goggles up on his head.

Kurt knocked on the doorframe of the lab. "Hello!" he said cheerfully.

Beast jumped. "One of these days, you'll stop my heart," he grouched.



“Working hard, I see,” Kurt smiled. “Mr. McCoy, you’re still in your night diapers!” he pointed shyly at Beast’s sodden apparel.

Hank gave him a quick smile back. “Well, er, I hate to break it to you, Kurt, but these are daytime diapers, not nighttime.”

Kurt was taken aback. “H-how do you mean?”

Beast kind of half-shrugged as he continued working with his equipment. “Sometimes I get so wrapped up in a project, I don’t want to be distracted by certain little inconveniences,” he said. “And, to be honest, sometimes when I’m so focussed I don’t actually *notice* when I..er.. well, you know.”

Kurt swallowed. Trying to act nonchalant so as not to embarrass Mr. McCoy, he agreed: “Oh, yeah, I know how it is, you get distracted...” but try as he might, he just couldn’t stop staring at how *wet* Hank was.

“Want to lend a hand?” Hank asked casually.

“Oh! Uh...sure!” Kurt took the screwdriver Hank held out to him and sat where Hank pointed, directly across from him, to begin working with the mish-mash of parts on the table there.

Hank used the time to watch Kurt carefully as he worked. He had seemed a little excited to see how wet Hank was, and he wondered if there might not be more to Kurt’s bedwetting ‘problem’ than first met the eye.

After about an hour, Hank pretended to drop a tiny screwdriver on the floor and bent under the table to retrieve it. Looking over at Kurt, he noticed that Kurt’s khaki shorts were wet across the crotch, and getting wetter. He grabbed the screwdriver and sat up again, pretending not to have noticed.

However, he did feel Kurt’s eyes on him; Kurt was well aware of being wet, and was wondering what Beast’s reaction would be. It seemed he *wanted* Hank to notice that he’d wet himself. But Hank decided to play it cool.

At last Kurt stood up. “I guess I should go get ready for supper,” he announced. “Ach! You were right, Mr. McCoy, I got too wrapped up in what I was doing and now look what has happened!”

He was motioning to his stained, wet shorts. Beast nodded. “That’s all right, Kurt, it happens. Next time we’ll make sure you’re well protected. Do you need help getting changed for dinner?” Hank asked as nonchalantly as he could.

Kurt blushed. “Er, no, that’s okay. But yes, definitely next time I will wear something, okay, bye!” and in a puff of brimstone he was gone.

Hank set his tools down and considered. There seemed to be another dimension to Kurt that he hadn’t previously considered. It seemed that he wanted more attention. Could that be it? Time would reveal it, surely.

Time apparently had decided on Monday as the next “incident” that Hank noticed. Kurt was still wetting the bed, coming down to have his diapers changed every morning and coming down in the evening to be diapered for bed; but today—

--Hank had been working in the lab when Kurt had suddenly teleported in. His bright red shorts were soaked back to front. “Mr. McCoy, Mr. McCoy,” he wailed.

“Dear me, Kurt, what happened?” Hank said, adjusting his glasses.

“I vas... I vas working on the Blackbird after school, washing it and checking its systems; I vas lying underneath one of the control panels on the interior and I lost track of time and when I finished, my shorts were wet like they are now!” He motioned to the shiny wet stain on his shorts. “It happened just like you said. I was paying so much attention to what I was doing that I didn’t notice I had gone and wet myself!”

Hank looked at Kurt appraisingly. He seemed genuinely flustered, but Hank couldn’t help but notice how open Kurt had become about his accidents—indeed, he seemed almost to want to show them off.

“All right, Kurt, come here.” He held out his hand and led the sopping boy (and yes, the back of his shorts was just as wet as the front) and led him into the bathroom. He stripped Kurt and sent him into the shower.

When he came out, Hank was waiting for him with a diaper in hand. “I could use your help in the lab, but I think it would be best if we diapered you first, don’t you agree?”

Kurt nodded dumbly, but didn’t shy away. Hank nodded to himself. The boy *wanted* to be diapered, no question.

As Kurt lay down on the bed, Hank noticed how relaxed he seemed as he was cleaned with wet wipes, and how he smiled to himself, eyes closed, when baby powder was applied to his fuzzy diaper area; then the diaper was pulled up between Kurt’s legs and Kurt let out a sigh of contentment as each tape was fastened into place.

“Thank you, Mr. McCoy,” he breathed.

Hank couldn’t help swatting Kurt’s bottom as they went into the lab together. It seemed as natural as anything, treating the boy like a toddler. And who could blame him? Waddling around in diapers and a t-shirt, that’s just what Kurt looked like.

They set to work, and Hank noticed Kurt wriggling in his seat every so often, grinning as he heard his diaper crinkle noisily. Hank didn’t think he’d ever seen Kurt so happy. He smiled to himself, looking down at his own diaper. Slowly, as he watched, the front of his diapers turned yellow and the stain spread, spread—tickling him around his bottom as it spread to the back of his diaper. God, wetting his diaper felt good. And now Kurt knew how good it felt, too.

Hank pondered as he fiddled with the circuit board of the gadget in front of him; he knew that diapers were something you could enjoy not just for their protection but for their comfort as well. Kurt seemed to have discovered this, too—but did he feel the same as Hank did? Did he actually enjoy diapers for... well. There was one way to find out.

An hour later, Hank's chance came. Kurt sighed, and stood up. Hank noticed that his diaper was utterly soaked. Kurt was biting his lip nervously.

"Mr. McCoy, I...uh... need to take a break."

"Oh? What's wrong, Kurt? Do you need your diaper changed?" Hank motioned to the sagging disposable between the boy's legs.

"Oh no," Kurt said quickly. *Interesting*, noted Hank. *Soaking wet and he doesn't want it changed.* "It's just..." Kurt continued. "I need to, um... use the facilities." He was blushing under his fur.

Hank arched an eyebrow. "Oh, I see. You need to..." "Yes, yes," Kurt cut him off, embarrassed.

Hank looked at him. "Why not just use your diapers? That's what they're for."

Kurt's eyes widened. "You mean... right here? In my... in my diapers? On purpose? Like a... like a baby?" His voice cracked on the last word.

Hank smiled. Kurt's nervousness was exceeded only by his excitement, if the sudden pervasive bulge in the front of his diapers was any indication. "Of course, Kurt. I do it all the time, myself."

Kurt's jaw dropped in disbelief. "YOU... mess yourself?" He whispered.

Hank nodded, as if it was no big deal. He found his own diapers getting a little tight—no, he didn't mind messing himself at all.

Kurt closed his eyes. "O...okay then..." he said. He bent his legs slightly, and little beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. Hank was amazed at the boy's lack of shyness, doing this right in front of him! Oh yes, Kurt liked his diapers FAR more than he let on...

Suddenly there was a wet squishing noise and Kurt's diapers sagged heavily in the rear. Kurt gasped. "oh..." he said in a small voice. As if in disbelief, he reached around to feel the massive weight in the seat of his diapers.

"I...I did it," he said, looking at Hank.

"You sure did, baby," Hank said.

"N-now what do I do?" Kurt said tentatively. His diapers were tented at the front.

"Why Kurt..." Hank said easily, "...you just sit down and continue working." And he turned back to his work.

Some people, if faced with this situation, would have sat as gingerly as they could; not Kurt. He sat heavily, deliberately, squashing his messy diaper flat against his backside. Hank heard a soft groan and knew that Kurt had just had another kind of accident in his diapers.

It was settled; Kurt enjoyed wearing diapers, and was probably wetting himself on purpose. Except, Hank mused, for nighttime; the bedwetting was probably real enough, but now that Kurt had found a

comfort in diapers, and someone to diaper him...

Hank watched Kurt wriggle happily on his bench. Yes, perhaps it was time to show this big baby what it was all about.

Kurt didn't waste any time getting into the routine, either. Hank was under the impression that Kurt rushed home from school just so he could get into diapers earlier. He volunteered to help Hank with any little task that needed doing, and more often than not ended up in wet shorts needing a change. His excuse was always the same: "oops, I guess I daydreamed again!" And as usual Hank would change him and diaper him.

Hank waited for a Saturday; an afternoon where they would not be interrupted by training schedules or chores or homework. Sure enough, when Kurt BAMFed in, his pants were wet to the knees. He was rubbing the back of his head in embarrassment.

"I'm so bad," he lamented. But his shy grin said he didn't feel bad at all.

"Oh dear," Hank tut-tutted and led Kurt into the workroom.

Kurt gasped as they entered, for Hank had made some modifications: There was now a big steel playpen in the corner, a giant high chair next to it, and what appeared to be a change table with stacks and stacks of diapers on it.

"V-vas...?" Kurt said.

"Welcome to your nursery, Kurt," Hank said. "It's time for boys who act like babies to be treated like babies."

Kurt did not teleport away. He didn't run. He didn't even protest. He just looked up at Beast, and put his three-fingered hand in Beast's big paw. "O..okay." He said in a little voice. "B-but... won't people be able to come in and see all this?"

Hank grinned. "Well, they haven't seen it YET, have they?" And he stepped next to the change table, tugging Kurt by the hand, and pressed a hidden switch on the wall. The entire array swung around on a turntable, revealing a secret room that was decorated like a nursery, and in this room was a giant stainless steel crib.

"Here we are," Beast said triumphantly.

Kurt, trembling in his wet pants, said: "A secret room? For... for me?"

"For boys who still need diapers," Hank said. Kurt flushed and looked down at his feet as Hank led him over to the changing table.

Kurt lay down on the giant padded table as though he did it everyday. "Should I...suck my thumb or something?" He asked. Hank beamed. "If you like," he answered. Kurt stuck his thumb into his mouth and closed his eyes. He began to make sucking, smacking noises.



Chapter 2: Nightwetter

Dear God,

It's me. Kurt Wagner. You know, the little fuzzy blue dude? I normally only talk to you to complain. You know, why do I look like this? What's wrong with me? Am I cursed? I figured all that would ring a bell. I guess, I was pretty pathetic back then.

Forget that kid, he's grown up or grown down or whatever you want to call it. I'm actually happy. I asked for a father who loved me, and you sent me Beast. He's everything I ever wanted, even the right shade of blue fur. I asked to be taken care of. Here I am, in my Daddy's lap, and I'm literally pampered.

I just wanted to thank you for everything, and ask you. . .no beg you. . .please don't take it away.

In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

Amen.

“What are you doing, Kurt?” Beast asked, attempting to take the empty bottle out of my mouth. I tried to stall for time but sucking on the nipple until he had to force out it out from my teeth. “Your mind seemed a million miles away.”

I contemplated telling him, and then just said. “Just daydreaming, I guess.” No one knew about my religious background, and I had no idea how to explain to him that a guy who looks like a demon was actually Catholic.

Don't get me wrong. Beast is my Daddy. I think I could tell him, well, practically anything. He's also a scientist who studied evolution in all forms, especially mutant evolution. I'm afraid he might think me quaint and superstitious.

I don't think I could handle it if he laughed at me.

“You've been such a good boy,” Beast said, smiling down at me, “that I have a surprise for you.”

My eyes lit up. “A surprise. Oh, Daddy, you're the absolute greatest Daddy in the world.”

He checked my diaper to see if I was dry. When he noticed that I was clean, he picked me up under one muscular, furry arm and placed me in my play pen. He bent down and ruffled my hair. “Yeah, I think it's about time.”

The suspense was burning me up from inside. “What is it, Daddy!” I asked, ashamed at how loud and shrill my voice sounded. It was not the voice of a fifteen year old, but an excited toddler.

“Professor Xavier needs me to help with some maneuvers. Myself, the recruits, and a good deal of the X-Men will be going. Jamie is far too young to go, though. I'm going to give you, your first job: babysitting Jamie. All day in the mansion, just you and him.”

“But you were supposed to watch me today? Who's going to change my diapers? Who's going to put me down for my nap? Who's going---”

“We'll do all that later. Tonight, when we get home, it'll be a thick diaper, some nice formula, and a special tuck in from Daddy.”

This couldn't be happening. I was the baby, Daddy Beast's special little boy. I was the babysat. Not the babysitter. “I don't think I'm ready for such responsibility. You can never just watch Jamie Madrox. He's a multiple, after all. One minute, you're watching one junior higher. . .the next minute, twelve of them.”

“Kurt, I'm sure that Jamie will be on his best behavior. If he acts up, don't be afraid to spank him, all of him if necessary.”

Babies don't give spankings. This was too much to bear. Before I could stop myself, I found myself throwing the biggest temper tantrum yet: screaming, crying, wailing, and flailing around. I wet myself several times to heighten the fact that I was just a baby.

All the while, Beast just watched me. He wanted for me to calm down, took me to the changing table where he took off my wet diaper and cleaned me up. He then placed me over his lap and spanked me hard with those gigantic hands of his. Tears leaked out of my eyes, but I was no longer sobbing. Casually, he placed a fresh diaper on me.

“That was really uncalled for, Kurt.”

“Sorry, Daddy.”

“You’re normally such a good baby, but you acted like a spoiled little brat with no sense of responsibility.”

Inwardly, I was smiling. Yeah, the spanking hurt. . .but I was going to get out of it. I had maintained my status of baby.

“It’s also not going to get you out of babysitting Jamie.”

My mouth opened to protest, but it seemed futile.

“I think I should put you in time-out for a while. You stay in that play pen for the next thirty minutes. No toys. Then afterwards, I’m going to get you dressed. You are going to babysit Jamie, and you will do your father proud. Do you hear me, Kurt?”

I nodded.

The thirty minutes felt like ten hours, just sitting there in my play pen. I wet my diaper, simply because there was nothing else to do.

Finally, Beast came back. I smiled, and he smiled back. “That’s my good boy. You stayed in your play pen the entire time. I don’t know what comes over you, sometimes.” He lifted me out of the crib and placed me on the changing table. Instead of putting on a fresh diaper, he helped me into some training pants and then my clothes.

The training pants were all right, I suppose. . .but dude, nothing is as cool as a diaper. I missed wearing them. Beast must have read my mind. “They’re only temporary, Kurt. You’ll be back in your diapers in no time.”

“Are you sure that Kitty can’t watch Jamie? She’s a much better babysitter than I could ever be.”

“I don’t think Jamie could handle Kitty putting a diaper on him,” Beast said casually.

“A diaper?!”

“Yes. Jamie’s a heavy wetter, especially when he has nightmares. Bedwetting pants just can’t handle him, so he wears overnight diapers. We both know how much tighter and more comfortable diapers are when someone else puts them on you.”

Beast kissed me on the forehead and leapt out of the nursery, before I could ask him the big question. . .*Did he just say that we both know how comfortable diapers are when someone else puts them on us?* Did Daddy Beast. . .have his own Daddy?

I teleported to the main floor. The mansion looked empty.

Dear God,

It’s the little blue guy again. The blackbird is just now taking off. You can get me out of this. Please get me out of this.

In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,

Amen.

“Hey, Kurt, it’s just you and me, buddy.” Jamie’s voice, still in the process of cracking, made my teeth grind.

“Listen, kid, let’s just stay out of each other’s hair. I’ll be in my room. You stay in yours. I’ll come up, put those diapers on you, and we’ll go to bed. End of story.”

“Together?”

“No, Jamie. Not together. I go to bed in my room. You go to bed in your room. Minimal contact. Is it a deal?”

The so-called “Multiple Man” (although man was being more than generous to an eleven year old) just stared at me blankly.

“What’s your problem?”

He bit his lower lip.

“Well?!”

“The thing is. . .”

I couldn't handle it anymore. I wasn't wearing my diapers. I wasn't with my Daddy, and this kid couldn't even talk properly. "Spit it out, Jamie! What is wrong with you?!"

Jamie sniffed in my direction and then ran off, leaving a trail of tears behind him. "You hate me. Everyone hates me." Several times, he stumbled. . .creating more crying Jamies that ran into his bedroom. He locked the door behind him.

I could feel the spanking already. After Beast had at me, Wolverine would spank me, then I would have to listen to Scott, Jean, and Kitty lecture me for the next fifteen hours. . .and then Professor Xavier would come up with some cruel and unusual punishment for me.

I took a deep breath and calmed myself down. I thought about wetting my training pants, but I didn't know how well they would hold up. Slowly, I made my way to Jamie's bedroom and knocked on his door.

"I'm not here!" he shouted back.

"I didn't mean that. I'm just stressed out."

"Everyone hates me."

"No one hates you." Talking to Jamie at his door, hearing him cry, it struck a chord in me. Jamie was a little boy, and he deserved to be taken care of much as I did.

"Do you hate me?"

"Of course not, Jamie. Open this door."

"You'll hate me when I tell you what I did!"

"What did you do, Jamie?"

"Well, I was feeling tired, so I asked if I could take a nap. Changing into all these people takes a lot of out me. Beast put a diaper on me and put me down for a nap, but he didn't have a chance to take the diaper off me. . .and it's soaked."

"Is that all? Is that what you were afraid to tell me?"

"But I didn't want to bother you, Kurt. You were mad enough at me already."

"I'm not mad at you. Like I told you before, I'm just stressed out."

I was relieved to hear the door open and see Jamie's (and only one Jamie) peek out. "You're really not mad?"

"No, I'm not mad. Now lay down on the bed, and I'll take that diaper off of you. I'll even help you on with your boxers. Just think of me as 'Big Brother Nightcrawler.'"

Jamie smiled. "I always wanted a big brother. I have several thousand twins, but I've never had a big brother. No one's ever really wanted to take care of me, especially my parents."

"I know what you mean."

I went to Jamie's dresser, and I wasn't completely surprised that he hadn't graduated out of briefs with cartoon characters out of them.

"Um. . .Kurt. . .I have a weird question for you. . .?"

"What is it?"

"Since it's just the two of us, can I just wear diapers? I really like how they feel. I guess that makes me seem kind of weird, huh?"

I laughed, in spite of myself. Jamie turned red with embarrassment. "I'm not laughing at you, Jamie. I'm laughing because I like wearing diapers myself."

"Really?"

"Would I lie to my baby brother?"

He giggled and laid back. Despite everything I thought, it actually felt really good to put Jamie in that diaper. I even liked powdering him and cleaning him up. It felt so great and natural. The way he looked at me. . .*is that what Beast felt when he first changed me?*

Despite all of my fears, I ended up having a great time with Jamie. He was the perfect little boy. I didn't have to spank him once, although I knew he would just obediently bend over my knee if I asked him to.

Before long, it was his bedtime, I changed him into his nighttime diapers and tucked him into bed. I diapered him just the way I loved it: plenty of powder and fastening the tabs as tight as possible. I even picked him up and pulled the diaper up to make it even tighter. He let out a childish coo then blushed.

Chapter 3: All the Little Boys

Kurt was on his way home from school. Things simply could not have been better. The past week had been—well, bliss. Heavenly bliss, not to put too fine a point on it. He had found a place at Xavier’s that was finally his own—the role of both big brother and little baby.

How it made his heart sing just to think about it! Jamie Madrox looked up to him as a big brother, looked to him for support. Together they shared secret looks at each other in the halls of the mansion, or out on the grounds during free-for-all training sessions. They knew of the secret world they both shared; the diapered, soft world that Daddy Beast kept them in when no one was watching.

And now, Pappy Logan had joined them. Of all the people in the world to understand what it was like to wear diapers—Wolverine had not been even remotely one of them, in Kurt’s mind. But there he was. He was Pappy to Kurt’s Daddy, Hank. Logan diapered Hank the same way that the big blue Beast diapered Kurt and his little brother, Jamie. They were one big diaper family, each of them understanding what it was like to wear the soft, crinkling diapers, and be changed...

Kurt shivered. Every day now he hurried home from Bayville High as fast as he could, wanting to get into diapers as soon as possible.

Beast had surprised him last night, a Sunday night just before school. He had been in Jamie’s room with Kurt, supervising Kurt as he diapered his little brother for bed. Although Jamie was younger, Kurt put him in triple diapers for night time, because Jamie was a much heavier wetter than the older boy, and Beast had wanted to make sure that Jamie was quite secure in his thick padding.

Afterwards, while Jamie wriggled happily on the bed, Beast had quietly spoken to Kurt. “I noticed how you looked when you saw Jamie’s cartoon underwear,” he said.

Kurt had flushed. What had Beast noticed, exactly? “Well, they’re... they’re little kid’s underwear,” he said. “I mean, Jamie hasn’t even graduated out of baby briefs yet. No wonder he needs diapers,” he said. For some reason, he was quite embarrassed.

“Oh, I see.” Beast had replied, amused. “Then I suppose you’ll see these as a demotion, then.” And he pulled out a box with a big red bow on it. There was a tiny card that said “To Kurt—for being Daddy’s good little boy.”

Kurt’s heart had pounded as he took the box. He had been elated; Daddy was giving him a present? He had opened it, revealing—

--a dozen pairs of little-boy briefs, each one a riot of primary colors, some with cartoon emblems and some without, all with the name “Kurt” stitched into the waistbands in brightly-colored thread.

He picked up a soft yellow pair with a red waistband; they had teddy bears and little sunshines all over them. His name was emblazoned on the red waist in bright yellow thread. “These...these are for me?”

Beast smiled. “For when you’re at school and can’t be in your diapers like I know you want to be,” he said, stroking Kurt’s hair. Kurt blushed. “And feel them—“ he directed Kurt’s hands to the triple-thick crotch and backside of the briefs, just like toddler’s training pants. “Just enough protection to make you feel at home, little boy. Do you like them?”

Kurt thought he might cry. “I love them,” he said.

“Then,” said Beast, drawing himself up to his full height, “You may consider yourself ‘demoted’ to baby underwear, Kurt. Just like Jamie.”

Kurt had flung his arms around Beast and rained kisses all over his face. Jamie had laughed, and they had all collapsed on the bed in a big pile of hugs.

...and now, as he walked through the gates of Xavier’s School, his home, he felt the pleasurable feeling of the soft, thick cloth of his colorful childish briefs snug against him. He had worn his baby underwear to school; sitting there in bright cartoon briefs like a little kid, with no one the wiser—his own little private, secret joy.

It was therefore due to this extreme happiness that he noticed immediately the dichotomy of the small, forlorn figure that sat hunched over at the foot of a lawn statue. Walking over, Kurt saw that it was Jamie.

“Jamie? What is wrong?” Kurt asked. “Why are you crying?” For, as he saw, Jamie had teary streaks running down both cheeks.

Jamie looked up at him. “Oh, Kurt, I’m so glad it’s you...” he started sobbing again.

“Vas? Does ‘glad’ mean ‘unhappy’ now? What is wrong?”

Jamie slowly stood up and let Kurt see the answer for himself: Jamie had wet his pants. They were soaked, right down to his shoes.

“I...peed my paaaaants,” he wailed.

Kurt felt sorry for the boy. Jamie was a bedwetter, but that at least was a secret. Wetting his pants, though, that was a different story. Kurt blushed a bit as he recalled deliberately wetting first his shorts, then his pants, to get Beast to diaper him.

But Jamie had not done this on purpose. And he looked very distraught, indeed. “Come here, Jamie,” he said gently. “I’ll fix this.”

Jamie came to Kurt and put his arms around him, sobbing into the fuzzy-elf’s shoulder. One BAMF later, they were in Jamie’s room. The younger boy calmed down as soon as he realized what had happened, and allowed Kurt to lead him to his bed, where he was carefully stripped, and put into a crinkly disposable diaper.

Jamie cooed as Kurt taped the diaper around his waist, happy to be taken care of. Kurt took the time to fix Jamie a bottle in the kitchen, teleporting back and forth so as not to be seen, and then propping his “little brother” up on his lap and allowing him to nurse on his warm bottle.

Being a big brother was a good thing, he decided.

That night, Kurt had a very pleasant dream. The images were random and elusive; pleasant emotions seemed to run into each other, caressing his mind and relaxing him. It was almost as if he was back in the womb, safe and secure...

...he didn’t remember the dream when he woke up. But he was aware that he was smiling, and felt wonderful. He was also aware that he had wet himself in his sleep.

Kurt was overjoyed; he had wet the bed again, just as he had hoped he would. Beast's diapering and babying him had made him secure enough to become dry, when what he wanted more than anything was to be a helpless bedwetter again—and now it seemed he'd got his wish!

He was exceedingly happy when Beast changed him that morning; he hadn't had to deliberately wet himself. He had done it helplessly, just like in the beginning. He hugged his big blue Daddy and went off to shower, noticing as he did that Daddy had quite a wet, saggy diaper, too. And that was fine because it meant Daddy understood.

He was still singing a happy tune at the end of the day, when he walked home from school. He was in his training pants, he was a bedwetter, he had a daddy who diapered him...could life get any better for a young mutant?

As he entered the mansion's grounds, he felt a sudden heaviness in his bladder. A very noticeable weight that was increasing with each step he took. Just as Kurt realized what was happening, warmth spread throughout his crotch and down both legs as he lost control and peed himself.

Hot pee flooded his training pants and soaked his big-boy pants, making a very noticeable stain as he stood dumbly, watching it happen. Kurt began to tremble; he had had a very real accident, not on purpose at all, and it was...

...it was very arousing. He placed his hand over his wet crotch, feeling how hard he was there. To shame himself so completely...! And he hadn't done it on purpose at ALL! How embarrassing! How exciting! He couldn't wait to show Daddy Beast.

Meanwhile, Daddy Beast had his own problems. All day he had had to remain in diapers; He wore them under big-boy pants when he had to teach classes to the younger students at the school, and was worried that they would notice the tell-tale crinkling noise when he moved.

Jamie knew, of course, but the others...? He thought he'd noticed Cannonball— Sam—blush and look away, but perhaps he was just being paranoid. In any case, he'd barely returned to his lab before...

He reached a big furry blue hand around to his backside. There was quite a bulge there. He had messed his pants like a big baby, and although he knew that he should, he hadn't been able to bring himself to change. He had sat in his mess all afternoon, knowing that Logan would change him as soon as he got home.

And why, Hank wondered, did it feel so wonderful? This feeling of helpless regression? He was a scientist, an X-Man, he ought to be ashamed at this lack of control. And yet... all he wanted was for Daddy Logan to come take care of him. And, rebelliously, he did not want to control himself, he wanted to be in diapers like he deserved.

Like he deserved? *Listen to me, Hank thought. The stress must be really getting to me. And what's more... I don't mind it one bit.*

Just then Kurt BAMFed in. His pants were soaked down to his shoes. Startled and embarrassed, Hank began to wet his already-soiled diapers. Kurt's face lit up when he saw this, and Hank knew that Kurt's smile only mirrored his. Whatever was going on, it was clear that neither of them minded.

Jamie had been sent to school in diapers that day. He had actually requested it; he was worried that he

might have another accident. It turned out that it was so; his diapers were soaked by the time Hank changed him for supper. Jamie begged Hank to let him wear diapers 24/7... just until this “phase” was over, he insisted. Hank didn’t believe Jamie thought he was going through a phase, but the thought of returning the boy to diapers permanently was very pleasing to the Daddy side of him.

Things progressed, or rather regressed, in a very dramatic fashion. Kurt not only continued to wet the bed, but lost control of his bladder during the daytime as well. In fact, only his holographic image inducer prevented him from being totally humiliated in the middle of class when he suddenly wet his pants at his desk. When he finally began to show up at the mansion every day in messy pants, Beast declared that Kurt was to be diapered until further notice.

Logan pronounced the same for Hank. Hank, it seemed, spent more time in diapers than out of them; he would have embarrassed himself in public while out on a mission, if Logan hadn’t quickly used his claws to slice open a water main and douse Beast before their teammates saw the wet stain spreading on his blue briefs.

Nor was Logan immune to whatever effect had seized his boys. He awoke in the middle of the night, soaked, and had to change his sheets. He took to sleeping in diapers, which were always wet. And he had a couple of near misses, once on his motorbike and once in a bar, where his jeans were almost very wet indeed.

Because of this, Logan sought out the one person he dared confide in about...this weakness. It was all well and good for Hank, Kurt and Jamie; he could Daddy them all. But when he had a problem...

He swallowed. He had driven his motorcycle to an abandoned warehouse on the other side of Bayville. He entered the darkened structure cautiously. Over in the corner he saw a familiar bedframe, and in the moonlight which streamed through the dirty windows he could barely make out the childish print on the sheets.

He sighed. It had been Xavier’s idea, to try this stupid experiment. He wasn’t sure if he was more annoyed that Charles had suggested it, or that it seemed to be working. They were always trying to find a way for



Wolverine to be less feral, more human...and, to his surprise, this experiment seemed to be paying off.

He had admitted to Kurt and Jamie that indeed, there was someone who changed Pappy Logan. And really, there was only one person that Logan would have felt remotely comfortable submitting to in that manner... which didn't mean that he was, in fact, comfortable with it—just that he could barely tolerate it.

“I see you came back again, runt. You must really be liking this, huh?”

Logan snarled. He hated that voice, but mostly because he knew he couldn't hide anything from its owner.

A loud sniffing was heard. “Smells like you need a change, anyway.”

Logan's hand went to his crotch. He'd worn a diaper under his jeans just in case—and damn it anyway, it was wet. When had that happened?

“Get over here, runt.”

Logan bristled at the commanding tone; resisting the urge to pop his claws, he approached the bed, from whence the voice was coming.

From behind the bedframe, a figure stepped into the moonlight.

Sabertooth.

It was a very dangerous, delicate truce they had somehow arranged; *Charles again*, Logan fumed. Offering Sabertooth the chance to be the father he'd never been, to get to know his son—while at the same time, “taming” both Logan and his “father” during this so-called reconciliation—he was a shrewd one, was Charles Xavier.

Not that this was any comfort to Logan, who found himself laying down on the bed and holding his breath as the massive Sabertooth climbed on beside him, sniffing him head to toe like an animal.

“Daddy's little boy needs taking care of,” he growled. Logan closed his eyes. He could hold still for this, but only barely. He hated having to be so vulnerable to Slade; hated having to lie here and...

CLICK.

Logan's eyes flew open. Sabertooth was holding a camera and grinning. “You looked so precious, lyin' there in your wet didee, I just had to capture the moment,” he said maliciously. “Think your friends at SHIELD would like a copy?”

Wolverine snarled and sprang into action; Sabertooth, trying to protect the camera, was unprepared for the vicious onslaught; he barely managed to deflect Wolverine's claws as they pierced the camera, aiming for his throat. Logan drove him back against the wall.

“Okay, bub,” he said, snarling, holding his claws pointing at Sabertooth's throat. “I guess Kiddie Korner is over for you and me. Next time I see you it'll be ALL over. Get me?” And he slowly withdrew, one hand reaching to pull up his jeans.

Emotion worked across Sabertooth's face. “Wait, runt.”

Wolverine used the moment to pull his pants up. “What.” He said sullenly.

“That was out of line. Old habits. C’mon, tonight’s your special night. I didn’t mean to ruin it.”

Wolverine’s eyes narrowed. “Go sell somewhere else, bub. I ain’t buyin’.”

“Look, runt, I never said I was cut out for this ‘Daddy’ stuff, all right? Just... damn it, just get back over here.”

“Nothing doing,” Logan replied but made no move to go.

“Come on. What do I have to do to convince you? You’re soaking through your jeans. Look at yourself! Let me help.” Sabertooth was speaking through clenched teeth; he was no more used to being caring or nurturing than Wolverine was at being helpless or dependent.

Unfortunately, he was also correct. Logan’s soaked diapers couldn’t handle the results of his latest feral episode, and twin dark spots were beginning to show between his legs where his diapers were starting to leak.

He growled. He couldn’t go home like this. And he wasn’t about to trust Sabertooth...unless... “All right. On one condition.”

“Name it.”

“Strip and lay down.” Logan indicated the bed.

He could see the rage flash in Sabertooth’s eyes; wondered if perhaps their truce was destined to end tonight no matter what, when the giant man turned, walked to the bed and began taking off his clothes.

Silently Logan watched as Slade undressed, then lay on the bed. “This what you want?” he rasped.

Logan crept up, his claws unsheathed, and pressed them to Slade’s neck. “Almost,” he said.

From beneath the bed he drew a giant purple diaper, the word “Molicare” stenciled on the front.

Slade growled, “No freakin’ way!” But Logan’s claws were already in place, holding him down. “Lift yer butt.” Logan grinned.

“You had this planned,” hissed Sabertooth.

“Not really. I kind’a thought you might like to try one...maybe with a little encouragement...and tonight gave me all the excuse I needed.”

Sabertooth held Logan’s gaze, then slowly broke into a grin. “I ain’t sayin’ yes. It’s only ‘cuz you’ve got your claws out.” But he lifted his backside as Logan had directed.

“Sure, I understand.” Logan said. And he did. And once Sabertooth had been diapered, then it was his turn. His wet jeans were taken off with gentle care, and his soaked diapers exchanged for fresh, thick new ones.

“There,” Sabertooth said. “There,” Logan said. Wordlessly they embraced, their diapers crinkling as they



moved together. The two feral men fell asleep in each other's arms. In the morning, to both their surprise, they would discover that they had both wet in their sleep.

Charles Xavier sat in his study, one single lamp burning on his desk, his eyes closed in quiet contemplation. Every night he watched over his students from this room, feeling their emotions as they slept. He knew what they felt, how they were adjusting to their lives as mutants, how they dealt with day-to-day issues. He watched over them like any good father would.

Kurt's trauma had been dealt with; he was now one the happiest, most secure boys at the mansion. Returning him to his bedwetting state via his dreams had been easy; in fact, it was what he'd asked for, mentally speaking. Charles hadn't been able to help but overhear the desperate cry; so he'd helped Kurt to regress to a happier time. Helping Jamie deal with his own fears by uniting him with Kurt had worked wonders. Stimulating Hank's own need for acceptance by reducing his self-control had knit the older X-Man together with the younger, seamlessly.

And Logan! Controlling his feral side wasn't easy for him; but the outlet Charles had provided made it easier. He knew where Logan was spending tonight, and approved; it could only help civilize him—perhaps “pacify” him was a better word.

Creating a subliminal mental field that covered the whole mansion and its grounds had taken a fair bit of concentration, but those it was meant for were progressing just fine on their own, now.

He smiled. He was taking good care of his boys. Like any good father.

He heard Cannonball stir in his sleep; his awkward feelings of not belonging disturbing him subconsciously. He felt Sam's emotion, saw the images of Sam's dreams: he was surprised to see in Sam's memory a blushing red focus on Hank's pants during class. Sam had realized that Beast was wearing diapers, and it had aroused him. He was dealing with the shame and embarrassment of that arousal subconsciously now, in his sleep.

Charles smiled again. Poor Sam. But he knew how to make it better. How to make it all better. He closed his eyes. A moment's concentration, a gentle blending of two minds, and a psychic button pushed here and thoughts gently pulled there...

...warmth reassured Cannonball in his sleep, carrying him gently to a deeper, happier dream as wetness spread in his pajamas, wetting him and the bed. He smiled in his sleep, moaning happily.

Charles nodded to himself. One more boy taken care of. Soon he would join the other boys who simply needed love and caring to find themselves. His boys. His X-Men. Satisfied with a job well done, he reached over and turned out the light.